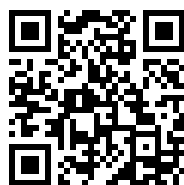

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>



UNIV OF TX AT AUSTIN - LIB STORAGE



06757851



2130858010

051 B214 V.41-42 1875 MAIN



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS

LAFAYETTE SAFFORD,
BINDER,
45 Court St., Binghamton.

BALLOU'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XLI.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1875.

BOSTON:
THOMES & TALBOT, PUBLISHERS.
No. 36 BROMFIELD STREET.

INDEX TO MAGAZINE.

JANUARY.

	Page.		Page.
The Dudley Family - - - - -	5	Story of Jack Short and Bessy Surtees	77
Venice - - - - -	8	Satisfied - - - - -	81
Autumn - - - - -	16	Japan as it was and is - - - - -	81
Disinherited: or, The Mystery of the		OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY-TELL-	
Headlands - - - - -	17	ER.—Mademoiselle Sylphina: or, The	
A Farewell to 1874 - - - - -	26	Fortunes of a Castaway - - - - -	85
A Woman's Hand - - - - -	27	How the Little Comet got a Tail - - - - -	91
Along the Mozambique - - - - -	33	Curious Matters - - - - -	94
The Glad New Year - - - - -	46	Ruthven's Puzzle Page - - - - -	95
A Teapot - - - - -	47	The Housekeeper - - - - -	96
Will She Marry Him? - - - - -	51	Facts and Fancies - - - - -	97
Love Repressed - - - - -	61	A Brilliant Announcement for 1875	
Why I Married the Widow - - - - -	62	New Year's Greetings — (Humorous	
The Mother's Warning - - - - -	66	Pictures.)	
Gerald's Temptation - - - - -	67		

FEBRUARY.

My Valentine - - - - -	105	Come out in the Sun - - - - -	171
Napoleon III - - - - -	107	An Open Question - - - - -	171
Milan - - - - -	110	Hetty's Protege - - - - -	178
Prairie Scenes - - - - -	112	All about Rats - - - - -	181
Feeding Birds in Winter - - - - -	115	OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY-TELL-	
A Wish - - - - -	117	ER.—Mademoiselle Sylphina: or, The	
Disinherited: or, The Mystery of the		Fortunes of a Castaway - - - - -	185
Headlands - - - - -	118	A Sweet Revenge - - - - -	191
The Poor Old Man - - - - -	127	A Whole Day to do Nothing - - - - -	193
A Singular Character - - - - -	128	Ruthven's Puzzle Page - - - - -	194
An Experiment - - - - -	133	Curious Matters - - - - -	195
Despair - - - - -	140	The Housekeeper - - - - -	196
A Card - - - - -	141	Facts and Fancies - - - - -	197
The Rival Mates - - - - -	150	A Brilliant Announcement for 1875	
I'm Lonely! for thou art not here	156	Valentines—(Humorous Pictures.)	
Will She Marry Him? - - - - -	157		

THE LIBRARY
THE UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS

INDEX.

iii

MARCH.

	Page.		Page.
The Street Singer - - - -	205	Will She Marry Him? - - -	251
Russia and its Czar - - - -	207	Trials and Triumphs - - -	262
Dwellers of the Water - - -	210	Mortality to Immortality - -	275
Naples - - - - -	212	Manners and Customs in China -	276
Venomous Serpents - - - -	215	OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY-TELL- ER.—Mademoiselle Sylphina: or, The Fortunes of a Castaway - - -	285
After All - - - - -	217	The Adventures of a Goldfinch -	290
Disinherited: or, The Mystery of the Headlands - - - - -	218	Ruthven's Puzzle Page - - -	294
A Fragment - - - - -	227	Curious Matters - - - -	295
Phillip and Louise - - - -	228	The Housekeeper - - - -	296
Our Ren - - - - -	231	Facts and Fancies - - - -	297
For Pique - - - - -	235	A Brilliant Announcement for 1875	
Some Words of Love - - - -	239	Our Portrait Gallery — (Humorous Pictures.)	
The Pet of Peach Gulch - - -	240		
Marrying a Queen - - - -	247		

APRIL.

Verona - - - - -	305	The Three Statues - - - -	378
The Confidante - - - - -	307	April Weather - - - - -	380
The Parrot Tribe - - - - -	308	OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY-TELL- ER.—Mademoiselle Sylphina: or, The Fortunes of a Castaway - - -	385
The Whale Fishery - - - - -	311	The Song that the Teakettle sang -	390
Disinherited: or, The Mystery of the Headlands - - - - -	314	Curious Matters - - - -	394
Myrick's Shanty - - - - -	323	Ruthven's Puzzle Page - - -	395
Origin of the Maiden-Hair Fern -	333	The Housekeeper - - - -	396
A Woman's Story - - - - -	334	Facts and Fancies - - - -	397
Along the Road - - - - -	340	A Brilliant Announcement for 1875	
Story of the Countess of Nithsdale	341	Wanting to Solve a Problem—(Humor- ous Pictures.)	
The Three Fortunes - - - -	346		
Will She Marry Him? - - - -	361		
Deus Omnipotens - - - - -	372		
Ashore in Havana: or, A Taste of Span- ish Law - - - - -	373		

MAY.

Scenes along the Hudson - - -	405	A Noble Family - - - - -	467
May Flowers - - - - -	411	Fate on Wings - - - - -	473
The Fatal Glove: or, The History of a Street Sweeper - - - - -	413	OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY-TELL- ER.—Mademoiselle Sylphina: or, The Fortunes of a Castaway - - -	485
Winter Wind - - - - -	423	Chester's Share - - - - -	489
"X" and "H": a Telegraph Opera- tor's Story - - - - -	423	Going to Town - - - - -	490
The Plague Ship - - - - -	430	Ruthven's Puzzle Page - - -	493
The Lily of Oakley - - - - -	435	Curious Matters - - - -	494
A Tangled Skein - - - - -	436	The Housekeeper - - - -	495
Countess Clarice - - - - -	442	Facts and Fancies - - - -	496
Will She Marry Him? - - - -	451	A Brilliant Announcement for 1875	
The Magic Glass: or, Detecting a Mur- derer - - - - -	462	Our Portrait Gallery—(Humorous Pic- tures.)	
An Old Man's Reverie - - - -	467		
T:U			

JUNE.

	Page.		Page.
Lilies - - - - -	505	The Face in the Mirror - - -	566
Our Tabby - - - - -	512	Love Conquers - - - - -	572
The Fatal Glove: or, The History of a		Christmas in Norway - - -	578
Street Sweeper - - - - -	514	OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY-TELL-	
In Love with a Photograph - - -	524	ER.—Mademoiselle Sylphina: or, The	
Over my Pipe - - - - -	528	Fortunes of a Castaway - - -	585
The Midnight Tribunal - - - -	528	Ragged Tom the Surety - - -	589
The Cruise of the Ariadne - - -	533	Ruthven's Puzzle Page - - -	591
Love at the Ball - - - - -	537	The Housekeeper - - - - -	592
My Patrimony - - - - -	538	Facts and Fancies - - - - -	593
Will She Marry Him? - - - -	549	A Brilliant Announcement for 1875	
A Lost Love - - - - -	560	An Indian's Mistake—)Humorous Pic-	
The Little Blue Jockey - - - -	561	tures.)	
Tell Me, Heart - - - - -	565		

THE LIBRARY
THE UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS

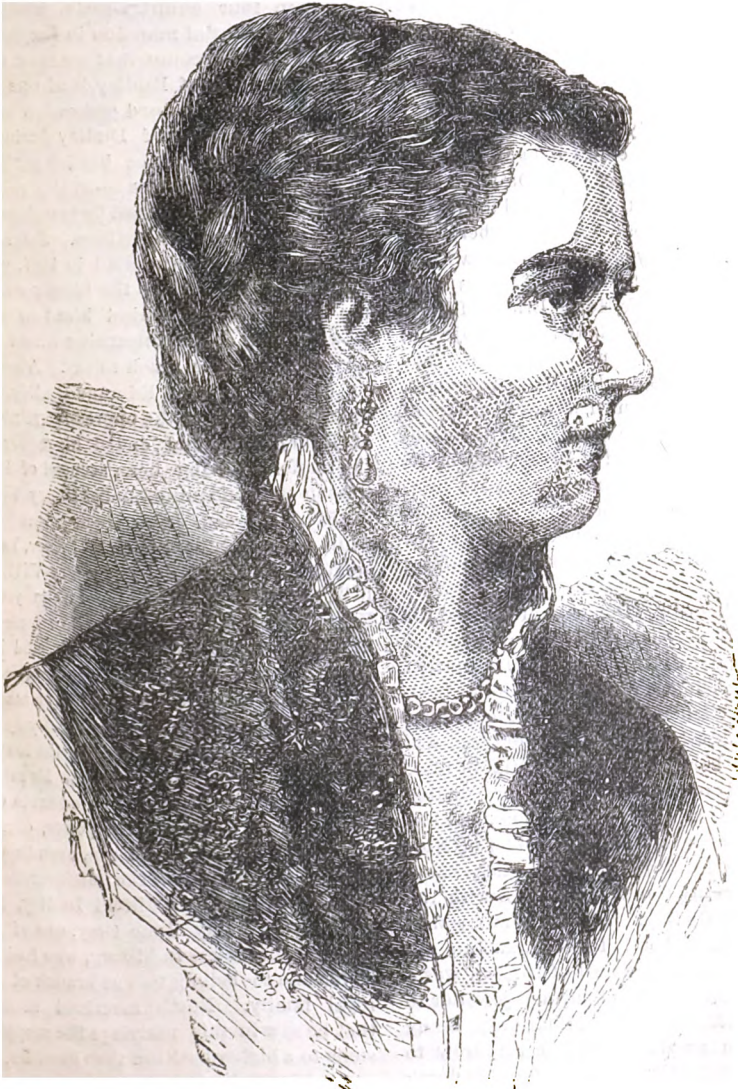
BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.—No. 1.

JANUARY, 1875.

WHOLE No. 241.

THE DUDLEY FAMILY.



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Among the many celebrated families of the English nobility, none has been at times more conspicuous than the Dudleys in the history of England, and the name recalls a host of historical celebrities. But before we turn to the past, let us devote a few words to those who now enjoy the Dudley estates and dignities. The present head of the house of Dudley is William Ward, Earl of Dudley, of Dudley Castle in the county of Warwick, and Viscount Ednam, of Ednam, in the county of Roxburgh, also Baron Ward of Birmingham in the county of Warwick. He was born March 27th, 1817, and succeeded his father as eleventh Lord Ward December 6, 1835. The viscounty and earldom of Dudley were bestowed upon him February 11, 1860. He married, in April, 1851, the eldest daughter of Hubert de Burgh, Esq., of West Drayton, Middlesex county, but that lady died in November of the same year. In November, 1865, the Earl of Dudley married Georgina Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, of Moncrieffe House, Bridge of Earn, Perthshire, and this lady is the subject of our engraving on the preceding page. The Moncrieffe sisters, of whom there were eight, for some time formed a lovely group of reigning belles in the world of English fashion, and the beauty of Lady Dudley needs no description or comment from us, since her charming face is herewith presented to the admiration of the public. A finer type of England's native aristocratic beauties could scarcely be offered.

The father of the Countess of Dudley, Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, is the seventh baronet of his family, the line counting its rise from a wealthy Thomas Moncrieffe who, in 1663, bought the lands and barony of Moncrieffe, the original estate of his ancestors, and was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1685. The family of Ward, of which Lord Dudley is the head, is a very ancient one, and has existed for centuries in the county of Norfolk. The Dudley titles and estates came into the family through marriage with the Suttons of Dudley. William Ward, son of Edward Ward, Esq., of Bixley, and an ancestor of the present Earl of Dudley, was a rich goldsmith in London, and jeweller to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. Being blest with ample wealth, he withdrew to Heal in Staffordshire, and before his death saw his son and heir, Humble Ward, married to Frances, granddaughter and heiress

of Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley. After the death of her grandfather the said Frances succeeded to his estates, and became Baroness Dudley. Her husband was then knighted, and afterward, in March, 1644, he was raised to the peerage with the title of Humble, Baron Ward of Birmingham. The present earl has been rendered very rich by the working of the extensive iron and coal mines on his estates, and the same may be said of the Moncrieffe family to which his wife belongs. Lord Dudley is owner of no less than four country-seats, beside the customary palatial mansion in London.

The earliest account that we have in history of the lords of Dudley is of one John de Somerie who gained possession of the castle and lordship of Dudley during the reign of Henry II. The barony pertained to the house of Somerie until the reign of Edward II., when it passed by marriage into the possession of the Suttons. John Sutton, Lord Dudley, who died in 1487, was a distinguished soldier in the bloody wars of the roses, and left behind him two sons, Edward and John, concerning whom history does not have much to say. A grandson of John, however, Edmund Dudley, won unenviable fame as the oppressive minister of Henry VII., and ended his career on the scaffold, having been accused of high treason and condemned under Henry VIII., in 1510. His son, John Dudley, was for a while more fortunate than his father, being created Viscount L'Isle by Henry VIII., in 1542, and Earl of Warwick by the young King Edward VI., in 1547. He succeeded in ruining the Duke of Somerset, and had then conferred upon him the title of Duke Northumberland, in 1551. He was a man of dangerous qualities, dark and crafty by nature, yet sometimes overstepping the bounds of caution. His ambition was his ruling passion, and all his efforts were bent in one direction—to grasp all the power, dignity and wealth that he could win, even though he built success upon the misfortunes of others. His son, Guilford Dudley, had married the Lady Jane Grey, one of the loveliest characters in history, who had the ill fortune to belong to one branch of the royal family. Northumberland thought that he saw in this marriage the stepping-stone to a higher position than even he, the young king's chosen counsellor and guide, had yet attained; and he set himself to work to advance his fatal project. He per-

ruined Edward to ignore the claims of his sisters Mary and Elizabeth to the succession, and leave the crown of England to the innocent and beautiful Lady Jane Grey, whose own thoughts were far enough from such unhappy schemes. One of the most pathetic pages of history is that which tells us of the unmerited fate of this fair young creature, who was offered, indeed, like a lamb to the sacrifice, falling a victim for the sins of others. Although it was well known that her share in the conspiracy was only such as was forced upon her by her father, husband and father-in-law, she was sentenced to be beheaded on the same scaffold that was erected for the execution of her young husband and his father, the plotting John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.

But though the star of Northumberland had such a fearful setting, the name of Dudley was yet to be linked with all the honors that royalty can bestow. Ambrose Dudley, son of Northumberland, and created Earl of Warwick by Elizabeth, seemed to inherit none of the darker qualities of his father, and was esteemed one of the most brilliant lights of the court of the virgin queen. It was not, however, to him that the eyes of Elizabeth were most graciously turned. He had a younger brother, Robert Dudley, who had been knighted in the service of Edward VI., and whose early marriage with Sir John Robsart's heiress and only daughter, Amy Robsart, had been solemnized in the presence of the young king. This younger brother had fallen under the ban of Queen Mary's suspicion, together with his father and brother, as concerned in the attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, and he was imprisoned and condemned to die, but the sentence was soon recalled, and he was restored to his former rank.

After the death of Mary, and the accession of Elizabeth, Sir Robert Dudley speedily became a more important personage in the realm. His handsome person, his polished manners, and his knowledge of the art of flattery all combined to make him a favorite with Elizabeth. Honors and preferment came rapidly. He was appointed master of the horse, knight of the garter, and privy councillor, and mindful that all these dignities required wealth to support them, the queen gave lands and houses as well as high-sounding titles. The imperi-

ous Elizabeth was charmed by Sir Robert Dudley, who exerted all his powers of pleasing when in her society, and not in vain. The wife of his youth, poor Amy Robsart, languished alone in the dreary mansion of Cumnor in Berkshire, while the husband who should have cheered her into joy and health by his presence and kindness, was paying such assiduous court to the queen. And when, in 1560, ten years from her marriage day, Lady Amy Dudley died leaving Dudley a widower of twenty-nine, there were not wanting those who dared to speak their belief that her death was not a natural one. But what matters it whether he plotted to end her life by violence, or killed her by slow degrees by his neglect? The only difference is in the *legality* of the thing, and whether he was innocent or not can only be conjectured.

Soon after his wife's death Elizabeth proposed Dudley as a husband to Mary, Queen of Scots, but the latter refused the offer, saying that the English queen intended to marry him herself, and only wished to increase his importance by giving him a chance to reject some other royal match. The titles and proportionate wealth of Baron of Denbigh and Earl of Leicester were conferred on Dudley, he was chosen Chancellor of Oxford University, and various other preferments were showered upon him. There seemed to be no limit to the generosity of his royal patroness, who crowned the list of her condescensions, in 1575, by becoming his guest for seventeen days at his castle of Kenilworth in Warwickshire, upon the decoration of which he is said to have spent sixty thousand pounds—an enormous sum. The amusements and festivities with which Leicester sought to entertain Elizabeth during the days of this remarkable visit were of the most costly and magnificent order.

In the following year Leicester severely tried the strength of the queen's preference by his secret marriage with the Countess of Essex, the discovery of which so excited the anger of Elizabeth that she wished to send him to the tower; and though persuaded to abandon that idea, she could never forgive Lady Essex for winning his heart. He was given command of the English forces in the Netherlands in 1585, and was chosen captain-general by the Hollanders, and was placed in control of both army and finances. He did not, however, satisfy

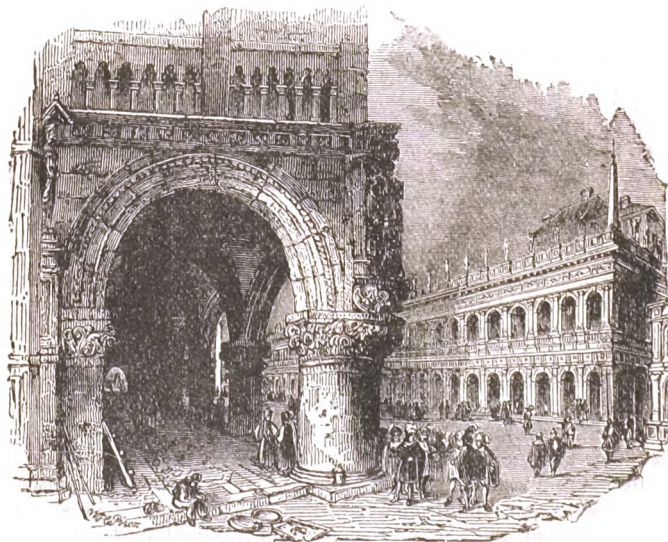
the expectations of the United Provinces, and Elizabeth resented his ready assumption of foreign dignities. The following year he returned to England to consider the case of Mary of Scotland, and proposed her death by poison; he then went to Holland, but made himself so unpopular there, that his stay was short. In 1588 he was appointed to the almost royal dignity of lord lieutenant of England and Ireland, when

England was menaced by the Spanish Armada. He died very suddenly, soon after, on his way to Kenilworth Castle, at the age of fifty-six. Dissolute though he was, Leicester always kept up a semblance of piety in his letters and life. He was one of the most prominent figures in the splendid reign of Elizabeth, and was as remarkable for his unscrupulousness as for his talents and success.

VENICE.

Like some other historic cities, Venice has become so associated with the dreams of romance, the imagination of the poet, and the stirring events of *bona fide* history, that the mere mention of its name arouses a host of recollections, and inspires a sud-

den ground on which we tread with mingled pain and pleasure, meeting as we go strange shapes and scenes that swiftly succeed one another like the gliding views of a panorama. Truth and poetry become mixed, and in the flitting crowd of nobles, states-



A STREET IN VENICE.

den interest. Venice! the queen of the Adriatic, the proud city of doges, the capital of a republic that once made its power felt throughout the world! Venice! immortalized by Shakspeare, by Byron, and by the brightest fictions of the romancer's brain, in which the threads of truth are so cunningly woven as almost to cheat the mind of the reader into a ready belief for the whole. Venice! the scene of bloody wars, of courtly brilliancy and extravagance, the home of the mysterious and awful council of ten! This is indeed enchant-

men, merchants and Venetian beauties, no form stands out more strongly marked than that of the old long-bearded Jew whose bitter yet half-deferential tones make but little impression upon his two courtly companions as he asks, venomously:

"Hath a *dog* money? Is it possible
A *cur* can lend three thousand ducats?"

Ah! Shylock, Antonio, Bassanio, Portia, seem far more like living, breathing realities than many others of the host of resurrected *dramatis personæ* who played their

parts in the great drama of life in Venice during her days of power and prosperity. Byron has expressed this truth in his own immortal language:

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

The second engraving, on this page, shows us the Rialto bridge, the most celebrated in Venice, which crosses the grand canal. The Rialto consists of a single arch ninety feet in span and twenty-four feet high; it was built in 1590, of marble, and its cost is estimated as more than \$500,000. The first bridge was constructed of wood, but after several of these wooden structures had one after another been destroyed by fire, a more durable material was brought in use. The upper surface of the bridge is divided into



THE RIALTO BRIDGE.

"But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore."

Our first illustration, on page 8, represents a street scene in Venice, where, though communication between the various parts of the city is carried on by water, there are also numerous streets, which are short, narrow, and often crooked, paved with smooth flags or marble slabs. The two principal streets are the Merceria, shown in the engraving, which is twelve to twenty feet wide, and situated in the centre of the city, and the renowned Piazza of St. Mark, with the Piazzetta leading from it to the canal.

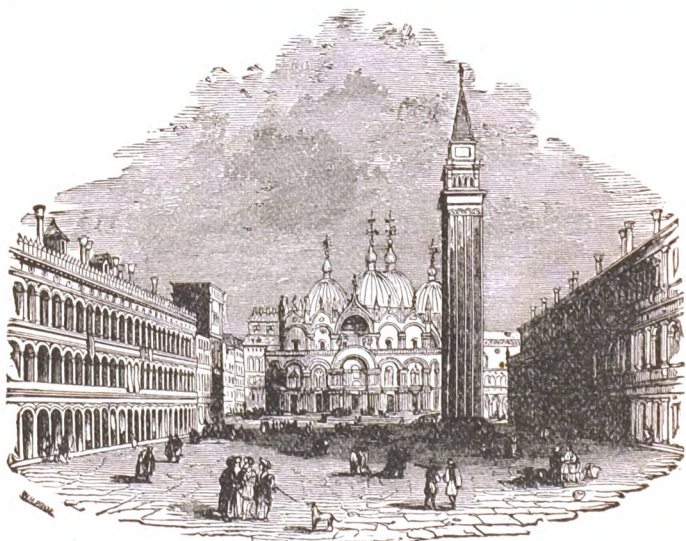
three narrow parallel streets by two rows of shops, and here the citizens of Venice have bought, and sold, and exchanged greetings for nearly three centuries.

The view of St. Mark's Place, on page 10, shows the principal features of one of the most interesting spots in Venice, or, indeed of the world. The Piazza of St. Mark is 576 feet long, and from 185 to 269 feet wide. It is surrounded on all sides by the most splendid buildings, and bordered by arcades with handsome shops and cafes. Here all the loungers and foreigners in Venice have been accustomed to resort, and nowhere else in the city has there been so much free, unconstrained gayety. This Place ranks among the most beautiful in the world. Like the Acropolis at Athens, or the Forum at Rome, it excites the utmost admiration of the beholder, and it is a question if any place equals it in archi-

tectural beauty, so elegant are the celebrated buildings that face upon the square of St. Mark.

The cathedral of St. Mark, the most noted church in Venice, had the honor of being the ducal chapel until 1817, when this distinction was transferred to the church of San Pietro. The foundations of St. Mark were laid as early as 977, but the act of consecration did not follow until October, 1111. The style of architecture is the Byzantine, and the form of the edifice is that of a Greek cross with the addition of porches. While in process of erec-

guished for its rich ornamentation, the walls and columns being of precious marbles, and the floor of tessellated mosaic work; and though these are somewhat faded by the action of time, it is easy to imagine what their early splendors must have been. Near the angle of the Piazza and Piazzetta is the *campanile* or bell tower of St. Mark, a quadrangular mass of brick, more than forty feet square at the base, with a pyramidal pinnacle, on the top of which was a colossal figure of an angel with outspread wings, at the height of 323 feet from the ground.



ST. MARK'S PLACE.

tion every vessel that returned to Venice from the East was in duty bound to bring pillars and marbles for the adornment of the structure. As one result of this universal levy, the principal front of the church, 170 feet wide, has five hundred columns of various shapes and colors. Over the central portal of the vestibule stand the celebrated bronze horses, brought from the hippodrome of Constantinople when that city was taken by the crusaders; these famous bronzes were transported to Paris by Napoleon, but were restored in 1815.

"Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun."

The church is surmounted by five domes, the central one ninety, and the others eighty feet high. The interior is distin-

On the right of the cathedral of St. Mark stands the *Torre dell' Orologio*, a lofty tower which was built by Pietro Lombardi in 1494, and which contains a curious clock, above the dial of which are two large bronze figures called by the people Moors; and these figures strike the hours upon a bell. At the southern end of the Piazzetta are the two famous granite columns, one of which was surmounted by St. Theodore standing on a crocodile, carrying a shield on his right arm, and wielding a sword in his left hand; on the other was the winged lion of St. Mark, the ancient emblem of the republic once so proudly seated upon the Adriatic.

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!"

St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
 Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
 Over the proud place where an emperor sued,
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
 When Venice was a queen with an unequalled
 dower."

The ducal palace, as might be expected, is one of the most imposing public buildings in the city. It was first built in 820, and has not escaped the vicissitudes that ever attend greatness, for it has since been once demolished by a mob, and twice totally, and three times partially destroyed by fire. It stands on the eastern side of the Piazzetta of St. Mark, and is built in the form of an irregular square in the gothic style, although in many of the latter repairs and improvements the more modern Italian style is introduced. One of the later additions is the beautiful entrance called *porta della carta*, opening from the Piazzetta into the great court which forms the subject of our next illustration, on page 12. Opposite to this entrance is the far-famed giant's staircase, so called on account of the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino, standing at the head of it. It was upon this landing that the newly-elected doge of Venice was accustomed to receive the crown.

Among the many magnificent rooms of the palace is one, the "Hall of the Grand Council," which is 175 feet in length, 84 feet broad, and 51 feet high. It is enriched throughout its immense extent with the finest paintings, numbering among them some of the earliest large specimens of oil paintings upon canvas, and its walls and ceiling are decorated in the richest style of art. All the principal rooms of this ducal palace possess a history, which, if it could be revealed to us in all its features, would not fail to rivet the attention of modern times. Here is the apartment in which the stately doge and his grave council received the ambassadors from foreign courts; there the one where the awful and mysterious Council of Ten held its secret sittings to decide upon the fate of all who were so unfortunate as to incur its displeasure. In the two lower stories are the *pozzi*, or cells, wherein were imprisoned many offenders against the state, while at the top of the building are the ill-famed *sotto piombi*—"under the leads"—which are necessarily extremely hot in summer and extremely cold in winter, and which

have held numerous ill-fated prisoners whom the cruelty of despotism had condemned to a life of torture. Silvio Pellico was among the last of these imprisoned unfortunates, and the ancient prisons of the palace have now been converted into dwelling apartments or lumber rooms. Strangely hard of heart must those old Venetian tyrants have been, who could live at ease, grandly and luxuriously, while in the same building, only separated by walls and floors, wretched prisoners of state were dragging out a tortured existence, bereft of the commonest comforts of life. Not to be envied were they for the sleep that visited their pillows, or the visions that greeted them in slumber, for sooner or later the dagger of conscience must have pierced the triple mail of selfishness, hatred and ambition. Better, then, to have been a prisoner in the dungeons of the ducal palace, than the proud doge, or one of his celebrated council of ten.

Connected with the palace by the well-known Bridge of Sighs is the state prison, built in 1589 by Antonio da Ponte, and capable of containing about five hundred persons. Again the words of a great poet float with all their exactness of description through our mind:

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

"She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers.
 And such she was: her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased."

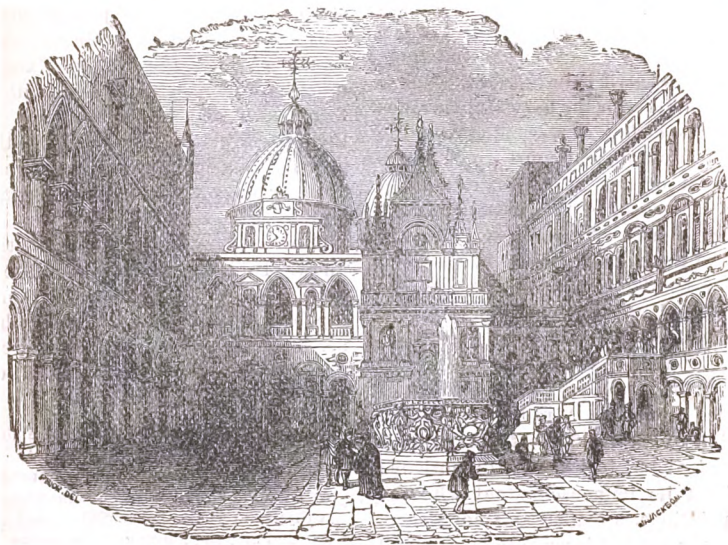
Built as it is upon piles, and apparently rising out of the water, Venice is destitute of the fine streets and broad drives which are the pride of many cities. Transportation is carried on by means of boats, the famous gondolas, with their attendant gon-

doliers, about which so much romance has clung, and in which the traveller is perforce interested, since he must try the—to him—somewhat novel mode of locomotion. His must be an unimaginative mind indeed that would allow him to enter a Venetian gondola and float out upon the waters of the lagoon in the midst of which the city rises, swept onward to the measure of the gondolier's oars, without falling into a reverie suggested by the place, the scene, and its associations.

A scene of this character is depicted on page 13, and is one peculiar to Venice,

"In youth she was all Glory—a new Tyre—
Her very byword sprung from victory,
The 'Planter of the Lion,' which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite:
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can
blight!"

The early history of Venice is unique. When Italy was invaded by Attila in 452, many of the inhabitants of Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Treviso, and other Venetian cities, fled from his ravaging hordes, and



COURT OF THE DUCAL PALACE.

as much a part of it as its stately palaces, its Rialto, or its Bridge of Sighs. The same to-day that it was centuries ago, the Adriatic smiles and sparkles in the sunshine, the fairy towers of beautiful Venice rise as if by enchantment from the waves, the sombre-looking gondolas glide along the canals, propelled by the sturdy arms of the dark-eyed gondoliers, keeping time in their strokes to the Italian chant, while within one can see in imagination the Venetian beauty reclining among her cushions, or the stately noble, his brow stern with the cares of state. The music of voice and guitar float out upon the air, and it is no longer the Venice of to-day wherein we exist, but the glorious Venice of the past, the resplendent bride of the Adriatic.

took refuge in the islands on which Venice now stands. About two miles from the main shore of the Adriatic Sea, and surrounded by the waters of the lagoon, or Bay of Venice, are three large, and a hundred and fourteen small islands, which were destined to be the foundation of one of the world's most remarkable cities. Here those who had been driven from their homes by the cruelties of Attila, lived and supported themselves by fishing, by a few manufactures, and by the commerce of the rivers. Secure in their retreat, unmolested and forgotten by outsiders, the refugees received addition after addition from the ranks of those who, like themselves, sought relief and peace from disasters at home, until a large population was formed.

As the colony grew in size and impor-

Since the people developed the remarkable genius for trade which afterward rendered Venice the centre of wealth and magnificence. The first houses were probably built upon piles, and the project of constructing a network of canals in place of ordinary streets must have early been contemplated, since the peculiar site of the city made it a necessity. Slowly, but surely, as the years passed on, the city grew and thrived. At first governed by consuls

powers restored. In the early part of the ninth century the bones of St. Mark the Evangelist were transported to Venice from Alexandria, and he was chosen as the patron saint of the state. His lion was represented in their arms, and his name given to their government.

The rule of the doges extended from 1055 to 1797, assisted, after a while, by a Senate, a Council of Three, and a Council of Ten. The first addition to the territory



A VENETIAN WATER SCENE.

sent from Padua, it was not long before the Venetians were their own rulers, and made their own laws. Each island elected a tribune, and the government was republican. But the jealousies arising constantly between the tribunes led the people to elect a chief upon whom they bestowed the title of doge, and who was elected for life with nearly supreme authority. Thus began the Venetian aristocracy, which was to play so prominent a part in the history of the world. After three successive doges the people rebelled and restored the former freedom; but at the end of five years another doge was elected, and the ducal

of Venice appears to have been in 997, when the small Greek cities of Istria and Dalmatia, finding themselves powerless to resist the Slavic pirates, joined in alliance with the Venetians, and fought under their banners. The pirates were subdued; and the doge thereafter took the title of Duke of Venice and Dalmatia. Then followed the successful wars with the Norman prince of Apulia, Robert Guiscard, which so aided the Greek emperor, Alexis Comnenus, that he granted the republic many valuable privileges. At the same time the commercial interests of Venice were steadily advancing.

Then came the period of the crusades, to the first of which, in 1099, Venice is said to have sent a fleet of two hundred vessels. The Venetians helped to capture Acre, Sidon, Tyre and Ascalon, and were rewarded by the possession of important privileges in many of the cities of Palestine while it remained in the hands of the Christians. The subsequent war of Venice against the Greek emperor in the twelfth century did not result very advantageously to the former power, though not for lack of bravery on the part of its soldiers.

In 1177 occurred the famous congress at Venice appointed by the pope and the emperor. It was on this occasion that the pope, in his gratitude to the doge Ziam, is said to have bestowed upon him a ring with these words: "Take this as a pledge of authority over the sea, and marry her every year, you and your successors forever, in order that all may know she is under your jurisdiction, and that I have placed her under your dominion as a wife under the dominion of her husband;" and in obedience to this injunction the annual ceremony of wedding the Adriatic by casting a ring into its waters was observed, by each successive doge, for the next six centuries. In 1198 occurred the second crusade, and in the two crusades Venice reaped a golden harvest to the detriment of enthusiastic fanatical Western Europe. The crusaders borrowed vessels of the republic, and not being able to defray the necessary expenses, offered, in default of other payment, their military services to the Venetians. Led by the aged and nearly blind doge, Enrico Dandolo, they recovered the rebellious city of Zara, and undertook that successful expedition against Constantinople which ended in the capture of that city. The power of Venice was greatly increased by this victory, the Venetians gaining for their share one-half the spoil of Constantinople and nearly one-half of the empire. The doge added to his other titles that of the despot of Romania, and it was retained as late as the middle of the fourteenth century. It was this warlike doge to whom Byron refers when he exclaims:

"O, for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering
foe."

The next most noticeable feature in the

history of the Venetian republic is the commencement of that famous series of wars with the rival republic of Genoa which extended, with several intermissions, over the period of a hundred years, beginning in the very first of the thirteenth century. These wars deprived Venice of much wealth, and rendered the people discontented. In 1377 began the fourth and most desperate of these struggles. Venice was encompassed by her foes, but in May, 1378, her fleet won a naval victory over the Genoese, off Antium. Lucien Doria, the Genoese leader, burning with shame and anger at this defeat, organized an armament and entered the Adriatic the following year, determined on revenge. He met the Venetian fleet, May 29, under command of Vettor Pisani, the greatest admiral of Venice. The Genoese won a decided victory, but lost their leader. The brave Pisani, who had entered into the engagement by express orders from his superiors, and against his own better judgment, was thrown into one of the Venetian dungeons on his return. Thus did the state reward its faithful admiral. On the sixteenth of the next August the Genoese fleet forced the port of Chioggia, twenty-five miles south of Venice, thus leaving the canals open to the city. No such peril had ever threatened the Queen of the Adriatic, and never had she sued for peace with such humility; but her proposals were rudely rejected by the Genoese and their allies, Louis the Great of Hungary and the lord of Padua; and haughty Pietro Doria declared that he would not consent to peace until he had with his own hands bridled the bronze horses in the square of St. Mark.

But the proud lion of St. Mark would not yield without a struggle. Venice was roused to that sublime determination which has its root in despair. The wronged Pisani was called forth from his dungeon with its pillow of stone, and once more placed in command of the navy; Carlo Zeno was ordered home with the fleet in the eastern seas; and in the year 1380 the boastful Genoese were blockaded in the lagoon of Chioggia, and on June 24 found themselves forced to submit to the humiliation of surrendering at discretion. The next year peace was concluded between Venice and Genoa.

For the next forty years Venice was

chiefly occupied with adding to her possessions on the mainland, and she so far succeeded that in 1420 she ruled over a large part of northern Italy, from the Julian Alps to the Adige and Mincio. At this time she had reached the height of her wealth and prosperity. Of the luxury and magnificence indulged in by her magnates her many palaces give testimony at the present day, for Venice has not lost her beauty with years; the materials used in accomplishing her architectural splendors were too solid and enduring to be easily defaced or obliterated by the hand of time. Of her prosperity in the fifteenth century the words of the dying doge Tomaso Mocenigo to the senators who had gathered around his couch, give a better idea than we can give in other language: "I leave the country in peace and prosperity; our merchants have a capital of 10,000,000 gold-en ducats in circulation, upon which they make an annual profit of 4,000,000. I have reduced the public debt by 4,000,000 ducats. We have 45 galleys and 300 other ships of war; 8000 merchant vessels, 52,000 sailors, 1000 nobles with incomes varying from 700 to 4000 ducats each; eight naval officers fit to command large squadrons; many statesmen, jurisconsults, and other wise men."

But the Turks soon began to be a power on the sea as well as on the land, and Venice was destined to suffer at their hands the loss of treasure and territory. No sooner did she have a respite from the Ottoman than the famous league of Cambray was formed, in which France, Germany and Spain, seconded by the pope, joined hands against Venetian power, and the strength of these combined forces broke the spirit and impoverished the domains of Venice. The Turks harassed her when the allies made peace, and though she fought bravely, the battle was an unequal one. Then came the infamous Spanish conspiracy which aimed at the destruction of the republic through the treachery of its hired troops, who were to assassinate the doge and his nobles, and rob and fire the city. But the lion of St. Mark was awake and not fangless yet. One morning, just before the time agreed upon for the terrible massacre, the bodies of all the chief conspirators were seen hanging in the square of St. Mark. That was all. No word was spoken in explanation of this work of the Council of Ten,

but the Spanish ambassador was quietly escorted from the city, and it might have been a vicious dream but for the disappearance of the doomed conspirators from their accustomed places.

There need be but little said of the succeeding history of Venice, which was a succession of misfortunes until she was admitted to the present kingdom of Italy under Victor Emanuel. Napoleon I. in 1797 dethroned the last doge, and the ancient republic of Venice was no more; nor was its fate to be deplored, since it was only one form of a despotism which, in the nature of things, was doomed to give way to a more liberal rule. In the revolutionary struggle of 1848-9 Venice played its part bravely, but was forced to capitulate to the Austrian Marshal Radetzky after a siege of fifteen months, during which the patriots suffered extremely from famine, pestilence and scarcity of means of defence. Ah! who does not know the story of struggling Italy? And who does not wish for the beautiful land a future bright with liberty and peace? Not for long did the Austrian troops enter Venice as a conquered city, and in the great game of nations her destiny was even then to be foreseen. She stands now with her sister cities in her rightful place, and shares in the hopes and fears of Italy.

In the fifteenth century Venice had a population of two hundred thousand, and was the wealthiest, most splendid and most refined of cities. In 1797 it numbered only sixty thousand inhabitants. At present its people number more than a hundred thousand.

No mention of Venice would be complete without reference to the pride of its citizens, the Grand Canal, which is indeed without an equal in the world, and still charms the beholder by its own beauty united to the magnificence of the palaces which rise on either side, their flights of steps reaching to the water's edge. The Grand Canal varies in width from two to one hundred feet, but its average breadth is one hundred and sixty feet. It passes through the city in the form of the letter S reversed, and is two miles in length. On either side of this splendid thoroughfare the ancient aristocracy of Venice delighted to erect the most imposing mansions that wealth and taste could command, and these still stand in almost perfect preservation.

Beside the Grand Canal there are 146 smaller, or branch canals, which penetrate the city in all directions, and upon these watery avenues no less than 4000 gondolas are in use, supplying the place of the carriages abounding in other cities. But though the principal avenues are canals, there are many narrow short streets in Venice, sometimes little more than lanes, with houses rising on either side; and these streets are kept scrupulously neat. Many of the houses, which are built of brick, stone, or marble, have both a land and a water entrance, and it is possible to traverse Venice entirely on foot, though the undertaking would be a formidable one to a stranger without a guide. The streets intersect with each other by means of 387 bridges across the canals, nearly all of them built of stone, and having a single

arch. Scattered throughout the city are numerous squares which do much to relieve it of anything like gloom, and to prevent too close building.

There is no dust in Venice, no rattling of carriages "upon the stony street;" the incoming and outgoing tide cleanses the avenues daily of all impurities, and the air is sweeter by far than in most European cities. The impenetrable cemented floors constructed by the Venetians for their houses defy all dampness, and despite their water-washed foundations, its mansions are as conducive to health as those which stand with terra firma around them. While viewing the beauties of this fairy city, one is not inclined to wonder at the ancient Venetian boast—"One Venice, one sun, and one Piazza San Marco."

AUTUMN.

BY KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

Autumn, sweet Autumn, let the poet sing
Thy praises with an overflowing heart;
Rude are the notes that from his vina wing,
Because he ne'er attention paid to art.
When all the charms of summer did depart
I saw thee coming slowly o'er the land,
With tread majestic; then did joyous start
From every vale wherein a cot does stand,
Thanks plenty and sincere for harvest rich
and grand.

The squirrel hops about from limb to limb,
And puts away his little winter store;
The woodland singer pipes its farewell hymn,
And wanders from us to a warmer shore.
The mossy cover of the forest floor
Is dappled now with many a pretty leaf;
The husbandman proceeds the meadow o'er
Collecting apples and the teeming sheaf,
The simple little stock in which he finds relief.

Hoboken, N. J., September, 1874.

On the bright frosty morn we take the sack
And go a-nutting in the yellow woods,
And there we hear the hunter's rifle crack,
Echoing sweetly where naught else intrudes,
Unless it is the drumming interludes
The partridge makes, or else the mimic loon;
For a death-silence o'er all nature broods,
And from the sunrise to the lovely moon
The trees and all else chant one melancholy tune.

Fled are the things that made the season dear,
The Indian summer from the earth is torn,
The tulips from the garden disappear,
The very earth seems destitute, forlorn;
But man at this has never cause to mourn;
He only draws him nearer to the fire,
And watches children popping cups of corn,
Laughs at the frost-king in his loudest ire,
Lives happy and content; what more can life desire?

DISINHERITED!

—OR,—

THE MYSTERY OF THE HEADLANDS.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was going down across the narrow bay, in a bank of swarthy western clouds. All the day the sky had threatened storm. Here and there, through broken and gusty rifts, flared out a bar of tan-colored flame, streaked with other bars of angry scarlet, like the dabbling of some bloody finger upon the horizon. A raw wind was blowing from the east—shrieking among the rocks of the beach, and dying far out on the sandhills and wild wet marshes, with a weary moan that made the heart ache.

Upon the low lee-shore, dotted thick with fishing-boats, the worn and haggard tide came tramping in, with a hurried thunderous beat, as if it had looked on the face of the tempest somewhere out on the great sea, and fled before it in terror and dismay. A flock of petrels screamed above the bald black cliffs; and out in the offing, in view of the revolving headland beacon, glowing in its turret like a mighty ember, a ship had cast anchor, in the face of the coming storm and night, with sails closely reefed and a narrow azure pennon flaunting from her peak.

A drearier place you could not well have found than that strip of bleak New Jersey coast, with its rocks, and sands, and waters, in endless repetition—the eternal dirging of its winds and sea. A lonesome place, a weird, wild, eerie place, loved by sea-gulls and hardy sunburnt fishermen, and remarkably productive in the matter of bass and barefooted girls.

Up the narrow dark bay, in the deepening dusk, and almost beneath the bows of the ship in the offing, a boat came dancing over the water—a stanch wherry, painted green and white.

“That’s a pretty craft!” said old Ben Brainard, laying on his oars as the ship grew nearer, and looking at her sharp outlines with the eyes of a connoisseur. “Well, well, the bay’s not ruffled yet. Look at the west, Miss Essie! I’ve lived on this coast, man and boy for thirty years, and I never saw but one sky like that.”

Miss Essie, seated in the bow, facing the weather-beaten old Triton, turned her head slowly and obeyed. Not with the keen sense of finer souls, perhaps, but yet with an admiration that was almost awe. Ben Brainard pulled at his oars again, and watched her from beneath his shaggy brows.

Ah, what a picture she made, under that wild black sky, with her gray cloak fluttering like a banner, in the teeth of the wind, and the glow of the lurid sunset on her face!

It was a small and oval face of opaque white, low-browed and positively colorless, except for the sumptuous carmine of the lips. With such a skin, the great slow velvety eyes should have been black; in place of which, they had but deepened to a purple-pansy color, disguised beneath the sweep of midnight lashes. Her hair, which curled only at the tips, was blown out from beneath her gray hood, streaming in the wind across her face and down to the boat’s side, in a torrent of dull dead gold; and, as it streamed, the sunset, flashing through and through its damp and silken waves, touched them everywhere with rings of scarlet fire. It was just the hair that old Ben Brainard had seen the mermaids combing a score of times, on wrinkled moonlit reefs. It was just the face for which another Marc Antony might fling a world away.

"And when you saw that sky before," said Essica, "what followed?"

Ben shrugged his shoulders.

"Weeping and wailing, lass! The wrecks were strewn all along the coast, from the headland light to Shipping Point."

Essica looked anxiously up the bay.

"What ship is this in the offing?" she said.

"That's the 'Sea-Gull,' from Bermuda," answered the old boatman, "Joe Masters, skipper. It's to be hoped Joe knows what he is about to-night—'taint often he does."

They were gliding past, just beneath the dark bowsprit, and in the very face and eyes of a brown syren, with dishevelled tresses, couchant upon its front, and glaring down upon them, like a Medusa. Up to this time, evidently, the green-and-white dory had not been observed.

"Boat ahoy!"

At that stentorian hail, cleaving the twilight suddenly, Essica cast a startled look up at the brown syren, half expecting to see the wooden lips apart; but no! Medusa still stared with stony aspect—the voice had come from the deck of the Sea-Gull.

"Boat ahoy yourself!" returned Ben Brainard.

Two figures, outlined above him on the gathering darkness, were leaning over the taffrail, looking curiously down upon the wherry—one, Captain Joe Masters himself, in a pea-jacket and nor'-wester; the other, a taller and somewhat handsomer figure, with a heavy travelling-cloak thrown upon his arm, and the red glimmer of a cigar between his lips.

"Where are you bound?" cried the same voice again—the voice of Captain Joe Masters.

"To the Headlands," answered the old boatman.

"Got any room in your wherry?"

"Plenty, thank ye," said Ben.

"Then lay alongside, will you?" said Captain Joe.

"Eh?" queried Ben, gruffly.

"Lay to, I say!" roared the master of the Sea-Gull. "Here be passengers as wants to land to-night at the Headlands, and as will pay you well to row 'em up."

The old boatman peered up at the taffrail curiously.

"How many?" said he.

The answer came with some hesitation.

"Two."

"Who are they?"

"You can ask 'em on the way," answered Captain Joe, tartly.

Ben relaxed his speed a little. He splashed the water absently with his oar, and looked at Essica. That young lady was crushing her tawny streaming hair back under its gray hood with two slender hands, as tapering as a queen's.

"There is room," she said.

"Then," cried the old boatman, tartly, "you can bring along your passengers, Joe Masters."

Shooting close up to the side of the Sea-Gull, the green-and-white wherry lay rocking like a cockle-shell, upon the water. Of the passengers in question, one at least, was not slow to avail himself of Ben's gracious permission; for the tall figure which had been lounging over the taffrail at the head of the gangway, leaped down at once, into the boat. Off went Ben Brainard's tarpaulin.

"Blast me!" muttered the old fisherman, "if it aint Mr. Renshaw, of the Headlands?"

Mr. Renshaw threw his cigar hissing into the water, and sat down in the stern of the wherry, shivering under his cloak—a handsome aristocratic fellow, with long curled mustaches, and a sumptuous air of hauteur and repose.

"As for this 'un," said Captain Joe, from the gangway, as a heap of something dark and heavy was lowered slowly down into the bottom of the boat, between Renshaw and the old fisherman, "he's to be left at Moll Darke's tavern, if he ever lives to git there—which is safely said. Push off, messmate; it's getting dark and squally."

Ben Brainard sat staring down at his second passenger.

"Good Lord! what's this?" he cried, in dull amaze.

It was a man, in the dress of a common seaman, and wrapped about with a piece of sailcloth. He lay stark and stiff, at the old boatman's feet, his face uplifted, and its hollow glassy eyes gazing blankly up at the darkening sky. A man of middle age, grown gray and furrowed beneath many suns; but so white and spectral was he, so utterly weak, and worn, and emaciated, that no one could hardly trace in him the semblance of anything living and breathing. No voice, no motion, no sign of life—only Renshaw, sitting at his head, heard a groan.

"I am afraid he is very nearly gone," he

mid, gravely. "If you have extra oars, my friend, I will help you a trifle in rowing ashore."

Ben glanced obliquely at the hands thus proffered—the handsomest, whitest hands he had ever seen.

"Thank ye," said the old boatman, shaking his head, shyly, "you're not much used to this kind of work, I take it."

Through the cordage of the Sea-Gull a wind came rattling, and swept off across the bay with a low lamentable cry. It was fast growing dark. Out in the west, the tan-colored flame and lurid scarlet had burnt out to dull gray ashes; all, elsewhere, was settling down into blank chaotic gloom.

"A nasty night," said Ben Brainard, with a jerk of his head backward. "Miss Essica, do you see the lights in the 'Three Petrels' It's to be wished that you were safe there, lass."

The silent figure in the bow never stirred.

"I am not afraid," answered Essica.

At sound of that voice, so widely at variance with the gruff tones of the old fisherman, Guy Renshaw raised his leonine head. Up to this time, I doubt if he had noticed her at all. I doubt if he had been aware of anything more than the actual presence of a fourth party in the boat. Now he opened his dark knowing eyes and stared.

She sat gazing straight out into the night, her face half averted, her damp hair streaming on the wind, her large eyes, with their velvety irises, darkening and deepening as she gazed. Over the rampart of Ben Brainard's broad shoulder, Renshaw took in the picture, with a long, deep admiring look.

"I say," broke out Ben Brainard, with a little motion towards the figure in the bottom of the boat, "he's mighty still, sir. Will you have the goodness to see if he's breathing?"

Renshaw withdrew his gaze from the face of Essica Darke, bent down, and touched the sick man with his hand. A moment after the stark frame stirred a little, and one arm that had been lying on his breast fell down at his side.

"Well, well," said Ben, cheerily, "there's life! I've got a flask of brandy in my vest-pocket—perhaps a drop might revive him."

Renshaw took the powder drinking-vessel which the old man straightway produced, and held it to the sick man's lips. He drank for a moment, feverishly, and quite

as indifferent to the fiery liquor as if it had been water. Then a shudder passed over the stiff limbs. He turned uneasily in the bottom of the boat, and the eyes that had been staring upward, vacant and meaningless, fixed themselves on the two faces above him. Ben Brainard's broad shoulders had quite shut Essica Darke from view.

"Well now, messmate, ye're better, aint ye?" chirrupped Ben, encouragingly.

For answer the sick man heaved a deep breath, caught midway by a spasm of pain which turned to a groan.

"How far are you from shore?" he said.

"A short pull," answered Ben, kindly.

"Lift me up," he implored, "so that I may look."

To them a short way, indeed; to him, ah, who shall say how long? He looked at the intervening stretch of black and seething sea, the low lee-shore, the lights in the fishermen's cabins, the black horizon thickening with rain; then he shook his head.

"I shall be gone, messmate, afore you reach it," he said.

"Pooh, pooh!" cried Ben Brainard, tugging hard at his oars. "Take another pull at the flask. We are going as fast as ever we can—straight along with the tide, too. Pooh, pooh!"

Mr. Guy Renshaw, at this juncture, moved himself, to proffer the aid of his aristocratic hands once more. Ben again shyly declined.

"Do you see that light," he said, motioning across the black waste of waters, "just above the point? That's the Three Petrels, sir. Moll Darke keeps a bright beacon. I'll be there afore the last cloud shuts down."

The sick man had sunk quickly back in the bottom of the boat. His eyes, receding from Ben Brainard's brown face, had fastened themselves on Renshaw, with a hungry searching look.

"Were you one of the Sea-Gull's passengers?" he said, hurriedly.

"Yes," answered Renshaw.

"Yes," again.

"Well, sir, you can see that I am going fast."

Renshaw's handsome arrogant face softened.

"My poor fellow, I am afraid you cannot last long," he answered.

The poor gray dying face contracted slowly.

"I've got something on my mind, sir, worse than all the pain—something that's been there, like a dead weight, for years; and I can't die until 'tis off."

"Lord!" said Ben Brainard.

"And," continued the sick man, his sunken eyes lighting strangely, "if you'll give me another drink from that flask, sir, I'll try to tell you, before my breath is gone, what I've never told any living being on God's earth, from that day till this!"

Renshaw held the flask again to those paling lips.

"Well, well," muttered the old boatman, with a startled face, "here's Miss Essica!"

Renshaw could see her, even without looking up—the rich flutter of her hair, the half-parted red lips, the great velvety eyes, turned upon him now, and slowly dilating. Then he said, despairingly:

"The man is dying."

Essica made a quick gesture.

"Do not mind me. Hush! Let him speak!" she said.

He had raised his hand and put the flask quickly away. The failing eyes, filling up with a sudden pain—a vague remorseful look, fastened themselves again on Renshaw's face.

"Are you listening, sir?" he said, wistfully.

"Yes," answered Renshaw.

There was a long-drawn sigh.

"I wasn't born in these parts," the sick man began, "and I wasn't brought up to follow the seas; but I had a roving turn of mind, and I took to it as nat'rally as a duck to water. It's just fifteen years ago, this night—I've tried to forget the date, but I never could—that the brig 'Reindeer' lay anchored somewhere off this coast, in a bay like this, and I aboard of her—a green hand, running down to Charleston on my first trip. I have never been anigh this part of the country since, and I couldn't tell the place if I should see it. The night that I'm speaking of was dark and starless, so that when I went ashore the most that I could see were the lights in some fishermen's cabins built along the beach, and the old tavern where we went, up among the sandhills. There were two of us together from the Reindeer, and we went in and sat down by a driftwood fire, in a little bar-room, where some fishermen were playing two-handed pitch, and a young woman stood behind the bar mixing punches. A

handsome young woman, with a red handkerchief tied about her head, and red hoops of gold in her ears, and a swarthy skin; and she was singing, as we entered, some such words as these:

"My name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
My name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed.
My name was Captain Kidd,
And most wickedly I did,
And God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed."

"You see, sir, that I remember everything about the place, which I shouldn't have done if something hadn't have happened afterward that branded it into me, so that it has been before me always, from that hour till this. Many's the night at sea, when it has been my watch, that I've put my hands to my ears to shut it out; and many's the time I've seen that face looking up out of the waters—here, and there, and everywhere, with the red handkerchief bound about the forehead, and the red gold rings in the ears."

He paused a moment, to take breath. Renshaw and the old boatman looked at each other, but gave no word or sign.

"Well," continued the sick man, "it was near midnight, and we had drunk and played cards with the fishermen, and were beginning to think of the Reindeer and how 'twas time to go, when the tavern door opened, and a man came in. He stood a moment on the threshold, in the full light of the driftwood fire; and as unsteady as my head was, his looks struck me as strange enough, both for that place and that time. He had on a horseman's cloak, all Spanish cloth and silk, but splashed with mud and foam about the skirts, as if he had been riding hard, and high-topped boots, with spurs, and a riding-whip, silver-mounted, in his hand. Besides all this, I saw he was a handsome, evil-eyed fellow, dreadful pale about the face, but stepping as if he had been born and bred a king.

"As soon as she had looked well at him, the young woman behind the bar says to my messmate:

"Here, you, Tom Peters—you take yourself off, and that other long-shore-man with you. It's time you were aboard the Reindeer."

"Tom got up at that, and staggered out; and as we passed the stranger, he gave me

along hard look out of his evil eyes that made me shrink as if a cold wind had struck me; and I swear, at that moment, somewhere beneath his cloak, I thought I heard the cry of a little child!

"Before we reached open air I was sober enough; but Tom had drunk more than I, and was, besides, uncommonly quarrelsome; and we had not gone far when there was trouble between us, and he would not go on; and so I turned and left him, and started off alone in search of the boat. It was long before I found it. I didn't know the coast, as I have said, and I groped about a good half hour before I remembered the smooth and pebbly strip of beach where it had been left. There was no light in the sky, nor along the shore; but when I reached the spot, I found that the boat had been unmoored, and standing up in her, all ready to push off, I saw a man, and walking the sands near by, as if waiting for some one, two more of them, of the same sort, only it struck me at the time, and afterwards, too, that these last hands had the bearing of serving-men, and the first one, of a master; as to that, however, I never knew. It was the work of a moment, sir—I hadn't time to breathe, much more cry out, before they had me, hand and foot. I heard the click of a pistol at my ear.

"*'Come quietly,'* said a voice, *'and you will not be harmed; but make the least outcry, and—'* The pistol clicked in warning again.

"Well, sir, under the circumstances, I thought it was best to keep still. Have me they would, and it was three to one; so I suffered them to pass a bandage across my eyes and lift me into the boat; and then they followed, and we pushed off whither I can't say for I never knew. It was a long row. I sat betwixt two of the men, and they never spoke once the whole way. Somehow, all the time, before my bandaged eyes, I could see the face of that man that had looked at me in the tavern door. I didn't ask where I was going, nor what they meant to do with me. I just sat still and waited. Presently the boat stopped.

"*'Come,'* said the voice that had spoken before.

"I felt a touch on my sleeve, and then I stepped out with them upon a hard beach.

"*'You will walk now,'* said the voice again. *'It's a rough way; lay hold of me.'*

"Over rocks and sandhills, through marsh grasses and wild pasture-lands, in a circle, I sometimes thought; and, to this hour, I believe I was walking one path. At last there was a pause. The bandage was taken from my eyes, and I saw the flash of a dark lantern, held by one of the men, turned upon a place at my feet, where two stakes had been driven down in a direct line, some six feet apart, near which a shovel and spade were lying, on the wet green grass. With the first glimmer of light, I turned and looked at my companions. No, the man I had seen at the tavern was not there. These figures were all different—all singularly alike in dress, and for their faces—every one was masked! under that starless midnight sky, so dark that I could not see beyond the little spot lit by the lantern. They bound me by an oath never to reveal what I should see that night. Then one of the masked figures raised the spade from the grass and placed it in my hand.

"*'Dig!'* said he.

"I looked at the two stakes driven into the turf at my feet.

"*'What shall I dig?'* said I.

"*'A grave!'* said he.

"One of the men stood close at my side. I could see the light reflected along the polished barrel of the pistol he was holding on a level with my head. I was a brawny muscular fellow, then, but I knew there was no chance of escape for me; so I threw off the jacket I wore, and took the spade from him, and while they stood around me, black and silent, and motionless, I dug the grave."

The narrator paused again, his short thick breath almost choking his utterance. Still no one of those three amazed listeners had a word to say.

"When the grave was dug," he went on, at last, "the bandage was replaced, and I was led over what seemed to be a plot of garden ground, through another circuitous path, unto a door where I heard a key turn in a lock, and entered upon a paved floor, after those three men. Once more the bandage was taken from my eyes, and I looked around. I think the place must have been a porter's lodge in its day; but it had fallen into ruin and disuse. A window was broken, and there were vines growing in the cracks of the walls, and the stones reeked with dampness. In a corner, on the wet

floor, a cloak had been spread, and lying upon it, wrapped about in its folds, I saw the body of a woman.

"There was a wooden box lying at the feet of the body, and a hammer and some nails. They pointed to it, and bade me lift her up and lay her in the box, and nail it down. I thought I should have sunk. I was always a soft-hearted fellow in those days; but the three masked figures closed round me and looked at me with their terrible eyes, and so I took the white blood-stained girl in my arms—and she could not have been dead long, for the body was still warm—and put her into the box; and when I crossed her little hands, white as any sea-foam, I saw upon the finger of the left one a wedding-ring.

"I nailed the lid down over her face by the light of the dark lantern, and my own hands, where they had touched her, were all spotted and streaked with blood. Then I took the coffin on my shoulder, and one of those dark men went before, and the others followed, and I bore her out into the pitch-black night, to the grave that I had dug in the wet green grass.

"They stood around while I lowered her in, and heaped the earth over her. Not one spoke a word, only when I would have made a mound, they started forward and smoothed the dirt off even, and told me how to lay the sods so that no one would know that they had been disturbed. I was so faint and sick I could hardly stand, and when the last sod was laid, I just sat down at the foot of the grave, and something passed over me that was like death.

"What happened next, I never knew. When I came to myself, it was late of a sunshiny morning, and I was lying in my berth, feeling beneath me the motion of the Reindeer, as she went plunging out to sea. Everything that had passed seemed so strange and unreal to me that I wondered if I had not slept and dreamed it all; but I looked then at my hands, and there the blood-stains were, still bright and red, and I felt something heavy in my side, and out of it I pulled a purse, stuffed with gold coin, and a little paper with it that read like this.

"For a night's work. Remember your oath."

"I got out of my berth and washed my hands, first of all, and then I crawled up

the companion-way to the ship's side, and dropped the purse and paper over. Then I went to the skipper and asked for Tom Peters, and how I got aboard. I had been brought aboard, he said, by some men, after midnight. What men? He didn't know. As for Tom Peters, he had got drunk the night afore, and laid down on the beach, and the tide had come up and swept him off. That was all I ever knew."

The dying man lifted himself on his arm, as he paused, and looked long and earnestly at the shore which the wherry was now touching.

"Fifteen years ago this night," he said, "the shore looked like this, and the sky, and the rocks yonder. My God! I've never had that dead girl's face out of my mind an hour since then! I've seen it everywhere, white and still, with the dabbled hair around it. I could never wash away the blood from these hands—it always comes back—I can see it always! I've kept the secret, as I swore to; but I'm dying, now, and I want it known that the girl was murdered, and that those men did it."

Renshaw, who had sat quietly through the whole narrative, holding the narrator quiet, too, beneath the magnetism of his grave dark eyes, now raised his head, and looked about him.

The wherry was just grazing against the sands. They had entered a shallow cove, placid and secure, outside of which the baffled waves roared and buffeted the rocks, and strove in vain to follow. A path, well-worn, led up from the beach, and lost itself among the sandhills. Ben Brainard, his sunburned face pale and horrified, drew in his oars, dripping with a thousand crystals, and flung them into the bottom of the boat.

"Well, messmate, here we are," he said, kindly. "You've eased your mind, and, what's more, you've got ashore."

Not yet. Half supported against Renshaw's knee, the sailor turned his dull eyes slowly along the line of gray beach, darkening and darkening with the night. A change passed over his face.

"I have told you a strange story," he said, feebly touching Renshaw's cloak.

"Very strange," answered Renshaw.

"But, as God hears me it is true!"

"Yes," said Renshaw.

Ben Brainard leaped out of the boat.

"Come, Miss Essie," he said, to the cowering, shivering figure in the bow. "I'll go for some of the men to bear a hand in helping me up to the tavern with him. He's worth a dozen dead men, yet."

She rose up in the wherry—Essica Darke—and, for the first time, the dying man saw her. The gray hood had fallen back from her face, and out of it her rich hair gleamed, long and tawny, upon the wind. Her face was very pale—the red lips apart, and in the eyes a startled, terrified look.

He saw her, I say—this man. Springing wildly up from Renshaw's knee, with his bloodshot eyes starting from their sockets, he looked at her—one moment, and no more; then his jaw dropped, he hung his arms out, stark and stiff, as if to beat her off. A terrible cry bubbled up through a line of blood and foam gathered upon his lips.

"God in heaven!" he shrieked, "it is she!" And fell back, a dull dead weight, in the bottom of the boat.

They sprang to lift him up. A twilight darker than the twilight around them had settled upon his face. The eyes were closed, the teeth set. Renshaw tore away the rough sailor's jacket, and laid his hand upon the heart beneath. It had ceased to beat. He was dead.

CHAPTER II.

A DREARY road winding away into the wild wet night; a sandy road filled with slimy salt pools, and skirted by strips of black pasture-land, and stunted growths of blacker cedar woods, the whole drenched and beaten beneath blinding sheets of rain; overhead was a low black sky, mingled now with shore and sea, starless and impenetrable, and with no diverging line to tell where one ended or another began. Mr. Guy Renshaw, riding muffled and solitary through the mist and darkness of that road, dropped the bridle-rein on his horse's neck and turning in his saddle looked back.

What did he see that he gazed so steadily with that intensified, long-searching gaze? There was nothing behind him but the blank chaos of the night, and storm, and here and there, a fisherman's light, faint and far among the sandhills. Nothing? Yes. A lonely dark inn down on the rocks

below, a smouldering fire fed with drift-wood; a sanded hearth, and standing upon it in the firelight, the tenuous shape of Essica Darke, wringing the wet from her long wild hair.

Guy Renshaw struck his horse sharply and galloped on.

Home—he had always called it such—the great, grand, gloomy old house to which he was going, though, truth to tell, little enough of his careless wandering life had ever been passed there. At a sudden curve in the road, bleak and rare, and swept spitefully by the rain, a broad patch of light, reflected in widening circles from wet pools and dripping shrubbery, burst out, slantwise and sudden across the gloom. It was a lamp swinging in the wind straight before him, from a tall arched gateway.

"The gods be praised," muttered Renshaw, in great relief; "here we are, at last."

The gate itself stood open, swinging back and forth beneath the lamp. He turned through it into a gravelled carriage-way, flanked on either side by very dense shrubbery.

"As black and grim as ever," he said, looking about him, with a shrug, "the old Bastile! Ah, well! 'tis a sight for sair ee'n' to see it agaln."

A hand, laid suddenly and with emphasis upon Mr. Renshaw's bridle-rein, had the effect of interrupting this little reverie. His startled horse reared and recoiled so abruptly on his haunches that his rider, good horseman though he was, reeled for the moment in his saddle.

"What do you mean?" ejaculated a voice, smooth and hard as steel, at the horse's head; "do you want to ride over me?"

He stood midway in the drive, the lamp in the arched gateway shining full upon him—a tall, dark, insolent figure, hardly youthful, wearing a Spanish sombrero crushed down over his forehead, and looking out from beneath its brim at Renshaw, with a pair of glittering eyes.

"Take your hand from my rein!" commanded Renshaw, haughtily, all the patrician blood astir.

"In a moment."

"And stand out of the way if you do not want to be ridden down."

"Softly, Mr. Renshaw. This is a bad

night for travellers. You were not expected until to-morrow."

Renshaw had begun to finger his riding-whip in a threatening way.

"Ah—eh?" he said, pausing, a little startled at the recognition.

"And," continued the tall figure, never heeding, "your mother is very ill. It is well that you have come."

His hand dropped from Renshaw's bridle. The latter sat staring down at him, every nerve touched with a subtle creeping antagonism.

"First of all," he said, still haughtily, "who are you?"

The Spanish sombrero was raised—whether in courtesy or mockery, it would have been hard to tell.

"Pardon me," answered the hard smooth voice; "I am only an humble servitor of the house of Brandt—Lennox, by name."

"Then, Mr. Lennox," said Renshaw, starting on as he spoke, "as our ways are different, and as I am in something of a hurry, and as the night is damp, allow me to wish you a very good evening."

Paul Lennox waved his hand gracefully. It was an elegant hand, sheathed in a buff gauntlet.

"Adieu, Mr. Renshaw. Commend me to your excellent mother. May we meet again."

Mr. Renshaw did not seem disposed to echo the sentiment, and he went down the gravelled way, under the swinging lamp, and out into the pitch-black night beyond. There he turned once in the wet and windy darkness, and looked carelessly back.

"Ride on, heir of Brandt!" he said, with a laugh in his throat, "a fair field and no favor. Ride on."

Obedying this injunction quite as well as if he had heard it, and, perhaps better, Mr. Guy Renshaw was indeed riding on straight up the avenue of trees, and into the stately shadow of Brandt House.

It was a great, grand, irregular house—described not inappropriately as a Bastille by the heir—built of red brick, with stacks of chimneys and gables, and narrow arched windows without end. In the tall east wing, overrun externally with masses of English ivy, a lamp was burning through a half-closed shutter.

Hardly had Renshaw's hand touched the

brass knocker when a bolt was drawn back and the door opened.

"Is it Mr. Lennox?" asked a small elfish voice.

"No, Queen Mab," mimicked Renshaw, shaking himself, like a great water-dog, on the threshold. "It is not Mr. Lennox—confound him! it is I!"

Mab, a little dark kelpie, with two pig-tails of braided hair hanging upon her shoulders, knit her black brows and looked at him, supernaturally grave.

"Lor! the master?" she said.

Guy flung off his dripping cloak. They were standing in a low dim hall, with a wide circular staircase of black oak, and a single lustre burning in a niche.

"Where is your mistress?" said Renshaw.

Mab pointed gravely to a green baize door opening at the foot of the staircase.

"Is she alone?"

"Miss Edith is with her."

"Miss Edith—O, Miss Glendening."

He pushed open the green door straightway and went in.

A low room, with windows that reached from ceiling to floor, draped now in folds of purple silk. The carpet was of black tapestry, the chairs and sofas of oak and black damask, polished and sombre to the last degree. There was a mantel of Egyptian marble, upholding an ornolu clock, and some rare vases of spar, and sheltering beneath it that which alone made the room tolerable—a grate heaped high with glowing sea-coal.

Reclining in an invalid-chair before this fire, and protected from its immediate heat by a painted Indian screen, sat a lady, in stately black satin, with her thin bloodless hand fallen listlessly at her side. There was a buhl table near by, with a glass and some vials upon it, and a bundle of papers tied with a ribbon.

"Edith," this lady was saying, with a querulous twist in her voice, "where is my vinaigrette? Are you sure Mr. Lennox has gone?"

The young person addressed stood in the red firelight at the end of the mantel, with one elbow resting upon it, looking down into the grate. A person of five or six-and-twenty, dressed in black crape, slight and angular in form, and pale in face, with a low forehead, overshadowed by dead-black

hair, and yellowish hazel eyes under straight black brows. She turned and took the vinaigrette from the sofa behind her, answering in the same breath:

"Mr. Lennox went a half hour ago."

Mrs. Brandt opened her thin aristocratic hands nervously to the blaze.

"How it storms!" she said, after a pause, and shivering. "He will have a most unpleasant walk. Now return these papers to the cabinet, Miss Glendenning, and give me the key. My son will come to-morrow."

This last in a tone of unutterable longing.

Miss Glendenning, moving much like an automaton, except that her slippers were of list, and noiseless, took the roll of papers tied with a ribbon, and crossing the room to a black oak cabinet in the corner, locked them therein and drew forth the key. Mrs. Brandt watched her feverishly.

"Give it to me," she said.

But Miss Glendenning was down on her knees on the black carpet, with the lids lowered over the yellowish hazel eyes, groping along its surface with one flexible dark hand.

"Pardon me, madam," she answered; "it fell from the lock; it has rolled beneath the cabinet."

Mrs. Brandt rose upright in her chair.

"How dare you!" she fired; "that key! Find it at once."

And then she turned and saw Guy Renshaw standing in the doorway, looking in upon the scene.

"My dear mother."

"My dear son."

Miss Glendenning rose up from the carpet, with a white heat, like lightning, on her face, and walking to the window, stood apart there until the meeting was well over. An unusually tender meeting, considering that there had never been much love lost betwixt this mother and son. She was a thorough woman of the world; he the fruit of a first marriage not altogether productive of happiness. Truth to tell, neither of Mrs. Brandt's marriages had been happy, and the second had borne no fruit.

They were very like, as far as face and feature were concerned—very like. As he stood over her chair, holding her thin hand in his, with their faces so near, hers white and wan, his nut-brown and haughty, you

might have traced in both the same strong clear-cut outlines, the same dark imperious eyes, the same pride and the same will.

Miss Glendenning stood waiting patiently behind the purple window-curtain—she was always patient—straining her ear to catch the scraps of conversation drifting betwixt the two. Renshaw had taken the footstool at his mother's feet.

"I received your letter at Nassau," he said, "and sailed the next day. I was seriously alarmed. You have been very ill?" looking at her.

"Yes," with a long shivering sigh.

"And worried and worn."

She flashed him a quick sidelong look.

"How do you know that?"

"Your face tells me."

Despite her weakness, the mistress of Brandt house gathered herself up, bustling and alert.

"Is it the cares of the estate?" said Guy.

"No," quickly.

"It's solitude, then?"

She shook her head.

"Worse yet, your vagabond son?"

"That is nearer the truth, perhaps," and she smiled faintly. "Guy, stay here now. You have wandered enough. I need you."

"My dear mother!" said Guy, pulling his long mustaches, gravely.

"Moreover, this disease which is killing me, as you see, is liable to complete the work at any time. I am not sure of an hour nor a day."

"Is it really as bad as this?"

"Yes. Look at me, Guy! You say that I am worried and worn. I am, indeed! Sometimes I think I am going mad!"

She was gazing at him in a strange despairing way.

"Mother!" he cried out.

"And there is no help for me. It is part of my punishment to sit here, day after day, dying in sound of this sea, and in the place that I have hated for years above all other places on God's earth."

"Mother!"

She turned upon him quickly.

"I have one request to make of you, Guy. It shall be made now. Promise me, if a time should be when you know that I have wronged you—"

"You will never wrong me. Be calm."

"When you shudder, perhaps, to think

of me—when you are tempted to curse me even in my grave—”

“Hush!”

“Will you not let me speak?” sharply.

He laid his hand on hers, magnetic in its strong and soothing touch.

“You are weak and ill,” he answered; “you do not know what you are saying.”

A smile unspeakably bitter flitted across her lips.

“Do I not?” she murmured; “well, let it pass!”

He did not look at her again for a long time. With a vague foreboding, shapeless as yet, except that it wore the front of

trouble and perplexities, he sat recalling his memory of her as she had been at their last meeting, two little years before. The Hon. Mrs. Brandt, wealthy, handsome, *recherche*. A queen of society—a leader of the ton. If he had never loved her—if she had been to him a fashionable woman always, and rarely a mother, he had, at least, been passionately proud of her; and now, this skeleton that he had found sitting in her place, gaunt, and remorseful, and wild-eyed—could it be that they were one and the same? What possible disease was it that had wrought this work?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FAREWELL TO 1874.

BY MISS SUSANNA JAMES.

Farewell—the tears will mingle with my psalm—

Farewell, Old Year, for thou hast been to me

A white-robed angel, bearing precious balm

And gifts, to ease my soul's deep poverty!

Thy days have brought me blessings as they ran;

Thy sterner teachings have been fraught with good;

Yet I remember, when thy reign began,

What weary feet upon thy threshold stood.

The pealing bells across the moonlit wave

Seemed but to mock me with their joyous chime;

For Love lay buried deeper than the grave,

And Hope was lost among the mists of Time.

“Poor heart,” I said, “thou hast to drain the cup—

For life or death is not our own to choose:

The burden lies before thee—take it up;

Be brave, for thou hast nothing more to lose.”

But now I walk rejoicing in the light,

No longer trammelled with mere worldly care,

Owning the Hand that doeth all things right,

Whose love ordained the cross that I must bear.

O dying Year, go calmly to thy rest,

For with thy life thine influence shall not cease;

I would thy death in every human breast

Might leave the same sweet legacy of peace!

Boston, December, 1874.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

BERT JEROME rose from the table where he had been slowly sipping his coffee and reading the morning paper.

"Nothing new or startling," he said, looking across to where his sister, who wore widow's mourning, sat, trifling over her breakfast. "I am positively suffering for a sensation of some sort. Business is dull, the city is dull, and I am dreadfully stupid myself. I think, though, since frost has set in, the summer pleasure-seekers will come flocking home. The autumn has been so very fine they have lingered longer in the country than usual. We might have remained a fortnight later, for Wilkins was not half so sick as he would like me to believe."

"I don't regret having a few quiet days to ourselves, Bert," returned his sister. "But now the city will soon be as gay as ever. The Meads and Clintons came home yesterday; though perhaps I mentioned the fact last night."

"You did," replied Bert, knitting his brows for a moment. "If you will be ready at three, we'll have a drive through the Park before dinner. Good morning, Nell." And putting the paper in his pocket, he took his hat and set out for his place of business.

It was a lovely autumn morning. The leaves of the trees which shaded the street, golden, crimson and brown, were falling thickly upon the sidewalk. Bert walked reflectively along, when suddenly his attention was attracted by the cry of a child. Half a block further up the street, a little girl, barefooted and poorly clad, had dropped her pitcher of milk upon the curbstone, and she was bewailing its loss.

"Poor little wretch!" he exclaimed; "she will probably be beaten for the accident when she reaches home." And he thrust his hand in his pocket, on charitable thoughts intent.

But the child ceased sobbing suddenly, and shyly approached a carriage which was standing near. A woman's hand had reached out and dropped a crisp bill into the open palm of the wondering girl. It

was a fair slender hand, with a rosy palm, and pink-tipped taper fingers, upon which sparkled three glittering rings, a pearl, a diamond and an emerald. Bert slackened his pace and gazed admiringly upon the white faultless hand. He caught a glimpse of a gray hat and a floating gray plume, while a close-fitting sleeve of the same sober shade set off the smooth round wrist that supported the beautiful hand. A moment afterward it was withdrawn, the diamond catching the sunshine and throwing scintillations of light over Bert's face as it disappeared.

He had watched the hand so closely he did not observe a lady who emerged from a house near, and, appearing suddenly to him, entered the carriage.

"Greta," she said, addressing the owner of the beautiful hand, "it appears to me that you bestow your charities in a singular manner."

The carriage rolled away, and he did not hear the reply. Not a sound of her voice, not even a glimpse of her hair; only her name, and the lovely hand. How could he identify her by these? It was only by accident he saw it uncovered; and gloved hands, though proper for a drive or promenade, lose half their character.

It was nothing, after all, he told himself, as he walked slowly on. A woman's hand was no unusual sight; pretty ones were plentiful enough, and they were, usually, helpless in proportion to their beauty. But this was not a helpless-looking hand. True, it was smooth, slender and fair, but not plump enough to appear babyish, as there were only suspicions of dimples about it.

"If my mind had been occupied with anything else," thought he, "this would not have made a lasting impression upon it. But sometimes memories, simple in themselves, will outlive important facts in the brain, because received when it was in a morbid state."

He entered the store thoughtfully, for he was a wealthy merchant, with an old established business inherited from his

father. There was much to be looked after this morning. Nevins, his buyer in the silk and velvet department, had just returned from Europe with samples, and statements of his purchases for the approaching winter. There was a great deal to be done, and still more to be thought of, but somehow Bert seemed to have lost his business tact. At the close of a very interesting and important statement made by Mr. Nevins, which was finished with a question, Bert became suddenly conscious of the fact that he had not heard one word, but instead, had been contemplating in his mind's eye a woman's hand; a slender hand, with dainty fingers, glistening with jewels, in the act of bestowing charity upon a sorrowing child of poverty.

With an effort he put it aside, and devoted himself to the subject under consideration; but he behaved so strangely during the day, that Mr. Owen, the head salesman, who was of a pious turn, gave it as his private opinion that Mr. Jerome was "under exercise of mind," while the younger clerks declared he had either been jilted, or had suddenly fallen in love.

When he returned home and set out with his sister for the promised drive, he was still in an absent frame of mind. The day was fine, and the Park unusually thronged; and though he eyed every one curiously, he often forgot to bow to his nearest acquaintances until Nell scolded him roundly.

Even Miss Mead, who leaned gracefully back in her carriage, displaying a lovely toilet of the new fall shade, silks, velvets, flowers and feathers being blended in the loveliest confusion imaginable, failed to attract more than a polite bend of the head. Now Bert's sister had long expected him to fall in love with Miss Mead, whom she considered as near perfection as mortals usually attain, propose to her, and in due time marry. Miss Mead was young, beautiful and wealthy, and had expressed in a quiet and lady-like way, her preference for Bert. How any man could be so stupid as not to observe it, she couldn't understand.

When the ride was over Bert threw himself upon a sofa in the parlor, and declared he was almost tired to death. His head ached, and as he lay with closed eyes, he fancied he would like this same fair hand which had haunted him throughout the

day, to thread his hair through its slender fingers and soothe him to sleep.

What was its owner like? if he could have caught a glimpse of her face, her form, or even her hair, he would have been more content; as it was, it was tantalizing in the extreme. She must be a blonde, or at least her complexion fair, the hand was so white. She must be small, for the wrist was so tiny and the hand slender. She must be young, for it was as fair, and soft, and delicate as a child's. She wore gray, and her name was Greta—O dear! how could he ever find her?

The season wore on; winter, with its festivities, came. Mrs. Wayne, Bert's sister, had laid aside her mourning, and was going out in society once more. Bert must act as her escort. He was always ready, but his heart was not in anything he did now, Mrs. Wayne said.

"What is the matter, brother?" she asked, one day, when he seemed unusually silent. "Why are you so changed? Does anything trouble you? Confide in me; perhaps I can comfort you in some way."

"It is nothing," he answered, with a sober shake of the head. "I suppose I'm growing old."

"O you ridiculous boy!" she exclaimed. "Old at thirty! and that two years younger than I am. Are you trying to ridicule my juvenile ways?"

"No, I had not thought of that. But the house seems lonely sometimes, with only two persons in it besides the servants."

"I've thought the same thing," replied his sister. "Why don't you get married, Bert?"

"I don't know whom to marry."

"But there's Miss Mead," she suggested, mildly.

"Miss Mead is very much of a lady," he answered, slowly, and rather absently; "but then I don't like her hands."

"Why, the boy is actually crazy!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayne. "Miss Mead has the most beautiful hand in the world."

"Beautiful, of course," he said, "but helpless looking."

"You wouldn't have them as hard and black as a coal-heaver's!" retorted his sister, out of all patience.

"Don't be cross, Nell. I'm really in love, but not with Miss Mead."

"O, I see," answered his sister. "You are in love with a girl who is beneath your

station in life, and that is why you have been so troubled of late."

"No, indeed," he replied. "I am my own master, and can marry a girl beneath my station, if I desire it. I am sure," he added, musingly, "she is a lady by birth and education, for she has a patrician hand."

"Why, then, are you so troubled? Who is this paragon that has nearly bereft you of your senses?"

"Her name is Greta."

"Greta what?"

"I don't know. It would be Greta Jerome in a few weeks, I fancy, if I could only find her. But I have searched the city in vain."

"Bert, are you in your right mind?" And Mrs. Wayne looked really anxious as she approached her brother, and gazed earnestly in his face.

"Yes, Nell, I hope so, though perhaps you will think otherwise when I tell you the truth. I am in love with a woman's hand."

Then he told her the incident which happened in early autumn, and how seriously it had affected him. How this hand had haunted him ever since, how he had wandered through nearly every street, watching for the reappearance of the wonderful and beautiful hand, and how he had failed to find it or its owner.

"You used to think me cool, steady-nerved and invulnerable as far as ladies' glances were concerned," he said, at the close. "So I was, always. But this thing has so impressed my mind, this hand has so bewitched me, that if I could find its owner, unmarried, I would be willing to unite my fortune to hers without a moment's delay or hesitation. When I am ill or tired, it seems to me if I could have that hand to smooth my brow, it would spirit all pain away. When I come home at night, lonely, dissatisfied, and filled with unrest, I feel if I could clasp that hand in greeting as I cross the threshold, I could kiss it and be satisfied, whatever its owner might be. I know she is young, lady-like, kind-hearted and charitable, and I would not care if her face was the plainest on earth."

Mrs. Wayne regarded her brother in astonishment for a moment. Then a tear of pity gathered in her eye, for she loved him dearly.

"Bert," she said, "perhaps I can help you in your search. What was the hand like?"

"Just the loveliest little lily in the world!" he said, enthusiastically.

"But your description is not altogether clear," his sister replied, with a smile.

"How stupid I am!" he exclaimed. "It was so very dainty, just like a lily on the outside, and like a pale blush rose in the palm. And it bestowed the gift so freely, and eagerly, seeming almost to caress the hand of the little girl. I'm sure it did everything but speak and smile."

"But, brother," she said, still smiling, "please be a little more explicit. It was a slender hand, you say, and—"

"Yes, just slender enough; not thin, and not fat, either, but exactly right. I'm afraid I can't describe it to you, sister."

"But the rings?"

"O yes. There were three. A large pearl on the forefinger—do you think she is engaged?"

"That does not follow. Many girls of my acquaintance who are not engaged, wear rings upon the first finger. The others were—"

"A diamond, a very large solitaire it was, and an emerald, upon the wedding finger. Do you suppose she was married?"

"No, indeed," Mrs. Wayne answered.

"Ladies seldom wear rings on more than two fingers of one hand. Though one is styled the engagement and one the wedding finger, young girls often wear rings upon both."

"But do you think the rings would give you a clue in recognizing her, Nell?"

"Perhaps so. Diamonds and pearls are worn so much, there is nothing unusual about them. Emeralds are not seen so often. But the three gems together on one hand are quite rare. I shall look whenever I go out, and if I meet a lady with rings of this description, I shall certainly try to find out her name and address; for, aside from your own anxiety in the matter, I have become quite interested in your fair unknown myself."

Days passed, and though Bert and his sister both kept up the search, nothing could be found concerning the owner of the fair hand.

One evening Bert set out for a walk, feeling unusually gloomy and dejected. He had not gone far before he met a friend,

who invited him to go down and have an evening with the boys.

"Just a quiet bit of fun," he said. "We are going to meet in Joe Shannon's room at the Grand Central, and have a jolly time all to ourselves; not more than half a dozen all told."

Bert accepted the invitation. He was beginning to feel desperate, and resolved to free himself from this strange spell which the unknown hand had laid upon him.

"I might search the whole world over in vain," he thought, "until the hand was so changed by time that I would fail to recognize it."

So, putting on an appearance of cheerfulness, he joined his friends, who were all young men of his set, some of them reckless, but "good fellows," as the world goes. They had been drinking quite freely, and when cards were brought out, betting began at once. Gaming was not one of Bert's vices. He refused to take a hand at first, but, being importuned, at last sat down. The cards were dealt out, and as he reached to take his a woman's hand appeared on the table before him, the white slender fingers seeming to touch his.

He dashed the cards aside and sprang suddenly to his feet.

"Boys!" he cried, excitedly, "did any of you see a woman's hand upon the table just now?"

The words were regretted as soon as spoken, for he knew he had rendered himself an object of ridicule.

"Has it come to this?" exclaimed his friend Joe. "Why, the boy actually sees sights. Some one better take him home at once."

"Thank you," Bert answered, stiffly. "I am not well, I confess, and have not been for weeks. But I am perfectly competent to travel alone as yet." He bowed himself out, and went home in a restless frame of mind.

"I have tried to give her up, Nell," he said, as he abruptly entered his sister's room, "but it is of no use. I shall never be satisfied until I find her."

Spring came, and when Mayday, on which half the population in the city had changed homes, had passed, Bert found they had new neighbors. The house next to his own had been sold, and passed into strange hands. Both houses were similarly

constructed, each with an extension in the rear, reaching only partly across the width of the main building, to give a window to the centre rooms, and one also to the side. Bert's room was situated in the extension, in the second story, and its side window overlooked, or rather was in range with the one in the next house.

The room opposite had formerly been occupied by a bachelor friend; and when the weather was mild they could converse with each other from their respective windows, without being obliged to lift their voices to an unnatural pitch.

One evening, when Bert came home in his usual despondent mood, he sought his room, and throwing open the window, looked down upon the early spring flowers in the garden below, and the ships out on the river. He glanced across to the opposite window, which was also open, and saw that the seat had been newly cushioned, and the curtains were of the daintiest lace, while between their parted folds a pretty gilt cage hung, containing a bright gold-colored canary. A luxuriant wisteria was trained across one side of the window. It was just budding, and Bert fancied it had never looked so thrifty before, or given promise of such lavish bloom.

Within, a comfortable easy-chair was drawn near the window, a footstool stood beside it, and he had a glimpse of a rich light-colored carpet, a painting hung against the opposite wall, and below it, on a tasteful bracket, a Parian statue of chaste design. A book lay upon the window-seat, the stem of a half-withered rose marking the reader's place between the folded leaves, and near it a bit of half-finished embroidery was thrown, as though its owner had suddenly been called away.

Bert had no intention of prying into his neighbors' affairs; but something like a vague sense of interest possessed him, for the room seemed so homelike and pleasant it diverted his mind for the moment, just as any pretty picture would have done.

While he watched some deep green drapery brushed across one side of the window, like the heavy folds of a lady's dress. A slight girlish figure dropped suddenly within the arms of the easy-chair; he saw first a well-poised head, with braids and curls of brown hair, then a profile of a pale clear-cut face.

"Here's one tired sinner!" a fresh girl-

her voice said. "Mamma dear, I've practiced two hours without stopping."

He did not hear the reply, but a moment after she rose and came to the window. The movement was agile but graceful, and as she stood looking out at the vine he had a full view of her face.

Its first appearance was almost childish, but a closer inspection showed a sedateness, a certain self-contained expression never seen in a very young face. It could not be called sorrowful, but it was courageous and calm, and looked like the face of a woman who had seen something of the world, and resolved to take it as she had found it, not as she had dreamed of it in childhood and earlier youth. There was a little skeptical curve in the lips that looked quietly wise, though it was not decided enough to seem cynical. Then there was a clear expression in the brown eyes, honest and true, that made Bert fancy he would like such a woman for a friend. The thought of love, as yet, had not entered his mind. The picture, in truth, seemed half unreal, until she turned her eyes to his window. A disturbed look crossed her face, ending in a half frown. Then she turned quickly away.

"I suppose I was staring very rudely," thought Bert, as he suddenly rose and closed his window. "But she is not like the women one meets with every day. I wish Nell would manage to make her acquaintance in some way."

After this he was more guarded in making observations. He opened his window sometimes, but watched at a respectful distance. Several times during the week he caught sight of the face which interested him so strangely. It was almost always quietly cheerful, but once the eyelids were drooping and heavy with tears. What could trouble her? It certainly was nothing to him, and yet his mind persisted in dwelling upon it constantly. For the time the beautiful hand was almost forgotten.

One day when she had been carelessly sitting about her room, he ventured nearer. Taking a book for a pretence, he sat down by his window. A previous glance at his comely features in the mirror had assured him—

"Not his the glance, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens went to fly."

She paid little heed to him, however, though at last she came to the window, and leaning forward, reached out for a heavy cluster of the rich bluish-lilac wisteria blooms. Bert glanced carelessly toward her at first, and then opened his eyes wide and stared in mute astonishment. For there, within a few feet of where he sat, was the hand he had sought so long, quietly plucking the flowers off the vine. The same delicate slender fingers, the same rosy palm, the same sparkling gems.

Suddenly the hand dropped the cluster of blossoms it had culled from the vine, and the girl uttered a quick low cry of pain. A bee who had been sipping honey from the fragrant blooms, disputed their possession with the fair hand, and finding himself vanquished, left a revengeful sting upon one of the pink finger-tips ere he flew away. She had not seen the bee until she had felt the pain of the wound, and drawing her head suddenly within the window, she struck the birdcage, throwing it down upon the window-seat. The door of the cage opened, and the canary, frightened with the commotion, fluttered out in the air, and alighted—O joy of joys! within Bert's room. He caught it as gently as possible, and returning to his window, called to the little figure over the way.

"Don't be frightened. I have him safe, and will bring him over directly."

"O I thank you!" she said, in reply; and her face had lost its paleness.

Bert rushed frantically down stairs, and the next moment found him at his neighbor's door. "Gaines" stared at him from the doorplate; so, when the young lady appeared, before he had time to ring the bell, he had the presence of mind to address her as "Miss Gaines."

She bowed with another becoming blush, and ventured to call him Mr. Jerome.

"I believe papa is slightly acquainted with you," she said, "or I would not have known your name."

She received the bird from his hands, and thanking him prettily, invited him to come in. He consented to do so if she would allow him to bind up her finger. She laughed, and acknowledged that it pained her; and by this time her mother, a stately matron of forty-five, made her appearance. But stately mammas had a way of unbending in Bert Jerome's pres-

ence, for he was fine-looking, intellectual and wealthy, and she added her invitation to the one he had already received to enter the house.

Once inside the pretty room which looked out upon his, and was used as a private parlor by mother and daughter, Bert proceeded to assist the bird to resume its cage, Greta patting and soothing it in the meantime. As soon as it had smoothed its rumpled feathers, and calmed down a little, Bert insisted upon applying some remedies to Greta's wounded finger; and in the lively chat that followed, they became better acquainted than they would have been in weeks of fashionable intercourse in society.

Before he left the house he succeeded in obtaining as a gift from the fair hand the cluster of blossoms it had bought so dearly, and an invitation from both mother and daughter to call in with his sister at an early day.

Carrying the wisteria blooms to his room, he placed them in a vase upon a stand in full view from Greta's window, and then went down to tell his sister of his wonderful discovery.

"I am delighted," he said, "to find my fair unknown and my interesting neighbor are the same, for I was growing in love with one as deeply as the other."

"I am glad, too," Mrs. Wayne replied, "that you have found the owner of the beautiful hand at last, and that she is unmarried. Do you suppose she is fancy free?"

If this were a true story, reader, she would have been sure to be either married or engaged; but as it is only a pleasant fiction, you will doubtless be glad to learn that she was neither.

Bert did not seem to be of the opinion that she was engaged. If she had been further away, so he could not see her often, he might have been troubled about it; but having her constantly under his eye, he did not seem likely to lose her. He sat down at a respectful distance from his window, where he could see what was passing about hers, without being visible himself, and began to ponder over every expression he had seen upon her face.

It was a magnetic face, and quite as full of character as her hand. It was bright, and yet changeable, too. The smile was quick and expressive, the lips firm, and yet

inviting. Here Bert glanced out and saw her at the window. There was a new expression upon the face to-night. A thought more color, a half smile, an earnest look in the brown eyes; altogether a softer look over the whole.

Almost before he was aware of it Bert stood close by his window.

"I hope your hand has ceased to pain you, Miss Gaines," he said.

"O yes," she replied, "thanks to your treatment." And she lifted her hand gracefully, unconscious of the fact that Bert had watched for it by day and dreamed of it at night.

A month passed. An intimacy had sprung up between the two families. Mrs. Gaines seemed to have found a kindred spirit in Mrs. Wayne. Mr. Gaines, who was considerably older than his wife, took a deep interest in Bert. As for Bert, he took a deep interest in Greta, and fancied her a kindred spirit also. Greta seemed quite content with the state of affairs, in her calm quiet way.

One night Mrs. Gaines and Mrs. Wayne wandered out in the garden together; they had so many plans in common, for they were going to the same watering-place for the summer. Mr. Gaines had gone for his evening walk, and Bert and Greta were left alone. Greta sat at the piano, playing dreamy melodies, and Bert listened gravely, and watched the graceful movements of her beautiful hands.

Through her father, who had been very confidential, he had learned that Greta had once a worthless lover, dissipated, reckless, wild; to whom she clung in spite of mild paternal opposition, until one of his disgraceful acts opened her eyes to his true character. It had been a great blow to her, but she had rallied from it; and in this Bert had the key to her thoughtful face.

She looked very pure and fair to-night, in a thin floating white dress, ornamented here and there with white flowers. As she struck the low sweet chords Bert leaned over the piano at her side, and began his story. He told her how and when he met her first, and of the spell her hand had laid upon him. How he had searched for her in vain, longing to find her and claim the hand to guide him always. How he had watched her at her window, and loved her face before he recognized the fairy

hand; and now, since he knew the goodness and gentleness of her heart, she was thrice dearer than before.

At this the white hands faltered over the keys, and the music ceased altogether. There was something beside surprise in her face as she lifted it to his. He bent lower and kissed the red lips tenderly. Her eyes drooped, and a half sob rose to her lips as she hesitatingly began a confession of having loved before.

"Hush, birdie, I know it all," he said. "Only tell me that you love me, that you will be my wife, and I am more than satisfied."

And for answer she laid her hand in his; the hand he had longed to clasp in his own, and to own in clasping; the one fair hand of all the world to him.

ALONG THE MOZAMBIQUE.

BY HARDY LEE, JR.

DID I ever tell you about my voyage trading in Africa along the Mozambique Channel?

No?

I will, then, give you a little account of how I made my fortune in one voyage; and also how I came near losing my darling little wife who is toeling off that stocking, and scarcely looking as though she was, at one time, the captive of one of the most cruel African chiefs that ever existed; and you would never mistrust that such a little morsel of feminine humanity would display the courage she did, but for which, she would have suffered everything but death.

It was in the early part of 1840, when every one was nearly wild with that yellow fever that swept through the length and breadth of our beloved country, starting first in California.

I had a severe touch of that selfsame fever myself, and having a little money that I had saved for a rainy day, concluded to take it, buy a ship, put her up for California, for freight or passage apply on board, and all that sort of thing, and when I got out there, sell my vessel and go to picking up the gold in a Boston bucket, just as I used to get huckleberries on my father's farm when I was a boy.

I was courting my wife at the time, in fact we had been engaged for nearly a year, and although my proposition was rather sudden, she said if I carried out my plan she would marry me immediately, and forsaking all others, follow me to El-Dorado.

(You needn't blush so, you know you did, puss.)

I was a happy man, I can tell you, when she assented to my wishes, and it was with a light heart that I started out to cruise New York's docks a bit the next day, and see if I could find anything that would suit me.

I was a little particular, you know, for I was going to take a bride with me, and I wanted something better than the down-east lumberman style, made by the mile and sawed in lengths to suit customers. I wanted something better than a serving-mallet sloop, so I kept along under easy sail, heaving to now and then to overhaul some craft that was waiting a purchaser.

I got down to Peck Slip at last, and there I found a vessel that came up to my bean ideal of what a young skipper should have to take his bride out in.

She was a beauty and no mistake, the vessel I mean, and after examining her critically outside, I went on board, told the keeper I was a prospective buyer, and took a look below.

I liked the appearance all around, so soon started for the office of the brokers that offered her for sale.

I found, to my intense chagrin, that I was just too late, for they had sold the vessel but one short hour before I called, and that as I was coming to see them a clerk was going down to take the shingle, "For sale.—Apply, &c." off, and inform the skip-keeper that the vessel had gone into new hands.

Greatly disappointed, because she suited me, I turned to go, asking casually as I did so:

"Who bought her?"

"William Temple, who is stopping at the

Astor House," was the reply. Something in me urged me to see this William Temple, and I decided on the spur of the moment to call on him, and see if I could induce him to sell out at a small advance.

I soon was sending my card to him, the clerk in the office telling me he was in, and almost as quickly was following the paste-board, the gentleman receiving me in his room.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" asked a frank hearty-looking gentleman of about forty, as I was ushered into the apartment by the obsequious lackey.

"I called to see you in regard to the Belle Florian, which you purchased this morning," I answered.

"What of her? isn't the bill of sale correct?" was the eager inquiry of the gentleman.

"Perfectly so, so far as I am aware, but I wanted to see if I couldn't buy her of you," was my reply.

"O," he said, seeming relieved at my answer.

After a few minutes' reflection, he said, "Are you a broker, sir? if so we will go to your office."

"No sir. I am a master mariner, and I wanted to buy the vessel if it was within my means, and go to San Francisco," I said, frankly.

"The old story. Every one is mad over this California business."

And here he paused and seemed to commune with himself, leaving me wondering whether he was thinking if he should sell the vessel or not, and what price he should ask.

After some moments of silent deliberation, he looked up and asked:

"Have you ever been captain of a vessel?"

Replying in the affirmative, I mentioned for whom I had sailed.

"Will it be too much trouble for you to call here at this hour to-morrow?" he asked; "for I have a proposition to make, if I am satisfied about you, that I think you may be inclined to listen to."

The man acted a little queerly to me, but as I had set my heart on his ship I assented and withdrew, thinking if I could not listen to what proposal he might make, he might to one I should suggest.

I called the next day according to agree-

ment, and received a warm welcome from the gentleman, who appeared to be waiting for me.

Upon taking a seat he said:

"I have taken the liberty to make some inquiries concerning you, and find that your character and standing are of good report; so now I have a proposition to submit to you, which you can have a week to think over and answer. In the meantime I will refer you to these gentlemen as to my standing; and here he put a list of names in my hand, among which were several well-known shipping merchants.

"First, I must tell you my situation," he began.

"I was about to call on some friends, raise money on the ship on a bottomry bond, then advertise for a captain and go on a voyage on my own account, when you called, yesterday.

"I have just come home from the Cape of Good Hope, having been in business there, intending to carry out a plan that I want to submit to you for your consideration.

"Living at Cape Town as I did, I saw a chance for a fortune that will far exceed any California prospecting; and as soon as I was in a position to allow me to do so I came here, and have taken the initiatory step which you have seen, by purchasing the Belle Florian, which I think will suit my purpose.

"I have paid twenty thousand dollars for her, cash, and have nearly exhausted my finances in getting the vessel, so must now hypothecate her to carry out my intentions. I mean to take a load of barter, cruise along the Mozambique Channel, trade with the natives for ivory and hides, carry the ship into Cape Town, and sell my trade there to the advantage I know I can realize.

"I have this offer to make to you; ascertain all you wish about me, then take half of my ship at the cost I gave, put in an even sum with me to buy our trade; then we will go out even partners. I will pledge you my half of the ship that your profit shall be twenty thousand dollars in a year's time."

"But I don't want to go to the Mozambique," I replied; "I want to buy a vessel, get married, then take my wife to California with me, where I think a fortune can be made, also."

"There is no objection to your taking

your wife on this voyage," Mr. Temple said, after thinking a few moments.

"I am not inclined to the African coast, and I am to California, and I rather think she will feel the same way," I said, firmly.

Mr. Temple then began to talk generally about the African trade, and from that digressed into gold-digging, describing the methods used at Ballarat and Bendigo, in Australia, where he had been, returned to the Mozambique, and finally got me interested in his plans, and even a little excited over them.

"You think of this for a week, make all the inquiries you like about me, and then give me your answer," he said at last.

I agreed to do so, and finally took my leave.

As I was going up to see my intended that afternoon, I went to a restaurant and got my dinner.

While waiting for my order to be filled, I opened a newspaper I had purchased on the way to the restaurant, and the first thing I saw was a long account of the failure of the gold mines in California; and finished off by reading a long editorial that placed the Golden State in a very discouraging light.

I didn't dream that the editorial and the account were the work of speculators who wished to depress the market in the line of goods they wanted to ship to the mines, and had taken that method to work on the merchants; and when I saw the next morning's paper, and found a confirmation of the statements of the day before, without reflecting that it took weeks to hear from the Pacific, and that the news that morning could be no different than that of the day before. I allowed my ardor for digging gold to cool very much, and having tossed on my bed another night, and thought about Mr. Temple and his Mozambique project, I began to warm up for that.

The third day found me going to the merchants, to inquire about my new acquaintance; I found he stood very high indeed in their estimation, and that night I called on him again, told him I would take half of his ship, put in four thousand dollars against an equal amount of his, to fit her with trade and provisions, and make the voyage with him, provided I could take my wife, if she would go with me.

Temple was delighted with the offer I made. So I told him I would introduce

him in a few days, and that he must help me induce my intended to make the new voyage, which he agreed to do if necessary.

It was a risky thing I was agreeing to do; risk all but a thousand of what I was worth in one speculation. But I was younger then than I am now, and with the hot blood of youth would risk all on chance—what Mr. Temple was doing with the cooler deliberation of his years.

I found Hattie was willing to make the new voyage without much urging, if I deemed it best to alter my course; so I soon was fastened firmly by my new partner, and we began to fit the ship. She needed nothing in repairs, being ready for sea as soon as the provisions were on board; so we went to work to buy articles for trading with the negroes.

Brass buttons, looking-glasses, powder, small pigs of lead, about two pounds each in weight, cheap muskets, cotton prints, the latter gaudy in colors and warranted to fade, but very inexpensive, Swiss music-boxes that played a couple of lively airs, and everything and anything that we thought would please the eyes or ears of the untutored savages.

Having purchased all our means would allow, we shipped a crew of negro sailors, and then advertised for freight for Cape Town.

We had three white officers, men whom I had never seen or heard of before, but who came highly recommended, and a white boatswain, as well as carpenter; other than that our crew was all colored.

Freight was plenty, but rather cheap; but as we wanted to get away as soon as possible, we filled the ship full of an assorted cargo, and got cleared from New York as speedily as possible.

I had been married for a week before we sailed, and my wife had fitted up our little saloon that was aft of the main cabin, with all the taste of a woman; so when we did leave I felt as though I was a king when I went below into my comfortable quarters.

I had made one mistake in making up my officers, as I found to my sorrow before I had been at sea a week; and that was in my chief mate. He had come to me highly recommended, and seemed to be every inch a seaman; but he proved to be exceedingly slack in his control of the crew, having very lax discipline, and moreover proving to be a terrible drunkard; forcing me to take

away a private stock of liquor he had brought on board to use on the voyage.

He was terribly provoked at that action of mine, and grew worse and worse in his behaviour, so that I was at last compelled to relieve him from his work, and do the duty myself. We were only a week from Cape Town when I did this, but by waiting too long the crew were in an almost unmanageable condition when we dropped our anchor at our destination.

I soon had my worthless officer discharged by the consul, and then, knowing that neither of my other mates was competent to assume the chief's position, I looked about to find as good a substitute as I could.

While the freight was being discharged, I kept my weather eye open for a mate, and found one at last that I thought would suit me. I was going along the street in front of the Botanical Gardens, when I saw quite a little laughable incident.

A young fellow came along at a pretty good jog on a mule; when just as he got opposite me, the animal backed, threw its rider over his head into the sandy road, and then set up the most outrageous braying you ever heard, as though its risibilities were thoroughly excited at its success in throwing its cargo overboard, and it was now going in for a hurrah over it.

The young fellow was considerably ashamed of his misadventure, for he got up, unhurt apparently, and gave the beast a good kicking, in his desire to correct the fault. Something in the appearance of the man pleased me, so I drew near and said:

"Rather more of a hurry to get ahead than your mule was."

He made some little reply that showed me he was not revengeful in his feelings, and I then asked if he belonged to any vessel in port.

"I am second mate of a bloody lime-julcer; but I suppose I shall be discharged here," he replied.

"You are an American, then?" I queried.

"Indeed I am," he said, briskly.

"How did you drift into the English merchant marine?"

"The ship I was mate of was run down in the British Channel, and I went on the craft I am in now, sooner than eat the bread of idleness."

"What are your reasons for leaving her?"

"There are several," he replied. "The captain and mate are drunken English bullies, and they have both put aside their dignity and tried to pound me in boxing matches; but I licked 'em both, and so the ship is getting warm for me and I've got to leave."

Something prompting me to do so, I told the man my difficulties, and offered him the situation of mate with me, which he accepted after some dicker about his pay, contingent, of course, upon his being able to get his discharge from the ship he was in.

With this understanding I agreed to meet him the next forenoon, at "Tom's Saloon," at that time a great resort for mates of vessels.

Agreeably to his appointment, the man met me the next day, his discharge in his hand, ready to join me.

"Got your papers?" I remarked.

"Yes sir. The old man has been cogitating with the mate, for some time, as to how he should get rid of me, and when I asked him for my discharge last night, his face wore a grin as long as the Jew's Case, at once, and early this morning he settled up with me."

As I had determined to take him, hit or miss, we went without delay to the consul's, where I shipped him, leaving my papers in the hands of that officer, and then asked him if he would go on board that morning.

"I would like to go on board and take a look at things, unbeknown to any one that I am the new first officer, and then come off for duty the next day," he said.

I was willing for him to wait a day, while he was taking account of stock in the crew, so I went on board, telling him to follow in another hour.

Mr. Blaine, the new mate, came to the vessel a little while afterward, fell into conversation with the second officer, getting that gentleman's permission to look around, after complimenting him upon the way he kept the ship looking.

"Law, bress my heart an' soul, ef dat ar' isn't Mr. Blaine," shouted the cook, an intelligent negro who had always held himself aloof from the crew and their actions.

"Why, Jake, how are you?" Mr. Blaine asked, heartily.

It seemed that Jake had been steward on the ship that my new mate was in when he was run down in the Channel.

They had a long talk together, and then

Mr. Blaine walked along to the quarter-deck where I was lounging and lazily smoking a cigar.

"I will come on board this afternoon, if it suits you," he said. "I find the cook was steward of the Jennie when we were ran down, and he has posted me sufficiently, and I know he never has troubled you."

"All right," was my cheerful answer, glad that my worryment was now to be shared; so calling the mates along I introduced their chief, who withdrew shortly afterward to send his dunnage on board.

That afternoon Mr. Blaine was installed in his stateroom, and duly introduced to my wife and Mr. Temple.

After supper I had the crew mustered aft, told them that Mr. Blaine was now mate, and that they were in future to obey him the same as myself, and then sent them forward to their duty again.

Blaine was a medium-sized man, and the chief of the malcontents muttered so that both my new officer and myself heard distinctly what the man said, "He aint no 'count; I can lick him in no time."

The man was fully six feet high, being called in irony by the crew "Shorty," and looked as though he could carry out his threat without difficulty.

Blaine's eyes snapped in a dangerous manner as the man lounged lazily forward, but he said nothing.

Shortly after they were at their stations again, the quick eye of the new mate saw Shorty toss a quid of tobacco on deck in as nonchalant a manner as you please.

Blaine walked forward firmly.

"What is your name?" he demanded of the tobacco chewer.

"Shorty," was the short reply; the man forgetting, or neglecting purposely, to put the "sir" in when answering the question of his officer.

Blaine looked a little more dangerous, but, without noticing the omission, he continued, "Are you an able seaman?"

"I jest am dat ar'," was the confident reply.

The twinkle in the mate's eye increased, while I watched the proceedings from aft with considerable interest, knowing that now was the time for him to assert his authority, or lose it forever; while Jake the cook I noticed to be in the galley door, his face rippling with suppressed merriment. Thinking he knew Mr. Blaine of old, and

was enjoying the scene, I became relieved somewhat in my feelings; and although I turned away and did not openly notice what was going on forward, yet I kept my ears buttoned back, and gave sly looks at them often.

"Well, Shorty, if you are an able seaman, go to work and rig a single burton over the forehatch."

"Ay, ay; but I don't see what dat ar' is for dis yere time o' night," growled the darkey, as he hitched his pants up and set his cap a little back upon his head.

Crick! crick! went the two fists of Blaine into the face of the darkey, knocking him all in a heap into the bits of the windlass as he gave the back answer.

"What did I understand you to say?" inquired Blaine, sweetly, as the fellow recovered his perpendicular again.

"Ay, ay," he said, trying it on again.

He must have thought a mule in town had kicked him, for this time he went against the side of the fore-castle with such a bang that it knocked the breath completely out of him.

"Just repeat what you said," came in singularly sweet voice from the mate, as Shorty got his wind again.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Ah! I misunderstood you. Now, Shorty, rig a single burton over the forehatch, and don't dally, either; then hook on to that old quid of tobacco of yours on deck, and we'll call all hands and have them hoist away, until it can be swung clear of the rail and dropped alongside. And let me tell you," he continued, "every time I see you, or any one else, throw your old chews on deck, we'll try to get it over the side somehow, if it takes a whip-upon-whip in addition to do it."

"Yah, yah, yah!" chuckled Jake, from his galley, as Shorty hurried to obey his orders. "'Specs you folks don't know who you've got now. He'm a gay one, he am. 'Twont do for you to be foolin' roun' now. Mr. Blaine will cook your goose for yere, he will. 'Specs the sun'll rise early 'nough for yer ter morrer. Yer haint got no chicken now for a mate. He'm a buster, now, I tells yer. He'll straighten a nigger's wool, you'd better believe. Yah, yah, yah!" And here Jake's feelings became entirely too much for him, and he began to execute a *contradanzas* outside his galley, using a stool for a partner.

"Quit that fooling!" came in forcible tones from the mate, as he noticed the action of the cook, who was executing his Spanish dance with considerable skill, weaving round with his imaginary *vis-a-vis*, balancing to the stool, and cutting up the didos that are used in that mazy dance from Spain, which, from some unaccountable reason, is called now-a-days in the States "The German."

"Ay, ay, sir!" Jake answered, promptly, emphasizing the "sir," and catching up his three-legged partner, and ducking into the galley with an inimitable chuckle.

Meanwhile Shorty had rove his purchase, the crew were turned to, the tobacco quid placed upon the block hook, and all hands swayed away until the block could swing clear of the rail, when the obnoxious chew was launched into the water. The crestfallen darkey had his purchase to unreeve and put away, then get out a holystone, scrub the place where the weed lay upon the deck, then swab off.

He was disgusted by the time he was through, but Mr. Blaine, by a wonderful exercise of muscle, and an exhibition of firmness at the right time, had established the fact at once that he could and would have discipline where he was.

"I rather think, sir," said my new mate to me, as he came aft, after his little performance was over, "I rather think, sir, that the crew will come to time hereafter with a little more snap to them."

I rather thought they would.

We finished discharging what freight was on board the next day, the crew working together like a charm under the vigilant eye of their new mate; and now I took in what new supply of stores we needed, and in a week we were standing out for the end of the Cape of Storms, as Cape Good Hope was first called.

The crew were well in hand now, Mr. Blaine coming down like a thousand of brick, as I heard the cook tell the steward, if they attempted to ride rusty, and treating them like men if they were up to the lines in duty.

While the vessel is working up to the Mozambique Channel, I will turn my attention aft a little while, it having been devoted to those forward too long; but when I recall the trouble I experienced with a shiftless mate, and the relief I obtained when the new one came on board, I

could not help going forward in recounting this story, to the utter exclusion of how affairs were in the cabin.

My wife, when we left New York, was seasick at once, as was Mr. Temple, with this difference: Mr. Temple remained ill all the time, notwithstanding the fact that he had crossed the ocean a number of times, while Mrs. Lee was sick a week only.

I had concealed my difficulties from them, and so they were greatly surprised at my change in officers, which I ascribed to its being the wish of my late mate, saying he wanted to leave me.

I fear I lied a little about that. White lied.

We had hardly arrived at Cape Town before the fearful *mal-de-mer* left Mr. Temple, and he was not sick again for the voyage. The smell of the land seemed to cure him completely. He was on shore when Mr. Blaine assumed his position, so he missed quite a little treat.

Mrs. Lee enjoyed herself thoroughly at Cape Town. The Botanical Gardens were a source of never-failing pleasure, with their profusion of new and strange tropical flowers, and the quantities of wild birds and animals.

The inhabitants, also, with their conglomeration of Dutch Boers and native black men, toned down by the English residents, formed a new society for her, that hitherto she had not dreamed of. My partner, being an old resident, could introduce her among the better class; and so every moment we were in port was bringing her new scenes and pleasures.

We were ready for sea again, at last, and it was with some regret that my wife tore herself away from the round of gayety she had been whirling in.

Parties at the residence of the consul, and at the houses of the principal merchants; a short ride into the interior in what is called a "Cape wagon," a great cart drawn by bullocks, and used to transport hides, wool, etc., from the towns inland to the coast; riding for several miles over the heath, passing the "bush," as the thickets of fleshy thorny plants, chiefly of the aloe kind, is called; many thickets being covered with flowers of great beauty; stopping here and there at the farmhouses of the Dutch Boers, the latter being stock-farmers who retreated northward from the

Cape Colony when the English took possession for the last time, early in 1800, regarding the new government with great disfavor because a law was passed that forbade them holding Hottentot slaves; and back again to the city of "streets of burning sand," with its flat-roofed white houses, with the mixture of wattle and daub huts, with stalls for fruit and palm-wine at the corners; drunken sailors; traders in white darting about, and Caffres with spears, and Hottentots with gaping mouths, in to see the sights of the town—gave her food for conversation for many a week after we sailed.

We had stopped but a short time in port, but it seemed as though we had been there a year from the amount of things we had done, and it was a relief to be afloat again and get rested after our dissipation.

We had a tedious time, however, working from Cape Town to Sofala Bay, where we first expected to begin our trading, having nothing but headwinds and calms; but we reached the desired place at last, and fell in with the first flock of canoes off the mouth of the Zambesi River.

We had guns loaded in case there should be any disturbance, but Mr. Temple assured me that we should not be troubled if we only allowed a few on board at a time; so we signified our wish to trade by hanging gaudy-colored calico in various parts of the rigging.

The first canoe that arrived was in charge of an athletic-looking negro who had his frail craft loaded down with gum arabic.

We bought him out for a couple of yards of cloth and a fig of nigger-head tobacco, the use of which was fully understood by the African, for he gave us an ocular demonstration of the fact, by biting off a small piece, placing the rest carefully in his breech-cloth, then paddling gayly for the shore that was only three miles off, to exhibit to his friends the treasures he was possessed of.

"Gum arabic," said Mr. Temple, who was very intelligent, "is the clear white or straw-colored gum that exudes from the branches of one specie of acacia, a tree that is very common in Africa, and in large tracts of the south and east, that with their small pinnate leaves, forms almost the only foliage to be seen. The women and children whip the trees gently with sticks,

catch the falling gum in hides, and then it is ready for sale. I have seen them gather it many times. It is a slow process."

We waited over two hours after we made our first trade, and then saw quite a fleet of canoes coming for us, and soon had a crowd of grinning, jabbering negroes around us.

We found that they had only gum, and the flour of the manioc plant, prepared into what is the tapioca of commerce; but we were not particular what we bought so long as we could trade to advantage, and soon had the entire contents of their cargoes, the profits on what we sold them running "from percentage into grand larceny" at a rapid rate.

It took us a few days to exhaust that village, and then we dropped a few miles further along, where we struck another. We found what they had to offer us was about the same as the previous villagers had, and as they were anxious to trade, we accommodated them, making as sharp bargains as we could.

Mr. Temple and I attended to the trading entirely, leaving the management of the ship to Mr. Blaine, while Mrs. Lee looked on and enjoyed the scenery and our strange surroundings.

Africa, as every one now knows, is a vast plateau, bordered on all sides by mountains, and being walled in so from the sea, preventing the moisture from penetrating, there is during the summer a greater or less want of water in the interior, forming in the northern part particularly the immense desert waste of Sahara; but where we were then, off the range known as the Kalapta Mountains, the scenery was beautiful, I assure you, causing many a cry of pleasure from Mrs. Lee, as she drank in the wondrous variegation of color, form and beauty.

The weather was delightful, and we cruised along from village to village, our gum arabic and tapioca increasing all the time until we got up to Mozambique, the bay we had been in being named Sofala after the land. Hardly had we struck Mozambique before our trade changed. The amount we gave did not vary much, but we now took in hides, one skin being worth three plugs of tobacco, or six yards of calico. The crew were kept moderately busy each day, taking hides on board, and each hour saw us getting richer.

The tenth day after we arrived in the Mozambique country we bought our first elephant's tooth, for which we gave a musket that cost us three dollars and a half in New York. The tusk weighed a little over a hundred pounds, being a small one indeed; but we were glad enough to get it, for we knew it was worth nearly a hundred dollars, or toward a dollar a pound; the African ivory being more valuable than the Asiatic, as it is whiter and less liable to crack. Some beeswax drifted in, as well as a little indigo; but our trade in the latter articles was small, hides being the principal article offered.

We took everything, however, at some price, and as we stood northward, found our coming was known, the news in some mysterious manner having preceded us; so whenever we sighted a village we found the people ready for us.

Ivory now began to come in a little faster, we taking from five to eight tusks a day, varying from eighty to one hundred and fifty pounds.

One day we made a windfall in ivory. We bought a pair of tusks weighing two hundred and seventy-five pounds each, giving a gun, ten pounds of powder, and twenty-five of our small pigs of lead.

From appearances we judged that our stay at this village would be somewhat prolonged; and hearing that the tribe was commanded by a woman, we sent an invitation on shore for her to make us a visit.

In the course of a few hours the negro to whom we had confided the honor of taking our message on shore, appeared at the side of the vessel again, his face wreathed in grins, his mouth seeming to look like a collection of country mile-stones. Mr. Temple managed with some difficulty to understand that the queen had accepted the invitation, and would come the next day, attended by a chief who was a sort of military adviser to her majesty.

Mrs. Lee was in a great hurry to see this imperial visitor, although she was somewhat disgusted when Mr. Temple described her as probably being over forty, weighing a little less than a ton, wearing her hair in a nest of kinks, with a fresh ball of butter on top, to newly dress it for the occasion, and smelling something between a rancid whale and a stale elephant.

We, ourselves, rather believed that she would be very offensive to our olfactory

nerves, but declared that come what would, we should not rub noses with her, after the African style of meeting courteously, but that my wife could kiss her if she wanted to. I thought I should punish her if she did kiss the visitor, but didn't say so, for prudential reasons of my own; for, believe it or not, I always let that little budget henpeck me some.

The eventful day that was to see royal blood on the deck of the *Belle Florian* came at last, much to the relief of Mrs. Lee, who was in a fever to see the visitors; and as she had examined the gifts we were going to make a dozen times, she gave a sigh of satisfaction when she was told that the canoe with our visitors was in sight.

The barge they came in was evidently made to be used on state occasions only, for it was fifty or sixty feet long, a grotesquely carved bow, places for a crew of thirty to sit and paddle in, with a canopy in the stern, under which sat our illustrious visitors.

The queen, instead of being an old woman, as we expected, was a young one, scarcely twenty, her color being but little darker than my own, while her hair, instead of being the kinky knotty kind that we thought to see, was long and wavy, such as is seen daily among the octoroons in New Orleans, and also being of the same brown shade. That she had white blood in her we felt assured of at the first glance, our opinion being verified by her companion telling Mr. Temple that their chief many years before was like us; but from what we gathered, was a Turkish prisoner that they had acquired in a foray to the north. He had in time assumed control at the village, and now we saw in the beautiful one before us probably a granddaughter.

The crew of the royal canoe remained in their places, curling themselves up in knots to sleep while their mistress and her attendant were on board; so we took our visitors below, where Mrs. Lee had remained, while Mr. Temple and I had received them on deck.

My wife had expected to see some terrible ogress brought below, but was perfectly delighted when we ushered the African beauty into the cabin; while this '*Rosa Africanus*,' as Temple called her, seemed entranced at what she deemed the gorgeousness of the scene before her.

Although neither could understand the language of the other, yet the signs the queen made were very expressive; and when the calico prints, looking-glass, music-box, and the few toys we wished to give her were spread before her eyes, we really thought they would break into pieces of fire, they snapped and sparkled so with delight when she realized that she was possessor of the treasures.

Her masculine attendant jabbered so volubly with her that my partner failed to understand a single word they uttered, and so could only tell us that they were fairly exhausting their lingo in the exuberance of their joy.

After they had spent their stock of admiration, our two visitors conversed together for a long time, the queen evidently dissenting from her dusky attendant; but though they spoke moderately, Mr. Temple could not understand them at all, declaring that the jargon they used was altogether different from the language they employed when they came on board, and it was evident that they did not want us to understand what they were saying. At last the two came to some definite conclusion, for the man told my partner finally that he would like to examine the ship, while the queen remained below and donned some garments that my wife had given her.

Concluding that the subject matter of discussion had been whether the queen discarded her savage attire or not, and assumed a civilized apparel, we assented at once to his request, conducting our sable visitor to the deck, leaving his fairer companion in the cabin.

His delight below was only exceeded by his wonder when he emerged from the cabin gangway, and his surprise was exhibited in expressive pantomime as he noted the various parts of the ship; and Mr. Temple explained as well as he could their manner of use and the reasons therefor.

Our armament was a source of surprise, and at my suggestion one of our heaviest pieces was discharged, first with blank cartridge, then with solid shot, and lastly with grape and canister. The gun was pointed out to sea when it was fired with shotted cartridge, and as the ball struck the sea over a mile distant, and ricocheted along, making the usual splash as it struck, wonder and admiration was lost

in profound awe at the fearful power of the missile.

His curiosity was without bounds, but he expressed the utmost contempt for our crew, who, although being of his own color, could not understand what he considered should be their native language; and he told Mr. Temple they must be slaves of the most degraded kind, from their extreme ignorance whenever he questioned them, as he frequently did, in his desire to obtain explanations of the marvels before him; his indignation reaching such heights that he even attempted to strike several, requiring all of our united influence to keep peace with the irate darkeys.

The royal curiosity was satisfied after they had eaten the dinner which we provided for them, although they were rather slovenly in their style of discussing the viands set before them, preferring fingers to forks, evidently being unacquainted with the use of the latter, although they tried as hard to imitate us as a couple of baboons would have done.

We were rid of them at last, although the sun was nearly to the horizon before they left, and our visitors seemed pleased enough with their call, judging from the way they hugged the presents we made them; and the last we heard of them for the night was the music-box we had given the royal ambassador, playing "High Jim along, Jim along, Josie," while that of the queen's was attempting to rival it with "Way down upon the Swanee River;" and we heard them "far, far away," giving guffaws of pleasure over the dulcet tones emanating from the enchanted cases.

We had our recompense in our treatment of the visitors, for we were fairly surrounded by canoes the next day, all having something to sell, and all anxious to trade; and as we found them to be docile in the extreme, we had at times as many as two hundred on board at once. At night time our heap of ivory tusks was visibly increased, while our barrels for palm-oil were filling rapidly, and our ground-tier was entirely full of hides.

I don't know which was the happier, Mr. Temple or myself, for we had every indication of filling the ship in this one locality, if trade continued, and we had promises from the natives that it would; and this we knew would make a fortune for both of us, as it did.

We had struck the keynote in entertaining the queen as we did, and the little attention Mrs. Lee had shown her completely captivated the child of nature, for she sent such quantities of fruit every day that all hands on board were fairly surfeited with that luxury, and we were compelled to throw much of it overboard in the night, so as not to offend them by declining to receive the gifts so kindly intended.

For two weeks we remained at our anchorage, getting just as many hides as we could provide for, all the oil we had barrels for, and about ten thousand pounds of ivory. Our stock of trade was now nearly exhausted, so we decided to wind up with a grand reception to the chiefs of the place, in order that if we came again we should be received with as much enthusiasm as we now experienced; and if we did not care to make another voyage of it, the next ship that came along would be treated well. Having this idea, we sent our invitations on shore, and received an acceptance at once.

We hung the ship with flags of all nations the next morning, improvising many flags out of remnants of our calico prints, made provision for a capital dinner for our dark-skinned visitors, loaded the guns with blank cartridges to salute them, rigged steps at the sides, and did everything we could to impress them with our generosity. Having put on the finishing touches with holy-stones and prayer-books, we awaited their coming with clean decks and clear consciences.

There were nine in the visiting party, eight of them being males, while the wondrous African princess was the representative of the gentler sex. All of the eight men paid her the utmost deference, seeming to regard her as something of a goddess, which attentions she appeared to receive as being homage hers by birthright, and strictly a matter of course.

Among our crew we had some fair musicians, and this day we had arranged to give them a little concert after the American-Ethiopian style of art.

The violin, banjo, triangle and bones seemed to give them great delight, but the queen told Mr. Temple that their musicians on shore were superior to ours, and asked if she should send for them. We assented at once, for we had some curiosity to see what manner of tomtom and cala-

bash instruments they used to make the infernal noises which we had heard nightly, and which we supposed they called their band.

There were numberless canoes around us, so the queen, stepping to the side, ordered one of them to depart on the errand immediately, as we supposed, for it left for the shore at once, apparently in obedience to the order given, although we did not understand it, for it was given in the other dialect which she and her subaltern used at times.

An hour passed, and yet the order was not obeyed, and the beautiful Amazon was gradually working herself into a passion over this dereliction in duty; and her anger at last showed itself in words, for she called her suite around her, talked a while to them, and then, despite all we could say to the contrary, entered her barge of state, and was paddled away, seemingly in virtuous indignation.

We all assembled at the side and watched the departure of the African nobility, the flotilla of canoes following her majesty's movements having either the courtesy to keep some distance in the rear of her, or else being unable to make the speed her craft did.

"Where is Mrs. Lee?" I asked, as I turned away from the rail as the canoes reached the shore, not noticing her on deck.

None knew where she was, and none had missed her before; so I walked leisurely into the cabin, thinking she had wearied with the sight previously, and had preceded me. To my horror I saw Jake bound in the corner, a gag in his mouth, while his eyes glared in the wildest excitement.

Hastily unbinding him, I inquired the difficulty. With some trepidation he informed me at last that, hearing a slight noise in the cabin while we were listening to the Orphean efforts of our minstrels, he had gone below just in time to see Mrs. Lee passed out of the cabin window into the hands of a stalwart darkey in a canoe, before he was seized and bound so that he could not move an inch.

I was thunderstruck by the intelligence, and gave a howl of terror and rage that brought Temple to my side at once to learn the reason of my agony. In a few seconds he learned all, and then we hurriedly discussed plans of rescue and revenge.

"I have it?" he shouted at last.

"How? what?" was my eager inquiry.

"If they haven't carried her off into the interior we can get her again, if you will be a man," he said.

"Help me save her, and I will give you all I possess, and brave anything," was my reply.

"Never mind the money part; you may be sorry about that; but you must stick to me like a brother in this business, and leave all the management with me."

Grasping his hand I shook it warmly, for I was too much agitated to speak; so telling me to get a couple of revolvers ready for each, he left me to go on deck with Mr. Blaine, who had come below and learned the state of affairs, much to his surprise and anger.

Filled with emotion as I thought of my sudden and terrible bereavement, I went to my now lonely and quiet stateroom, took out a case of revolvers of the then prevailing style known as pepper-box, which we had bought to use trading if we found extra inducements in the shape of firearms were needed, carefully loaded three for each of us, my heart filled with revengeful passion, ramming each charge home with bitter energy; and then, having carefully capped them with Ely's best percussion, I improvised a belt for each of us out of some canvas strips, and buckled my own on with the determination to rescue my wife, or exterminate every African from the Cape of Good Hope to the Red Sea.

As I strapped my arsenal on I noticed a movement to the ship, and perceived at once she was underway. Rushing to the deck, I found that we were slowly drifting from our late anchorage.

"Where are you going?" I hastily demanded.

"I have buoyed and slipped the anchor, and hope by dark to have lulled the savages into the idea we have left this vicinity," was the answer of Temple.

My heart sank.

"How in the name of heaven can you find the particular spot we were in in the night?" I groaned, in anguish.

"Look over the bow and you will see," he replied.

Darting forward, I looked at our anchorage, and saw floating on the water a small raft, while on a spindle in its centre

hung a lighted lantern, from which, with our foreyard aback, we were slowly drifting.

"That lantern," said my partner, who had silently approached, "will burn for the next twelve hours, as you well know; and if you will keep the run of it, and let Mr. Blaine work the ship, it will be a beacon we can find easy enough, I believe."

I saw the motive at once, so, shouting for my marine glass, I prepared to watch it with the eyes of Argus. I knew full well that as it was a little over three miles from the shore, it was beyond the notice of even the hawk-eyed vision of the natives in the daytime, while it would be the merest accident if they discovered it at night, as their attention would be entirely devoted to the course of the ship.

The theory was correct, for the beacon was not disturbed, although at dusk our drift had been nearly six miles, and our beacon plainly visible to us, nothing disturbing it from the shore.

At dark we hauled on the wind, a gentle breeze blowing, and at ten at night we were back to our anchorage again, and the end of the cable safely secured to the windlass. As soon as that was done, we had a little shallop that was snugly stowed on deck, launched, and my partner and I got into it to row on shore, to an unknown country, on an expedition that might prove fatal to both of us.

Mr. Temple was calm, but his face showed his resolution to persevere in the attempt, while I, reckless of all danger, was equally determined to return with my wife, or perish in the jungle.

Mr. Blaine was instructed to heave the anchor short with the least stir in the matter, which he promised to do by bending the whole crew on and pulling it in by hand without the noise of the windlass, and then whenever he heard us cry "help!" to light a portfire, and be ready with the guns to assist us if need be, and to sail at once if we wanted to do so.

Having impressed on his mind the necessity of silence, as well as the need of prompt action if we returned in a hurry, and if we were gone more than a week to take the ship to Cape Town, and put her in the hands of our consul there, we wrung his hand, and with a heartfelt "God speed you!" we dropped clear of the vessel, and started on our dangerous mission to rescue the loved one from the savages.

As the outlines of the shore began to loom up in the darkness of the night, Temple instructed me to cease rowing, and detailed me his plan, which, wild as it seemed, I accepted at once, having nothing better to offer.

It was that we assume the African costume at once, which we did, putting our own clothes in the bottom of the boat, and donning some of their scanty grasscloth garments, that we had obtained for the curiosity of the thing, while we were trailing, and which Temple had taken with us for this very purpose.

Some burned cork which my partner had thoughtfully provided, soon made very fair savages of us, all excepting our hair, which we trusted night would cover for us.

Having strapped on our pistols, and taken what few things we wanted from our pockets, such as were easily disposed of about us, we sculled the boat quietly on shore, hauled her up, and wandered into the bush in the direction in which we heard the noise of a village, taking care to note our way by a small compass that I carried.

We had travelled less than half a mile, when we came upon a clearing in the forest, in the centre of which was a collection of wattle and daub huts, or huts made of bamboo interwoven with mud in the interstices. Around the edge of the clearing, between us and the huts, were large fires, both for protection from the wild beasts in the forests, and from the natives that were living there, and also to illuminate the clearing for them.

We knew at a glance we were in the right locality, for we recognized many of the negroes as those whom we had traded with, and after waiting patiently we saw at last one of the chiefs who had been among our visitors that day.

I was so excited I wanted to pop at him at once, but fortunately refrained from doing so, although it required great effort to restrain my feelings and keep control over my movements.

The village was quiet at midnight, except that every hour a native emerged from a hut and replenished the fire; so skulking along we at last found a place where we could get through between the glowing embers, and concealed ourselves in the shadow of a hut.

Reconnoitering along from hut to hut, we at last, to my overwhelming satisfaction,

saw Mrs. Lee in a hut, while around her sat three grinning negroes watching every movement she made, forcing her to sit down on a block of wood again every time she arose.

My wife was pale with terror, and had been weeping bitterly, but she showed that, driven to desperation, she had some courage left in her, for she threatened them with all sorts of dire retribution if they molested or harmed her in the least.

The apes only grinned the harder every time she spoke, as they did not understand a word she uttered; but at last, the chief who had visited us twice, gave some directions to his companions, and they, in obedience to his speech, withdrew without further ceremony.

As we watched them retire, my companion whispered to me that he had told them she was his new wife; whom the queen, after much solicitation, had allowed him to have, and aided him to secure her, and that as she was tolerably quiet they might leave him now.

As soon as the brace of Ethiopians disappeared into a pair of huts, Temple said it was time to act, so drawing a bottle with some phosphorus in it from his scanty dress we proceeded to stripe one another with the luminous substance, having done which we went to the door and walked boldly in.

As the chief saw the two terrible-looking apparitions appear, he sank down, limp and awestricken; and even my wife cowered with alarm.

Hastily calling her name, she recognized my voice and recovered her courage at once. Taking her by the hand we fled from the scene of her distress, through the glowing furnace into the woods.

As we disappeared under the umbrageous foliage, the rascally nigger who had caused us all this anxiety, trouble and terror, recovered from his fright, and gave a howl that alarmed the whole village.

In a moment we heard them coming after us like a legion of demons, so we tore along at full speed, Mrs. Lee keeping up with us bravely, as with throbbing brains and lolling tongues we hurried at our topmost speed to the place where we left our little shallop on the shore. It had been discovered just before we got to it, for a couple of negroes were at it, drawing it further on shore.

There was no time for argument, and both having the same idea, we each drew

a revolver and shot them dead before they had time to think of running, as we dashed down to them on the shore.

Hurriedly we began to drag the boat to the water, my wife lending a helping hand, getting it ready to push off as the infuriated Africans drew near.

"You pull, I'll shoot!" roared Temple, thoroughly excited.

Mechanically I handed Mrs. Lee my revolver, grasped the oars, and began to lay to them with a will, as I heard my partner crack away at the rapidly approaching host.

They halted in their chase a moment, as he fired, then thinking the danger was over, on came the fiends incarnate. It seemed as if I could not get the boat free from the mud on the shore, into deeper water, where the oars could have full play.

Crack! crack! went Temple's revolver again, and I had the satisfaction of seeing two drop in their tracks.

Again they hesitated, and again they rushed on, the flambeaux they had snatched from the circle of fire around their village waving in their hands over their heads as they came.

At this moment, just as they reached the edge of the water, but a few yards from us, Hattie decided to shoot, also.

Foremost in the howling throng came the chief who was the cause of our trouble, and as he came in view, nerved by her wrongs, she raised her hand and fired at him. Her aim had been true, but not fatal; for he fell in the mud and howled piteously with anguish in every screech.

The crowd were appalled at this fresh disaster to them, and retreated in a body into the woods, leaving their chief floundering where he fell.

With steady hand, Temple raised his revolver and put a couple of balls into the prostrate negro that silenced him in a second, then jumping overboard, gave a push to our boat which sent her into water deep enough for the oars to be used. He then sprang in again, seized the second pair of sculls, and lent the aid of his arms to mine.

"They have gone for the canoes," he muttered, as we bent to our work, "I heard them say so."

With vigorous strokes we hurried our boat along toward where we saw the portfire blaze from the ship as the firing began.

Urged by desperation we succeeded in getting to the *Belle Florian* just as the

swarm of canoes came to where the light from the portfire reached; and as we passed Mrs. Lee into the hands of Jake, who stood ready to receive her, Mr. Blaine sent a couple of doses of grape from our battery into the approaching swarm.

It was well aimed, for we heard terrible yells of pain from the pursuing ones, and before they had recovered from their confusion, the shallop was on board, the anchor dangling under the forefoot, and the *Belle Florian* was gathering head way under a wholesale breeze.

Fortunate enough were we to get off that way, and while my wife was getting somewhat composed after her adventure, Mr. Temple and I were cleansing ourselves and resuming our clothes again.

She could tell us no more than Jake did, only that while we were showing the ship to the negroes, the queen by gestures, asked her to go to the cabin; and as she went below she was seized and gagged, passed out of the stern windows into a canoe, covered with a hide, and carried on shore, in broad daylight, almost before our own eyes.

She was terribly frightened, but had not been injured in the least; although, if we had not gone to the rescue as we did, her fate would have been extremely terrible.

I was thankful it was no worse; so rejoicing over our luck we bowled along on our return, making Cape Town again in due time, and having something exciting to talk about all the way.

We found, on our arrival there, that the place where we had been trading was considered to be the worst part of the coast for treachery, and we were called foolhardy in not having taken greater precautions to secure our safety.

When Mrs. Lee's adventure became known she was an object of notice among the wives of the colonists, and her presence was wanted at balls and parties everywhere.

While she was visiting the wife of our consul, Temple and I were selling our cargo to the best advantage we could. We found that we had over seventy thousand dollars, exclusive of our ivory, for we didn't sell that immediately, holding on for a better proposal than was made to us.

We were offered eight thousand for that, at last, we guaranteeing that it should turn out a certain number of tusks, and while Mr. Temple went to the office of the merchant making the offer, to complete the

bargain, I made preparations for its delivery on receipt of an order from him.

Scarcely an hour had passed when a messenger came rushing down to say that I must come to the merchant's where my partner had gone, for he was dying—poisoned.

Grasping a revolver, I darted along after the lithe African who had been sent for me, hastened to the office, and brushing away the crowd around the door, hurried in.

There on a lounge, lay Mr. Temple, his face growing black with the poison, but with his mind clear, he was having a will made for him without delay.

Seeing how shocked I was he smiled feebly, asked me to retire a few moments, and then he would send for me.

One of the merchants assembled there led me trembling into another room, and while he was explaining to me how the disaster occurred, a boy was taking a note for my wife to come without delay.

It seemed that a Caffre had insulted Mr. Temple in some way, and that he had kicked the offending negro out of his way. The native turned, and shot an arrow into my partner's body, who returned the compliment by putting a ball into the fellow's head, killing him instantly.

The arrow proved to be saturated with that fatal South African poison, *woorali*, and my unfortunate partner was doomed to speedy dissolution, there being no remedy against its action.

In a short time I was called in to the room where Mr. Temple was, my wife arriving shortly afterward; and sadly we watched by the suffering man.

His anguish was not of long duration, for the poison had reached a vital organ, soon taking his life.

According to the English custom his will was read immediately after his burial, and I found that, having no relatives, he had left what he possessed to my wife and myself. We were rich enough, now; but at what a loss!

It took me several days to realize that I had lost his mature counsel and judgment, but I did at last. I then sold out the last of my African trading voyage, and having secured freight for New York, sailed home.

We were rich enough in worldly goods when we arrived; but my wife does not care to make another voyage trading, and I abandoned the sea on our return.

I own the Belle Florian now. She is in the China trade, and Mr. Blaine is skipper. He is called a good captain, and a lucky one in making short voyages; but he hates negroes, and never takes any but Jake, under any consideration.

The latter always loves to tell how the old man fuss cum 'board de ole tub, and warmed dem yer nigga's. So he did.

My boy, born a few years after our return, is named William Temple Lee, and is as interesting to us, as I hope has been this yarn of mine, Along the Mozambique.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

BY M. A. K.

O glad New Year, so beautiful and bright,
Welcome, thrice welcome, to our hearts
and homes,

We parted from the Old Year at the gate—
With reverent heads, as shutting out a
friend,

We closed it softly, for he comes no more.
And now, New Year, we would begin with
thee,

And live a life so pure and free from sin
That shall not shame us when we part with
thee.

We would have charity, that sweetest gift,
That we might "do to others as we would
That they should do to us." Make new
resolves

Boston, December, 1874.

To help our neighbors as his need may be,
As Heaven helps us in basket and store.

O glad New Year, so lusty and so strong,
Infuse thy young life in our feeble limbs—
Fire up our hearts, and wing our weary feet,
That halt so in the thorny road of life.

Twelve fleeting months and thou wilt have
grown gray

As yonder Old Year passing out of sight,
It thus behoves us to sow goodly seed,
And pray that God will daily water it,
And send his sunshine to bring forth good
fruit,

In loving deeds, and tender thoughts and
words

That blessing others shall enrich ourselves.

A TEAPOT.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

It was Saturday night, that blessed bit of cheer and candle-light which lies between the weary work-a-day week and the happy rest of Sunday. Dilly's trim little room had a real holiday air, and Dilly herself was amazing in a brand-new calico gown, and with red ribbons in her hair. The light seemed to burn more brightly than on common occasions, and the red roses on the wall paper seemed like veritable summer-roses that mistook the candle-light for sunshine, and were brightening under its influence. The teakettle sang its jolliest song; Dilly always imagined that it reserved that song for Saturday night, and sang sober soft home-tunes all the rest of the week to make its holiday glee the more marked and merry. The fire snapped and crackled so that its very sound would have made you warm, though it was a frosty night; and Dilly's gray cat *Jemima* washed her demure face for the twentieth time, as she sat on the cosy hearthstone, purring in concert with the teakettle.

Dilly's rosy face shone with satisfaction as she poured out a bit of tea for brother Tom in the palm of her hand, and set it steeping in a funny fine old teapot which might have been used some day by an old maid fairy, so prim-looking it was and so tiny. It looked as if it could tell tales of gossip itself, and it did to Dilly, though it could not speak, for it had belonged to her great-great-grandmother, and her mother had prized it above all things when she was living, and used to tell her of the grandeur of the people who had condescended to drink the fragrant liquid which poured from its peculiar nose. Titled English people they were, Dilly's ancestors. Dilly's mother herself was born in England, fairyland to the little girl. Her parents were proud of their old name and fine estates, and when she married a poor artist against their wishes, they disowned her entirely; her father declared that she should never enter his house again. The young couple came to America with nothing to depend upon save their strong hearts and strong hands, and for a while fortune favored

them. The husband was a true artist, and his pictures were recognized as bearing the touch of a master-hand from the first. Two children were born to them, Tom and Dilly, and they were as happy as happy could be in a little bird's nest of a cottage just out of town.

But in the midst of all their happiness the father suddenly sickened and died; and after a long struggle with poverty and hard work, the mother died also, leaving Tom, aged fourteen, and Dilly, aged eleven, to the mercy of the world. A few old pictures, a few straggling bits of furniture, and a diamond ring which was a gift in her happy girlhood, and the only article of jewelry which she had been able to keep, was all she had to leave her children. They had no friends, and not even a shelter for their poor little heads. But they were brave little folks, full of strength and courage, and for a long time Tom had nearly supported the family. He worked as errand boy in a store all day, and carried papers for a newsdealer at night. After their mother died a good woman took pity on them, and let them have a room in her house for about half the usual rent. She was poor herself, and was often put to sore straits in order to exercise this charity; but if it did make her purse light, it made her heart light also. It was a cosy little room. The windows were cheery and pleasant, looking out on the great avenue which led to the city; and such a brave, deft-handed little housekeeper as Dilly is seldom to be found! She kept her little abode as neat as wax, and made the most tempting bread imaginable, if she was only eleven years old. To be sure, her poor little toes were often out of her boots, and sometimes the cupboard was very bare, and sometimes the coal would give out when the weather was as cold as Greenland, and there would be no money in the house with which to buy any more. But for all that, they were very happy and contented. There were better times coming by-and-by. Dilly was sure of it, and Tom's air-castles were as high as ever were builded, and as grand, too.

That night Tom was late. The tea was steeping too much, and the biscuits were getting quite cold, though Dilly watched them anxiously every moment, as if by this means she could keep them warm. "Why doesn't he come?" she kept saying to herself. "I'm afraid something has happened to him."

The clock on the church over the way struck seven, and still he did not make his appearance. Dilly's rosy little face grew very long and anxious. Even Jemima opened her great lazy-looking yellow eyes and looked toward the door with a sort of disappointed air, as if she might be thinking, "My wonderful toilet was for nothing, after all." But at last, when the teakettle's voice had all died away, the fire was growing dim, and the room had lost half its cheer, Dilly was sure that she heard his step, and sprang to the door to meet him.

"Dear me, Tom! you're so late," she began; but at sight of his face she stopped in dismay, he was so anxious and sorry-looking.

"What is the matter, dear Tom? Do tell me what has happened," she said.

"Matter enough," said Tom, moodily. "I've lost my place. Turner has sold out to another man, and the other man has a boy engaged already, and doesn't want me. He's coming right in Monday, too. I say it's mean to turn a fellow away like this, without any warning at all. Goodness knows where we shall get anything to eat now!"

Dilly clasped her two brown hands despairingly, but she tried to speak cheerfully.

"Never mind, Tom. We shall get along some way. You'll get something else to do by-and-by. Perhaps I might get something to do too. I have been thinking of it this long time. I ought not to let you do so much, and do nothing but keep house myself. Mary Brown isn't but a year older than I am, and she has a dollar and a half a week for taking care of Mrs. Harris's little boy. She doesn't do much but draw him out in his carriage, either."

Tom looked down with a sort of tender scorn at his little sister, who was remarkably small for her age; in fact she was not much larger than Mrs. Harris's baby, and always reminded him of some funny little housewife fairy when she handled pots and kettles with such a practised hand.

"What could such a mite as you do any more than you do now?" said he. "Then, situations of any kind aren't so easy to get. Turner praised me up, and said he was sorry for me, and all that; but what good did it do me?"

There were tears in Dilly's eyes, and he checked himself suddenly.

"Don't cry, sis. As you say, we shall get along some way. Mrs. Morse will wait a little while for her rent, and the money I get for carrying papers will keep us from starving. I say, let's have supper, and don't think any more about it."

"It's all cold," said Dilly, with a half sob, surveying the dainty little table disconsolately.

"Never mind," said Tom. "I'm hungry enough to eat anything. Got anything to eat in the house for to-morrow? I have only enough money left to buy some coal. We can't go without coal in this weather, you know. If we'd only known what was going to happen, we might have been a little more careful."

"No," said Dilly, "there isn't a bit of flour, and only this little bit of bread. There's some tea and a little sugar."

Tom looked glum in spite of himself.

Just then there was a great confusion in the street, and both Tom and Dilly ran to the door to see what was the matter. A carriage had broken down. The driver was trying to repair the damages it had sustained, assisted by a crowd of men and boys; and a lady who had been its only occupant, was standing on the sidewalk. It was a cold, freezing night, and when she saw the children standing in the door of the bright room, she came toward them, and asked permission to come in and sit by their fire till the carriage should be ready.

Tom made his politest bow, and Dilly offered her the rocking-chair with the air of a little queen. She was an elegantly-dressed lady, with a sweet low voice and gentle manners. Dilly felt attracted toward her at once, and she seemed attracted toward Dilly, for she hardly took her eyes off of her from the moment she entered the room. Tom thought she was surprised to see such a highbred-looking little thing with such surroundings.

"You remind me of some one, my dear," she said, at last, "but, who it is I cannot tell. I think it must be some child that I used to know when I was a child."

Dilly wondered if it would be polite to eat supper in the presence of their guest. She was dreadfully hungry, and Tom was always hungry. She was sure he was very impatient, and everything would be quite spoiled, it had waited so long now. Why should she not ask the lady to share it with them? It looked so inhospitable not to do so. The table looked as nice as nice could be, and there was a dish of glistening currant jelly which Mrs. Morse had given her, beside the tempting warm biscuit. And the best teapot was in use, too, because it was Saturday night. Dilly was glad that it happened so. To be sure, that was all the food they had for to-morrow, but it would not do to be impolite to a stranger. She accordingly procured another plate, and, with a little blush, invited her to take a seat at the table.

The lady hesitated, with a look of surprise.

"Isn't your mamma at home, my dear?" she asked.

"Mamma is dead," said Dilly, sadly.

"And papa, isn't he here?"

"Our parents are both dead, and Dilly and I keep house together," explained Tom, with dignity.

"Impossible!" the lady exclaimed, looking at that mite of a Dilly with amazement. Then turning around, she surveyed for the first time the dainty little table, with its odd mingling of plebeian delf and aristocratic china.

Suddenly her eyes fell on that pride of Dilly's soul—the old teapot, with the dignified hump in its porcelain nose, for all the world like the haughty Roman nose of Dilly's grandmother in the picture. Dilly had thought of it many a time. With a strange want of ceremony, according to the idea of both her host and hostess, she rushed to the table, and seizing that teapot, held it in hands that really trembled.

"That was my great-great-grandmother's, and she lived in England," said Dilly.

The lady dropped it with such a jar that the lid was cracked.

"Now I know of whom your face reminded me. My dear, dear children, how can I be thankful enough that I have found you? Do you know that your mother was my dearest sister, and I came across the water on purpose to find you?" And she hugged the amazed children till they were breathless.

Tom felt his dignity rather insulted at being kissed so furiously by a lady when he was so large—almost grown up—if she did declare that she was his mother's sister.

But Dilly, poor little Dilly, who had missed her mother's loving care so much, and had pined so for something more than the careless boyish affection of Tom, was entirely overcome with joy, and surrendered herself unquestioningly to that loving embrace.

Then the children were made to tell all they could remember of their mother, and all their own story. And their aunt, for she was indeed their aunt, told them that their grandfather was dead, and that before he died he had repented of his hardness towards their mother, and had left his estate to Tom, having no son of his own; and that she was going to take them with her to her mother's old home, and Tom was to assume the dignity of lord of the manor when he came of age.

So they drank tea together out of the old teapot, and it was a joyful tea-drinking, I assure you; though Tom confided to Dilly afterward that, though he liked his aunt well enough, and thought she was a brick to come after them, he'd a great deal rather stay in America and be an architect, than go to that heathenish old England and take charge of a stupid old country-place.

Dilly thought otherwise; for though she had been brave and cheerful, she had led a lonely life for a child. And that Saturday night, though it promised to be a sad one, she always counted the brightest in her life, and cherished the old teapot tenderly as long as she lived.

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of *BALLOU'S MAGAZINE* can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1878, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

Address THOMES & TALBOT, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

"I SHALL WAIT. EVERIL."

It is the twenty-fifth of May. Only two days wanting to the one on which Miss West-Norman comes of age; and two people at least—namely, herself and Captain Staunton—are ruminating on the fact. It is a warm sultry afternoon, and they are seated, side by side, on a green knoll that overlooks the park, and under the young tender shade of some newly-clothed beech trees that screen it from the observation of the house. Both are silent. He is doing little else than pluck the blades of grass that grow within his reach and scatter them again, whistling in a low tone as he does so, and raising his large dark eyes every now and then to seek the face of his companion; whilst she is evidently dreaming—of the future, may-be, or the past—and though apparently unmindful of her lover's pleading glances, with the contented restful expression on her countenance, which is so often to be seen upon that of a woman who sits silent but happy in the presence of the man whom she loves best. It is true that Maurice Staunton has never actually spoken to her of marriage; but he has told her, by looks, and words, and actions, that he loves her; he has even drawn from her the confession that she loves him in return; and Everil has not the slightest doubt but that it is a settled thing between them, and when the proper time comes to speak, he will formally propose for her hand. Were it not for this formidable decision respecting the earl that she is called upon to make, she sees no reason why anything further should ever be said upon the subject which lies nearest to their hearts—except, indeed, to fix the wedding-day. For the lovers of the present century are not in their manners a bit like the priggish, prudish forefathers we have laid quietly to rest in the family vault. Kneeling is absurd; letters are compromising; and very few of them would get through a formal proposal without laughing. A few long looks serve to pave the way for their intentions; a few warm whispers break the ice; and then

some day, when the looks and the whispers have been somewhat longer and warmer than usual, by pure accident the lips come together, and the hurried question, "Do you like me well enough to marry me?" settles the business, as thoroughly as ever their grandfathers did after scraping, and bowing, and blushing through a couple of agonizing hours.

I wonder how many women married within the last half century have been formally proposed to. The elegance of language and of diction for which the Sir Charles Grandisons of the eighteenth century were famous has been entirely relegated to the servants' hall, where it makes its appearance between the covers of the "The Complete Letter-writer," and serves to convey the tender aspirations of Jeames to the longing ears of Mary. But Lady Blanche and Lord Ronald, up in the drawing-room, do not take half that trouble. He squeezes her hand one day, rather more fervently than etiquette demands; and when she pouts and says he has no "right to do it," he tells her to give him the right. "You seem to have taken it already," replies her ladyship, with a smile that tries hard to be a frown. Whereupon his lordship claims several other rights of a more impressive nature, and has put the engagement ring on her finger before Jeames has transcribed half of the love-letter which he is writing so carefully at spare moments in his pantry.

So Everil West-Norman believes that, as far as she and Maurice Staunton are concerned, all has been said that need be said between them—only sometimes she hopes he will speak more plainly to her before the twenty-seventh. She is not situated like other girls—she cannot indefinitely prolong the blissful present; besides, when she publicly announces her determination not to marry Lord Valence, she may be subjected by her anxious guardians to a closer questioning than will be agreeable. And added to this, though Agatha has assured her that Maurice is fully informed of all the conditions of her father's will, Everil does not entirely trust Agatha, and foresees the awkwardness of the situation, should

Captain Staunton speak to her guardian before he is entirely cognizant of the responsibility he will take upon himself in marrying her. It is this of which she is dreaming, as she sits quiet and absorbed, gazing with her beautiful eyes across the spacious park. She wishes Maurice would speak more definitely, though she almost feels disloyal to her lover's faith in wishing so; but she cannot be the first to moot the subject; it would look so much like asking him if he really meant to marry her. She has thought several times lately that he wished to put the question point-blank; she feels that, at any rate, it cannot be much longer delayed—perhaps it is coming even to-day; and as she thinks so, she trembles at the near approach of what she wishes. The silence between them has been long unbroken. As Everil muses, she feels that Staunton's eyes are on her face, and the conscious blood rises beneath his gaze. He seems to answer her very thoughts:

"Miss West-Norman!—Everil!—may I speak to you?"

She has been expecting it so long and patiently; yet now that it comes, it falls upon her like a shock.

She starts and colors, and is all agitation.

"Of what? I do not know! We have been out here so long, Captain Staunton, I really think we ought to go in."

"No! no!—not yet!" he urges, as he gains possession of her hand. "You have been so good to me, Everil!—you have let me read so plainly the secret of your heart, that it emboldens me to ask for it!"

"O, stop! pray stop!" she cries, a sudden unaccountable terror taking hold of her lest he should speak too soon. "Captain Staunton, I have so much to tell you!"

"And I have so much to tell you, also, my dearest!" he says passionately, as he seizes hold of her dress and tries to detain her. But she breaks from him quickly, and stands at a little distance, heated and trembling. At that moment her name is heard ringing out from the house.

"Hark!—they are calling me! I am wanted!—I must go!" she says, in her anxiety to run away anywhere for a few minutes and hide the agitation that is mastering her.

"O, very well; pray go!" he answers, in a quick tone of offence. "Their business, whatever it may be, is doubtless more important than mine."

At that she stands still, and regards him sorrowfully.

"It is not that, Maurice—you must know it; but—but—I have a great deal to say to you, and it were better we were undisturbed. Let me have a few minutes to see what they want of me—and—and—to collect myself—and I will return to you here."

By this time he has risen, and stands beside her.

"My love!" he utters fondly, as he looks into her blushing face, "and how long am I to wait for you?—the moments will seem hours till you come back, Everil."

"I know what you would tell me," she whispers; "and I want to gather strength to bear it, Maurice."

His answer is a kiss. He has thrown his arm about her, and he draws her face close to his, and kisses her upon the lips. She does not stir or speak. She believes the marriage of their lips is but the forerunner of a higher, holier union, and she resigns herself to the happiness of feeling she is his. But when he releases her she is as pale as death, and the step with which she leaves him falters. She cannot find who called her from the portico. She thinks it must have been Agatha; but all the lower part of the house is empty, and there is no appearance of the widow to be seen.

Miss West-Norman toils mechanically up the stairs. Now that she has left her lover, she wishes with all a woman's perversity of judgment that she had not done so. What a simpleton he must think her, to run away at the most important crisis of her life! Still she is thankful for these few moments of quietude in which to assume the dignity befitting the occasion. She penetrates Mrs. West's own apartment, but it is vacant; and then she looks into that occupied by Lord Valence, which is next to it, and of which the door stands open. That also is empty—there is no necessity for her to enter, in order to assure herself of the fact; but his writing-table stands near the open window, and the loose papers with which it is covered, are fluttering about. Instinctively, with a woman's love of order, Everil advances to replace them, although her thoughts are all by that green knoll overlooking the park, to which she hesitates to return because she so much longs to do so. She gathers up the scattered manuscripts rapidly and energetically, and piles them on Lord Valence's desk. As she does so,

the large scrawling writing on the topmost paper catches her eye; the letters are so bold she cannot avoid seeing them. As she reads their purport, she changes color, and her breast heaves.

"Everil West-Norman will marry you, and she will love you; though not yet. But have patience! The fruit that is longest in ripening is sweetest when it is ripe."

The heiress, with eyes glowing more angrily each time they light upon the characters, peruses this sentence three or four times; she turns the paper over and over, as though she would find out with whom it had originated; and when she has fully mastered its meaning, and the fact that it is anonymous, her fury is without bounds.

"Well!" with set teeth and hurried breathing, "I call this a very delicate, gentlemanly thing for Valence to do—to discuss the probabilities of my marriage with him (on which he would not even allow me to speak the other morning) with some of his vulgar farmer friends up in Ireland. Look at this handwriting. Who but an illiterate clod could ever form such scrawling ungainly letters? But if it were a duke it would be the same thing.

"'Everil West-Norman will marry you, and she will love you, though not yet.' I never heard such a piece of impertinence in all my life! Who is this fellow who dares to anticipate my decision, and to communicate his ideas to Valence? What respect can Valence have for me, that he can allow my probable actions in so delicate a manner to be discussed by a stranger? And the creature writes as confidently as though he were an indisputable authority on the subject.

"'Everil West-Norman will marry you.' O, will she, my unknown friend? She would just as soon marry you, who have evidently not attained the first elements of knowledge.

"'And she will love you, though not yet.' Never! If I had ever entertained the least idea (which I never have) that it might ever be in the remotest manner possible (which it never could be) I should arrive at the faintest imitation of love for my cousin, this unparalleled piece of impertinence on his part would have convinced me to the contrary. I knew he was a hypochondriac, and had softening of the brain, or something very much like it, and was a most dull and uninteresting companion; but I

did think—yes, I *did* think—that my own father's own brother's son was a gentleman. But to care so little for my feelings, my dignity, the false position in which I am placed—to care, in fact, so little for myself as to let his bumpkin friends write of me in this familiar style to him, it is abominable—not to be endured by any woman.

"Marry him! I never meant to marry him. Nothing on earth should have induced me to do it, as I have said from the very beginning; but after this I'd see him at the bottom of the sea first. Let him take my money!"—at this remembrance great hot tears, like heatdrops after thunder, commence to gather in her beautiful angry eyes—"it's all he wants, the avaricious mercenary creature!—and squander it upon his loutish companions, who don't even know how to write; but myself—I would die sooner. O! I will go back and tell it all to Maurice. He will feel for me; he will sympathize with me. These insults are not things that we can bear alone!"

She turns to leave the room as she speaks, first crumpling up the offending paper in her hands.

"I will tear it all in little pieces. I will not have my name lying about for any one to read and comment on. No! I will keep it, and when I am *far beyond his reach*, I will send it back to Valence, and tell him to inform his *friend* how I despise them both for their want of judgment and delicacy."

So saying, she thrusts the paper into her bosom, and runs back to join her lover. She has no fear lest he should think her too ready to admit his advances now. Her pride has been wounded by the discovery she has made, and she flies to Staunton as to a friend in whom she may confide, and from whom she is sure to derive comfort and sympathy. She reaches the grassy knoll breathless and heated.

"How cruel to keep me waiting so long!" he exclaims, as he rises to meet her. "Do you think I am made of iron, Everil, to be able to endure such suspense? I was very nearly following you to the house."

"I am so glad you didn't, for I want to have a long talk with you; and here we shall be undisturbed. Maurice, are you really my friend?"

"Can you doubt it?" he says tenderly, as he draws her down beside him and encircles her figure with his arm.

"I so much want a friend," she answers, as she reclines against him with half-closed eyes. "Everybody professes to be so; but I look all around me, and am not sure who is true. Guardy says he loves me, but he is always urging me to act against my own conscience and inclinations. Miss Strong sides with him, and Alice stands neutral, and will give me no advice whatever. I think of all here Agatha is my best friend, for she knows my wishes, and tells me to follow them. Yet Agatha does not understand me fully. She doubts my strength of purpose and knowledge of myself."

"I doubt neither, Everil," whispers Captain Staunton.

"I believe it, Maurice; and therefore it is that I want to speak openly to you. O, I have been so insulted! I have been in such a rage. I could scarcely have credited it of him."

"Who has dared to insult you?" demands her companion, loudly, rousing up, as all Englishmen do, at such a supposition.

"Hush! it is nothing of which you can take notice. I shall have my revenge of him another way. You have heard the conditions of my father's will, Maurice?"

"I believe I have. Mrs. West was good enough to have some conversation with me one day respecting it. You must not think I was inquisitive or impertinent, dearest; but your cousin had guessed my presumption in loving you, and thought, in the kindness of her heart, I had better be made acquainted with the plain facts of the case, else I had never dared, in those days, even to hope that you might return my affection."

"And she told you everything, and yet you love me! O Maurice, I am so thankful! I could not have borne that you should seek me for anything beside myself."

"How could you dream I would, Everil?"—with some show of indignation.

"Agatha told me it was so," the girl goes on dreamily; "but I could scarcely believe it! I suppose it was too good to appear true. But come, now, what *did* she tell you?"

"She assured me there was no actual engagement between Lord Valence and you."

"She is right. Of course there is no engagement. My decision is not even to be asked till the day after to-morrow."

"And what will it be then, Everil?"

"You know!"—with a sweet shy blush.

"But go on. What more?"

"She said that, in the event of your not

marrying your cousin, a portion of your money would lapse to his estate."

"A portion!"—raising herself to look him in the face as she speaks. "O no, not a portion. All!"

At this announcement Captain Staunton looks staggered.

"All? Your whole fortune?"

"Every halfpenny. Did not Agatha tell you so? She knows it as well as I do. By my father's will, in the event of my refusing to marry my cousin, the whole of my thirty thousand a year (with the exception of a few hundreds barely sufficient to support myself) goes to his estate. This is the reason they are all so anxious to persuade me to marry him."

"But Lord Valence would never accept such a sacrifice on your part. It would be the most unparalleled act of knavery I ever heard of in my life."

"He has no alternative—or, rather, he has no option of choice. If he does not take it, the property is to be vested in the funds of some state charities. My father instituted this clause, of course, in order to force my cousin to accept his conditions."

"Robbing his own child, in fact, to benefit another! I never heard of such an iniquitous proceeding in the whole course of my existence," says Captain Staunton, hotly, as he rises to pace up and down the grass before her.

"He thought I should certainly elect to marry my cousin," interposes Everil, in a depressed voice.

"And if you do marry him, what becomes of your fortune then?"

"It remains, as it is now, in my own hands, until my death."

"With the power to will it away?"

"Under certain conditions—or, at least, a part of it. But why talk of that now? It will never come to pass, although, I suppose, my poor father thought he would secure my happiness by the arrangement."

"By giving you the alternatives of beggary or slavery! To be sent forth on the world poor and unprotected, or to be tied for life to a sickly misanthrope like Lord Valence! Why, the man looks as if a feather would knock him down."

"That is not his fault," she interposes, quick, like most of her sex, to take the part of the weaker side. "Health is not of our own seeking; and I suppose my father hoped he would be strong. Valence had a

long conversation with me on this subject the other morning. He told me—but I forget; it was in confidence."

"And under the circumstances, there is, of course, every reason for you to respect his lordship's secret," says Staunton, sarcastically.

"O, please don't speak like that to me! I am so low-spirited already. Only—"

"Perhaps I can guess the subject of the earl's disclosure, if it respected his health. His sister-in-law has already informed me that he is not likely to live long."

"Has she? Then I need lay no further restraint on myself. Yes; it is true—or, at least, he said so—that he has some secret complaint or other that will kill him in a few months at farthest. It is very sad. I hardly liked to look at him whilst he was speaking; but he was quite in earnest. He would not let me allude to the decision I am called upon to make, else I would have told him at once that it cannot be, and that I shall never marry him."

"But why not?" demands Staunton, as he stops before her.

"*Why not?*" The girl's heart seems almost to stop beating as she repeats his question, and gazes up into his handsome frowning face with wild puzzled eyes. "*Why not?*"

"I repeat it—why not? It seems to me you have no alternative. It would be simple madness to give up your fortune."

"And you would advise me to marry Valence!—*you, who—*"

But here indignation and bitter disappointment check her utterance. Maurice Staunton sits down again beside her, and takes her hand.

"I know what you would say, Everil—*you, who love me*. Yes! it is hard, God knows, for me, who love you, to give you such advice; but it is *because* I love you that I give it."

"I do not understand—"

"Everil, I am no fortune-hunter" (and perhaps at the moment Captain Staunton, like many other worthy mortals, believes what he is saying), "but I would not wrong you by asking you to share the miserable pittance on which I can barely keep myself. Do you think I would submit to see you dragged down from the state of luxury in which you have been reared to the discomforts of such a home as I could offer you? Would it be love to do so, Everil? Is there

not something higher and more unselfish in our natures than the indulgence of a passion we can never hope to reward; the acceptance of a sacrifice we can never repay?"

"But I should be happy anywhere with you," she whispers.

"My darling! bless you for those sweet words; only I should be less than a man to take advantage of them. No, Everil, hard as it is to say it, your duty is plainly to follow your father's wishes."

"And you would have me marry Valence!—marry *another!*" she exclaims, with a sharp cry of pain, as she disengages herself from his clasp, and leans her head against the trunk of a tree. Captain Staunton turns round and buries his face in the grass.

"O! don't torture me by speaking of it. Yet, yes, that is what I mean—you must not be sacrificed for so unworthy a creature as myself."

"You would have me marry another!" she repeats, with almost mechanical astonishment. He starts up, and addresses her rapidly.

"Everil, the plain truth is this; we had better be brave, and face it at once. I cannot—I *will* not bring you down to penury. Why not retain your fortune, and—the hope that we may yet—*may yet* (you understand me, don't you?) come together? Marry your cousin—it will not be for long. I am assured on the best authority—he has assured you himself—that he cannot live. A few months of endurance, perhaps a few months of patience, and you will be again your own mistress. And meanwhile I—"

"You will marry some one else," she says, stonily.

"Never!—I call Heaven to witness, *never*. No other woman shall replace you. But I shall see you raised to the position you were intended to adorn—honored and respected, surrounded by every luxury—perhaps even contented."

"And *you?*"

"I shall wait, Everil," he answers, meaningly.

A dark flush, he can hardly trace from what feeling, passes over her face.

"Forgive me, dearest. I should not have said that, perhaps; but you know what I feel. I cannot marry you; but whilst you live and I live, I shall never let go the hope of doing so. Why should we

disguise the truth from one another? You must marry the earl—”

“I will not marry him!” she says, determinately.

“Yes, yes, you will,” he answers, soothingly. “You will come to think better of this—you will recognize, as I do, that it is the only chance for our ultimate happiness. I am your friend, Everil—your true friend and lover. Let me counsel you”—laying his hand upon her arm; but she shakes it off as though it had stung her.

“Do not touch me! You have said all you have to say, and I have listened, patiently. Now you must let me go. I don’t want your advice, nor your comfort. I only want to—to get away somewhere, and forget, if I can, that all this has ever been.”

And so saying, she turns from him, and, with a face pale as ashes, walks rapidly back to the house.

CHAPTER XII.

“FOR MY SAKE.”

CAPTAIN MAURICE STAUNTON, left to himself on the grassy knoll, hardly knows what to make of the interview that has passed. He loves the girl, after a fashion, but he loves himself the better of the two; and the intelligence he has just received is a great shock to him.

Everil West-Norman, encircled by a magic halo of rank and riches, is a divinity before whose shrine he would sacrifice everything, even to his own soul; but Everil West-Norman, clad in no panoply but that of her own love and beauty, and looking to him for protection and support, is quite another thing. He may love her under any aspect—so he tells himself; but he cannot afford to worship her unless he is paid for it. Born of a good family, and a wealthy family, so far as its elder branches are concerned, Maurice Staunton has been reared in as luxurious and far more selfish a school than our heroine; and the result of this training has been to make him thoroughly discontented with his present lot, and disposed to consider himself aggrieved much above the majority of his fellow-creatures because he was not born with a golden spoon in his mouth. He is a younger son, dependent on his own resources, and every one who is better off than himself appears to him in the light of an ene-

my. He knows that he has a handsome face and figure, and to enable him to barter these valuable commodities by exchange for an heiress has been the constant aim of his sister, Lady Russell, with whom he is prime favorite. It was to this end she invited him to Greenock Park, and, with the aid of her dear friend Agatha, threw him in Miss West-Norman’s way; and to find that he has not only wasted his time and energy, but had his own wings slightly scorched in the enterprise, is a mortifying discovery to the young officer. The first means by which, on being left alone, he tries to console himself is by swearing heartily at Agatha West.

“If that confounded little meddler had not interfered in the business, I should have heard the true state of the case long ago. But trust a woman for making a hash of it if she can. And what has Maria been about to mislead me as she has done? A curse on both of them! Here have I made that poor dear girl and myself miserable for nothing. The whole of her fortune! I am sure Mrs. West told me that a portion only went to Valence. But Everil is not likely to be mistaken. Thirty thousand pounds!—lucky dog!—and coupled with such a woman, too. I wish I were he!”

Then he rises, and still ruminating, with his eyes upon the ground, begins to walk towards the house.

“But a great chance lies before me yet. I shall do as I told Everil. *I shall wait.* Married to Lord Valence under certain conditions (‘certain conditions,’ of course, means lack of issue), her fortune remains in her own hands. Patience—and I shall hold the cards. There will be no issue—not likely to; but in a few months a widowed wealthy countess—from whose heart I will take good care my image has not faded. Dear sweet Everil!—she loves me—I can read it in every tone of her voice—and she is not a woman to forget. The first throw has proved against me; but it is the staying horse that wins. At any risks, she must marry her cousin.”

“Why, Captain Staunton, what are you dreaming of?”

Absorbed in his reflections, he has run nearly into the arms of the little widow. His countenance becomes still more overcast. He is not at all in the mood to receive her advances with equanimity.

“I beg your pardon,” he says, coldly.

"What a tone! Has anything occurred to vex you? Where is Everil? I called to her about an hour ago to take a drive with me to Hereford; but, as there was no response, I concluded she was lying *perdue* somewhere in better company than mine. Have you not seen her?"

"Miss West-Norman quitted me about a quarter of an hour ago."

"Where has she gone?"

"I do not know."

"Why did she leave you?"

"I really cannot inform you."

"You haven't quarrelled, I hope?"

"Certainly not! What should we have to quarrel about?"

"But there's something strange about you, Staunton, that I can't make out," says Mrs. West, as she raises her parasol, in order that she may scrutinize his features. "Have you and Everil come to an understanding yet?"

"Did we ever misunderstand each other?"

"O, you know perfectly well what I mean. Have you spoken to her? Is it all right?"

"Have I proposed, you would say? I have not."

"But why this delay?"—anxiously. "Do you mean, after all, to let her slip through your fingers?"

"I cannot tell you."

"How provoking you are! You talk in this way on purpose to tease me. There only remains one day between this and the twenty-seventh, and you promised me you would speak before then."

"I have not yet broken my promise."

"But do not put it off too long. Everil is a strange unaccountable kind of creature, and were she once drawn into any sort of a decision respecting dear Valence, nothing on earth would make her retract her word. She has such absurd old-fashioned notions about honor, and all that sort of rubbish."

"Why are you so anxious she should marry me, Mrs. West?"

"Only for your sake and her own, Staunton," says the widow, blushing and twisting about her parasol. "She loves you so much, you would make the dear girl so happy. And then look at poor Valence! Can I see her sacrificed, and him, too (I have no hesitation in saying 'and him, too') for a mere chimera—a

false sense of right? You will speak to her, dear Staunton, will you not?"—sweetly—"you will not keep her longer in suspense?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know! You don't seem to know anything this afternoon. You are very incomprehensible to me. And I cannot say I think you are treating our dear Everil well."

"Miss West-Norman appears perfectly satisfied with my treatment of her. Remember, Mrs. West, that you are arguing without premises. But I must wish you good afternoon. It is nearly five o'clock."

"And are you not going to stay to dinner?"

"Not this evening, thank you. Maria has company, and I promised her to return."

"But, Captain Staunton,"—turning to detain him—"you will be here to-morrow, will you not?"

"Most likely."

"And on the twenty-seventh? Everil would be terribly disappointed to miss you on her birthday, and especially with the trying ordeal she has to undergo. Poor darling! she will need your help to assist her through it. Fancy her having to make her little confession all alone! But with you by her side, it will be nothing. I believe her guardians meet at eleven. Of course you will be here by that time?"

"I shall be ready to support Miss West-Norman whenever she may require me, Mrs. West; you may rest assured of that," the young man replies, gravely, as he lifts his hat, and leaves her. She looks after him for some minutes in silence, biting her lip meanwhile.

"There's been a row of some kind between those two people," she thinks as she does so. "I hope to goodness not a serious one. What can it be? I must find out, and patch it up. It would never do for them to quarrel just now. Everil is capable of anything when in a rage. Pshaw! it can be but a lovers' quarrel, and they'll be all the fonder for it afterwards. He looks as miserable as he can be, and I dare say she's crying her eyes out up stairs. Perhaps, after all, it's the best thing that could have happened. They'll become so 'spoony' over their reconciliation that she will have the heart to refuse him nothing. As soon as I see Everil I shall find it all

out, and then I can write to Maurice by the evening's post."

But Mrs. West does not find it all out as easily as she anticipates. Everil West-Norman appears at the dinner-table, a shade paler perhaps than usual, but in, apparently, higher spirits than she has evinced since the arrival of her cousin.

She talks and laughs with Lord Valence without a trace of the reserve or coldness that has hitherto characterized her intercourse with him, although her wit too often bears in it a dash of bitter sarcasm; whilst he, relieved by the change in her manner, and not guessing at the cause that has occasioned it, appears in a better light than he has ever done before.

Mrs. West is fairly puzzled; but though she makes more than one attempt to solve the mystery, her cousin appears ready armed to drive her back from every point.

"My dear, what is the meaning of all this?" she asks, as soon as they are alone.

"Have you and Staunton quarrelled?"

"Quarrelled!"—with a well-feigned look of surprise; "I and Captain Staunton quarrelled! What on earth should we have to quarrel about?"

They are the same words he used to her.

"O, I don't know, darling, but lovers are apt to be a little fanciful. Why didn't he dine here to-night?"

"Lady Russell has company at Greenock, I believe."

"Then you expect him to-morrow, I suppose?"

"I expect nothing. You know he has been used to come and go as he chooses. I conclude he will suit his own convenience. Why are you so anxious on the subject?"

"O, I am not anxious at all! Why should I be? Only I met him as he was going away, and I thought he looked rather glum."

Miss West-Norman laughs.

"That was because he was going away, of course. You wouldn't have had him seem pleased, would you? Alice, dear, do look out some duets; I feel as if I should like to rattle away at the piano all the evening."

"I wish you would persuade Lord Valence to play," says Miss Mildmay. "He sat down at the rectory piano the other day, when he thought we were all out, and my father, who overheard him from his

study, says he plays divinely. I have been longing to hear him ever since."

"I didn't know he could play," replies Everil. "Does he, Agatha?"

"O, beautifully, my dear, when he chooses. But poor dear Valence is rather crotchety, you know, and it is not often I can persuade him to show off before strangers. I am almost afraid he would refuse your request."

"I don't intend to give him the opportunity; I would much rather not hear him play. I hate to see a man perched upon a music-stool, and twiddling away like a music master. And when he adds affectation to it, it becomes abominable."

"My dear Everil, I didn't say he was affected. How you do misjudge poor Valence! You can make no allowance for his great delicacy."

"I didn't know he had any," she retorts, quickly, as she crushes up a certain paper that lies hidden in her bosom.

"O Miss Mildmay, do take her off to the piano, and let us have an end of this!" cries the widow, with affected indignation. "She is altogether too naughty. I shall have to send for some one to come back and help me keep you in order, Everil. You are too much for me alone."

"You are too much for me at any time when you talk such nonsense," replies the heiress, impatiently, as she takes her seat at the instrument.

She plays, or talks, or laughs incessantly during the remainder of the evening; even going the length, at last, when Alice Mildmay strikes up a waltz, of seizing Agatha round the waist, and dancing with her till they are both out of breath.

Mr. Mildmay regards her new mood with astonishment; Miss Strong with pleasure; Mrs. West with secret perplexity and dismay, whilst the earl is wrapt in contemplation of this fresh exhibition of his wayward cousin's capabilities.

"I have never seen the dear girl in better spirits," says Mr. Mildmay, with evident satisfaction. "Everil is like her old self to-night. How charming it is to see the young enjoy themselves, Miss Strong."

"It is indeed, Mr. Mildmay. It is almost sufficient to make one wish one's self once more at the beginning of the journey. This looks well for the twenty-seventh, doesn't it?"

"Humph! Does it strike you in that

light? Well! perhaps so—perhaps. But—” rubbing his chin, thoughtfully—“but young women are a puzzle to me; an incomprehensible puzzle that I shall never make out.”

“Hot-tempered, domineering, ‘slangy’ in talk, and boisterous in manners,” thinks Lord Valence from the sofa, whence he is furtively regarding her. “’Tis a pleasant prospect that lies before me. But there is one comfort—it will not be for long.” And with a sigh he returns to the study of the book which he is perusing.

At last the ordeal is over—blessed bedtime has arrived, and our heroine, with flushed cheeks and feverishly bright eyes, can bid all her guests good-night, and stand face to face with her life’s future.

It is a terrible penance she has passed through; but she has played her cards well and bravely, like many a woman before her, and for the first few moments that she is alone she feels almost victorious. For if there is a mental fight that sears the freshness of the human heart and brings wrinkles and gray hairs before their time, it is that which so often takes place between a woman’s pride and love. The grief that we may lawfully indulge in may be, for the time being, very bitter, but it does not permanently harm us; for nature’s remedies are never hurtful. On the contrary, it rather keeps us young and sympathetic; for none can act the part of comforter like those who remember what they have suffered for themselves. But the misery that dares not disclose its source is quite another thing. The heart is well nigh bursting to confess it, even to its own shame; but the brain, backed up by pride and a terrible fear of what the “world will say,” keeps down the heart, and the conflict between these two great powers hardens instead of softening, and brings every sort of evil in its train. Passive natures sink beneath such a burden; but it makes strong natures reckless. And if ever a woman was in a condition to do or say reckless things, it is Everil West-Norman, on the night of which we are speaking. She is so excited that she almost dances into her bedroom; and so long as Parsons is beside her, she hums snatches of songs, and rattles about all the silver and ivory paraphernalia of her dressing-table, as though she were too happy to be quiet. But even the tedious process of being un-

dressed by a lady’s maid must come to an end at last; and then Everil West-Norman is alone. ALONE!

She tries to keep up the little farce with herself even then. The humming becomes rather more feeble, it is true, and her lips quiver as they try to form the notes; but she goes on manfully for a few seconds, till she suddenly remembers that the air she is singing is a favorite with Maurice Staunton, and at that remembrance breaks down. Breaks down as utterly and completely as the weakest simpleton that walks this earth with a heart within her breast could do, and all the more utterly and completely for the restraint she has hitherto placed upon herself.

She does not blame her lover—there is no true woman but what can find, in the first blush of disappointment, an excuse for the man who has deceived her—but she blames her father, and her fortune, and herself, and everybody and thing but Captain Maurice Staunton, for the misery that has befallen them.

She wonders why Providence ever brought them together, or why she had not the sense to see how events would turn out, and avert them long ago, or the courage to go boldly up to her lover and tell him the truth. She pours out the vials of her mental wrath on the head of Mrs. West for encouraging Staunton to come to Norman House; on her guardians, for opposing him; on Miss Strong, for not having warned her of the coming danger; on the earl, for not having died long ago, and left her to her own devices; on every one but the real delinquent. She cannot recognize the intense selfishness of which Staunton has been guilty in engaging her affections without any certainty as to the issue of his courtship; she will not see (not in these first hours of misery) that he has wooed her for her money, and not for herself. She can only deplore their mutual ill-fortune, and the wicked blindness and hard-heartedness of those who have brought it upon their suffering heads. She can only weep herself blind over the remembered fascinations of her admirer, and the prospect of passing her life without him. She can only, in fact, be miserable!

In the midst of her lamentations (she has cast herself across the bed, the better to enjoy the luxury of weeping), a knock is heard upon her bedroom door.

She leaps to a standing position, and hastily dries her eyes.

"Who is there?"

It is Parsons who answers.

"A note, please, miss, from Greenock Park; and as the man said it was very particular, I thought I had better bring it up to you."

"Any answer?"

"No, miss; no answer—only you was to have it at once."

"Very well; give it to me." And she opens the door only wide enough to receive the envelop. She carries it to the dressing-table, and breaks the seal. It is from Maurice Staunton:

"MY DEAREST EVERIL,—My heart has been trembling with fear ever since you left me this afternoon, lest you should have misinterpreted the reason of my advice. You think, perhaps that I am cold, indifferent; that I do not feel in its utmost bitterness the pang of surrendering you to another. O, how little you know me! Could you but read my heart, you would see I would rather brave death than part with you. But death would be nothing compared with the pain of dragging you down to a life of poverty, and perhaps of struggle. Everil, I have been weak, I have been foolish. Led on by my love for you, I have said and done things which I had the right neither to do nor to utter.

"A thousand times I have warned myself of danger; but I little thought I was courting danger for you as well. Pity me, and try to forgive me. You were born to fill a higher and more important station than I can offer you; and I ought to be proud to see you attain it. I am bold enough to write this, then, to entreat you to reconsider the decision you expressed to me of not marrying according to your father's wishes. I know that you are brave and strong, and for the moment it may appear an heroic deed to give up everything sooner than act against the dictates of your heart; but think if you will be benefited by it. The earl will usurp your fortune; and shall we (O Everil, may I be daring enough to use that word we?) be brought any nearer through your poverty? Rather, will not your refusal to agree to this marriage cut off the last ground from beneath my feet?

"Everil, if you will not secure your prosperity for your own sake, do it for mine; for me, who love you dearer than myself,

or how could I see you given to another? Under existing circumstances, nothing would induce me to marry you. The world has called me thoughtless—it shall never say that I am wicked. And I love you far too devotedly to do you so cruel a wrong. The present, then, must be for me dark and gloomy. I am a man, and I will bear it as a man; but my future I leave in your hands. If you have ever loved me, do not crush the last hope I cherish of possessing you. Your devoted

"MAURICE."

* * * * *

She reads this grandiloquent epistle several times, and then she falls to weeping over it, poor soul and kissing it, and persuades herself that the writer is one of the most magnanimous creatures she has ever known. She is a clever woman, but her eyesight is not very clear just now, and she cannot perceive that Captain Staunton's professions of attachment will not hold water.

On the contrary, she votes him higher-minded, more generous, and more unselfish than she can ever hope to become; and thinks of him sacrificing all his deepest feelings on her account, as of some tender true-souled martyr who prefers the fiery stake or the gibbet to a compromise with his great sense of honor.

She passes a miserable night; but it is despair, and not wounded pride that fills her heart, and she suffers for Maurice Staunton as much as for herself. When she descends to breakfast the next morning, the excited, variable mood has settled down again, and she is simply silent and despondent; which revives all Mrs. West's fears as to her having had a misunderstanding with Staunton. There is a great bustle going on, both inside and outside of Norman House, that day, making preparations for the coming of age on the morrow, and the little widow fidgets about incessantly, in her restless anxiety to know how it is all to end; but Everil is as uncommunicative as the grave. General Hawke arrives in the course of the afternoon, and his first effort is to gain an interview with Mr. Mildmay.

"Well, Mildmay, has the girl told her intentions yet?"

"She has not said a word to me on the subject."

"Nor to the earl?"

"Nor to the earl."

"She means to take him, then."

"I don't think so; she has obstinately refused to listen to any of my suggestions regarding Captain Staunton, and the young man has been here incessantly since your departure. I am almost sure, too, that Everil cares for him. Were it not so, I should still hope she might decide in favor of her cousin; as it is, I am certain she will not."

"Pooh! nonsense! What reason is there against it?"

"She will never act against the dictates of her affections."

"Pshaw! what has affection to do with it? She is not such a fool as to part with her fortune for the sake of a passing fancy. I told you she would marry the earl a month ago, and you contradicted me. I repeat it: she will marry the earl."

"I hardly know what to say or to wish," replies Mr. Mildmay. "To see her impoverished for the sake of a fellow like Staunton would be a terrible misfortune; but to feel that she had sold her affections, far worse— I wish to-morrow were over, and we knew for a certainty what she intends to do."

"She will marry the earl," repeats the old general, like an obstinate old parrot that pertinaciously sticks to one sentence.

"But come, Mildmay, let us join his lordship in the grounds. It seems to me that you are going to a great deal of useless expense about tents. The weather is fine enough. Why the deuce can't the people sit under the trees, and turn their dinner into a picnic? It would be much pleasanter."

"But not so complimentary, general. You forget that the majority will be Everil's tenants, and to consult their feelings becomes a necessity. The arrangements have been made upon a scale truly magnificent; but it was our ward's express orders that it should be so. She has superintended most of them herself. The dancing-booth is like a West-End ballroom."

"Absurd nonsense!" grumbles General Hawke, as they leave the room together.

"And what does his lordship say to it?"

"O, Lord Valence has not expressed an opinion on the subject; nor, indeed, has he any right to do so. At what time to-morrow do you propose to receive our ward's decision?"

"At what hour do the guests arrive?"

"The tenant farmers and villagers at eleven, the garden party at three. Dinner is to be served for the former in the large tent at two, and a *dejeuner a la fourchette* for the latter in the dining-hall at five o'clock. I dare say the gentle-people will have all taken their departure by seven. The tenantry will remain to dance and enjoy themselves as long as they please, but they need not interfere with us. The bonfires are to be lit at ten. This is the programme of the day, as far as I can remember."

"Twelve hours of folly, feasting and waste of money," grumbles the general. "Well, tell Miss Everil from me, Mildmay, that we shall be waiting in the drawing-room at ten in the evening to receive her decision. This will give her more time for reflection, and she won't find it so easy, after indulging in a whole day's dissipation, to renounce the means by which such an effect has been produced. I know women better than you do, Mildmay."

"Perhaps so, general. I will not argue the point any further with you; but I have no doubt myself upon the subject."

* * * * *

The twenty-seventh of May passes under the most favorable of auspices. Everything goes right. The tenantry are enthusiastic, and enjoy themselves to the utmost; the company assemble to a man, and do ample justice to the *dejeuner a la fourchette*. Nothing fails of the end to which it was appointed; and amongst the crowd, robed in a dazzling costume of blue and white, with a chip hat crowned with blue feathers shading her lovely features, moves incessantly the mistress of Norman House. There is not a suspicion amongst the company that her tenure of all this property hangs on her heart's decision. They believe there is no doubt about her inheritance, and, followed by many an envious eye, she goes from tent to tent to hear her health drank, and to say a few kind words in response. But at last her gracious task is over. The tenantry, who appear to have consumed sufficient beef and veal to last them for a month, have given over eating, and lie scattered about the park sward recruiting themselves for the pleasures of the evening to come; and the more aristocratic of her guests, who have also proved by far the most fatiguing to entertain, have

cleared the dining-room tables to the best of their ability (ladies and gentlemen can eat on such occasions as well as their poorer brethren, and, considering how often the occasions arise for them, in a manner that does great credit to their powers of endurance), and ordered their carriages to drive home.

Everil West-Norman, harassed, fatigued, and, now that the immediate excitement is over, very dispirited, drags her feet wearily along the corridor.

"Everil, dear, they are waiting for you in the drawing-room (you know what for). Will you come?" whispers Alice Mildmay, who has been sent to summon her.

"In the drawing-room?"

In a moment she has turned so ghastly white that her friend thinks she is going to faint.

"O Everil, don't look like that! Are you ill? Shall I call Miss Strong?" cries Alice, as she throws her arm about her.

"Ill? What nonsense! In the drawing-room, did you say? Well, I am ready.

Of course I am ready. I have had long enough to think about it, haven't I? Come, Alice, let us go to them in the drawing-room."

But, as she attempts to move forward, she staggers against the wall.

"Everil, you *are* ill. I am sure of it."

"The heat—so tired—a glass of water," she murmurs, faintly, as she closes her eyes, and lets her head fall backward.

Miss Mildmay runs to fetch what she requires.

"Thank you, dear," she says, quietly, as she returns the glass to her. "I am all right now, and the feeling has passed away again. I cannot think how I can have been so foolish as to give way to it. Let us go to the drawing-room at once. Do you hear?—*at once!*"

And, as though fearful of again disclosing her feelings by delay, Everil West-Norman marches straight to the apartment in question, and turns the handle of the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE REPRESSED.

BY N. B. MILLIKEN.

Has love a heart? has love a soul?
Then where, I pray, has flown
The love that once so brightly burned,
But now its glow is gone?

True love is constant, I am told,
And this my heart confirms:
'Tis ever bright like purest gold;
From heaven are brought its germs.

Yet I was once beloved so well,
It seemed a heavenly fire;
She said my presence was a spell
To constant joy inspire.

She said, with all her heart and soul
She loved me firm and true.
For me, if half was truth she told,
But tenderness she knew.

And now she tells me 'tis no more—
The flame once warm and bright—
Washington, D. C., Nov., 1874.

There's naught but ashes where before
Was pure and lovely light.

Could I believe that love is naught,
And truth but fancy's dream,
Then might I count the love I got
'Mong things that only seem.

But while my heart with life shall beat,
It holds this truth impressed:
The flame that she would quench complete,
Still smoulders in her breast.

It burns beneath, though cold above,
And wounds where once it warmed;
Her wasting form betrays her love,
Though all without is calmed.

O Gold, thou art a tyrant fell
With firm and cruel power!
And pride, thy child, with strength doth
dwell
In heart's most cultured bower.

WHY I MARRIED THE WIDOW.

BY N. P. DARLING.

I ALWAYS did like the Widow Beasley. I liked her before she was married (her maiden name was Brown), and I liked her after she was married; and when Dan Beasley died, I liked her so much that when she advertised for boarders, I was the very first man to apply, and consequently I got the very best room in the house.

Mrs. Beasley is a most decidedly good-looking woman. I always said so, and I always thought so, and I still continue to think so. She wasn't one of your small, pinched-up, wasp-waisted creatures. O no. Elizabeth—that was her Christian name—had a form of very handsome proportions. She had bewitching eyes, a shade or two darker than the oft-quoted raven's wing, and the most splendid purple-black hair I think that I ever saw. Her skin, though, was not so white as I like to see skins, but as she had a pair of very brilliant red roses in her cheeks, I never cared much about the absence of the lilies. Her lips, I must say, were about the most ravishing pair that I ever had pressed to mine (for I won't deny that I have kissed Elizabeth), and her teeth— But, pshaw! shall I make out an inventory of her charms? beginning thus: "Item, 'She hath a sweet mouth.'"

No, it is sufficient to say that she was most decidedly lovely—

"And thro' her clear brunette complexion shone a Great wish to please—a most attractive dower, Especially when added to the power."

And the widow did please me. In fact, I had always been pleased with Elizabeth, but I had no more thought of loving her than you have, my gentle masculine reader, for, in the first place, she was five years my senior; and in the second place, I was terribly in love with another woman; and in the third place, the other woman was terribly in love with me.

I don't know whether you know me or not, but you've probably seen me if you've ever been to Yazoo. I'm always to be seen in Yazoo when the weather is fair. My name is Washington Wadman. It was my great-grandfather's notion having me

christened after the "father of his country," for, you see, my great-grandfather was one of George's most intimate friends. They used to go "hooking" watermelons together, as I've heard my great-grandfather tell many and many a time. I am happy to state that the old gentleman still lives at the rather mature age of one hundred and forty, is as hearty as ever, and can read Chinese without glasses just as well as ever he could.

I haven't any profession, and as my uncle John Wadman left me all his wealth at the time of his death, I don't really need one.

Yes, my Uncle John left me all his property upon one condition; and as the condition wasn't a very disagreeable one, I have always, since my uncle's death, considered myself a man of wealth, although the above-mentioned condition was not fulfilled until yesterday.

To understand my uncle's reasons for making such a singular will as he left behind him, it is necessary for me to inform you that he was a bachelor, and knew all about the discomforts of a bachelor's life; but as he didn't begin to realize all these discomforts until he became too old—as he thought—to marry, he began to hate himself for not marrying while he was young. And he extended his hate to every other old bachelor, not excepting his brothers, who, with the exception of my father, were bachelors also. So you see he left his property to me, *provided* I married before my twenty-fifth birthday. But in case I did not marry, thus forfeiting the property, it was to be equally divided between six old maids who all their lives had been willing and anxious to marry, but had never had a chance.

Now the reader will naturally suppose that I wasn't fool enough to throw away a fortune just for the want of a wife, particularly as I happened to be in love with—

"A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,"

who loved me in return, and had already promised to be Mrs. Wadman.

No, I had determined to marry, and for fear that something might happen to my darling Fanny, I had *partially* courted several other girls, and I won't deny that I had thrown one or two very tender glances at the Widow Beasley.

But the girl that I adored was sweet Fanny Cordwell. Yes,

"She ruled in beauty o'er this heart of mine,"

as Petrarch said about a certain Mrs. Laura (I wonder how Mrs. L.'s husband liked that style of poetry?), and she was calculating to rule my household.

I've given you some slight hints regarding Mrs. Beasley's beauty, and as I have admitted that I admired her, you may imagine that Fanny's beauty was of a similar order, but you never were more mistaken in your life. I don't confine myself to admiring one particular type of female loveliness, madam. No, I admire your magnificent Juno-like woman, be she light or dark, and I admire round, rosy, laughing-eyed women, and tall, thin, sober-eyed women, and short, thick, puffy women. But I love a small angelic creature, with great blue eyes, golden hair, and a complexion "like roseleaves swimming in pure milk," and her name is Fanny, and she's only seventeen years old.

It is a sad mistake on somebody's part that Fanny wasn't born several years before she was, because, it was on account of her youth that her mother persisted in fixing upon the very last day that my uncle's will allowed for our wedding.

Yesterday was the day appointed for our wedding. For weeks and months we had been making preparations for that great day. I can't say that Fanny and I busied ourselves much about the preparations, for there was nothing that we could do except to sit in the drawing-room and talk about how happy we should be when the time came; for she did love me so, and I loved her so, that we were both very unhappy the moment we were out of sight of each other.

Well, the night before last being the very last night, as a bachelor, that I should pass on earth, I spent in the following manner: from seven o'clock in the evening until ten, I was with Fanny. We sat on the sofa together. I had one arm around her waist, and she had one arm around my neck, and one of her little white hands

was in mine; and her beautiful head was on my shoulder, and her golden hair swept my cheek. We talked—O, about so many things, and we said ever so many loving things, and we kissed once or twice, or perhaps twice and a half. Then the little clock on the mantel (it's a small clock, but it will go the fastest when you don't want it to, of any clock I ever saw) struck ten, and then I tore myself away from Fanny and went home.

It was just fifteen minutes past ten when I got to the widow's. I went in and found that very charming woman sitting at the piano and singing, "Thou art so near, and yet so far." When I entered the room she looked up at me so longingly that I, really—well, I wished there was more of me—two or three, for instance. Then we sang "Auld Lang Syne," and a tear bubbled up in the widow's right eye, and rolled slowly and sorrowfully adown her decidedly handsome nose.

"Wash," said Elizabeth (she always called me Wash), raising her dark eyes to mine, the long beautiful lashes still wet with a pearly tear or two, "Wash, I suppose this is the last night you will ever pass under my roof."

"I am thinking you are quite correct in your supposition, Elizabeth," I answered, choking down a sigh; for I was feeling rather blissfully melancholy, and the tones of Elizabeth's voice somewhat aggravated that feeling. She had a remarkably melodious voice. As the poet says:

"Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear."

Yes, I always held my breath when Elizabeth spoke, and once or twice I got so red in the face with holding on, that I had to ask her to pause and allow me to respire.

"Wash, I—I hope you will be happy."

"Yes, Elizabeth, I rather hope so," I said, laying my hand very gently on her shoulder.

"But she's very young."

"Yes, but she'll outgrow that, Elizabeth. For the present, it is enough for me to know that she loves me as fondly as I do her."

"I shall be satisfied if she only makes you happy, Washington. But remember, no matter what may happen, I shall always be interested in you. I shall always remain your—your friend," sobbed Eliza-

beth, burying her face in the finger-board of the piano with a discordant crash, and bursting into tears.

Gentle reader, this was becoming decidedly affecting; and although I'm rather fond of affecting scenes, I objected very strongly to having one that night—the night before my wedding—in company with such a very charming woman as Mrs. Elizabeth Beasley, because I was afraid I might forget myself. So I hurriedly bade her good-night, and sought my chamber, leaving the widow to dry her tears with the pedal of the piano.

Now you, my dear fellow, I dare say did not sleep a wink the night before you were married, but I did. I am not of a nervous temperament, and I had a clear conscience. I was at peace with all the world. I was supremely happy, and had eaten a light supper, consisting of a slice of cold ham with mustard, an oyster stew, some cold boiled cabbage and beef, with a few turnips, carrots, beets, and a spoonful of squash, a slice of dry toast and a cup of tea. So you see there was nothing to hinder my sleeping; and consequently, the moment my head touched the pillow my eyes closed, and I floated off to the land of dreams.

"'Tis morn—the orange-mantled sun
Breaks through the fading gray."

I start from my sleep and rub my eyes. My brain is confused, and I stare wildly around me. There is a sickening odor in the room. What is it? Where am I? Is this my wedding-day? I cannot collect my scattered thoughts. Do I dream still? No, this is my chamber, and that is the widow's melodious voice that I hear in the hall below. Presently there is a knock at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Me—Elizabeth. O Washington, we've been robbed!"

I arose, partially dressed myself, threw on my dressing-gown, and opened the door. Elizabeth gave one fearful glance at me, screamed; and, turning quickly, rushed down stairs.

I followed her, wondering what could be the matter. In the hall I encountered Smith, one of the widow's boarders. He looked at me, and turned pale as death.

"It's one of the burglars!" he cried. And then, with a howl of terror, he burst

into the dining-room, and throwing himself from a window, ran down the street screaming "Murder!"

"Egad!" said I, "they're playing a game on me. But they'll have to play it without my assistance. I'll go back to my room and dress."

But I had just reached the foot of the stairs when the widow put her head in at the front door. She drew back screaming.

"Come, come!" said I. "This thing is played out."

"It's *his* voice," said the widow, her face once more appearing at the door.

"Whose voice should I have but *my* own?" I asked, rather testily.

"It's *his* nose!"

Then she came forward and took me by the hand.

"O Washington!" she cried, beginning to sob, "*where—where is your hair?*"

Smith, Jones and Jencks came in just then.

"It is *he*!" said Smith.

"Yes, it's *he*!" said Jones.

"I'm sure of that nose," said Jencks. "But where's his hair?"

At that instant the cook came up and grasped me by the arm.

"O Mr. Wadman, where's your hair?"

"You think you're wonderful funny," said I, with a sneer, and a comprehensive glance that took in the widow, Smith, Jones, Jencks and the cook. "Yes, you think you're playing a nice joke on me, don't you? And I suppose you consider your conduct quite lady-like, madam? And you, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Jencks, are a trio of perfect gentlemen, no doubt, but I don't think so."

"Why, the man's crazy!" cried Jones.

"Mad as a March hare!" exclaimed Jencks.

"He really thinks he has got a head of—"

But Smith was interrupted by the entrance of my old friend Woodard, who advanced toward me with a very serious cast of countenance, and placing his mouth to my ear, asked, in a very sorrowful tone of voice:

"O Wadman! where the deuce is your hair?"

"*Et tu, Brute?*" I cried, tearing myself away from him. And then bounding up stairs, I rushed into my room.

"Am I mad?" I asked myself, "or are *they* crazy? My head does feel queer;

rather light and airy—decidedly cool, too.” Indeed my hand to it. “Good heavens! where is my hair?”

Then I ran to the mirror. The sight was too terrible, for my head had been shaved clean, and my face had been painted with iodine. I screamed and fainted.

When I awoke to consciousness I found myself reclining in the widow's arms, with my shaved head pillowed upon her breast. All the boarders, the cook, the chambermaids and the waiting-maids were gathered around me.

“O horrible!” I groaned. “O Elizabeth, do tell me the meaning of this?” And I placed my hands upon my head.

“Tell him,” said the widow. “I can't.”

“Why, you see, Wadman,” began Smith, “the house was entered last night by burglars. They took all Mrs. Beasley's silver ware, and everything else of value that they could lay their hands on to. They took my gold watch, confound 'em! and all my money; and we suppose that, just for the fun of the thing, they gave you chloroform—the scent of it is all through the house—and then shaved your head and painted your face with iodine.”

“And—O heavens!—this is my wedding-day!” And again I swooned.

When I again opened my eyes the company had retired, all excepting Woodard and the widow, who still supported my unprotected poll.

“'Twas a fiendish outrage!” said the widow.

“Yes,” I faltered, “it would have been horrible under any circumstances, but at present how much more so, on this my wedding-day!”

“The wedding'll have to be postponed,” said Woodard. “I'll go to Mrs. Cordwell's immediately, and tell her what has happened.”

“No, no. I'll go myself,” I cried, starting up.

“What! with that head and face?”

“It's the only head and face I've got to go with; and the wedding can't be postponed. Do you remember my uncle's will?”

“Unfortunate man! I had forgotten the will. Yes, the wedding must take place to-day. But will Fanny—?”

“Do you think the dear girl fell in love with my hair?” I asked, savagely.

“Go and see,” said the widow, leaving the room.

I dressed hurriedly with my friend's assistance, and jamming my hat over my eyes, was about to leave the apartment when Woodard stopped me with the question, “Hadn't I better get you a wig?”

“No, I'll go to my Fanny as I am. Remember, ‘Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.’” And so saying, I strode out of the house and walked proudly down the street, conscious of the fact, but too savage to care if hundreds of eyes were looking at me.

Yes, there were heads at every window, for the news of the horrible outrage had spread from one end of Yazoo to the other, and Fanny had been one of the first to hear of it.

When I reached Mrs. Cordwell's door I tarried not to ring the bell, for that had long ceased to be customary with me. No, I marched boldly into the house and entered the drawing-room unannounced. Fanny stood before me, but she did not speak, she did not move.

“You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there,
So still she was, so pale, so fair.”

“O Fanny, darling, speak to me!” I cried, extending my arms to embrace her.

Then she started, she shrieked. Her mother rushed into the room and caught her daughter in her arms, and then they both screamed in concert.

“O Fanny, dearest, don't yell so! My hair will grow again, and my face will resume its original color, before our honeymoon is over,” I pleaded.

“Go! go!” she screamed. “I can't marry such a fright. Go, and let your hair grow if it will.”

“But we *must* be married to-day, dearest,” I urged.

She gave one very scrutinizing glance at my face and at my hairless cranium, and then she covered her face with her hands.

“No, no, I—I really can't marry you to-day. I—” she took one more peep at my shaved head—“I renounce you forever. Adieu.”

Then she left the room, and I left the house. Returning slowly to my boarding-house, I met Elizabeth at the door. A world of pity beamed in her dark eyes.

“Is the wedding postponed?” she asked, observing my sorrowful countenance.

“Yes—worse. She has discarded me

altogether. No woman will marry me now, and to-morrow I shall be a poor man," I answered, jamming my head against the door in a rage.

"Are you sure that no woman will marry you, Washington?" Elizabeth asked; and her melodious voice was more musical than ever.

I looked down into her beautiful dark eyes. My heart gave one terrible thump as I asked:

"Will you?"

"Yes, Washington."

I pressed her to my heart, and she kissed my shaved head.

"The wedding shall take place this afternoon," I said.

"Yes, love."

Again we embraced.

And now the reader knows why I married the widow. And although I've only been married twenty-four hours, I've thought several times since the ceremony was performed, what a fool I was not to have married her long ago, and *in my hair*, without the fear of my uncle's will before me.

THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

BY MRS. M. J. CALDWELL.

So you're going on your journey?

Well, dear, I wish you joy;

But, while you wander from our roof,

Touch not a drop, my boy—

Touch not a drop of that which blights

So many in our day;

Ah! scorn the poison-mingled cup,

Whate'er your mates may say.

Your mother is your truest friend,

Ay, next to God is she;

Ah! heed the warning voice, I pray,

Wherever you may be.

It seems but a brief time, my boy,

Since on my bended knee

I taught you to repeat the prayer

"Our Father," after me.

Yet it was many years ago,

Ah! *many* years, my boy;

And you unto my lonely heart

Have been a constant joy.

Now God has willed that for a time

Our paths lie far apart,

So ne'er forget how fond I bear

Your image in my heart.

And what I know of sunshine bright,

Yes, every ray of joy

Rockport, Mass., Sept. 25, 1874.

Which lights upon my lonely path,
Shall be *my absent boy*.

Your cheeks are dyed with health's *own*
glow,

With truth your eyes seek mine;

I cannot bear to think some day

They'll wear the stamp of wine.

Come, promise me the lips which *press*

Mine own good-by to-day,

Shall be as pure when you return

To mother's home, I pray.

* * * * *

It may be we may never meet

Within this hallowed place,

Your mother's eyes on earth again

May never see your face;

And I to-night would pray, my boy,

"Our Father," we might not,

Did I—could I—one moment think

You would return a *sol*.

I'll wipe away the gathering tears—

How childish I have grown!

Your vacant chair will haunt me long

When I shall sit alone.

But you're ready for your journey—

Both hands—I wish you joy;

Remember mother's parting words,

Touch not a drop, my boy.

GERALD'S TEMPTATION.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

"THEY'RE as different as light and darkness, or winter and summer. To this day, I can't make it seem natural that they should be father and son."

Mrs. Murdoch, the housekeeper at Wharley Lodge, paused from her steady sewing, at the close of this little speech, and, with the shining point of her needle poised in somewhat ominous proximity to her queer little turn-up nose, gave two or three significant nods, by way of giving due emphasis to her speech.

Her cheery gray eyes were fixed away from the comfortable sitting-room, out through the cool drapery of vine branches festooning the window by which she sat, upon the smooth green lawn, where two figures were pacing, side by side.

A tall, angular, shambling-gaited man was the elder, with a cold, dry, rasping look about him, which inevitably warded off, as with an icy hand, the gazer's hope of sympathy, or fellowship, or cordiality—anything, in short, except the strictest justice.

His very flesh seemed withered and dried upon his bones—worn, perhaps, by the incessant friction of the restless, uneasy, discontented spirit which looked out warily from the small, deep-set, and piercing black eyes. Short thick masses of iron-gray hair stood out on either side of the tall peaked forehead; the nose was hooked, like the beak of a bird of prey; the lips straight, grim, resolute. An iron man, one who moved straight on his course, and levelled whatever obstacles lay in his way. For this trait, one indeed could not look upon him without involuntary respect. But affection—it was a very absurdity to couple the thought of anything endearing with the idea of Squire James Wharley, the wealthy retired barrister, whose subtle penetration and dogged obstinacy in following up a clue had given him a fame, which, years back, had been almost sufficient guaranty for whatever case he undertook.

He still held a prominent position in the county, notwithstanding he had retired from the bar, and his sharp wits and keen

insight into human nature gave him a high reputation for wisdom and shrewdness, which were often called into use for public matters. For this, and for the sake of the generous fortune he had amassed, he commanded, as I said before, the respect and esteem of the neighborhood.

He had married, somewhat late in life, a timid, shrinking orphan, who had been left as a ward to his care, by a client for whom he had gained an important lawsuit. Acquaintances had marvelled at this singular match; but no one who had witnessed the quiet but invincible control which the guardian of her property exercised over the timid, yielding girl, wondered that blue-eyed Mary Wilson could not find courage enough to refuse the offer of a suitor twice her years in age. She did not live long after the marriage. She had never been gay and blithe, like other girls; but after she became Mrs. Wharley she was still more quiet, and meek, and grave. She glided around upon her household duties as noiselessly as a ghost; and she grew as pale, and almost as impalpable. Day by day wasting slowly and surely; "never seeing a well day," as Mrs. Murdoch phrased it, from the time of her son's birth, she only lived to see the wee white feet of the baby boy go toddling over the house with a sturdy strength which mocked her own feeble footfalls, and then the doting mother's fond eyes closed softly and forever, for the earthly life, upon the sweet cherub face of her darling. Closed contentedly, too. The warm-hearted housekeeper would tell of it with an awed look in her eyes, a quaver in her voice—just how before she sank away, the dying mother crossed her two wasted hands upon the curly head lying against her pillow, and whispered, softly:

"It is better so, my lamb. Your mother is too weak, and timid, and doubting, to be a sure guide for such tender feet. She will kneel in the heavenly courts, and pray for you there, and watch over and guard you from evil, by the wondrous spell of that unseen land."

And, as if beneath some such tender benign influence, Gerald Wharley had grown

up into a handsome, manly, generous-hearted youth, gay of heart and blithe of tongue, the favorite and delight of whatever circle he entered.

This son of a stern, cold, hard man, a tyrant in disposition, a selfish miser, except as the fear of the world's contempt restrained him, and of a timid, melancholy, spiritless mother, grew up a wonder and marvel to all who had known the parents intimately. Free-hearted and generous to a fault, quick in sympathy and affection, frank, unreserved, buoyant, Gerald was one of the most delightful companions, the most valued and trusted friends.

It was he, walking now beside his father, with that elastic step, that graceful erect form, that handsome happy face and cheery smile. A contrast indeed!

Mrs. Murdoch returned to her seam, and continued, with a little sigh:

"It is a mercy, indeed, for us all that the young master has pleasanter ways than his father! Dear heart! how lonesome it is when he's away to the college! and how we all brighten up when the vacation is coming! There isn't one of us but would do anything for him; and as for me, I think I should break my heart if any harm happened to him. But then you know it's rather different with me. It almost makes me a kind of mother, that promise I made to the poor dying woman to watch over him, and save him from harm as much as lay in my power. Bless his honest heart! it's only a pleasant straight course he's taken, so far. Everybody has loved him and cared for him, and he has had no mind to walk in evil ways. I own I've feared for him, since he went to college. It's bad doings and wild actions he must see there; and he's so free-hearted, and so ready to follow anybody's lead for a little sport, that I didn't know but we should hear of him in mischief; but it's only good we've heard thus far."

"I have heard that the young men there were very wild, and many of them recklessly unprincipled," answered her companion, for the first time interrupting the house-keeper's garrulity.

The speaker, a clear-eyed, sweet-looking young girl, daintily robed in a white cambric morning-dress with pink ribbon trimmings, was looking thoughtfully through the open window, to the pacing figures on the lawn, and in a moment she added:

"But one cannot think of Mr. Gerald's going wrong, with so wise and sagacious a guide as his father."

Mrs. Murdoch shook her head, slowly.

"There's where the trouble will come from, if ever Mr. Gerald's dear careless feet make a slip. You see they are so different. The master will never understand the temptations before Gerald, because to his disposition they were not in the least enticing. There is an honorable generosity towards his friends, too, which may lead our dear boy into trouble, and even disgrace. And Squire Wharnley is a terrible man when he is aroused, Miss Ada. He is one of your iron men, thinking more of meting out just the law to the sinful, than of being tender and forbearing, lest he drive the erring deeper into the pit. He is strictly just himself, one must own that. He keeps to the letter of kind and upright dealing, but O, he woefully misses the spirit, sometimes! After all, the blessed New Testament shows us, better than justice is mercy, and charity, and love."

Good Mrs. Murdoch laid down her needle, folded up the napkin she had been hemming, and looked over her spectacles with a gentle smile, into the fair face before her.

"You are right, dear Mrs. Murdoch," answered Ada Willoughby, with sudden fervor. "What a dreary desert would this world become, if only Justice, with her unerring but oftentimes pitiless balance, reigned supreme! We are so weak and sinful, the very best of us, it is hard, indeed, if we refuse sympathy to those who fall into the snares and pitfalls of the world."

"Squire Wharnley will do it. He would turn Gerald away like a stray dog, if once he disobeyed his commands, or in any way excited his displeasure. That is why I tremble over it so much, whenever I got to fancying such a woeful happening as that Gerald should get mixed up in any wild frolic."

"What! do you mean that he could be so inexorable with this only child of his? O Mrs. Murdoch, I cannot credit you! He must be very fond of his son. Why, he is all he has in the world."

"He is as fond of him as lies in his nature. He is proud of Gerald, beside; but he will not bear with any grave fault of his, no, not a single day or hour. I know my master well, Miss Ada. I have lived with him ever since Mrs. Wharnley was taken

poorly, and that, is, twenty-one years this next spring."

Miss Willoughby caught her breath a little nervously, "You quite frighten me, Mr. Murdoch. I must be wary myself, for I have unlimited control of my movements until I am twenty-one, and that is a long way off. How much sorrow it might cause me, if, by mischance, I offended him! My poor father had the utmost confidence in him. I know how much he admired and respected him."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Ada. I forgot all about that he was your guardian. You see it is such a new thing, your coming here. But there's no fear for you. In the first place, how could you offend him? And then besides, he could not make a beggar of you. He must fulfil his trust as guardian to the property, if not to you; and when you're free, it will be yours, beyond anybody's meddling. Now it isn't so with Master Gerald. His poor weak mother gave her property all to her husband, when he asked for it, to make some great investment, and there it is, where her son can never have it, if his father has a mind to keep it from him. Don't fret over what I have said, Miss Ada. There's not the first reason for you to be troubled; and I ought to be ashamed for being such a dismal croaker just now, when the old place is brightened up by two gay young faces, like yours and Master Gerald's. It's a rare treat, indeed. Ah! Master Gerald has spied you out; he is coming this way. Say now, Miss Ada, in the fine city where you have been living, say you ever a pleasanter-looking young man than our young master?"

Ada Willoughby laughed merrily at this appeal, and, as presently the handsome boyish face was thrust into the window—the sunny blue eyes and smiling red lips merry and gay enough to have answered for a portrait of Alcibiades, fitly framed for such a presentation in the cool green border of vine leaves—she blushed a little at the honest housekeeper's home question.

"Miss Willoughby, how can you sit in this close room of Mrs. Murdoch's when it is such a delicious day? All Nature is gladome, and calling everybody to come and join her glee. What will you have, a canter on the pony, a ride in the open carriage, or a nice cool row down the lake? I am at your service, on condition that you

will come out of doors, and promise to be happy."

"O, the lake, by all means! unless, indeed, it will be tiresome for you to row."

"What are these stout arms of mine good for, if not to do a little work now and then? Rowing is my delight. Don't you know the fellows in my boat boast of my stroke? We have famous rows, we collegians."

"I'll come in a moment. I am sure I shall enjoy it beyond all the others."

"Don't come to the boat in that snowy dress, I beg of you. It will spoil my comfort to be obliged to watch the spray from the oar. I won't promise not to give you a little shower now and then, and you know it's only the lilies can stand the pelting of the water and keep fresh and unsullied."

"I've a mind to try it. You may splash to your heart's content; there's no harm to come of it, except delivering the dress a little sooner to Lucille's getting up, and it always comes out from her adroit French fingers more exquisite than at first."

She disappeared, and the young man, leaning against the window-frame, continued talking cheerily to the housekeeper.

"But, Mr. Gerald," interrupted she, "this is a nice sweet young lady, this new ward of your father's; don't you think so?"

"A very pleasant girl, Mrs. Murdoch. I was greatly relieved that she did not turn out a demure, frightened, lachrymose schoolgirl, nor a stiff solemn prig. The poor thing will have a lonesome time of it when I am gone, unless you or my father turn hoydenish, and give her a romp now and then; an unlikely relief, I'm afraid."

"Ah, she's just as merry-hearted as you, Master Gerald. It makes me ache, sometimes, thinking how hard it will be for such blithe spirits to come into the shadow."

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and made a comical grimace.

"Does the earth refuse this glorious sunshine, because by-and-by are coming the cold rains and the drifting snows? I won't go ahead, to meet trouble half way. I'll be happy while I can, thinking there's none in sight."

"The Lord send it may always be as bright for you!" murmured the old housekeeper, with dimmed eyes, as the youth turned hastily to meet the graceful girl who came tripping lightly down the steps of the side door.

She had thrown a thin sea-green shawl around her white dress, and tied on a straw hat fluttering with green ribbons. The shining waves of hair beneath the jaunty straw brim, the clear untroubled eyes, the delicately-flushed cheeks, and the cool white cambric dress, with here and there a glimpse of the pink bows, made a pretty picture, as Gerald fixed her comfortably in the stern of his little boat.

"I declare, Miss Willoughby, you're not so much unlike the water-lily, after all, with that glossy green shawl, and the white dress, and the little twinkle of rose color. I assure you, you look exceedingly nice in my boat," said he, as he pushed off from the shore.

Ada Willoughby smiled in response. She did not express aloud her inward comment, that the litho, erect, graceful figure at the oars, with its eager animated face, was, in its way, a picture for which she could find no symbol grand enough.

It was a happy day for these fresh young spirits. Mrs. Murdoch watched them from the drawing-room window, coming up the walk on their return. Squire Wharnley, catching her pleased smile, bent forward from his newspaper, and followed her eyes, and a thoughtful look settled upon his face.

Gerald had her hat and shawl on his arm, and was looking eagerly into her face, which was turned toward him, bright with smiling attention. Their mingling voices, clear and musical, floated forward before their lagging footsteps.

The grim master of Wharnley Lodge watched them closely, conscious, meanwhile, of Mrs. Murdoch's curious observation.

"Well," said he, as if in answer to a question of hers, startling the worthy woman so that she nearly dropped the picture she was dusting, "I suppose it is natural they should take to each other. I have no objection. She seems a good sensible girl. Her property will treble under my management, before she comes of age, and it is already a snug fortune."

Mrs. Murdoch smiled with an air of great relief. Her master turned, with a wonderfully happy face, to meet the young people. It was only a continuation of their sunshine, and they entered merrily.

CHAPTER II.

Six months later, and before one of the university buildings, in the quaint pretty town toward which goes the yearning thought of many and many a famous man, as he recalls the pleasant memories of his *Alma Mater*, was gathered a little knot of young men, conversing in low and suppressed tones, but with eyes and gestures plainly betraying deep excitement. A tall sedate man came slowly down the street, and the young men eyed him anxiously.

"It's all up with us, boys," said a blue-eyed youth, tossing back a curly mass of fair hair from his forehead. "I can see well enough, by the old fellow's face, what has been the verdict. Didn't you see how black a frown drew down those bushy eyebrows of his? We've all got to march, that's positive. If we don't get expelled instead of suspended, we may count it clear gain."

"Confound their sanctimonious gruffness!" growled another. "What do they expect? that young fellows like us are to go without any fun, whilst digging into their musty old books?"

Gerald Wharnley had stood a little apart from the others, and though he had given keen attention to their conversation, he had not joined in it until now.

"It was miserable fun, MacPherson. I don't need this forlorn *denouement* to prove it to me. If it hadn't been that your wine took away all my good sense, I should have been ashamed at the very idea of it. My bitterest humiliation comes from the contempt I feel for my own folly. Don't try to excuse the disgraceful affair in my presence," said he, in a bitter tone.

"Ho, ho! Here's Wharnley, ready for the penitent's seat at a confessional. I wish the worshipful faculty might put upon him all the punishment, since he is so ready to acknowledge his guilt," sneered the previous speaker. "For my part, I am not aware of transgressing the old customs in the least. Didn't we stand our chance of hazing, when we were freshmen? and haven't we a right to take our share of the fun, when the turn comes to us? Besides, we have only served the poor little country sprig a good turn. We've taken out of him, not only the self-esteem he brought from the village academy, but the verdancy of his rustic home."

"For shame, MacPherson!" returned

Gerald, indignantly. Don't you know we may thank Heaven's mercy that the life was not taken out of him, too? He's been saving all night in a delirious fever, and the doctor says it is an even chance whether his delicate constitution will get through it or not."

Something of the horror of his tone was reflected on the faces of the thoughtless young men, who eyed each other ruefully.

"You don't say so, Gerald!" "By George! that's too bad!" "It's a bad business, that's a fact!" was echoed around him.

Gerald Wharnley's voice trembled, as he replied, "I know it is so, because I have been taking care of him all night. His mother has just arrived. I tell you, boys if you had seen her anguish when he did not know her, in answer to her piteous entreaties, you would agree to the worst the faculty can say about this accursed hazing."

"Pooh! the fellow was sick before, I haven't a doubt of it," said MacPherson, the only one who still attempted to brave out the affair. "I don't see what it has to do with us, because the fever has taken hold of him."

"It has everything to do with us," replied Gerald, in a deep stern voice. "It is the result of our wanton cruelty—the natural effect of fright and that icy cold bath, upon a delicate constitution. If he dies, I, for one, shall feel myself his murderer. And I was not the ringleader, MacPherson. I think I had wit enough to remonstrate against the bath."

A rueful silence fell upon the young men, and one by one they separated, and went away to their rooms, terribly disconcerted by this unlooked-for result of a night's frolic. To be called together again in a few hours, to undergo the dreaded ordeal of the president's severe reproof, and learn of their suspension from the college.

It was very little like the hilarious, frolicsome, half-crazed band which had made their dreaded raid on the quiet room of the freshman—this slow, crestfallen, rueful procession which emerged from the president's room. A few made feeble attempts at nonchalance and indifference, but only MacPherson, a fiery-spirited, indolent young Southerner, really felt the punishment undeserved, and no inward accusations to render the catastrophe still more intolerable.

"It will save us a deal of fagging and hard work, lads," said he, with a careless whistle. "I'm off for livelier scenes than this. Thanks to all these wise professors, I shan't have to touch a book for a good while."

Gerald Wharnley looked after him as he went swaggering down the street, and his lip trembled as he muttered, fiercely:

"And I have allowed a heartless wretch like that to lead me into a course which has tarnished my good name, nearly ruined my prospects, and for aught I know, endangered all the hopes I hold dearest! O fool and blind! But it is a lesson I shall never forget. What will my father say? How will Ada receive this humiliating announcement?"

He wrung his hands, and, pulling his cap over his eyes, darted down a narrow alley, to escape meeting one of his acquaintances, who was coming toward him with a cheery genial smile. The latter followed him, however, and calling after him, compelled him to turn reluctantly toward him.

"A letter for you, Wharnley. It has just arrived, by private hands. From home, I presume. Don't look so ghastly, man! You'll get the governor's lecture, no doubt; but I'll wager it ends with the paternal blessing. Why, there isn't one of the others stands half your chance. An only son, the sole heir to a goodly estate—of course you'll be forgiven at once."

Gerald Wharnley shut down his teeth savagely against his whitening lip, to keep back a groan.

"Don't talk, just now, Brown. I know you mean the best, but I can't bear it," cried he, hastily snatching away the letter, and glancing shiveringly at his father's bold familiar writing.

"I don't want to torment you, Gerald, but you are taking this thing to heart in an entirely uncalled-for way. You couldn't look any more guilty, if you had committed murder."

"It might have been that. I know, now, just how wicked and cruel was our frenzied sport with that poor fellow. He's better this morning; I thank Heaven for that!"

"His mother is poor, too, I understand. We're going to start a subscription to pay her expenses and the doctor's bill."

"There's no need. I emptied my purse into her lap last night; it was enough for all her needs, I think. Now let me go."

Holding the still unopened letter in his hand, Gerald Wharnley turned away, and walked slowly on towards a little grove at the end of the village. Once safe in that solitude, he threw himself upon the mossy ground, and tore open the seal. He glanced over the bold handwriting, as if to gain some hint of its purport, and then beginning again, read every word slowly and firmly.

There was less agitation in his face, now that the blow had actually fallen. A certain firm determined resignation took away the careless boyish look, but left a grave manliness scarcely less becoming. He folded the letter deliberately.

"Well, my forebodings were not without cause. He is fearfully incensed. That hateful newspaper paragraph has made for me just the mischief I expected. I cannot wonder that he is indignant to see my name printed there in full, as a malicious, willful, disgraced rowdy. I cannot blame him for his anger; but it is my first offence, and he might take my promise that it will be my last, instead of turning me so relentlessly from his home and affections. I cannot believe that he will continue so angry when he has received my letter, telling him just the truth of the whole matter. Ada will intercede for me, unless—O, I dare not picture her grief and resentment! I will try to be calm and hopeful. I will wait till they receive my letters; then I can decide upon my future course."

Saying which, with the most composed manner he had been able to assume since the disgraceful frolic, the young man rose to his feet, and walked slowly back to his boarding-place. On his way he met the president of the college, who paused, and, seeing his shame-flushed face and drooping head, said, kindly:

"We are all very sorry for you, Wharnley; not only because you are so general a favorite, but that it is your first offence. But the affair is of too grave a character to be passed by. I trust the lesson will be salutary for you, and that you will come back after this suspension better fitted to resist the temptations these wild young men can offer to your genial, social disposition. I have written as favorably as I could to your father."

"Thank you, sir. Indeed, this lesson is bitter enough to last me a lifetime."

"The poor lad's mother is full of pity

for you, while she has only anger for the others. You have promptly acknowledged your fault, and done your best toward repairing the mischief. I wish we could have spared you the suspension; but after that hasty article in the daily paper, it would look partial and ill-advised."

"I deserve it," answered Gerald, ruefully, "and I bear it as a merited penance, if only my father will forgive me."

"I will write again, as favorably as I feel toward you."

"You are very kind. I will never try your patience again, if I return to the college."

"Of course you will return."

Gerald did not express the conviction which weighed heavily on his mind, that this assertion was a hopeless one, but passed on.

Another day, and his doubts were all put at rest, by the certainty of his doom. His father sent back the letter he had written, with the seal unbroken.

"You are no son of mine, henceforward," wrote he. "As you have sowed, so may you reap. As guardian of Miss Ada Willoughby, I likewise forbid all communication with her. What debts you have contracted before this date, I shall pay, as becomes an honorable man of business. After this, I shall not be responsible for even the crust which keeps you from starving. Your name is a forbidden sound in this house."

"Pitiless, inexorable!" muttered Gerald, as his eye flashed, and his pallid cheek took a momentary glow of indignation. "Has he no particle of affection? no human commiseration for a soul thus set adrift from everything that can hold it away from the whirlpool of sin? Truly I am now to commence the world on my own account. I have nothing to aid me, my purse is empty. I am glad that poor widow had the money while it was in my power to give it. I will not even have his name, since he holds that my actions fling disgrace upon it."

He had never looked handsomer, more like a hero than now, when he stood with folded arms, glittering eyes and pale stern face.

"This grievous reverse shall not crush me. I will show him that there is the spirit of a man within me. I am young and strong. Shall I bewail this experience like a weak woman? It is a dreary thing

to stand alone; but I think there is that within me can rise above despondency and face it manfully. There is but one course before me; I must find some situation in which to earn my daily bread. I must go away from here at once. O, if there had only come one single encouraging word from Ada!"

He smothered the groan which accompanied the last words, and walked to and fro fiercely.

"She forsakes me, too. She joins my father in his resentment, or I should have received a line, a word, in answer to that appealing letter of mine. So perish all my fondest hopes! Beggared in fortune, exiled from home, wrecked in love! And yet, I will not be crushed. There is that within me shall rise above it all."

Clinging almost fiercely to this dauntless resolution, Gerald Wharnley went away from the pleasant little town, from the *Abba Mater* which thrust him forth, into the busy, hurrying, selfish world, to seek a place there for his young arm to work. Alack! he little dreamed of the heart-wearing, disheartening ordeal before him. He gave his name fearlessly at first, until he saw the suspicion and discouragement it produced.

"What, a son of the rich Lawyer Wharnley, and turned adrift in this style! You are no safe character for any one else to harbor, if so bad that your own father turns you off," said one after another; and turned a deaf ear to his explanations and apologies.

He soon grew weary of the fruitless attempt, and presently, though with a hot cheek and faltering voice, gave his name as Geoffrey Gerald. Then came inquiries concerning his references and abilities. He had no references. Give him a trial, and he would show what he could do, answered he, boldly. He felt the keen inquisitive eyes glancing over his tender white hands, his genteel clothing, the unmistakable look which betrays luxurious nurture and habits, and knew well enough why he received, everywhere, such persistent refusal.

If his own father turned away from his entreaties, how could he expect better of the heartless, selfish world? Before long, the proud spirit, the stout young heart, died within him. He had pawned his watch long ago; sold every little trinket, all his

superfluous clothing, and still he was without a permanent situation—only enabled, here and there, now and then, to earn a meagre pittance, wherewith to keep away the gaunt wolf of poverty. He grew reckless and bitter. In an evil hour he came across MacPherson. Gay, brilliant, lavish with the income forwarded him from the far-away cotton-fields and rice swamps of the South, the young aristocrat's company gave a sort of respectability to his appearance, which his rapidly-diminishing resources could not bestow. He was kind and generous in his ways; and poor Gerald had grown greedily hungry even for such little show of friendship as his old comrade could give. MacPherson, dully conscious of his own instrumentality in bringing about such woeful result for his companion and classmate, made a sort of protegee of him, invited him to sumptuous dinners, drove him along the race-course with his matchless horses, coaxed or bullied him to have recourse to billiards and wine, to drown his cares, and kept him near him by the oft-reiterated promise to provide him with a good situation in which he might earn an honest living. The good honest heart of the youth loathed this miserable life, yet he had no power to turn away from the only hope held out to him. Gerald was standing upon the very brink of ruin. Where was the friendly hand to snatch him back? Where, O where was the angel whisper to warn him of his fatal position?

At Wharnley Lodge the stern old father sat gloomily gloating over his own invincible rectitude, his impartial justice, his swift rebuke for evil—and at the door of a gambling-house, in the dissolute city, his distracted son stood, irresolute and dizzy, driven thither by the harsh decree over which the grim old lawyer exulted.

For the crisis came to Gerald speedily. MacPherson grew tired of his sombre company. He had, moreover, become himself seriously embarrassed, by his reckless expenditure, and was quite ready to shake off this poverty-stricken comrade.

He did not care to part unkindly, or without the show of patronage he had hitherto kept up. He looked around, therefore, and laid before Gerald the proffered employment. It would replenish his empty purse, and put him in the way of future advancement. Gerald saw that at a glance; but he

saw, also, with a deadly sickness at the heart, that it would lose him his good name, and steep his soul in guilt—that it was work no honorable man would soil his hands in touching. He faltered out his scruples, and MacPherson laughed them to scorn.

“Pooh, lad, that is stuff, utter nonsense! Haven’t you come to see that it is just as a man’s purse is lined that he stands in the world’s respect? See what a poor devil you are now, and remember how you were courted and admired when you were heir to the old governor’s snug pile! Be rich, and you will be successful, and honored, and applauded. You can quit the business as soon as you are on a safe footing. I have hard enough work to get the chance for you; I thought you’d be eternally grateful to me. But it’s all of a piece—the ingratitude of the world. I’m a little down myself; I positively can’t help you another dime.”

“I will decide to-night,” answered Gerald, wondering if the voice which brought the slow words through his dry parched throat could be the same to which Ada Willoughby had once so tenderly responded, which generous comrades had ever gladly hailed, which poor Mrs. Murdoch had many a time declared to him was better than music in her ears.

MacPherson yielded to his whim. He did not ask him to accompany him to dinner or to supper. If he thought a famished stomach would aid his designs, he betrayed no such hint to Gerald.

The unhappy youth found his way like a blind man, groping and staggering, to the miserable attic which he had called his home. He sat down at the table, and dropped his aching head upon his crossed arms.

“What can I do?” muttered he. “I tried my best to earn an honest living, and no one would give me a chance. I cannot starve. I would draw water or hew stone, gladly enough; but because of the bringing up my father gave me, I am looked upon as an impostor when I offer my services. Misfortunes accumulate upon me. What shall I do? what shall I do? Surely I am justified in accepting this only opportunity offered me.”

The hours dragged themselves on with a terrible slowness, the silence in the room had something awful and thrilling. Gerald

was numbly conscious of the battle going on between the good and evil spirits, for the possession of his precious undying soul. He glanced around him with nervous shudderings, as though he heard the rustling of angel pinions, the heavy tramp of vicious hoofs. His cheek gathered a fever spot of crimson, in contrast to its deadly whiteness; his throat grew still more parched; a deadly faintness succeeded the pangs of hunger. His eyes wandered wildly around the wretched apartment. There was nothing left, actually nothing that a Jew would advance a dime upon. With a hollow groan he dropped his head again; the shadows were lengthening swiftly, and the twilight, which comes so abruptly upon the narrow streets of the city, gloomed its gray into the dismal attic chamber. Suddenly springing to his feet, he seized his hat.

“Let me go, before I am fairly crazed. A man must have food. If the world refuses it to me in honorable recompense for honest toil, I must get it as I can.”

How mournfully the angel pinions waved their farewell flight! How demoniac was the evil chuckle that seemed to sound within his ears! He glared about him in angry terror, and strode forward toward the door.

At that moment steps were heard on the crazy stairs without. One, slow, stumbling, agitated—the other, light, swift and eager. The door swung open, and Gerald Wharnley stood staring blankly at the vision before him.

Two women. One dowdyish, and clumsy, and countrified, wrapped in a gay plaid shawl, the good old face crimson with mingled joy and grief; the other, fair, and lovely, and gracious enough for the beneficent spirit whose rustling wings stirred again to the depths of Gerald’s heart—a perfect picture of girlish grace and daintiness. Both fell at his feet, sobbing, incoherently:

“We have found you! O Gerald, at last we have found you!”

“My blessed boy, my poor dear boy! Did you think we joined in his cruelty?”

“Ada, O Ada!” sobbed Gerald, glancing from the girl to his wretched surroundings, and hiding his face in his shaking hands.

She drew them away with her soft fingers, kissing them between the dripping tears.

“Gerald, Gerald, you are not to blame; we know it well enough. O, we have been

cruelly deceived! But we have found it out at last. We know you have no shadow of guilt upon you. We shall never fear that."

The young man shuddered, and shrank away from the pure hands, the holy innocent eyes. What if they had come an hour later? He sank, half fainting, into a chair.

Mrs. Murdoch had taken a sharp look around the bare forlorn room, and back to the hollow wasted cheeks, the pale lips and fever-bright eyes. She put the girl away resolutely, and with her own stout arm lifted up the feeble form.

"Mr. Gerald, you're sick. You've got as good as a fever, this sorrowful minute. And I'm going to take you right home with me, and nurse you up. I shan't allow you to talk much with Ada. Only just to keep your mind peaceable, she may tell you how the master kept from her your letters, and wouldn't let us do anything to find out about you. He said you'd grown to be a wicked villain; but we didn't believe that—only we were sorely troubled by your not writing to us. We know all about it, now, and we've hunted you up; and we're going to take care of you till you are well, and then you are to take what we've both got, and look out for us. That's just how it is, Mr. Gerald; so don't you say another word. We'll have a carriage and take you home, for you will never walk a step in the world, with such a tremble as this on you."

He was, indeed, growing too ill to resist the worthy woman's energetic will. He clung to Ada's hand, and whispered:

"Don't leave me, Ada! But you must not take me to my father; he will never allow it. If I die, tell him I forgive him."

"Alack!" exclaimed Mrs. Murdoch, "he will never speak one of his hard words again; he will never write you another cruel letter. He had a shock yesterday morning, and the doctor says he will never speak, or know anything again. We found the letter among his papers, and started to search for you. You're his heir, after all, Mr. Gerald, and nobody can unsay it; for he tore up the new will the last thing he did before he was taken."

Gerald was beyond the realization of this great change in his fortunes. The shock of the abrupt announcement had been too much for him. His head had fallen back across Ada's arm, and her wild frightened

eyes were peering frantically into his pallid insensible face.

"Poor dear lamb! he's clear fainted away. How shall we ever get him away? Sure it must have been his mother's spirit put it into our hearts to come to-day, instead of writing to him; for another day, I do believe, would have been too late to help the fever!" ejaculated Mrs. Murdoch, while she was busily chafing the chilly hands.

Ada was too overwhelmed to venture a single word. The wretched room, the evident destitution, had been frightful enough; but this illness completed her horror. She stood blankly gazing into the inanimate face, with a look of utter despair.

"Find some water, Ada. That is cheap enough to be even here. Dear heart! why do you stand like a statue? Sprinkle some water in his face, and then he will revive."

In a short time they were able, with the coachman's help, to take him to the carriage. It was decided the wisest course to get out, by easy drives, to Wharnley Lodge.

Accordingly, one sunny afternoon, into the presence of a white, stiff, deathly figure, with drawn mouth and dull meaningless eyes, was borne another drooping form and pallid face, which was laid on a couch beside that of the dying master of Wharnley Lodge. Father and son were face to face.

Gerald's cheek paled to a still more waxy hue, and his eyes overflowed with tears, as he bent forward, with claspings hands, to seek for one sign of recognition. The dull filmy eyes of Squire Wharnley turned slowly and questioningly to that worn haggard face, from which the boyish bloom had been brushed away by the ruthless hands of care and grief. A sudden flicker of interest brightened the pale pupil; there was a convulsive but impotent effort for speech; an expression of intense agony, of wild yearning, was in those wistful eyes, as though they longed to fulfil the office of the dumb palsied lips.

Gerald's sob shook his whole frame, as he cried, "O father, father, give me some sign to show that you have forgiven me—that you are no longer angry with me!"

The poor distorted lips made their best efforts for a smile, the thin crippled fingers reached forth feebly. Ada was quick to guess his wish. She took Gerald's hand and laid it in that weak clasp. The father

smiled again, as his fingers closed over those of his son. The peace and content dimly revealed by the lips crept upward, and gave a tender joy to those still eloquent eyes, which, in the days of health and strength, they had seldom known. They lingered fondly on the young man's face, and then turned appealingly to Ada.

"Yes, yes," sobbed she, "I will love him—I will care for him—I will try to make him happy!"

Another smile. The effort, the peacefulness and content had wonderful effect upon him. The distorted lines were smoothed out of the face; that haunting look of dumb agony vanished, and left a childlike calm. The fingers still clung to the hand of Gerald, but slowly the stiff lids settled over the gazing eyes. The spasmodic breath eased away softly and almost imperceptibly.

"He is asleep," said Ada and Gerald, in low hushed voices.

"He is dead!" said the physician, solemnly.

"Heaven be praised, that I was brought here in time for this scene!" ejaculated Gerald, the tears pouring over his thin pale cheeks.

"It was only because of these unusual circumstances that I consented to so unwise a proceeding," answered the good doctor. "Now you must consent to resign yourself to the tender nursing of Mrs. Murdoch. Grieve not for this happy release from so pitiful a state as that of your father must have been, had he lingered here. I am confident that he welcomed the approach of the merciful release. Now you must consider your own health, Mr. Gerald. And indeed it is a refreshing sight to see you here again, and a most be-

neficent chance that brought you in time to receive and give peace at this deathbed."

"Not chance," whispered Gerald to Ada; "O no, not chance—but a blessed interposition of Providence. Some time you shall know all you saved me from."

Gerald recovered health and strength slowly but surely, and was thenceforward a firm, staid, reliable man, free from all those dangerous traits of character, that easy, indolent, yielding nature, that complaisant good-humor, which could be drawn hither and thither at the caprice of his associates, or by the will of circumstance.

Two years after his marriage he had occasion to visit the national capital, and while there, he attended, with his wife, a fashionable levee, given by one of the leaders of the ton. In the midst of the gay talk and merry scene, Ada felt him start nervously, and saw him shudder in horror. She looked around wonderingly, but saw only a tall showily-dressed gentleman, making his way, with a peculiarly significant smile, toward them. Her husband drew her hastily away, and did not seem at rest until he had placed the crowd between them and the unknown man.

"Who was it?" asked Ada, wonderingly.

"It was one who stood in the place of the arch-tempter himself, Heaven forgive him! I cannot think of him without a shudder—to be obliged to speak to him would, I think, be intolerable. It was MacPherson. The sight of him has brought before me, with terrible vividness, all the particulars of my first temptation. Let us go out into the cool air, under the calm holy light of the stars, my Ada, and I shall forget it all, and only remember the dear guardian angel who came in time to save me."

'LAZY BEAVERS.—It is a curious fact that among the beavers there are some that are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter stock. The industrious ones beat these idle fellows, and drive them away; sometimes cutting off parts of their tails, and otherwise injuring them. The "paresseux" are more easily caught in traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They only dig a hole from the water, running obliquely from the surface of the ground

twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge, when hungry, to obtain food, returning to the same hole with the wood they procure, to eat the bark. They never form dams, and are sometimes to the number of five or seven together; all are males. It is not at all improbable that these unfortunate fellows have, as is the case with the males of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their sex, and after being conquered and driven from the lodge, have become idlers from a kind of necessity.

STORY OF JACK SCOTT AND BESSY SURTEES.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

THE Scotts are an old and widely diffused Border clan. They have had many distinguished men amongst them; the greatest of all being the illustrious poet and novelist, of whose personal appearance and genial character some of us have still an agreeable remembrance. As an active pushing race, the Scotts have spread far beyond their native glens, crossed the Border, and settled in various parts of Northumberland.

In the early part of last century, there dwelt in Sandgate, an old-fashioned thoroughfare near the Tyne, outside Newcastle, a family of these Scotts, whose occupation lay among the barges and coal-traders on the river. They were an industrious descendant of people, with no pretensions to gentility, and as was reasonable, improved in circumstances from one generation to another. The family begins to emerge from obscurity in the person of William Scott, who is apprenticed to a coal-fitter in Newcastle. A coal-fitter is a kind of middle-man between the owner of coal-pits and shippers. He purchases the coal, transfers it to barges called keels, whence it is put on board ships in the river. The word keel, from an old Anglo-Saxon term, signifying a barque, is now lost to the general vocabulary, but remains preserved in a popular ballad, *Weel may the Keel row*. The term also keeps its ground in relation to the coal-barges on the Tyne, where owners of keels are men of considerable substance. The William Scott we have been speaking of, rose by his steadiness and intelligence to be a coal-fitter and proprietor of keels, with numerous keelmen in his employment. With a view to keep his men from straggling away among public-houses, he for a time kept a house for their special accommodation, the sale of beer to them adding to his ordinary gains. This concern, however, as not being creditable to a man in his flourishing circumstances, was, after a time, dropped. From being an owner of keels, he, in due course, became an owner of ships, in which capacity few men attained greater note on the Tyne from Newcastle to Shields and Sunderland.

William Scott was married in 1740, to

a Miss Atkinson of Newcastle. It was a happy matrimonial alliance. Besides good looks and placid temper, the lady possessed an excellent understanding, along with all proper domestic accomplishments. A fortunate marriage for the owner of keels and ships! At the time that a child was about to make its appearance, the country was thrown into alarm by the rebellion in the spring of 1745. A rebel army was advancing on Tyne. The gates of Newcastle were shut and guarded. In a condition which made her apprehensive of deeds of violence, Mrs. Scott removed to the village of Heyworth, four miles distant, in the county of Durham. There she gave birth to a male infant; but there was a second child, and, in the urgency of the case, a medical practitioner was sent for to Newcastle. It was during the night; the gates were closed; as delay might be hazardous, the doctor was let down over the wall in a basket, and he arrived in good time to deliver Mrs. Scott of a female child. The boy was named William, and we shall soon hear more of him.

It was Mrs. Scott's destiny to "fall into a family." Returning to Newcastle after the rebellion was over, she again, after a time, had twins, a boy and a girl, born on the 4th of June (the birthday of George III.) 1751. The boy was christened John—the John Scott, hero of our story, but who almost until middle life was best known by his friends as Jack, or Jack Scott. Master Jackey was a promising youth while still in petticoats, but scarcely more so than his brother William, who was from five to six years his senior. The two boys had good brains. They grew up fond of books, which is always a sign of acute intelligence, and both had a surprising memory. Of course, they had the ordinary unruliness of boys, performed pranks, and underwent the floggings at school, which at that time were considered a proper academic discipline. At the Free Grammar school at Newcastle, under the management of the Rev. Mr. Moises, they acquired a sound classical instruction, to which they were largely indebted for their future advancement. Wil-

liam was sent to complete his education at Oxford; but the father did not contemplate sending Jack thither, considering the line of life he was likely to pursue. For one thing, Jack was a skilled penman. His handwriting was beautiful, and remained so during life.

Jack was otherwise accomplished. As a small, but handsomely made youth of fourteen, he was one of the best dancers in Newcastle. At the dancing-school, he signaled himself by his gallantry in helping the young ladies to put on their dancing-shoes, it being according to etiquette in those days to render this kind of service, and at the same time offer a small bouquet of flowers. In this way, Jack Scott grew up a beau, and was admired for the gracefulness of his manners. On reaching his fifteenth year, his father began to think what was to be done with him. Nothing seemed more suitable than to bring him up to his own trade as a coal-fitter. William, who, by his excellent abilities, had already gained a fellowship, and occupied the position of a college tutor, did not like the idea of seeing his brother Jack a coal-dealer, and persuaded his father to send the lad to Oxford, where something better could be done for him. So, in 1766, Jack goes in the fly to Oxford, and is there entered as a member of the university. Here he did not shine so conspicuously as on the banks of the Tyne, and his Northumbrian burr was not in his favor. Yet he spent three years at college, showed his splendid talents, and, like his brother, obtained a fellowship. In 1771, he wrote an English essay, and gained the prize for doing so—a matter of gratulation to the family.

While everything was going on swimmingly for high academic honors, Jack Scott, at twenty-one years of age, sacrificed all his prospects by a single act. In the course of a journey through the north of England, he attended church at Sedgfield in the county of Durham, and there saw, and instantly fell in love with Elizabeth Surtees, daughter of a banker in Newcastle. Bessy was under the charge of an aunt, to whom Jack contrived to procure an introduction, which opened the way for a conversation with the young lady. His fame as a prize essayist, united with his handsome personal appearance, and black sparkling eyes, gave him an advantage which proved irresistible. After an acquaintance of but

a few days, Jack Scott and Bessy had pledged their troth to each other.

Miss Surtees had not yet come out. This important affair in a young lady's life was to take place at a ball given to the Duke of Cumberland—the Duke of Culloden notoriety—at Newcastle on the 1st of September, 1771. Jack took good care to be at the ball, but disconcerted by seeing Bessy led out as a partner by the duke, and that she was ceremoniously treated as the "belle of the ball," he did not ask her to dance. For this shyness, he speedily made up. At the weekly assemblies, he not only danced with her, but openly showed that he was an admirer. An arrangement in the rooms was favorable to the young pair. There was a large and a small apartment, with a lobby or stair-head between. In the dances, Jack made a point of dancing with Bessy down the long room into the lobby and the small room beyond—a circumstance he used gleefully to relate in his later days as a skillful piece of generalship.

These dancings did not escape notice. The Scotts were sorry that Jack had entangled himself so early in life, though they allowed his choice was unexceptionable. If he married Bessy, he would lose his fellowship, and where were his means of a respectable livelihood? As for the Surtees, they were furious at the notion of Jack Scott, son of a coal-fitter who once kept a public-house, aspiring to be a match for their daughter. Resolved to do all in their power to check the alliance, they sent Bessy off on a visit to a lady, a high connection in London; trusting she would there be looked after, and the fancy for Jack Scott driven out of her head. Bessy saw much fine company in London, figured at parties in Northumberland House, the Opera, and Ranelagh. Jack was not far off. He found means to have interviews with Bessy while walking under female tutelage in Hyde Park. On these occasions, there was a mutual determination to hold to their plighted troth. This being settled, Jack went for a short time to Oxford, and Bessy returned to her home in Newcastle. If Surtees imagined that the engagement with his daughter was broken off, he was mistaken. Bessy had arranged to elope with her lover. We do not justify elopement. It is a paltry way of beginning an honorable married career. Surtees, however, was not without blame. He thought that he, as a

banker was a much grander person than any of the Scotts, and viewed the proposed marriage of his daughter with Jack Scott as a prodigious downcome in dignity. In reality, Jack was as good as he was, intellectually a much greater man; and the amusing fact is, that the whole Surtees family lived to see their error.

The plot now thickens in intensity. The night of November 18, 1772, was selected for the elopement. Mr. Surtees, notwithstanding his affected grandeur, lived in a house above a shop in a street called the Sandhill. The shop was that of Mr. Clayton, a clothier, who had for assistant a young man named Wilkinson, a friend of Scott. The dwelling of Surtees had an entrance separate from the shop, but its windows could easily be reached by a ladder from the pavement. Wilkinson had no difficulty in secreting a ladder, which at the time appointed he placed against the most westerly window; and down it, under cloud of night, slid Bessy Surtees into the arms of Jack Scott. The thing was well managed. At a respectful distance, a post-chaise was in waiting, and in it the pair drove off for Scotland. The road they took was by Morpeth and Coldstream, by which they arrived next morning at Blackshields. Scott's design was probably to take fresh horses at Blackshields, and post on to Edinburgh, only two stages distant, where the marriage ceremony could have been effected; but having accidentally learned that the Rev. J. Buchanan, Episcopal minister at Haddington, was in the house, he invited that gentleman to officiate, which he did according to the form prescribed by the Church of England, and afterwards gave them a certificate to that effect. The newly wedded pair immediately retraced their route to Morpeth, where they resided for a day or two.

It need scarcely be said that Surtees was at first implacable in his resentment. The Scotts were more distressed than angry. As what, however, was done could not be undone, they sent their forgiveness, and invited Jack and his bride to their dwelling. They came, and matters were so far made up. In a few months, there was a softening in the feelings of the old banker. He saw it was no use, or rather worse than useless, to stand out. There was accordingly a treaty of peace by the belligerents. Scott's father settled two thousand pounds

on the newly-wedded pair, and Mr. Surtees settled one thousand pounds, a sum which he afterwards doubled. The annual proceeds were meant as a help to the young couple. They were literally penniless, and the small annual income from these gifts was all they could reckon upon till Jack could make his way in the world. To make the marriage doubly sure, the ceremony was solemnized afresh in the parish church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, January 19, 1773. That may be called the date at which Scott began his memorable career. He and Bessy drove off southwards across the Tyne. The world was all before them. Doubts and darkness hovered over the future; but in these young beings there was the spring of hope and intelligence, with a determinate resolution to fight the battle of life. Jack had formed his plan. It was to enter himself as a student at the bar, and reside during the period of probation at Oxford. He was admitted to the Society of the Middle Temple January 28, 1773. At Oxford, he delivered lectures, taught pupils, and so eked out his small income. Mrs. Scott proved an admirable helpmate. Studying her husband's means, she made both ends meet. The only entertainments she gave were small tea-parties, and we learn with some interest that one of her occasional guests was Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In studying for the bar, Scott made the most strenuous endeavors. Having taken his degree of Master of Arts, he plunged into his legal studies; rose at four in the morning; spent only a few minutes at meals; took little outdoor exercise; and sat up over his books till late at night. He also had the fortitude to keep his brain unclouded. His abstemiousness was as remarkable as it was exemplary. In the circumstances in which he was placed, he was a model husband; while Bessy, in her tender and loving way, and earnest devotion to his interests, was a model wife. The marriage had been a perfect success. The economizing spirit of the pair was, if anything, augmented by the birth of a son in March, 1774. Next year, being called to the bar, Scott—for we must drop calling him Jack—went to reside in London. His house was in Cursitor Street, near Chancery Lane, afterwards described by him as his first perch, to which in an evening he used to bring from Fleet market twopenceworth of sprats for supper. Success in the legal

profession is only attainable by intense industry, a fair share of common-sense and tact, along with perhaps a degree of good-luck. Erskine was a surprising instance of a rapid rise to fortune. Thurlow also mounted suddenly by his ingenious reasoning and fervid oratory in the Douglas cause. Scott had not so good a chance, but he lost nothing in perseverance; and he was aided immensely by his powers of memory, as well as by acuteness of judgment. His slender means did not permit his becoming a pupil for twelve months under an equity pleader. For this deficiency he was partly compensated by being allowed gratuitously to study cases in the office of a kind-hearted conveyancer, and so stored his mind with details for practice, as a barrister.

We cannot go into a regular account of Scott's career. That is given better elsewhere by Lord Campbell. For several years he had little practice, and Mrs. Scott's house-keeping, as may be supposed, was still on a moderate footing. But he never despaired, went upon circuit, and accumulated experience. His day of triumph came. In 1780, in an intricate contest as to the rights of an heir-at-law to rank as a residuary legatee, tried before Lord Thurlow, Mr. Scott offered such convincing arguments as to gain the case for his client. His reputation was made. Briefs came in upon him, and ever afterwards he was at ease in his circumstances. In 1783, he received a silk gown. He about the same time, through his strong Conservative leanings, was elected member of parliament for Weobly. His appearances in the House of Commons, as has been the case of many noted lawyers, were disappointing. In 1788, he rose to be Solicitor-general, and received the honor of knighthood from the king. In 1793, he was promoted to be Attorney-general. Next, in 1799, he was made Chief-justice of the Common Pleas, and created Baron Eldon in the county of Durham. Jack Scott, a peer! Bessy become Lady Eldon! How the news spread at Newcastle, and astonished everybody—the Surtees in particular, though they already had occasion to change their opinion concerning Bessy's marriage. Fortunately, Lord Eldon's venerable mother survived to see her son arrive at this distinction; and with proper filial affection, his first duty, on being raised to the peerage, was to acquaint her with the fact—signing himself Eldon.

One does not learn without emotion that on the receipt of the letter, the old lady burst into tears, and exclaimed, "To think that I should live to be the mother of a lord!" What justifiable pride hath not a mother in the high worldly appreciation of her sons! It is about the most exalted sentiment in which humanity can indulge. Lord Eldon attained still higher honors. In 1801, on the dismissal of Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, he was appointed Lord-chancellor of Great Britain.

Few men have had such a lengthened judicial and political career. Eldon was Chancellor under three successive administrations. His decisions were sound, and the chief fault imputed to him was his delay and hesitation in bringing suits to a final judgment. In the present day, his political views would be pronounced narrow and ungenial, though no one ever doubted his sincerity, and earnest desire to promote the best interests of his country. In private life, he was fond of jocularities, and untiring in his anecdotes about early struggles and acquaintances; often giving amusing accounts of incidents in which he had been concerned. He never affected to conceal his origin; and, as an instance of his goodness of heart, did not forget, on becoming Lord-chancellor, to confer a lucrative appointment on Moises, his old friend and schoolmaster at Newcastle.

In 1821, he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Encombe and Earl of Eldon. His "beloved Bessy" lived ten years to enjoy her new title as Countess of Eldon; and deeply did the earl mourn her decease in 1831. He himself, after outliving almost all his immediate relations, died in his eighty-seventh year, January 3, 1838, leaving behind him a fortune of over half a million sterling. In his titles and estates he was succeeded by his grandson. Lord Eldon's brother, William, had a scarcely less distinguished career. He, too, was a lawyer, and ultimately rose to be judge of the Court of Admiralty; in which position, as also in his knowledge of international and ecclesiastical law, he won high distinction. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Stowel; but at his decease in 1836, without male issue, the title became extinct. Lords Eldon and Stowel were two of the most remarkable men of their time, rising to eminence through sheer native force and ability.

SATISFIED.

BY S. E. GRAHAM.

Sweet Eva, with the golden hair,
And eyes of heaven's own blue,
Can we forget thy gentleness,
Thy heart so warm and true?

One little year ago to-night
And thou wast with us here;
The Yule fires then were blazing bright,
And merry was the cheer.

We begged thee for a favorite song,
And thou, most willingly,
Didst sing us, but with tearful eyes,
"The Cottage by the Sea."

The sadness of the soft refrain
Had touched thy gentle heart—
Or was it that some hidden pain
E'en then had left its smart?

We cannot tell, though fain would know,
If sorrow made thee pine
For some reality in life
Which was denied to thine.

It may be that heaven's rest seemed sweet,
Thou wert so fain to go,
Or that thy heart could illy bear
Life's heritage below.

But this we know, if aught of joy
Was to thy life denied,
That, waking in His likeness, now
Thy heart is satisfied.

JAPAN AS IT WAS AND IS.

BY PROF. JAMES MACKINTOSH.

THE rapid changes which are taking place in Japan, the disruption of all the former laws and customs of society, the immense innovation signified by the emerging of the Mikado or king from his profound and sacred seclusion, and the rapid increase of our acquaintance with a country which, within the remembrance of us all, was almost mythical, lend great interest to pictures of the Japan that used to be. Ten years have done the work of centuries, in modifying all the moral, intellectual and social aspects of the country, especially in the great cities, and fire has of late fatally accelerated change by effacing the most characteristic of the ancient edifices.

Yeddo, the capital of the country, was

visited in 1807 by an adventurous party of French travellers, of whom the Duc de Penthièvre and M. de Beauvoir were the most noted. The story told by these intelligent Europeans will soon have acquired the value of ancient history. They went to Yeddo while it was yet a closed city, inaccessible to foreign manufactures, and inhabited by a great number of two-sworded men, bitterly hostile to Europeans; so that the Japanese government, responsible for their safety, sent them thither under a strong escort of "yakonines," who surrounded them as closely as policemen guarding prisoners, the main body (six) being preceded by a picket of four, who sternly divided the crowd, and kept them at a distance. All along the road from

Yokohama to the capital of the Taikoun, as they galloped with their escort, they noted that at the gate of every village there were four men who sat upon a mat-strewed stage, in front of a house adorned with flags, still and silent as statues, writing down the names of all the passers-by. Having crossed the Lokungo River, they reached the great "tea-house" of Meiaski, which is an epitome of the utter strangeness of things in Japan. M. de Beauvoir compares the garden to a fairy park, seen from a hill, through the big end of a telescope. A vast assemblage of dwarf shrubs, purple and dark green, spread their crooked arms over tiny lakes inhabited by red fish; lilliputian alleys meander through pigmy parterres, gutter rivers with green bridges wide enough to let a rat pass, arbors and nooks in which nothing bigger than a rabbit could find room; such were the features of this toy-garden, which was enthusiastically admired by two-sworded travelers of ferocious appearance, who were, nevertheless, very harmless; and much flattered by the surprise and curiosity evinced by the "barbarian people." The vigilance of these two-sworded guardians increased with the approach to Sinagawa, a suburb which had recently been burned down and rebuilt, in the birdcage and matchbox style which is so surprising to European eyes, for this is a resort of the young Japanese nobility, who are handy with their swords, and, at that time, held foreigners in great detestation. The first view of the Bay of Yeddo is very imposing, with the huge forts on the islands, and the castles of the daimios crowning the hills.

Yeddo is a city of gardens and palaces, and, with its thirty hills, is unequalled in the world. It stretches out beyond the limits of sight, like a vast park; it is built upon the sea, and a great river runs through it. The "Siro," or Taikoun's palace, rises in the centre like a huge citadel from wide-spreading glacis of turf, which descend to circular lakes and canals. Thirty bridges of granite unite the citadel to the City of the Princes, or "Soto-siro," which is quite unlike all other Japanese towns. It does not contain a single wooden house, but is built in a severe rectangular style, of white stone, and surrounded by ditches supplied with pure running water. In this immense section of the great city are the official residences of all the Japa-

nese nobility, of the warlike daimios who are the lords and masters of the laboring population, and of the fertile plains from whence they derive immense revenues. Among the things which have passed away is the custom that obliged all these vassals of the Taikoun to pass one year in three in the sacred city, as an act of homage to the suzerain. They came, accompanied by their harems, their officers and their troops. What a magnificent exhibition of feudal state must that have been—which no European ever beheld—for there were eighteen daimios "of sacred origin," three hundred and eighty created by the Taikoun during two centuries, and nearly eighty thousand "hattamothos," or great captains and knights! Each man prided himself on the brilliancy of his escort and attendants; each man's suite amounted to at least nine hundred persons, and they were all lodged in the inner city, called the palace of the daimios, which must have needed all its exquisite proportion and simple arrangement to accommodate them. The revolt of the daimios had changed all this before M. de Beauvoir's visit, and the great palace was empty. But there was plenty of stir in the city, notwithstanding; and the outside of the palaces, with their splendid ornaments and gilded blazonry, was no less imposing than that there were no armed crowds within the towering gates. From Soto-siro to "Midzi," the commercial city, the way lies along a hillside, and between great granite walls, which enclose immense parks. Immediately above these walls are hedges, six feet wide and forty feet high, cut and trained to marvellous perfection; they are formed of camellias, azaleas and rose-laurels; they are enamelled in rich colors upon their dark-green background, and whole flocks of sacred birds, white-plumaged, are always fluttering among them. It was while the travellers were lingering in this enchanted spot, reminding them of all their imaginations of the hanging-gardens of Babylon, that they witnessed one of the characteristic sights of Yeddo: one of the great princes going down to the public promenade. He was escorted by heralds in sky blue, armed with formidable wooden swords. Then came a procession of halberdiers, battle-axemen, falconers, gentlemen-in-waiting, and pages pompously escorting the lackered "norimon," carried

by eight men, in which his highness sat cross-legged, a sword sticking two feet out of each window. His highness did not deign to cast one glance upon the sacrilegious foreigners. On reaching the commercial city, they were chiefly struck by two things: first, the incomparable cleanliness of the streets, which are like the carefully-tended paths of a park; and secondly, the precautions against fire. At regular intervals at all the principal points of the town, high belfries are erected, columnar in shape, which are ascended by means of ladders, and from whence the whole quarter can be minutely inspected. On the summit of each is a magnificent bronze bell wherewith to sound the alarm. In almost every house there is a wooden pump ready for use, and at intervals of fifty feet there are pyramids of water-pails with shining copper hoops, and always full of water.

The French travellers formed the third European party which had ever been admitted to visit the gardens of the Taikoun, into which they passed through the cyclopean gates of the vast fortress. It is a scene of complicated prettiness, with kiosks overlooking the sea, lakes covered with sacred birds with golden and silver plumage, thickets of purple trees; falconries, with all the curious apparatus of the lordly sport; summer-houses fitted up for music, for dancing, and for feasting, with all the fragile elegance of the highest style of Japanese art. The next great sight in Yeddo is the famous temple of Asaxa, which the French travellers visited when it had the additional attraction of a fair going on in its avenues. This extraordinary place is known as the "Sojourn of the thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three divinities," of whom one is in particular favor. He is the *god of toothache*. Each sufferer brings him his offering; he then chews a little ball of paper into a complete pulp, and spits it out against one of the pictures with great dexterity. He then retires, convinced that he has given the toothache to the god.

The fair was much like other fairs. We are told that a Japanese edition of Punch and Judy was proceeding briskly; but the spectators, instead of being nurses and children, were a crowd of officers, who bore themselves with the utmost majesty of demeanor. The beauty of the streets of

Yeddo never loses its charm; the fine buildings, the delicious verdure, shade and flowers, the perfect cleanliness and total absence of squalor, the warlike and yet ornate appearance of the entire city, are always freshly pleasing; but the sense of being among a thoroughly antagonistic people grows with every day. Perhaps this is one respect in which old Yeddo has become new; when M. de Beauvoir was there, murders had been of recent occurrence, and a vague fear and distrust of the foreign influence, which, with all their community of feeling on the subject of exclusion, they were unable to resist, was fermenting among the people. The "yakonines" had plenty to do in their protecting office; and it is evident, from the narrative, that the least departure from obedience to their instructions, the very slightest foolhardiness, would have cost the French gentlemen their lives. After much experience and many modifications, M. de Beauvoir pronounces the Japanese peasants and laborers to be a simple, truthful race, the most hospitable in the world; but the Japanese aristocracy, the dwellers in the holy city, and the towns of the interior, are blinded by a narrow pride and national fanaticism.

Irresistible forces, are now being brought to bear upon this class of Japanese society, and, no doubt, the breach once made in the wall of separation will rapidly widen. The intercourse of these aristocrats with each other is very stately and ceremonious; and M. de Beauvoir recounts one interesting trait of their customs. Presents made between equals in the same society are never composed of gold or silver, nor of anything which bears commercial value. The daimios frequently exchange tokens of friendship, but they invariably consist of rare plants, brilliant flowers, or beautiful and rare fruits.

The superiority of Japanese acrobats and jugglers is sufficiently well known in Europe, but their performances in the sacred city reach a point of such marvellous perfection, that, no doubt, the masters of those arts are too well paid ever to wish to leave their own country; so that the extraordinary things we have seen done by Japanese performers here are only in reality second-rate performances.

The services of the most accomplished jugglers are invariably engaged at all the

great entertainments; and dancers are as indispensable as tea. The dancers sit on their heels, with little lacker stools before them, and play on their guitars while the serious business of the feast is in progress. Before they left Yeddo, the French travellers were entertained at a great Japanese dinner, where they saw some of those wonderful "pieces montees," which remind us of the curious medieval banquets of Spain and Italy. One of these, quite a square yard in size, represented a landscape to perfection; there were rivers made of shredded onions, mandarin ducks made of carved and painted turnips, green fields, and brick bridges made of carrots. Another represented fishing. On a rock built of potatoes, lost in the midst of waves of mayonnaise, and foaming with whipped whites of eggs, was perched a fisherman, hauling in a long net made of turnip-peelings, filled with tiny oysters and sticklebacks. Finally a large barbel comes forward, which has been turned into a galleon ornamented with masts, and with sails swollen by the breeze. They ate with their chopsticks all these things, and fifty other dishes composed of potted crab and other fish, and strange mysterious sauces; and when they took leave, their hospitable host insisted on their retaining their chopsticks and paper finger-napkins as keepsakes, and also bestowed on each a pretty basket, containing a big lobster and a fish. Immediately after this en-

tertainment, the travellers left Yeddo for Yokohama with an armed escort; and here we may drop our account of what they saw or did.

What a change on the face of affairs in Japan since the country was visited by these Frenchmen! Through the energy of government, the most surprising reforms have been effected. Life has been rendered safe; commercial intercourse has been established; railways, electric telegraphs, and gas for lighting have been introduced. There is now also an efficient Lighthouse Department, and a government postal system, which have not been without their influence.

A scheme of general education has also been established throughout the empire. Not the least interesting thing to be mentioned regarding it is, that quantities of schoolbooks have been imported for use of the more advanced class of pupils. A Japanese law tribunal has been established at one or two of the principal ports. A long-felt want—legislation with regard to the bankrupt estates of Japanese—has also been supplied.

Many newspapers have been started throughout the country. Yokohama boasts of a daily paper, and the freedom with which the Buddhist religion is discussed, affords grounds for belief that the way is opening for the spread of Christianity. And all this the work of the last ten years!

SCOTCH PECULIARITIES.—If you remark to an old Scotsman that "It's a good day," his usual reply is "Aweel, sir, I've seen waur." Such a man does not say his wife is an excellent woman. He says, "She's no' a bad body." A buxom lass, smartly dressed, is "No' sae vera unpurpose-like." The richest and rarest viands are "No' sae bad." The best acting and the best singing are designated as "No' bad."

A man noted for his benevolence is "No' the warst man i' the worlt." A Scotsman is always afraid of expressing unqualified praise. He suspects that if he did so it would tend to spoil the object of his laudations, if a person, male or female, old or young; or, if that object were a song, a picture, a piece of work, a landscape, or such, that those who heard him speak so highly of it would think he had never in his life

seen or heard anything better, which would be an imputation on his knowledge of things. "Nil admirari" is not exactly the motto of the normal Scotsman. He is quite ready to admire admirable things, but yet loth to admit, even by inference, that he has never witnessed or experienced anything better. Indeed, he has always something of the like kind which he can quote to show that the person, place, or thing in question is only comparatively good, great, clever, beautiful, or grand. Then, when anybody makes a remark, however novel, that squares with a Scotsman's ideas, he will say, "That's juist what I've often thought!" "That's exactly ma way o' thinking!" "That's juist what I aye say!" "That's juist what I was actually on the point o' sayin'!"



MADemoiselle SYLPHINA :

— OR, —

THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER I.

THERE had never been such an excitement in Still River Village before. It was such a quiet little place, so far from any of the world's beaten tracks, that they scarcely so much as heard there of the "march of progress." They were miles and miles from any railroad, and they were so unfortunate (or fortunate, just as you please to think) as hardly ever to see a newspaper from one year's end to another. There was very seldom any more stirring event in the village than a donation party or a husking. Now the village was all astir, and seemed like Rip Van Winkle after his sleep; and the cause was only the promised advent of a circus!

Its coming had been heralded by six men who came in a triumphal car, gorgeous to behold, drawn by six milk-white horses. The men themselves were dressed in scarlet uniforms, glittering with gold lace, and they played on musical instruments the like of which was never seen or heard in Still River before.

Everybody, from the old folks down to

the babies, was eager for the day which was to bring the wonderful sight. To be sure, Elder Plummer and Deacon Judkins had scruples of conscience against allowing such a thing to take place in the town. For were not circuses inventions of the evil one? snares and pitfalls to entrap the unwary and lead them into ungodly ways? At least they had always heard so, and the good deacon was able to speak from experience, having once attended one in his boyhood, as he reluctantly confessed. But for all that, the elder was seen to stand for nearly half an hour before one of the rainbow-colored pictures representing the coming wonders, which were pasted upon every available fence in the village, and the expression of his reverend countenance savored less of severe condemnation than of wonder and curiosity—if he did start and shake his head solemnly when he became conscious of the crowd that had gathered around him.

As for Deacon Judkins, after peering eagerly through his closed blinds at the triumphal car, he was seen to run, hatless,

and with surprising agility, considering his age, across his orchard, to get another peep at it as it passed on the other road!

The wonderful pictures were pasted all over the schoolhouse fence in the course of the forenoon, and discovered, of course, by the first one of the scholars who reached the doorstep at noon. It happened to be little Sammy Judkins (the deacon's youngest), and Sammy, at the exhilarating sight, raised a warwhoop which an Indian chief might not have improved upon! The children came trooping out of the schoolhouse with even greater haste than usual, and when they saw the fence, Sammy's shout was echoed in good earnest. It is of no use for me to attempt to describe those pictures; my pen could never do justice to them:—the clowns in their funny clothes, the most wonderful and fascinating animals that ever came out of the ark, the queer people, from the "Fat Lady" and the "Great Egyptian Snake Swallower" to "Mademoiselle Titania," the "Marvellous Dwarf," who looked really small enough to have been Peter-Peter-pumpkin-eater's wife.

"He's a heavy fellow! a pretendin' to swaller them snakes!" said Moses Jenkins, contemptuously. Moses was a "cute" little Yankee, and he had stood before the picture of the Great Egyptian Snake Swallower for a long time, with a very critical expression of countenance, and his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets. "I say, Johnny Willard, I'll tell you just how he does it. He slips 'em down his back somehow! Mustn't they wiggle like fun, though? Johnny, let's you and me try it!"

But Johnny Willard, a grave, thoughtful-looking boy, who stood, with one companion, quite apart from the throng of children, was very much interested in the great elephant, and evidently had no ambition to imitate the Snake Swallower. His companion, a slender, fragile-looking little girl, with yellow hair, and eyes so dark that they contrasted strangely with it, was gazing, with an eager fascinated gaze at the picture of Mademoiselle Coryphee, who, in a yellow gauze tunic and pink sash, seemed about to execute a wonderful *pas seul*. The little girl's bosom heaved as she looked; her breath came quickly; her great dark eyes shone.

"O Johnny, Johnny!" she cried, breath-

lessly. "It makes me remember. I know how to do it. I can do it!"

She snatched her pink calico sunbonnet from her head, and tossed it on to the grass; a toss of her head sent her yellow locks floating to the wind; she lifted the skirt of her faded old calico dress with a grace that Mademoiselle Coryphee might have envied, and launched into a *danse de ballet*.

Her schoolmates gazed at her in speechless wonder. Even Moses Jenkins turned his attention from the Great Egyptian Swallower. But it was he who uttered the first exclamation.

"By golly! fellers, look at Dely Robinson. Aint she a stunner, though? Who learnt you to do that, Dely?"

"O my! aint it beautiful? Why didn't you ever do it before, Dely? Where did you learn to do it?" cried the girls, in chorus.

At that question the little girl stopped suddenly in her dance, her little wan face saddened, and tears slowly filled her eyes.

"I don't know. I can't quite think. It was—O, ever so long ago that I used to do it. It was a beautiful lady that told me how. I know she used to love me, and be very kind to me—and she used to wear beautiful silk dresses, and lace, and jewels, and I used to, too. I think she was my mamma."

Some of the girls looked curiously at her, and then at each other, in silence, as if they were thinking that she must have lost her senses. The others set up a shout of derision.

"Just hear her talk! It's likely that Dely Robinson had a beautiful mother that wore silk, and lace, and jewelry—and she town's poor! How came you to be a pauper, Dely, if your mother was such a fine lady?"

There were a few kind-hearted boys and girls among the throng who cried "for shame!" but, as a general thing, nobody thought or cared much about Dely Robinson and Johnny Willard, the little town paupers.

The color rose to the little girl's pale face at the insults of her schoolmates, and her eyes flashed, but she picked her sunbonnet up off the grass, and turned away without a word.

Then the sneering children were seized with swift remorse. They did not want to

stop her dancing; they had not by any means seen enough of it.

"O Dely! Dely! don't you mind what we said! We didn't mean it. Come back and dance it just once more!" they cried in chorus.

Dely hesitated, for her feelings had been sorely wounded, though she was accustomed—poor child!—to the scorn and taunts of her schoolmates; but the thrill of excitement and delight which the dancing had brought her returned the next moment, and banished her pain. She began to dance again, with the same graceful abandon as at first. But this dance came to a more abrupt termination than the first.

A rough hand was laid on her shoulder, and she was jerked almost off her feet, while a shrill harsh voice screamed:

"You good-for-nothing little jade! what kind of performances are you up to now? Pretty actions, I should think!—a dancin' in that ridiculous indecent fashion, right here on the green, where the elder might come along, as like as not! It speaks pretty well for my trainin', don't it, after all the pains I've taken with your eddication and behaviour?—such as nobody ever took with town's people before, I'll be bound! You shall pay for this, miss! Nobody shall say I 'lowed you in no such tricks."

A ringing box on the ear finished the sentence.

It was Mrs. Robinson, the keeper of the Still River "Poor Farm," a large coarse virago of a woman, who had thus surprised poor Dely in her second dance.

She jerked the poor child along, so that she could scarcely keep her breath, scolding and threatening continually.

"And you come along too, John Willard, you lazy ragamuffin, that had ought to 'a' ben to home, hoein' the corn, an hour ago. It was an evil day for the town when your father was drowned, and your mother was took sick, and come to the poorhouse to die, a leavin' you, a hearty stout boy, and such an eater as I never see, and too lazy to do a stroke of work, for the public to support, and me to work my fingers to the bone for! And you can't so much as keep this little imp out of mischief, and she a diagracin' me before the whole town!"

Dely choked down her tears as well as she could, aided by an encouraging "don't

cry, Dely!" which Johnny contrived to whisper in her ear in the midst of Mrs. Robinson's torrent of harsh words, and the two children followed their conductress, meekly and silently, to the miserable place that they called home.

Miserable, not so much because it was poor, and comfortless, and dirty, and disorderly, as because Mrs. Robinson reigned and ruled there. There was a Mr. Robinson, but he neither reigned nor ruled; he followed meekly his wife's lead, and obeyed her behests loyally, believing firmly (and with reason) in her ability to cheat the town and the paupers as successfully as any person living, which was the sole aim in life of this precious pair.

Once inside the house, Mrs. Robinson seized Dely by the shoulders, and shook her until she herself was fairly out of breath. Then a shower of heavy blows fell upon the head and shoulders of the delicate shrinking child.

"That's nothing to what you'll get the next time I catch you up to such capers!" she said, when, at last, she released her frightened sobbing victim. "Now take yourself out of the way, miss, and don't let yourself be seen until I call you. I don't want you whimperin' round, and tryin' to look abused, when the men folks come in to dinner."

Poor Dely needed no second bidding. She ran up into the unfinished attic, which had served Johnny and herself for a play-room ever since they had been in the poor-house. A dreary place it was, with cobweb-hung rafters, and rattling mice-eaten boards for a floor; but it was like fairyland to Dely and Johnny, for there they were free from their cruel task-mistress, and there they had passed the happiest hours that they could remember in their lives.

But to-day she could only sob there, as if her heart were breaking. The confused memories which the picture of the circus danseuse had awakened had all faded away, and her brief joy and excitement seemed only to make her present grief more bitter. But by-and-by a bright-eyed little mouse, one of a numerous family which she and Johnny had made tame by repeated feeding with Indian meal, came and looked up into her face, and blinked at her in what Dely thought a very friendly and sympathizing manner; and presently

beguiled her from her sorrows, so that she began to think the world might not be all dark, even if she was a poor little pauper whom nobody but Johnny cared for. And perhaps some time she might remember clearly what had flashed across her memory so vaguely to-day—who and where she had been before she came to Still River poor farm, five years before. She had been five years old then—she ought to remember. If it had not been for that terrible fever that she had, probably she would remember. To-day's sudden recollection had brought nothing but the beautiful lady of whom she had told the school-children—and that was like a dream; she could not be sure that it was not. She remembered the face of the man who had brought her to the poor farm—a dark wicked face—and she thought that he had brought her a long distance, and been very harsh and unkind to her; but her long illness had made everything before that a blank.

It was of no use to try to remember, she decided, at last. But she would not, she could not endure to live with Mrs. Robinson much longer! Two or three times of late she had been sorely tempted to run away from her, whither she could not tell. Johnny was better off than she, for Squire Johnson, the great man of the village, had taken an interest in him, and had promised him a place in his factory at Roaring Brook in a few years. But for her there seemed no hope. When Mrs. Robinson's shrill voice called her she went down stairs with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER II.

AT that hour, when Dely was sobbing over her griefs in the dreary attic at Still River poor farm, in a magnificent country-house on the Hudson a very different scene was being enacted. What has that to do with Dely? You would rather know whether she and Johnny went to the circus? Well, perhaps it has nothing to do with her and her fortunes, perhaps much; for in the wonderful web which fate weaves, strange threads, coming from very different directions, are often twisted and tangled together. Let us see.

It is a luxurious boudoir, the floor covered with a velvet pile, into which your feet sink as into a bed of moss; the walls hung with dainty draperies of rose-colored

silk and lace; the air heavy with the fragrance of flowers. Truly, a different place from the poorhouse attic!

A lady is the sole occupant. An old lady, you might say at the first glance, for her hair is perfectly white, and her face lined and seamed; but when you look again you notice the haughty erect carriage, and the fire in the black eyes, that would seem to belong only to youth, and you hesitate to call her old.

The door opens, and a common-looking, hard-featured woman enters, with a letter in her hand. The maid of the lady, you would say at once; and yet, as she approaches, a look passes between them which expresses more of sympathy and confidence than is usually seen between mistress and servant. On the part of the lady it is a glance of appeal, and her pale face grows a shade paler.

"A letter? From whom, Dennett?" And her hand shook as she took it.

"La, ma'am! who should it be from that it need to scare you like that? You are growing so nervous, I think you must be sick. Now, when there aint a speck of danger, too! When we was right in the thick of it, and expectin' every day we might get found out, you was just as cool and brave as a lion!"

"Don't! don't talk so loud, Dennett! Can't you remember that walls have ears? And this letter—O Dennett, it is from Hugh!"

"Well, indeed, why not? Why should not a lovin' and dutiful son like him write to his mother? Hasn't he written to you often in the year since he went abroad?"

"But I have had such a strange feeling—such a presentiment of coming evil to-day! I think I must be ill, as you say. But, Dennett, the danger is not all over. I can't help thinking of the way that girl looked when I told her that Hugh said he was never married to her—that he was going to marry his cousin. She looked as if she didn't really believe me, even after I had shown her the proofs—the forged letter, you know, that we made to look so much like Hugh's handwriting. And though she promised me never to give him any trouble, never to come back to New York again, and though he never doubted me when I told him she was dead, still there is a chance that in his restless roving he may meet her. And then the child!

Though I told them both, made them both believe that she was dead, still one or the other of them may yet cross her path. Every now and then these nervous fears seize me, and make my life a burden. And then I have made him so wretched—Hugh, my only son, the only being that I ever loved! I have failed so utterly! for he will never forget his wife, he will never marry Celia. If his wife had been anything less dreadful than she was—a ballet-dancer, a low actress—if it had not been such a fearful blow to my pride, I might have borne it, and never worn myself out with this anxious never-ending plotting and deceiving.”

“But just think of the disgrace, ma’am,” said the wily maid, anxious, above all things, to keep her mistress from repentance. “You never could have borne it in the world—you that are so proud! Think how everybody would have been talkin’, and sneerin’, and—”

“No, I couldn’t have borne it; I never would have borne it and lived.”

She roused herself with sudden energy, and her black eyes flashed.

“What right had she, the miserable low creature, to entrap my son into marrying her? No, Dennett, I will never be weak again! I will carry out my plans. Hugh shall marry Celia, and I will work and plan so carefully that he shall never know that his wife and child are alive.”

She broke open the letter with hands that trembled no longer, and read:

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—You will be surprised, but I hope glad, as well, to know that I am coming home. Why, I can scarcely tell; for when I came here, a year ago, I certainly did not expect to see my native land again for many years. A restless impulse urges me to return, and I have a feeling that I ought to be there—that there is something for me to do there. When I tell you the reason of this feeling you will either laugh at my folly, or else think seriously that my brain is turned. But remember that you have always told me that the Livingstons, as a race, were remarkable for ‘dreams that came true,’ and presentiments of things about to happen. A strange dream has come to me many times of late with startling distinctness. I have seen my child—my little girl, with her mother’s eyes and hair—alive, but neglected and abused. I have,

of course, always thought of her as dead; but the third time that the dream came to me I remembered—what had never occurred to me before—that we have no positive proof of her death. You did not see her die, as you saw my wife—my poor Marguerite—and we have only the word of Marguerite’s uncle, whom you allowed to take the child. (I do not wish to cast any reflections upon you now, mother, when they are quite useless, but you know how hard it is for me to forgive you that.) I had no faith in that man, and though a motive for telling an untruth in the matter seems hard to find, yet my dream has aroused a vague faint hope in my mind that my child may yet be living. The man is now dead, yet I think it will not be very difficult to discover from his old friends whether the child really died. I shall not wonder if you think me insane, to start up in this wild way, after so many years of belief that she was dead. But I cannot tell you, now that this idea has come to me, how bitterly I reproach myself for not making investigations; for believing so readily and entirely the story that you were told by that man. I was so overcome by grief at Marguerite’s death, so overwhelmed by remorse, that I had allowed my false pride, and my regard for your false pride, to delay my acknowledging her as my wife before the world, that I accepted the child’s death as but a just addition to my punishment, and never thought of questioning the truth of the story. I am coming home now to learn the particulars of her death; or if I do not find satisfactory proofs of her death, to spend my lifetime, if necessary, in a search for her. Absurd and insane as it may seem to you, I firmly believe her to be alive.

“I hope that you and Celia will not give up your anticipated trip to Europe on account of my return. I shall be able to spend some time with you before you sail, as I shall take passage on the next steamer, and be with you almost as soon as this letter is. Your affectionate son,

“HUGH LIVINGSTON.”

After the first sentence, she had held the letter up for the waiting-woman to read with her, and at the close they looked in each other’s eyes with startled white faces.

“O Dennett, we are undone! The hand of fate is against us. It is wonderful, awful! Who could have thought that, after

living for five years without a shadow of suspicion, he would suddenly arouse to it? It is in the blood! The Livingstons have the second sight."

"But you are not going to give up, ma'am? We can do a great deal of plotting and scheming yet—you and I!"

"Give up? Give up? I give up! How could I give up now? Do you think I could bear exposure, disgrace, ruin!—to have my son scorn and curse me? No, no! I am strong, stronger a great deal when there is real danger to face."

"And, after all, ma'am, what can he find out? Old Mr. La Rue's friends don't know anything about the child."

"No, but he will search for her; and that place where she is, Dennett, don't people ever go there in the summer? She might be found in that way. Your sister keeps a boarding-house, you say?"

"O, it isn't a boarding-house for fine people, ma'am." And the woman smiled grimly, in spite of her evident anxiety. "City folks don't go there. I never heard of any of them going to the village."

"But she mustn't be left there, Dennett. Not another day! I won't risk it. O, why did the wretched little viper ever come in my way?"

She was roused to a passion now, and she tore her son's letter in two, flung it across the room, and clenched her hands fiercely.

The woman stooped and whispered:

"It would have been better to do as I said at first."

The old lady recoiled, shivering.

"No, no! I am not so wicked as that. I couldn't have done that! But why could

she not have died? Other children die," she said.

"What will you have done with her now? That is as safe a place as you can find," said the woman.

"She must be carried out of the country; where nobody will ever see or hear of her again."

"I don't know of but one country that's like that," said the woman, with another grim smile that made her face almost fiend-like.

"Don't say anything more of that kind to me. Not another word! I don't want to hear *anything* more about her. Just tell me how much money your husband wants to carry her away—no, I won't say where—*anywhere!*"

The woman hesitated a little, and then named a large sum.

"He always says it's a risky business. I don't think he would do it for less."

"I don't object to the price, only let him get her away from here quickly. Hugh may be here to-day. Can't he start right away?"

"Yes ma'am, in an hour; and he'll get there before to-morrow night. And don't you worry any more. Roger shall carry her off so far that *she'll never be found.*"

The old lady shivered a little, and as the woman left the room she made a faint motion, as if to call her back, and her lips moved. But the motion was unseen, and no words came from the lips. After the door had closed she murmured:

"After all, I shall not be responsible. I said only 'carry her away.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"KISS ME, MOTHER."—"Kiss me, mother, before I sleep." How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little suppliant is that soft gentle kiss. The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, and the rosy lips are revelling in the bright and sunny dreams of innocence. Yes, kiss, mother, for that good-night kiss will linger in the memory when the giver lies mouldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has

been the beacon-light to illuminate his desolate heart; for, remember, life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lips will become dewy again, as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love, a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

HOW THE LITTLE COMET GOT A TAIL.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

DID my little readers ever hear about the Great Palace of the Old Moons? I dare say not, because nobody but me knows anything about it, and I have never told them. But I am going to tell them now.

This Great Palace is built on the upper side of a very large cloud, which forever floats through the air, and from which no rain ever falls. The under side of this cloud, which is the side next the earth, and which we see, is bluish-gray, and all tumbled up, and sometimes you can see light shining through little holes and thin places in it. Looking up, you might think it only a common cloud; but, if you were on the other side, you would see a great difference. I will tell you how it looks.

In the first place, it has no walls nor roof—sky-palaces never have—but only a floor, and a pile of soft cushions all round the edge. These cushions are all colors; sometimes pink, blue, gold, purple, crimson, orange, and a thousand beautiful tints—sometimes pearly white, or gray, or even black. They change just as clouds do, and look like clouds. And it is on these cushions that the people of the palace lie or lean when they wish to rest, or to look over and down to the earth.

There are a great many people living in this vast palace, which is miles long, and their business is to make nice new stars and meteors, and such things out of the old moons that are worn out, just as your mother makes nice little frocks for you out of those of your larger brothers and sisters. But these people don't make new moons; those are made somewhere else.

These Moon-folks are the most comical people in the world, or out of it—so comical that they are always doing something to make each other laugh, as you would expect from people whose business it is to cut up shins. Indeed, that very expression, "cutting up shins," was first used of funny doings, on account of the funny people who cut over the old moons.

Moreover, these people are very quick in their motions, and are very fond of dancing and singing. They live on oranges, and dates, and bananas, and lemon-drops, and

cream-candy. All these things they pluck from the most beautiful trees that grow up out of the clouds in every direction. They wear the loveliest fine silken dresses, which are always the color of the cloud they stand on, and change as they pass from one color to another; so that, by running about, they can have as many new dresses as they please, without having the trouble of taking them off, or putting them on.

But all this time, I am not telling you about the little Comet, and how he got his tail, which is a very interesting story.

Well, one morning the king of the Moon-folks got up very early and put on his crown, and waked all the people up.

"No more sleep!" he said, shaking his sceptre. "There is a great deal to be done to-day. I have some very large orders to fill. There is to be a meteoric-shower at the North Pole at ten o'clock to-night, and not a meteor is made. Besides that, some of the stars are getting shamefully dull, and must be replaced. Only last evening, I heard a lady on the earth praising some of the stars, when a gentleman by her side told her that they were not nearly so bright as her eyes. I was mortified, for the lady's eyes were as dull as my shoe before daylight, and the gentleman must have thought our stars in great need of repair. Let all stars of the first magnitude, at least, be made new before night."

Having given his orders, the king went to breakfast. The people began to stir about rather sulkily, for they didn't like being called so early, and as it was early daylight, they all looked quite gray. They got their large scissors, made of chain lightning, and began to cut up the old moons that were piled in the middle of the palace. There wasn't a laugh heard, nor even the faintest smile seen, and everything was gray except the moons, which were yellow, and there was nothing heard but the snip, snip of the scissors. It was an unpleasant time, and even the old moon didn't seem to enjoy being cut up so early in the morning, and one of them even said that she wished she had the horns she once had—she would toss somebody, she guessed.

Now three of these people were at work by themselves, on the side of the palace nearest the east, where the sun was going to rise; and the names of these three persons were Whisp, Fling and Float, and they were the merriest of all the people in the palace. Even on this morning, they did not look so glum as the others did, but talked together; though, I must own, their talk was not very amiable.

"I think this is the toughest moon I ever put scissors to," said Whisp, hacking away, "The edges of this lightning are all dulled with it. It is out of the question pointing the stars nicely." And, giving the star a very sharp snip, she snipped it quite in two. They couldn't help laughing at this, and, the sun being very near the horizon, they began to turn pink, and to feel better. So they continued laughing, and making remarks about the other people, who were not yet turning pink, being lower down.

"They're the color of an east wind," said Float. "I wish they would all blow away. People below would think it a Scotch mist."

"Not if they should take their scissors with them," said Fling.

While they talked, the sun got higher, and the cushions round the palace turned pink and gold, and the palace and people turned pink and gold, and they all became, immediately, as happy as they could be. They sang and laughed, and cut shines all day, and by sunset all the stars of the first magnitude were ready in their places, and as bright as new whistles, and the shower of meteors was finished, and all nicely packed, and sent off to the North Pole, and the Moon-people were all lounging and lolling on their splendid cushions, and looking at the sunset, and down to the earth. But the mischievous Whisp couldn't keep quiet, but called her two friends, and whispered to them:

"Fling and Float, guess what I am going to do!" she said.

"Ride down to Earth on your scissors," said Fling.

"Toss a meteor overboard," said Float.

"No!" said Whisp, laughing.

"Spill star-dust over the supper-table, to make the folks sneeze," guessed Fling.

"Put an orange up in place of a star," said Float, "and see how all the astronomers below will wonder over it through their telescopes."

"You will never guess," said Whisp. "Now listen, and keep your own counsel; I am going to make a Comet!"

The other two were so astonished at her daring proposal, that they were unable to speak for a moment. For comets were made only once in a hundred years, and then only by some member of the royal family, the whole court looking on in admiration, and sending up a great shout when the Comet was launched.

When Fling and Float recovered from their surprise, and were able to speak, they tried to coax Whisp to give up her mischievous plan; but she would not, and in the end, not only made them give up their objections, but got them to help her.

When everybody was abed that night, they began their work, and in an hour had finished the most beautiful Comet that was seen. It was as bright as silver, and shone with a pure and cheerful radiance; and over all it had just the faintest twinkle of pink, and then of green, so that when you looked a little away from it you saw the colors, but when you looked directly at it, it was silvery.

After they had sufficiently admired the work of their hands, a sudden thought of dismay struck all three of them at the same instant. How should they get a tail for it? For it is as bad for a comet to be without a tail, as it would be for a little girl or boy to be without a nose. Well, they sped off to the Northern Lights, to beg a piece for a tail, but the Northern Lights refused. Then they tried to piece up one out of star-beams; but the star-beams would not hold together. Then they cut a strip out of an old moon, but it was too heavy, and fell off. Finally, they sat down in despair, and began to wish that they hadn't undertaken such a piece of work, and concluded that one may go too far in cutting up shines, and get cut up one's self. For if the king should discover in the morning what they had done, sooner than suffer a Comet to go without a tail, he would have torn the three naughty plotters into rags to make a tail for him.

Well, morning having drawn near, without their having come to any decision, or been able to do anything, Whisp took leave of her two friends, and, taking her unlucky little Comet by the hand, she put her scissors in her pocket, and ran away to the Earth.

It was just sunrise when they reached

the Earth, and everything looked bright and happy but these two, who went sorrowfully along, Whisp regretting her daring folly, and the Comet feeling very much ashamed of himself for being without a tail. They passed by pleasant farm-houses, where cows were going out to pasture, tinkling their bells, and where the smokes piled up so straight into the air, that they looked like pillars supporting the great blue roof of the sky. They heard the reapers whetting their scythes, and the early birds singing their morning songs, and asking each other how they had rested through the night. The hedges were so full of dewdrops, that they looked silver-white, and glistened all over, and thousands of little creeping and flying things were waking up, and bestirring themselves. But in all this life and joy, the two poor little travellers wandered disconsolate and homeless, and when a huge ugly dog ran out of a farmhouse, barking, they flew away as fast as their wings would carry them, and never stopped till they alighted, half dead with fatigue and terror, in the midst of a large horse-chestnut tree, that stood close to the walls of the prettiest little cottage that can be imagined.

This cottage was just the color of cream—not milkman's cream, but cream that comes on the top of big tin pans of milk in the country—and it had little pointed windows on the roof, and round-topped windows in the walls, and balconies, and verandas, and white muslin curtains waving out the windows among the vines, and, in short, everything that could be desired. This cottage was surrounded by trees and gardens, and not another house was in sight.

Now our two travellers were much pleased with the looks of this place, and having settled themselves at ease among the branches of the tree, they looked about to see what would happen. The first thing that happened was a shrill scream, then a break of rattling laughter that frightened them, but at the same time, made them laugh, too. Peeping out from behind the leaves, to see what this might mean, they saw an immense gilded cage hanging in a chamber window close to them, and in the cage was a large parrot, who was screaming and laughing with all his might.

"Get up, Goldenhair!" he would cry. "Get up! Get up! Goldenhair, get up!" And then he would laugh.

"What does he mean?" whispered the little Comet. "I am afraid he saw us. He keeps winking his eyes this way."

"Hush!" said Whisp, looking at the window with all her eyes.

"Get up, Goldenhair!" screamed the parrot again; and at the same instant the travellers heard from the chamber a child's laugh. It seemed to be half smothered in a pillow, or something, but it was sweeter than the song of a bob-o-link.

The next moment there was a soft patter of little feet on the floor, and a little girl in her night-gown ran to the window, laughing and chattering to the parrot.

This little girl was as lovely as an angel, and she had golden hair that curled all over her head, and hung down her back till it almost reached the floor, and when the morning sun shone on this hair, it glittered so that it made you wink when you looked at it.

Whisp clasped her hands with joy when she saw it, and, turning to the little Comet, she embraced him, and whispered that their troubles were over.

"Folks in the tree! Folks in the tree!" screamed the parrot, laughing in the most horrible manner.

But Lily, for that was the little girl's name, paid no attention to what he said, knowing that he would lie dreadfully, sometimes.

I cannot now tell you all the adventures these travellers met with during the day. They would fill volumes. But at night, when everything was still, they went softly back to the cottage, and crept in at the window, where the little girl was asleep. The parrot was asleep; but no sooner did the two travellers enter the room, than Lily awoke. For a minute she didn't open her eyes, but the first thing she heard was a great snip at the back of her head, and there stood Whisp, with her arms full of long, beautiful golden hair, which she hastened to fasten to the little Comet's head and shoulders and heels.

"O, my hair!" cried Lily.

"Never you mind," said Whisp; "your hair will grow again, but this poor little Comet had no tail. See how beautiful he looks now!"

In both things Whisp was quite right; for Lily's hair began to grow with the greatest rapidity, on account of having been cut with chain-lightning scissors, and was an

inch longer than ever, the next morning; and the little Comet was the most radiantly beautiful creature in the world. He smiled so sweetly upon Lily, that she felt comforted for the loss of her hair; then, taking Whisp by the hand, he sailed out the window, and up into the sky.

The next night, all the astronomers were examining through their telescopes a new Comet which had appeared, and which had

a tail of extreme brightness. Nothing so splendid as this Comet had been seen for hundreds of years, and it was talked about all over the world. Whisp became a great person in consequence, and was received into the royal family.

But when Lily told her mother in the morning what had happened, her mother only laughed, and said that she had dreamed a dream.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

HUMMING-BIRDS' COURTSHIP.—"When catching the ephemeridæ that play above the water, the tail of the humming-bird," says the author of "*The Naturalist in Nicaragua*," "is not expanded; it is reserved for times of courtship. I have seen the female sitting quietly on a branch, and two males displaying their charms in front of her. One would shoot up like a rocket, then, suddenly expanding the snow-white tail like an inverted parachute, slowly descend in front of her, turning round gradually to show both back and front. The effect was heightened by the wings being invisible from the distance of a few yards, both from their great velocity of movement and from not having the metallic lustre of the rest of the body. The expanded white tail covered more than all the rest of the bird, and was evidently the grand feature in the performance. Whilst one was descending, the other would shoot up and come slowly down expanded. The entertainment would end in a fight between the two performers; but whether the most beautiful or the most pugnacious was the accepted suitor I know not."

JAPAN LACQUER.—It has been generally supposed that the beauty of Japan lacquer work was due to ingredients derived from unknown plants, and that the secret was confined to the Oriental workmen. Recently, however, in Holland, objects of art have been produced, lacquered and covered with mother-of-pearl, in pieces facsimiles of those made in Japan. The lacquer used is prepared from the hardest varieties of gum-copal, principally that of Zanzibar, which is colored black with Indian-ink. The articles are covered with several layers of the substance, upon which, while still wet, or rather pasty, the mother-

of-pearl is inlaid. Drying in a furnace follows, another coat of lacquer is applied, then more drying, and smoothing with pounce. These operations are repeated until the surfaces are perfectly united and smooth, when a final polish is given with Tripoli.

THE VEGETABLE WAX TREE.—The vegetable wax tree is in appearance not unlike mountain ash, and the bean-shaped berries, of the size of lentils, are gathered in the month of October. After being softened by the action of steam, to which they are exposed in stone receptacles, the berries are pressed and the wax obtained. The substance is then purified by boiling, first in lye and next in pure water, after which it is bleached in the sun for about fifteen days, during which latter process it becomes white, and then is ready for use or exportation. The vegetable wax thus prepared is scarcely distinguishable, except by a tallow-like odor, from beeswax, and is exported from Japan to England in considerable quantities.

CURIOUS MATRIMONIAL USAGE.—In Brittany there is said to prevail a very singular matrimonial custom. On certain fete-days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, betokens one hundred francs of rent, and each yellow band denotes gold, and stands for a thousand francs a year. Thus, a young farmer who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats to learn in an instant what amount accompanies the wearer.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to November Puzzles.

76. "Waste makes want." 77. Jay Embree.

78.
W
D A M
D A R E D
W A R B L E R
M E L O N
D E N
R

79. Plover, lover. 80. Sink, ink.
81. Teachers; Cheaters; The races.
82. "When love fails we spy all faults."

LIAR
LIVE
KEEL
BARD
DRAB
LEEK
EVIL
RAIL

83.
84. (F) A C E (T)
(S) C O W (S)
(L) E W E (S)

85. Catamount. 86. Theatre. 87. Rebound. 88. Parable. 89. Satisfaction. 90. Massacre. 91. "Life is what we make of it." 92. Bridegroom. 93. Enos; Name; Oman; Send.

1.—Cross-Word Enigma.

The 1st is in oak, but not in pine;
The 2d is in ale, but not in wine;
The 3d is in plant, but not in vine;
The 4th is in gay, but not in fine;
The 5th is in mark, but not in sign;
The 6th is in eat, but not in dine;
The 7th is in zinc, but not in mine;
The 8th is in fork, but not in tine;
The 9th is in donor, but not in giver;
The whole is the name of a Western river.

RUTHVEN.

2.—Concealed Double Acrostic.

The poem of "Comus" I certainly admire.
Bear in mind, I go at seven.

At the mill a water-wheel is wanted.
Do you believe in spirit rappings?
This spool, I venture to say, is not perfect.
His name is Ben. I. Gerry, Esq.

Concealed in the above sentences are six words, having the following significations: An art; a dye; a decree; a snare; a fruit; a river. These, written down in regular order, will form a double acrostic, the initials and finals naming two deceased English poets.

CYRIL DEANE.

3.—Omitted Vowels.

R T H V N S P Z Z L P G N B L L S M
N T H L.

What we all like. WILSON.

Additions.

4. Add a sheep disease to a vehicle, and make a vegetable.
5. Add a part of a gun to the border of a garment, and make a tree.
6. Add an elevation of land to a portion or share, and make a bird.
7. Add a consumer to an insect, and make an animal.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

8.—Words Squared.

A poem; A carriage; A kind of string;
A wild beast. ED. WYNNE.

Transposed Syncopations.

9. Syncopate a city, transpose, and get a European River.
10. Syncopate a mountain, transpose, and get sound in mind.

ITALIAN BOY.

11.—Square Remainders.

Decapitate words having the following significations, and the remaining letters will form a square: A girl's name; a snare; a narrow woven fabric.

WILSON.

Curtailments.

12. Curtail meagre, and leave a plain.
13. Not to think of, and leave to rivet.

CYRIL DEANE.

14.—Diamond Puzzle.

A vowel; Dread; A part of the body;
Clumsy; To exalt; Before; A consonant.

RUTHVEN.

Answers in Two Months.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CORN BREAD.—Stir into one quart of thick milk one quart of corn meal, five eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little boiling water. The saleratus must only be added just before the preparation is put into the oven. Pour into well-greased baking-pans, and serve it hot, cutting it into square pieces.

ECONOMICAL BREAKFAST CAKES.—A teacup of sugar, one pint sour milk, one heaping teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, part of a nutmeg, one or two tablespoonfuls butter, flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in gem pans. This quantity will do for several meals for a medium family. They are more tender without egg, and more convenient for some.

FRENCH BREAD.—Take three-quarters of a pound of clean rice; tie it up in a thick linen bag, giving it room to swell; boil from three to four hours, till it becomes a perfect paste; mix while warm with seven pounds of flour, adding yeast, salt and water. Allow the dough to work a proper time near the fire, then divide it into loaves, dust them in, and knead vigorously. This quantity will make thirteen pounds and seven ounces of excellent bread.

BROILED SWEETBREADS.—The best way to cook sweetbreads is to broil them thus; Parboil them, and then put them on a clean gridiron for broiling; when delicately browned, take them off, and roll in melted butter in a place to prevent their being dry and hard. Some cook them on a griddle, well buttered, turning frequently; and some put narrow strips of fat salt pork on them while cooking.

DELIGHTFUL PUDDING.—To one quart of boiled milk put one-half tumbler of mashed potato, one-half tumbler of flour, and a small piece of butter; when cool add three beaten eggs; bake half an hour. To be eaten with sugar and cream, or milk.

BREAD CAKES.—The necessary articles are one pint of dry bread, one quart of sour

milk, half a teacup of butter, a teaspoonful of pearlash, five eggs, and two and a half cupfuls of flour. Boil a portion of the milk, and pour it over the bread; then let it cool. Afterward add in the remainder of the milk, the eggs and the flour.

COMPOSITION CAKE.—One pound of sifted flour, with two teaspoonfuls of cream baking-powder well sifted through it, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, half a pint of sweet cream, and one gill of white brandy. Bake in a slow oven. Flavor to taste. Citron or candied lemon improves this cake.

TO COOK ARROWROOT.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot to a smooth paste. To one pint of boiling water add a little lemon peel, and stir in the arrowroot while the water is boiling. Let it cook till quite clear. Sweeten with sugar, and season with wine and nutmeg, if liked.

GOLDEN PUDDING.—Six ounces bread crumbs, two ounces flour, one-quarter pound suet, one-quarter pound orange marmalade, one-quarter pound sugar, three eggs, with sufficient milk to mix; boil for two hours.

POTATO CAKES.—Take mashed potatoes, flour, and a little salt; to make them sweet, add a little powdered loaf sugar; mix with just enough milk to make the paste stiff enough to roll; make it the size and thickness of a muffin, and bake quickly.

CREAM FRITTERS.—Stir into one pint of milk one and one-half pint of flour, six eggs well beaten, the half of a nutmeg grated, one teaspoonful of salt, and lastly add one pint of good sweet cream; drop this mixture from a tablespoon into hot lard, and fry the same as doughnuts.

SHIRRED EGGS.—Heat a little butter in a piepan, then put in the eggs, taking care that the yolks are not broken, and bake in the oven.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

An aspiring young author sent a very bulky MS., containing the making of four or five ordinary novel volumes, to an editor, a short time since, with the modest request that he would read it and make his comments thereon—in all, about a fortnight's hard work. He was afterwards to send word to the said young author what he thought the MS. to be worth, and whether he would use it. The editor's reply as to the worth of the MS. was three cents per pound, and that he could not use it, as he was not in trade; but any butterman would take it at that, seeing that the paper was stout and clean.

A young lady entered a bookstore and confidentially said to an assistant, "I want 'My Father.'"

The young man looked astonished.

"What did you say you wanted, ma'am?"

"'My Father.'"

"I don't know him, ma'am. We don't keep fathers on ice here. This isn't a home for decayed old gents, nor an inebriate asylum," said the assistant.

"It appears to be a lunatic asylum, and you're a first-class inmate. What I want, sir, is a novel called 'My Father.'"

Now this young man colors up, and walks away in silence when any of his fellow young men say anything about "father."

A young minister and his wife visited the congregation where his father was previously the pastor. He preached on the Sabbath, and after service, one of the venerable elders, speaking with the young minister's wife, said:

"Your husband preached from the same text that his father had the last time he was in that pulpit."

"Indeed!" replied the lady; "I hope it was not the same sermon, too."

"O no," said the good elder; "his father was a dreadful smart man."

On one occasion a lad, while home for the holidays, complained to his mother that a schoolfellow who slept with him took up half the bed.

"And why not?" said the mother; "he is entitled to half, isn't he?"

"Yes, mother," rejoined her son; "but he will have his half out of the middle. and I have got to sleep both sides of him."

We thought that everything that it was possible to say about "hash" had been said, but here is another contribution: A certain hostess, whose table is noted for its uniformity of dishes, has a brisk daughter, who electrifies her ma's boarders with the following parody, sung to an accompaniment on a new fifty-dollar piano: "While beefsteak and venison costs lots of cash, be it ever so grisly, there's nothing like hash; the scrapings and leavings of no use elsewhere, when mixed altogether make excellent fare. Hash, hash, good meat hash! Be it ever so grisly, there's nothing like hash! A stranger from home, hotels dazzle in vain; O, give me the cheap eating-house food that's more plain; the waiter who gayly reechoes my call for a nice plate of hash or a single fishball. Hash, hash," etc.

Next to seeing a fat woman sitting on the stoop of her vineclad cottage, sewing a patch on her husband's breeches, and telling her neighbor across the street what she would do if she were Henry Ward Beecher, there is no sight so exhilarating in these times of financial distress as a party of young men gathered on the green sward in front of a boarding-house in the cool of the evening, battling with dexterous mallet the bounding spheres through ferruginous loops as prescribed by the immortal author of the noble game of croquet.

A farmer, speaking of his clergyman, whose sermons lacked point, said, "Ah, yes, he's a good man; but he will rake with the teeth upward."

Some of the regular soldiers sent West have married squaws, and are doing their best to civilize the poor ignorant redskins. As soon as a squaw gets a pair of army boots and a brass chain on, she begins to act refined and lady-like.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF
BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
*The Best, the Cheapest, and the most Interesting Publication of the kind
in the World.*

AND
THE AMERICAN UNION,
The Largest and Oldest Literary Weekly Paper in the Country.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS! BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS!

Six Handsome Chromos Given to Subscribers.

REMEMBER TO SEND THE MONEY TO PREPAY POSTAGE. IT MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

The publishers of BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE—the cheapest and most interesting publication of the kind in the country—and THE AMERICAN UNION—the largest and oldest weekly journal in the United States—respectfully announce to their friends and patrons, which extend to every State in the Union, that for the year 1875 they will give as Premiums to subscribers some of the most elegant Chromos ever produced in this country. They were prepared expressly for our establishment, and can be obtained from no other parties. The names of these elegant and artistic Chromos are:

SUNRISE.
SUNSET.
MORNING GLORIES.
LILIES OF THE VALLEY.
THE BETROTHED.
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Many of our last year's subscribers have written to us in favor of our giving as Premiums "MORNING GLORIES," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," "THE BETROTHED," and "THE POWER OF MUSIC," so that they can this year have the companion pictures of last year. For this reason we have retained them on our list, but "SUNRISE" and

"SUNSET" are entirely new, and will be found fully equal to anything ever issued from this or any other office.

These Chromos are printed in oil, in many colors, and are wonderful for their beautiful and great originality.

PREMIUMS FOR BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!

As a great inducement to Clubs, we offer the following liberal terms:—For a Club of FIVE copies of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE, \$7.50, and a copy gratis to the person who gets up the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" or "SUNSET" (which are entirely new), or the Premiums which we offered last year, "MORNING GLORIES" or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

TEN copies of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE, \$13.00, and a copy gratis to the person who obtains the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

Be sure and name which picture you prefer. Also send *ten cents* for each subscriber to prepay postage. Or five cents for six months.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.—Single subscriptions \$1.50 each (and ten cents for postage), and either of the Chromos, "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," as the subscriber may elect; and be sure and name the Chromo you want in your letter.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE AND THE AMERICAN UNION.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE and THE AMERICAN UNION combined for \$3.75; and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY." Or BALLOU'S and THE UNION for \$3.50, without the Chromos, and ten cents postage for BALLOU'S, and fifteen cents for the UNION, in addition. Or for \$4.00 we will send THE AMERICAN UNION and BALLOU'S MAGAZINE and all four of the Chromos, "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or we will send either two of the above, and "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED."

PREMIUMS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.—We will send THE AMERICAN UNION for one year for \$2.50, and also give every subscriber the two Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or either "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED," just which the subscriber may prefer, and fifteen cents additional for postage, or eight cents for six months.

This is a splendid offer, and should be taken advantage of by thousands who wish to adorn their homes with beautiful pictures.

CLUBS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

For \$15.00 we will send six copies of THE AMERICAN UNION for one year, and a copy of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE to the person who gets up the Club, and also to each member of the Club the Chromos "SUN-

RISE" and "SUNSET," or "THE BETROTHED," or "THE POWER OF MUSIC." The subscriber must state which of these last beautiful Chromos is desired, and it will be immediately forwarded; or "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" will be sent, if preferred.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Be sure and send money by a post-office order, a registered letter, or by check on New York or Boston. We are not responsible for money lost on its way to us through the mails. Post-office orders are safe and cheap.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Subscribers can commence at any time, and not wait for their subscriptions to expire. Let them roll in their names as early as possible.

A VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—LET ALL HEED IT.

By a new law of Congress, publishers are compelled to prepay all postage on Magazines and Newspapers; consequently all subscribers will please forward with their subscriptions for BALLOU'S MAGAZINE the sum of TEN CENTS, in addition to their regular subscriptions. This will save to each subscriber *two cents*, the usual postage having been twelve cents per annum. *Let every one remember this, for it is very important to us that it should be understood and acted on, as we can't afford to prepay postage unless it is refunded to us.*

The Postage on THE AMERICAN UNION will be, as near as we can calculate, FIFTEEN CENTS, a saving of *five cents*; and this must be sent with the subscription, as we are compelled to prepay the postage at the Boston office. Pray do not forget this important information when you send in your subscriptions. Eight cents for six months.

Be careful in writing, to give State, County and Post-Office for each subscriber; and also to designate the name of the getter-up of the club.

Address THOMES & TALBOT,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.



BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII.—No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

WHOLE No. 242.

MY VALENTINE.

BY EDWARD B. NICHOLSON.



Go, Valentine, go! By valley and hill,
 By plain and woodland, and sand and sea,
 By lake and pool, and river and rill,
 Love's wings are loose and his words are free.
 Shall we not speak? shall our voice be dumb,
 When Love hath speech in cottage and hall?
 Shall our voice be dumb and our heart be numb
 That love the best and truest of all?

Go, Valentine, go! She will gaze upon others—
 On others less loving—ere glancing at thee;
 A smile and a kiss she will give to thy brothers,
 A smile and a mock to my message and me.
 Yet hope bides long, and patience longer,
 And the love I love the longest of three;
 And these are strong, and my love is stronger,
 So thou shalt say what I say to thee.

Say, when my skiff, down the swift current dashing,
 Cleaves waters that mirror the light of the skies,
 In the moon-silvered wavelets her laughter seems flashing,
 Her smile in the diamond spraydrops that rise.
 Her beauty in all that is fair I remember;
 In the heaven of the dawn the clear heaven of her eyes;
 And the flush on her cheek in the last crimson ember
 That flushes the face of the day as it dies.

Say, when the first bird of morning is singing,
 Praying for her ever brings me delight;
 Praying for her, ere slumber be bringing
 Her presence to gladden the visions of night;
 Thinking of her every eve and each morrow,
 In solitude thinking, or midmost the stir
 Of the city of nations—O, balm of my sorrow,
 O, crown of my happiness—thinking of her.

Yet what shall it profit, though thus thou be laded?
 Were the bloom of her beauty less perfect to see,
 Were the sun of her grace and her pureness o'ershaded;
 So might her heart beat less coldly for me.
 Ah! if a tongue of laudation could sing of me,
 Tell of some nobleness, blazon me great!
 If the world with its voices and echoes could ring of me!
 So might I bear to be patient and wait.

Yet say that all greatness and goodness rise slowly,
 That the oak of the forest was once but a seed;
 Can she tell the first spring of the high or the lowly,
 The birth of the flower from the birth of the weed?
 The river was once but a fountain, that plashes
 The navies of nations with fathomless waves;
 And the gold that now glitters, the gem that now flashes,
 Have once been o'ertrod by the footsteps of slaves.

Then fly to her, Valentine! Valentine, fly to her!
 Fear not the scorn of a spirit so sweet;
 And cry to her, Valentine; tenderly cry to her,
 Laying thy burden of love at her feet.
 So, if the years ever crown me with honor,
 In the day that shall come she may pity me yet;
 So haply till then, while my hope fastens on her,
 She may sometimes remember, not always forget.

NAPOLÉON III.

Perhaps no man has been more bitterly accused of a willingness to sacrifice nobility of purpose, where it conflicted with the aims of a selfish ambition, or more warmly defended from those accusations by his friends, than Louis Napoleon. Ridicule has been used against him, that glittering toylike blade, which, in spite of its frail appearance, will often pierce the armor that the heaviest weapons of downright argument or criticism have found invulnerable. The "nephew of his uncle" has been compared, times without number, to his magnificent predecessor, greatly to his own disadvantage. His talents have been

firmament of nations, until at last it blazed brightly in the zenith, hanging there in defiance of cloud and storm, until, as by a sudden eclipse, it was swept from sight amid tempest and convulsion? Who shall say? Was he indeed a usurper and a tyrant, the hypocritical thief of the liberties of France? Or was he one of the mercies of an overruling Providence, commissioned by fate to fill the throne far more justly than it would have been filled by a Bourbon, and to rescue his country from the terrors of anarchy and red republicanism? Posterity will read these riddles with a clearer eye than is vouchsafed to the pres-



WILHELMSHOE, LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PRISON.

denied, his motives asserted to be the most selfish, his morality and manners assailed, and even his personal appearance adversely criticised or lampooned. He has been represented by one party as a schemer of the most despicable order, while on the other hand, his friends have found in him the most remarkable traits of character, traits which would seem to them to indicate the possession of both genius and inherent nobility of mind. Good people and gifted are ranged on either side, and the true valuation of the work which Napoleon III. accomplished in the world and for France, will scarcely be arrived at until future years give greater coolness of judgment. Was it for good or for evil that the "star of his destiny," pale, and somewhat feeble for a while, rose higher and higher in the

ent, though there are some, already, it may be, who might solve the question, and still it would remain unsolved in the minds of the multitude.

The events of the Franco-Prussian war are yet fresh in our memory, though fast becoming somewhat dim, except to those who have immediate and peculiar cause to remember them. The triumph of German arms over French valor, the defeat at Sedan, the capture of Louis Napoleon, the narrow escape of the empress from Paris, the siege and devastation of that beautiful city, the terrible reign of Communism, succeeded by the comparative peace and quiet of the present; last, but not least, the death of the ex-emperor at Chislehurst, flit through the mind in quick succession as we recur to that time of anxiety and blood.

When Louis Napoleon was drinking the cup of humiliation to the very dregs at the hands of his victorious foes, the world looked eagerly for the next act in the programme, and Bismarck exulted over the step taken by Germany toward increased power and glory. While the victorious powers were arranging what should be the next scene in the drama, Napoleon was looking out, for the second time in his life, from the walls of a prison—this time a Prussian one—at Wilhelmschlo. The view of this place, on page 107, will give the reader a better idea of the spot where the ex-emperor was for a while confined, than any description in words. His detention there, and his subsequent life and death at Chisellhurst, have become matters too well known to require comment. After all the stormy scenes of an eventful life, Louis Napoleon died as peacefully in his own home as any quiet gentleman whose years had been spent apart from the turmoil and continual exaction of political importance. For twenty years he ruled with a firm hand the most unruly people in Europe; and no one can deny that order and prosperity characterized his reign, such as France had been deprived of since the days of the first Napoleon. Had he been a man of the small mind and mean abilities generally ascribed to him by his enemies, he could never have accomplished what he did, however able his associates in power might have been.

The life of Napoleon III. might be painted in the most gloomy shades and the most brilliant lights, and yet, setting aside the joy which long-wished-for success must bring, it had not been a sunny one, certainly not an enviable one. Born in April, 1808, amid the splendors of the first empire, it was not long before the clouds that lowered in the sky of Napoleon began to gather together with fearful rapidity and extent. The sunshine which gilded the first years of Louis Napoleon's life was quickly dimmed by the misfortunes that swept his uncle from the throne, and forced his mother, the beautiful and fascinating Hortense, to leave France, not knowing what refuge in Europe would be open to her. Banished from France, refused admittance to Switzerland and Savoy, she was at last permitted to reside for a short time within the limits of the Grand Duchy of Baden, whose sovereign had married

her cousin in the days of Bonaparte's prosperity. But the reinstated Bourbons trembled on the throne of France, and considered Hortense and her son too near for the safety of Louis XVIII. Accordingly, the ex-queen of Holland was again forced to seek another home. The authorities of the little Swiss canton of Thurgovia consented to receive her, and she purchased the beautiful estate of Arenenberg, on the shore of Lake Constance, which was thereafter her home until her death in 1837. At this time Louis Napoleon's elder brother, Napoleon Louis, was with his father, the ex-king of Holland; but a reconciliation soon took place between Hortense and her husband, and the two brothers saw more of each other, and attended together the Bavarian college at Augsburg. Hortense also passed much of her time at Rome; and there, in the saloons of his Aunt Pauline, the Princess Borghese, Louis Napoleon was surrounded by the most brilliant society.

In the year 1830, Louis Napoleon and his brother Napoleon Louis joined the Italian patriots in their struggle for liberty, to which the people were excited by the revolution in France which placed Louis Philippe on the throne. But the despotic powers of Austria, Russia and Prussia were too strong for any hope of Italy's success, and Napoleon Louis died in March, 1831, from the effects of the arduous campaign. Louis Napoleon was also very ill, and a price was set upon his head by the Austrians. But through the ingenious devices of his mother he escaped from their clutches, and fled with her to Paris, as the only place of refuge, though the whole Bonaparte family were under a decree of banishment from France. Mother and son were allowed to remain a short time on account of the young prince's sickness, but Louis Philippe soon became alarmed, and sent a command for them to depart. They then went to England, where they spent a few months, and then, with great difficulty, were allowed to return to Arenenberg.

In 1832, Louis Napoleon published his "Political Reveries," giving his ideas of government. In the meantime, the never very secure throne of Louis Philippe grew more and more unstable. The republican insurrection of the fifth and sixth of June, 1832, indicated the state of public feeling, although it was a failure. Then came the

spring of the Bourbon Legitimists, also a failure; soon afterward the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, only son of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, left Louis Napoleon the only heir to the imperial dignity of his uncle, if we except his fast-falling father and his uncle Joseph. He was about this time offered the crown of Poland by the Polish insurrectionists, but declined to do more than fight with them as a volunteer, which was prevented by their immediate defeat.

Two or three years of quiet at Arenenberg followed, which were devoted to study, and during which the heir of the Bonapartes published several pamphlets, political and military. One hope and one ambition animated him, and to the idea of governing the people of France in the future he clung then and ever afterward with the deepest determination.

The next chapter in Louis Napoleon's life comprises the attempt at revolution by him, and its failure, at Strasburg. Captured, condemned and sentenced by the French government to be transported to America, he remained in this country but a short time, as he soon received intelligence of the mortal illness of his mother, and departed for her home, where he arrived in time to hear her last words. Various authorities testify as to the deep love that existed between mother and son.

The French king now demanded the expulsion of Louis Napoleon from Switzerland, and the latter saved the Swiss any disturbance by withdrawing voluntarily to England, where he published the celebrated work entitled "*Idees Napoléoniennes*," devoted to elucidation of the plans and ideas of the first Napoleon, and also serving to show the thought and research of the writer, who thus forwarded his interests in France, though under the ban of exile. The second attempt to win the throne of France soon took place, resulting, as all the world knows, in the capture of Louis Napoleon, and his long imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. "Imprisonment for life" was the sentence, and gloomy indeed were the prospects of the prince at that time. Shortly after he entered the

forbidding walls of his prison, the whole French nation was engaged in honoring the remains and memory of Napoleon I., and Louis Philippe looked on in fearful silence, compelled to join in the most magnificent funeral obsequies of modern times.

The prisoner at Ham devoted himself to study and composition during the six long years of his captivity. The details of his wonderful escape are familiar to all readers, as well as the object which led to its attempt—the desire to visit his dying father; this object, however, was defeated through the malice of the French government. England again received the exile, who still firmly believed that it was his destiny to rule over the French nation; and though this belief only excited an incredulous smile for years from many, the events of the future proved that it was no foolish hope. The revolution of 1848, dethroning Louis Philippe, and establishing a republic, recalled the quiet studious Louis Napoleon to France. How he became a member of the Assembly, its prince president, and finally the emperor of the French, does not need to be told. The success of the *coup d'état*, the brilliant reign of twenty years, the Crimean war, the struggle in Italy, the liberation of Venetia, the attempt at empire in Mexico, the triumph of Germany, the deathbed at Chislehurst; the curtain drops, the play is over, and the audience goes its way, conscious that, whatever may have been his character, this man was a power in the world.

He still has his admirers in France. They are numbered by millions, and will, at some distant day, place the prince imperial upon the throne. And if such is the case, if such destiny awaits the studious young man who is now learning military science at an institution in England, let us hope that he will rule with all the ability which his father displayed, but will commit none of the terrible errors which disgraced his administration, and brought reproach upon the name of Napoleon: one of the most illustrious that ever lived in history, and which will never be forgotten until time shall be no more.

MILAN.

The city of Milan is one of the most pleasant in Italy, or, indeed, in Europe. It is not only possessed of that romantic attraction inseparable from natural beauty, antiquity and architectural splendor, but it satisfies the more material wants of the traveller by its unmistakable air of comfort and prosperity. It is too often the case that the famous cities of the old world exhibit their splendors of art and architecture side by side with squalor and the hovels of the miserably poor. But Milan, on account of its fine coffee-houses and hotels, its elegant shops and theatres, and the life and animation which characterize its crowded streets, has been called the "little Paris."

This city, the capital of Lombardy, is situated south of the Alps, in a beautiful plain bordered by two small streams, the Lambro and Olona, which join the Ticeno by means of the Naviglio Grande Canal, and the Adda by the Martesana Canal, thus establishing communication with Lago Maggiore, the Lake of Como, and the river Po. The distance by rail from Milan to Venice is 176 miles, and it has been said of it that it stands "in a sea of green trees, as Venice stands in a sea of green waters." This description gives a very good idea of the first appearance of Milan, surrounded as it is by orchards and gardens whose verdure and beauty are such as one may expect beneath the soft skies of Italy.

The form of the city is nearly circular, the most thickly settled part of it being bounded by a canal five miles in length; but the entire circumference of the Milan of to-day is not far from eight miles, and that of the outer wall is ten miles, which includes the gardens of which we have spoken. There are ten principal gates, but the chief entrance to the city is through the one called Tenaglia—which leads to the Simplon—by an esplanade called Piazza di Castello, containing the ancient gothic castle of the Visconti family. Many of the streets are narrow and irregular, but they are nearly all well-paved, and a number of the principal ones are very fine. Some of those near the canal are still called *terrazzi*, or terraces.

The Piazza di Castello was much beautified by Eugene de Beauharnais during his residence and rule at Milan. On the north-east of the castle is the Piazza d'Armi, and opening into it is the famous *arco della pace*, only excelled by the *arc de l'étoile* in Paris, a superb triumphal arch of white marble, mostly the work of Cagnola, which stands on the Simplon road. The fashionable roads of Milan are the streets called *corsi*, which lead to the principal gates, and along these favorite walks the beauty, and fashion, and wealth of the city assemble and move in gayety and grace.

The houses of the Milanese are usually from three to five stories high, and though there are not so many splendid palaces in Milan as in Genoa, Rome or Florence, it is by no means destitute of mansions that will compare favorably with those of other Italian cities. The Visconti, Belgiojoso, Annone and Belloni palaces are celebrated for their architectural beauty and the fine works of art which they contain. Among the most elegant public buildings we may mention the archiepiscopal palace, the royal palace, palace of the treasury, palace of justice, of the government, of science and art, the mint, and the famous public loan bank. But the glories of all other buildings in Milan grow dim when compared with those of its cathedral, which stands next to immortal St. Peter's in the vastness of its dimensions. It stands nearly in the centre of the city, and was commenced by Visconti, in 1386, on a scale of such magnificence that the work of its erection has dragged down through the centuries to the present day, though the mighty energy of Napoleon I. gave it a wonderful advance, as it did everything of the sort that came within the boundaries of his power. The work of so many hands and the lapse of so many years are apparent in the cathedral of Milan; and though the principal design of the architect has been carried out, the details of the great undertaking show the mixture of styles and the inconsistencies one might reasonably expect. The interior is rich in monuments of prelates and princes, and the beholder of all this splendor finds himself in

a goodly assemblage, silent but beautiful, and as expressive as marble can be made to be under the hands of a master. More than 4400 statues adorn the cathedral, and in fretwork, carving and statuary it is reputed to excel all other churches in the world. Says a writer, "Its double aisles, its clustered pillars, its lofty arches, the lustre of its walls, its numberless niches, all filled with marble figures, give it an appearance novel even in Italy, and singularly majestic."

Another famous church, remarkable as having been the scene of religious councils, political strife, and the coronations of sove-

domination, have entered with fresh zeal into those enterprises which are open to them. The academy of fine arts is one of the most celebrated in Europe, and is situated in the palace of science and art, commonly called the Brera. This fine building contains a large gallery of paintings, especially rich in the works of Lombard and Bolognese artists; the public library of nearly 190,000 volumes; a collection of casts; a botanical garden, and one of the best observatories in Italy. The far-famed Ambrosian Library is also located at Milan.

In theatres and theatrical performances Milan is entitled to rank high among other



STREET IN MILAN.

reigns, is that of St. Ambrose. It is in a Milanese church, also, anciently the Dominican, but now that of Santa Maria della Grazie, that the traveller finds the celebrated fresco by Leonardo da Vinci, of the "Last Supper;" and there are several others worthy of mention had we space to devote to a repetition of their beauties.

The charities of Milan are many and well-endowed, embracing a number of hospitals, beside the lazaretto, situated outside the walls, which was founded in the fifteenth century for the plague-stricken, and encloses an area of over thirty acres.

The improvement of Milan has been marked since the close of the Austrian rule in 1859, and a new life and vigor seem to have been infused into the people, who, relieved of the heavy yoke of foreign

cities. La Scala competes with San Carlo at Naples; it can accommodate between three and four thousand persons, and its musical audiences are exceedingly keen in their criticism and fastidious in their requirements. No more severe ordeal could be suggested for a *debutante* than an appearance upon the stage of La Scala. Another large theatre is the Canobbiano, and we may also mention the *teatro ne* and the *filodrammatico*, which is maintained wholly by amateurs, and where Pasta and other renowned artists have made their first appearance. The amphitheatre at Milan, which dates from the rule of Napoleon, accommodates an audience of thirty thousand, and is the place chosen for races, fireworks, etc.

The early history of Milan is interesting.

Its ancient name was Mediolanum, and it was a place of importance as early as B.C. 222, about which time it became subject to the power of Rome. Under the Romans it grew rapidly in power and prosperity, and was called the modern Athens and the "little Rome." For the space of nearly a hundred years it was the actual imperial residence, until, at the commencement of the fifth century, the court was removed to Ravenna. It was at Milan, in 1313, that the Emperor Constantine issued his edict granting tolerance to the Christians; and the renowned St. Ambrose was archbishop of Milan for more than twenty-two years, dying there in 397. Some of the hymns composed by him are still sung in the churches of Milan, through whose dim and magnificent spaces the sound of their ancient melodies float as if there the influence of time and change were unknown.

Like its sister Italian cities, Milan was overrun and plundered by the fierce hordes of Attila. It then became the capital of the Gothic kings, from whom it was taken by Belisarius, but only to be recaptured by the Goths in 539 and almost entirely destroyed. Held by the Lombards for a while, it fell into the hands of Charlemagne in 774. At the close of the tenth century it formed a part of the German empire under Otho I. Soon after it sustained a siege from Conrad II., on account of some rebellious movement. In the twelfth century, when it was the most influential city in Lombardy, it opposed the power of the German emperors, and suffered extremely from two successive sieges. But it quickly recovered from its calamities, and was soon declared a free city,

with the right to control its magnificent revenues. Then arose the famous strife between the Gueiphs and Ghibellines, who were represented by the family of Della Torre for the former, and the Visconti for the latter. For a while the Torre succeeded, but the Visconti commenced a rule in 1311, which continued until the male line of the family became extinct, in 1447, when Francesco Sforza became duke of Milan. The French claimed the duchy, but after some years their claim was abandoned. On the death of Francesco Sforza II., Milan came into possession of Philip II. of Spain, and was under Spanish rule for nearly two centuries. It became celebrated for the exquisite finish of its armor, and for the elegance of its fashions, which were so much imported throughout Europe that the name *milliner* was originally used to signify one who dealt in Milan finery.

In 1714 Milan was given to Austria, but after the French invasion, in 1796, it belonged successively to the Cisalpine republic, the Italian republic, and the kingdom of Italy. In 1814 it again was placed under Austrian rule, and so remained until the revolutionary period of 1848, when a provisional government was established by the Piedmontese, to be overthrown by the republicans soon after, who, in their turn, were quickly forced to yield to the troops of Austria. But the deliverance of Milan was not afar off, and in June, 1859, Victor Emanuel and Napoleon III. entered the city as conquerors. The following July the peace of Villafranca gave Milan and the remainder of Lombardy to France, and by France it was transferred to Sardinia, to play its rightful part among the other cities of the new kingdom of Italy.

PRAIRIE SCENES.

The wide rolling prairies of America have long been the home of the wolf, the bison, the moose, the wild horse, and the Indian. Presenting a beautiful aspect when decked with the abundant flowers and tall grasses of summer, in winter they are covered with snow which hides the frequent ravines, and forms hills extremely deceptive, since they consist wholly of snow. No bare ground is to be seen except on the wind-swept tops of eminences, and on these elevations the bison herds seek for food,

pushing the snow away with their broad noses to reach the herbage underneath. Instinct keeps the bison away from the plains and valleys, which are full of dangerous crevices and ravines, imperceptible under the snow, but fatal to the unlucky herds that fall into them. The Indian hunters, aware of this, accordingly use all their arts to entrap the huge animals, a bison hunt being one of the most exciting and profitable sports of the prairie.

But however much the hunters might

desire to slay the bisons, the latter would be safe from their enemies, were there not an invention which enables the Indians to pass rapidly over the surface of the snow. Such an invention exists in the shape of the snow-shoe, which does away with all difficulties, and places the animals completely in the power of their pursuers. The snow-shoes, awkward, cumbersome, and extremely painful at first, with a little practice lose all their disagreeable qualities, and with their aid the hunter can skim swiftly

prairie is the prairie-wolf, of which a good representation is given on this page. These animals, well-known as fierce yet cowardly creatures, follow the hunters in large flocks, never presuming to attack them, but watching for a chance to feast upon the prey which they leave behind them. The wolves also hang upon the outskirts of a herd of bisons, waiting for an opportunity to spring upon some member of the herd which may hang back and get separated from its companions, either through weakness or



A PRAIRIE WOLF.

over the white surface where, without them, a child would sink.

Supported on his snow-shoes, the Indian drives the herd of bisons from the elevated land down into the valleys, where, as they flounder helplessly about in the deep snow, he selects the finest animals, those having the largest, softest robes, and kills them with his spears. He then removes the skin, the tongue, and the hump, esteemed the best parts of the bison, and leaves the rest as a feast for the prairie wolves. Immense numbers are slain every year in this manner, and still the great herds that blacken the prairies do not seem to decrease in numbers.

. One of the most familiar figures on the

wounds. The bisons, however, feeling their strength while together, allow the wolves to approach them unmolested, and even to mingle among them. The hunters are aware of this, and take advantage of the fact in their hunting expeditions. Procuring a large-sized wolf-skin, the Indian wraps it around him as well as he can, making himself look as much like a genuine wolf as possible. Creeping forward on his hands and feet, the head of the wolf projecting just beyond his own, and holding his bow and arrows in his left hand, he deceives the bisons which do not discover the cheat as they look out from under their shaggy brows. Selecting the animal which he prefers, the disguised hunter creeps toward it

until he reaches a satisfactory position, when he drives the flint-headed arrow to its heart. The assault is noiseless, and the wounded creature usually runs a few steps, and then sinks down upon the earth to die while the wily hunter is off seeking another victim, which he despatches in a similar manner. The Indians take great pride in their success as hunters, and each one aims to kill an animal with every arrow, and so go on until his stock of arrows is exhausted, without alarming the herd.

The Indians prize their horses very highly, and are in the habit of replenishing their stock from the herds of wild horses which sweep over the prairie in their pride and strength, headed by the strongest and swiftest members of their company. Of the manner in which this is accomplished, the following is a very good description.

When an American Indian—say a Camanche—wishes to catch a fresh horse, he mounts his best steed, and goes in search of the nearest herd. When he has come as near as he can without being discovered, he dashes at the herd at full speed, and, singling out one of the horses, as it gallops along, hampered by the multitude of its companions, flings his lasso over its neck.

As soon as the noose has firmly settled, the hunter leaps off his own steed (which is trained to remain standing on the same spot until it is wanted), and allows himself to be dragged along by the affrighted animal, which soon falls in consequence of being choked by the leathern cord.

When the horse has fallen, the hunter comes cautiously up, keeping the lasso tight enough to prevent the animal from fairly recovering its breath, and loose enough to guard against its entire strangulation, and at last is able to place one hand over its eyes and the other on its nostrils. The animal is now at his mercy. He breathes strongly into its nostrils, and from that moment the hitherto wild horse is his slave. In order to impress upon the animal the fact of his servitude, he hobbles together its forefeet for a time, and casts a noose over its lower jaw; but within a wonderfully short period he is able to remove the hobbles and to ride the conquered animal into camp. During the time occupied in taming the horse, it plunges and struggles in the wildest manner; but after this one struggle it yields the point, and becomes the willing slave of its conqueror.

The rapidity with which this operation is completed is really wonderful. An experienced hunter is able to chase, capture, and break a wild horse within an hour, and to do his work so effectually that almost before its companions are out of sight, the hitherto wild animal is being ridden as if it had been born in servitude.

The native hunter, cruel master though he generally is, takes special care not to damp the spirit of his horse, and prides himself on the bounds and curvets which the creature makes when it receives its master upon its back.

There is, says our authority, only one drawback to this mode of hunting. It is impossible to capture with the lasso the best and swiftest specimens. These animals always take command of the herd, and place themselves at its head. They seem to assume the responsibility as well as the position of leaders, and, as soon as they fear danger, dart off at full speed, knowing that the herd will follow them. Consequently, they are often half a mile or more in advance of their followers, so that the hunter has no chance of overtaking them on a horse impeded by the weight of a rider.

A somewhat strange method of horse-taking has been invented since the introduction of firearms. This is technically named "creasing," and is accomplished as follows. Taking his rifle with him, the hunter creeps as near the herd as he can, and watches until he fixes on a horse that he thinks will suit him. Waiting till the animal is standing with its side toward him, he aims carefully at the top of the neck and fires. If the aim be correct, the bullet just grazes the neck, and the horse falls as if dead, stunned for the moment by the shock. It recovers within a very short time; but before it has regained its feet the hunter is able to come up to the prostrate animal, place his hands over its eyes, breathe into its nostrils, and thus to subdue it.

This is a very effectual mode of horse-catching, but it is not in favor with those who want horses for their own riding, because it always breaks the spirit of the animal, and deprives it of that fire and animation which the native warrior prizes so much. Indeed, so careful is the Camanche of his steed, that he will not mount his favorite war horse except in actual warfare, or the hunt. When he is summoned by his chief, he attends muster, mounted on a

second horse, or hack, and leading his war horse by the bridle.

The wild horses of America are small, neat-limbed and powerful. Those brought into the market are usually such as have been taken by "creasing," and experienced purchasers do not care greatly to own such

animals. This method of capturing horses has obvious disadvantages. The hunter is in danger of missing his mark, in which case the whole herd dashes off, leaving him an empty field, or he may aim too low and thus kill the horse on the spot.

FEEDING BIRDS IN WINTER.

What a pleasure it is, when the snows of winter lie upon the earth, to see a flock of those hardy little birds that do not mind the biting northern wind; but hop cheerfully about in search of seeds and crumbs; and how gladly we scatter food around the door or window in the hope that they will find it, and will come again. The songsters of the summer-time have all fled to warmer lands, the trees are stripped of their green leaves, and only here and there a clump of evergreens relieves the bareness of the boughs, and yet the sparrows, the chickadees, the snowbirds, and others of like nature, do not desert us in our long and dreary winter. They grow to understand that we have no hostile intentions toward them, and cease to fly at our approach as they pick up the morsels we have laid out for them in pity and sympathy for their scanty fare. But they do not look starved—these little winter friends; their feathers are thick, and glossy, and beautiful, their eyes are bright with the brightness of health, and their tiny round bodies appear to be as plump as those of well-fed, daintily-cared-for canaries.

During the last winter a large snowdrift accumulated under one of our windows, and upon this drift crumbs were daily scattered for the benefit of the birds; and they would come, a dozen at a time, and peck away at the bits of bread and cracker until the supply was exhausted. Sometimes, if the day happened to be stormy, the fast-falling snow would cover up the repast prepared for them before they could dispose of it all, and sometimes one hungry little fellow would gain possession of a good-sized crumb, and thus excite the envy of his companions, who would try to get it away from him until he took refuge in flight, with his precious morsel in his beak. Securely seated on some neighboring fence he would then proceed to devour his prize, holding it under

one foot while he pecked it to pieces with his small bill.

One bright cold day in the very early spring a dish of seeds was set out for the birds' benefit. The spring was unusually late, and the extreme cold and violent storms had evidently had their effect on the little inhabitants of the forest, for they had been coming about the house in unusual numbers for several days. On this particular morning there was the usual flock of small birds, and among them, conspicuous for his superior size and the bright red of his head and breast, was a red linnet, who helped himself to the inviting fare laid before him as if he fully appreciated the good fortune that had led him thither. How bright and large his eyes looked, as he glanced around, ready to fly away at the least indication of danger! No doubt the poor little fellow was nearly starved. Wonderfully handsome he looked, standing on the white snow, his breast as bright as a ruby, his wings shaded so finely in red and brown. We viewed him in admiration, and hoped that he would outlive the storms and cold, and sing his own exquisite song in the happy summer-time a-coming. We do not know whether our wish was granted or not, but when summer had come with its green fields, and woods, and fragrant flowers, a red linnet and his mate built a nest in the top of a small fir tree near the door, and one day we made the discovery that there were three speckled eggs laid therein. The pretty gray lady-bird sat steadily for some time, and her handsome mate sang his beautiful song through the long June days.

But alas, for the castle-building in which we indulged on the strength of those three speckled eggs! Already we saw in imagination a nest full of young linnets, nicely feathered out, and looking up with their shy bright eyes, as pretty creatures as could

be found in the whole domain of animated nature. And then the thought occurred—would it be wrong to take one when it should be just ready to leave the nest, and rear it as our own little pet? Conscience did not reprove, and the prospect was al-

sight of her mate among the boughs of the trees, and suspicion began to enter our mind that all was not as it should be. To make "assurance doubly sure" the nest was examined, and alas! birds and eggs were gone! What had broken up the happy household



FEEDING THE SPARROWS.

luring. But, as dear Robert Burns very truthfully says—

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,

and in spite of the many anxious glances cast at the linnet's nest we were destined to meet with disappointment. We missed the glimpse we could catch of the bird sitting on her nest, we missed the occasional

arrangement remained a mystery, and we could only conjecture how the nest had been robbed, for it was not time for the young birds to break the shell. Was it some egg-sucking marauder of a jay? was it a cat? was it anything else? Nobody knows, and nobody ever will know, but the linnets were gone, and did not return for the rest of the season.

An extremely handsome and hardy winter bird, and one that is rarely seen near human habitations, is the one known as the great northern shrike or butcher-bird, of whose predatory inclinations we can speak from experience. We had, during the whole of one winter, a large cage containing eight or nine beautiful canaries placed in one of our windows, and noticed for several days that the birds would flutter and cry out quite often, as if in fear or distress. A little watchfulness enabled us to discover the cause of their terror, which was a large handsome bird that would perch itself on the limb of a tree near by, and thence swoop toward the window, in front of which he would hang, supporting himself by his wings, evidently very eager to reach the caged birds, which on their part would utter a cry of dismay and fly to the side of the cage furthest from him. This bird we recognized as none other than the butcher-bird, and he was doubtless anxious to make a meal out of the poor canaries, looking upon them, from their small size, as his lawful prey. For many days the shrike continued to come and make ineffectual attempts to seize upon the canaries, but at last his patience probably became exhausted, for he ceased to make his appearance. This bird's beauty was remarkable. It was of the size of a robin, the upper parts light ashen gray, the wings, tail, and a band around the eye black; the breast white and

curiously beautiful, having the appearance of being frosted. The bill was noticeable for its size and evident strength. No mere mention of the colors of the gray shrike gives a correct idea of its beauty. It is said to have the habit of impaling its prey upon sticks or thorns, thus making it easier for it to tear it to pieces. It feeds upon insects, mice and small birds, and the latter are instinctively aware of the danger its presence indicates, always showing the utmost dislike and dread of its approach.

The engraving on page 116 illustrates the pleasure which a whole family may take in feeding winter birds, and also the familiarity with which the birds will take the food provided for them when once the first instinctive shyness of their nature is overcome. Innocent pleasures like this can never cause regret, and of all the many forms of animated nature none is more lovable or more beautiful than the bird creation. Fairy sylphs, alike at home upon solid earth or in midair, sweeping gracefully from point to point, swift in every motion, and gifted many of them, with wondrous powers of song, a study of their habits and peculiarities cannot fail to reward the student with not only knowledge but delight. To those who treat them kindly and wisely they are grateful and affectionate in captivity, and the home that is brightened by their beauty and music is the better place for their presence.

A WISH.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

If I could have my wish I'd be
A vagrant neath a leafy tree,
My bed the meadow posies;
And for my company alway,
An idle gipsy summer day,
Who has no dower but roses.

Whose swart cheeks burn between dark
locks,
Who has to keep no wandering flocks,
Who has no grain for reaping;
Whose brown eyes brim with happy
dreams,
Beside the softly singing streams,
That lull the lillies sleeping.

None save the blue eyes of the sky
Should watch us as we wandered by,
Our careless music trilling;
Camb-idge, December, 1874.

Nó voice should greet us save the
birds
With all their sweet unmeaning words,
The haunted silence thrilling.

No footfall should disturb our calm,
Save winds that bring us cooling
balm,
No sad dreams vex our sleeping;
No gain, and so no loss we'd know;
No joy, and so no waiting woe;
No love, and so no weeping.

Afar the world might toil and fret,
We should remember nor forget;
The hours like dropped leaves blowing
So softly, silently away.
We need not sigh to bid them stay,
We heed not they are going!

DISINHERITED!

—OR,—

THE MYSTERY OF THE HEADLANDS.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

Guy rose up from his footstool, pushing it aside. He stood toying with the knick-knacks upon the marble mantel, and looking thoughtfully into the fire, in the same place, and just as Miss Glendenning had stood a half hour before.

"I have been meeting with adventures to-night," he said, suddenly. "My dear mother, who is your friend, Mr. Lennox?"

She started, flashed upon him a sharp suspicious glance. Then the mistress of Brandt House hid her face in her handkerchief and coughed.

"Did you meet him?" with a slight inflection of surprise.

"Yes," said Guy.

"He is a friend of the family—he was Colonel Brandt's friend twenty years ago. He has dined with us to-day."

"Ah?"

"You have heard of him, I am sure—Paul Lennox, from New York?"

"A lawyer?" asked Guy, carelessly, lounging over the mantel.

"Yes."

"Where is he stopping?"

"At some inn in the village."

"There is but one."

"Well, there!"

Renshaw turned slowly about.

"And may I ask," he said, "what Mr. Paul Lennox is doing at a wretched inn in a still more wretched fishing village—miles from New York?"

Mrs. Brandt moved uneasily in her chair.

"How should I know? Some love affair, perhaps. There is a young girl at the inn."

"Indeed?"

"The granddaughter of the woman who keeps it. She has a face that ought to make her fortune."

Renshaw's lip curled with a sneer that he did not repress.

"Men like Paul Lennox do not marry fishers' girls for their pretty faces."

"True," said Mrs. Brandt, paling a little; "yet I have known such things. This Essica Darke, however, has been at the Convent of the Bleeding Heart. She is thoroughly accomplished."

Renshaw opened his dark eyes in a stare of unfeigned amaze.

"And, pray, who has done this for her?"

"The old woman—the grandmother. She is bringing the girl up for a lady—a dangerous experiment for persons in their condition. There! I can gossip no more. Edith!"

At the sound of her name, uttered in that cold imperative voice, Miss Glendenning turned quietly, and glided out into view beneath the shadow of the purple curtain. Renshaw extended his hand—she was a grade above the servants—she was his mother's companion.

"Have you found the key?" said Mrs. Brandt, sharply.

"No," answered Miss Glendenning.

The worn brows contracted.

"That is strange. See that the floor is searched to-morrow before the servants enter. You are growing very careless, Miss Glendenning. Now order in the tea."

Miss Glendenning's yellow eyes flashed through their black lashes. She flushed, faintly, as Renshaw, with a look that was not without its pitying surprise, stepped forward before her, and rang the bell. Queen Mab, with her tawny face and midnight braids, brought in the tea-tray. It was, at best, a silent and constrained meal. The wind roared in the wide-mouthed chimney, and gibbered and moaned in the shutters; and the rain clattered sharply along

the diamond-shaped panes, and through it all, the loudest voice in the grand chorus, wild, and deep, and terrible, rose up the walling of the storm-lashed sea. Mrs. Brandt sat gaunt and ghostly, listening, and sipping her tea in the pauses. Renshaw was moody and abstracted, Miss Glendening silent as the grave. And the little ormolu clock ticked loudly, and the firelight shimmered on the sombre furniture, and on Mrs. Brandt's stately black satin, and crawled along the fine edges of the silver and glass on the tea-tray, and Mab, waiting like a piece of bronze in attendance, arched her black brows at the trio, and yawned furtively behind her finger-tips when Mrs. Brandt did not see.

The ormolu clock struck nine. Renshaw pushed aside his cup.

"Good-night," he said, rising, and taking his mother's hand in his own.

She looked at him, wistfully.

"Stay, Guy! one moment."

So he waited, leaning over her chair. Mab gathered up the tea-things and departed, not waiting to be bidden, had glided out, like a dark spirit, and without a word.

As the green baize door swung into place, Mrs. Brandt wheeled her chair abruptly round, and faced the oak cabinet standing in its corner, all flickered upon by the red firelight. She pointed to it with her solemn outstretched finger.

"Guy," she said, calmly, "that is yours—that and what it contains. I should have given you the key to-night, but it is lost. It will be found to-morrow. Do not open it, nor seek to know what it holds until after my death. Then, all will be made plain to you. Promise me?"

"I promise," said Guy, solemnly.

"And, now, good-night."

She looked up at him still wistfully, as he bent over her.

"Kiss me?" she said.

He touched his bearded lips to her forehead. It was the first caress she had asked of him for years.

"Say to Miss Glendening that she need not come in again. I shall ring for the housekeeper. Good-night."

And Renshaw went out.

Miss Glendening was walking in the hall alone. Through a great black shadow cast by the oaken staircase, she heard his step, and came forward slowly, her dark shawl

trailing from her thin shoulders, her eyelids drooping.

"Have you come for me?" she asked.

Renshaw, with a shrug, delivered his message.

"Miss Glendening," he began, falling into place beside her, and walking on beside her through that great black shadow, "how long has my mother been thus?"

"A twelvemonth—perhaps more!" answered Miss Glendening.

"Is this Paul Lennox a frequent visitor?"

"Yes."

"And," carelessly, "he is making love to your hamlet beauties?"

Miss Glendening's eyes flashed suddenly up. She looked at him so long and well, that, with all his sublime self-possession, he colored under the look. It was singular, but when the blood rose to his face, hers grew pale.

"I do not know," she replied; "it is likely enough. You have seen this Essica Darke?"

"Yes," said Renshaw, growing cool at once.

"She is very beautiful?"

"Very."

Then they walked on again.

Out of the shadow, and into the light of lustre in the niche—past a shimmering figure in bronze—past a monkish picture by Poussin, hanging above them on the panelled wall—side by side they walked—those two—he careless, and haughty, and handsome—she watching him covertly with her glittering eyes.

"Ugh!" said Renshaw, "what a dark eerie old place it is! What ails the house? There is something uncanny, I fancy, in its very air."

She smiled.

"Do you remain here?"

"For a time. I am not faithful like you."

How carelessly he spoke! How little he knew the passionate pain welling up into vague rebellion where his words struck. It is hard to remember one has a heart by its aching.

"See," said Renshaw, drawing the curtain loosely back from an arched window at the end of the hall, "this is where we used to read Goethe to my mother two years ago. Do you still read Goethe, Miss Glendening?"

"I—that is, the books are laid away," said Miss Glendening.

"I thought of this window," he said, "when sailing up the Rhine."

"You were very good," answered she.

Then they turned and sauntered back to the foot of the staircase.

"*Bon nuit*," murmured Miss Glendenning, sweeping him a low courtesy. The next moment she had gathered up a handful of black drapery and was flitting away up the wide oak stairs, with the long fringe of her lustreless shawl trailing behind her, like a serpent through the shadows.

Renshaw turned on his heel with a whimsical smile.

"Miss Glendenning," he said, "you are—unique. I am rather afraid of you."

How far he might have been justified in his words it would be hard to tell, if, in speaking, he could have seen Miss Glendenning, herself, standing livid upon the landing above him, and stamping her slender foot in a spasm of rage.

"And this," she hissed through her close-set teeth, "this is all, after two long terrible years! Look to your proud name, lady of Brandt! I am no mate for him—I, a gentlewoman, with blood as red as his own! He will yet mate with meaner!"

In his own chamber that night, swept and garnished for his coming, and lighted by a cheery wood-fire, Mr. Guy Renshaw lounged till long after midnight, sleepless as an owl, watching the fanciful wreaths of his own cigar-smoke, or the yet more fanciful pictures he saw in the fire. Now, it was the tawny hair of Essica Darke, blown long and curling upon the wind; now the stark face of the dead sailor lying in the bottom of Ben Brainard's boat; then Paul Lennox's eyes looked out, evil and bright, through the red coals; and anon, a suaky curl of Miss Glendenning's drapery went dancing off in vapory smoke up the yawning gulf of the chimney; but change as these visions might, one there was among them which returned persistently again and yet again—rising up before him, vivid and clear in all its wild beauty—the pale face of Essica Darke.

"Good heavens!" cried Renshaw, starting up and flinging his cigar impatiently into the embers. "How that wild girl haunts me, to-night!"

There was a narrow gallery running outside his door; he turned the silver knob, and looked out. The clock in the hall below was just striking one. The sharp stroke

seemed cutting the stillness, like a knife. A far-off echo stirred faintly; then all was still again.

Renshaw was retreating back into the chamber, when a sudden glimmer of light, seen far-down the stairs, and moving along the wainscot, arrested him. Some one was coming up, bearing a candle carefully shaded.

A black figure it was, noiseless as a phantom, staring out above the shaded candle into the darkness before her, ghostly and unreal. For years after, he remembered her look. It was Miss Glendenning.

She came up swiftly and silently. He watched the long undulating folds of her dress sweep across the landing, and smelt, for a moment, a faint sickening odor of musk; then the candle-light, and the face above it, went out suddenly. He heard the closing of a door, and, on his own threshold, stood alone.

Renshaw's first thought was one of vague alarm—it was his mother—she was worse perhaps. With him, to think was to act. Rushing down the stairs with quickened breath, he opened the green baize door. All there was still and dark, except for a glimmer of light slanting low from the night-lamp which burned in her sleeping-room beyond, and the regular breathing of the sleeper herself. Renshaw looked around.

The invalid-chair stood by the grate, wherein a handful of embers still smouldered, and touched here and there, with a fantastic gleam, the oak cabinet in the corner, and the buhl table with its vials and medicines near by. Renshaw took up a brass key lying on this table beside a fan of sandal-wood.

It was a plain key, but he eyed it curiously. Then he crossed to the cabinet, and turned it in the lock. It fitted perfectly. With an odd smile, the heir of Brandt transferred the key to his pocket, and confident that all was well about him, went quickly out, closing the green baize door.

CHAPTER III.

DROPPED indiscriminately down upon the shore, among rocks and sands, and racks of fish drying in the sun, where the tide, in storms, swept almost up to the very door—a dark, dingy, weather-beaten inn, indeed, was that of the *Three Petrels*.

There it stood, in the bright morning sunshine—staring out grimly upon the bay, all in a wrinkle under a brisk salt breeze, and dotted here and there by the slanting wings of a seagull, or a jet of powdery foam, flung upward into the amber sunlight, where the frolicsome waves were tumbling over some sunken treacherous reef. There it stood, with its hospitable jaws wide open to all bronzed fishermen who loved tobacco and bad whiskey, and all unlucky travellers in search of entertainment for man and beast; and there, at its dingy front windows, overhung by a single silver poplar that shook and shivered, and streaked with vague shadows the sanded floor within, Mistress Moll Darke sat upon a wooden settle, with needle and mesh-block, mending nets, and croning a snatch of song softly to herself as she worked.

She was a gaunt woman—this hostess of the Three Petrels, wearing her fifty years well. She had a swarthy face, with fiery black eyes set under thick brows, and a few locks of black hair showing under the scarlet handkerchief bound about her head. Handsome she must have been in her day, but one's day can't last forever.

And, as I have said, Mistress Moll sat in her little barroom, mending her nets, and singing while she mended:

"My name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
My name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed.
My name was Captain Kidd,
And God's laws I did forbid,
And most wickedly I did,
As I sailed."

The cracked shrill voice dropped suddenly. A faint aromatic scent of cigar smoke came drifting in through the window, simultaneously with a shadow which fell across the sill.

"Good-morning, Mistress Darke!" said the pleasant voice of Guy Renshaw.

He stood leaning against the silver poplar, careless and handsome, looking in at her with those knowing eyes of his, that took in at a glance all that the room contained.

"Good-morning," answered the hostess of the Three Petrels, knitting her black brows.

"That is an old song," said Renshaw.

"It will never be younger," curtly.

8

"And Mistress Darke, I am sure, has sung it before to-day!"

Something unpleasant she found in his words, and she shot him a quick suspicious glance.

"Perhaps I have. Who knows? Did you come all the way from Brandt House to ask me that?"

Renshaw laughed.

"Not altogether. I came to see the shore, and the bay, and the dwellers thereof. Mistress Darke, where is your granddaughter this morning?"

"Not here."

"So I see."

Framed in the dingy window—a piece of color that would have delighted Rembrandt—Moll Darke crossed on the sill her two bare arms, streaked like bronze in the sunshine, and scowled on the careless young aristocrat without, her face full of smothered fire.

"And what do you want of Essica?" she said.

"Well, really—" began Guy.

"Hist!" flashed Mistress Moll. "I know you! I know your soft words, and your white hands, and your proud blood! You walk this way too often of late—too often for your own good, though you were ten times the heir of Brandt!"

Renshaw opened his dark eyes a little.

"Mistress Darke," he answered, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "you are slightly disagreeable this morning."

"And I warn you!" muttered the woman, raising her sharp forefinger; "remember, I warn you!"

"Which is very good of you, I am sure," said Renshaw, shrugging his broad shoulders; "and in the meantime, be so kind as to tell me whither Miss Essica has flown, and where I may hope to find her."

"She has gone down to the bay," shortly.

"Alone?"

"No," transfixing her needle in the nets, as if they had been something of flesh and blood to pierce and torture.

"*Non di scordar di me*," hummed Renshaw, turning on his heel. "Adieu, Mistress Darke! may you find yourself in a happier state of mind when we meet again."

Still she only scowled at him.

"God keep the time far hence!" she muttered, returning to her mesh-block as

Renshaw went sauntering off down the narrow path leading to the shore.

The tide was ebbing, with soft splashes, from the black feet of the rocks. There was a tinkling of small waves in the hot sunshine, a stately cloud or two clinging to the low blue horizon, and a broad strip of shining beach, uncoiling, like a ribbon, betwixt shore and sea.

Renshaw strolled across the shingles, poking the sprawling crab and starfish with his rattan, and intent upon all sights and sounds of human presence about him. Those, however, were few. Some sunburnt children were at play around a rotting hulk, half buried in the sand, and out upon the bay two or three fishing-boats were rocking idly. Nothing more. Renshaw threw himself down upon the dry brown rocks and waited.

Not long. He heard the dip of oars near by, the sound of mingling voices, and looked up. It was neither the sunburnt children nor the fishermen's boats that he saw now, but—what?

A little dory—a charming snow-white cockle-shell, just grating upon the shining sands below. Erect in the bow, and steadying the boat with an oar, a man was standing, dark and saturnine—Mr. Paul Lennox. But it was not he whom Renshaw at that moment saw. It was a second figure, rising up in the stern—a naïad, perhaps—a spirit of the surf? He might well look twice before he could determine. No, the slender girlish shape, the pale face, with its purple-dark eyes and warm red lips, the soft gray dress, looped above a skirt of scarlet, the wild loose curling hair, the single flash of scarlet ribbon threading its gloomy gold—all these things could belong to no other than Essica Darke.

"Come," said Paul Lennox, holding out his hand to her.

She did not take the hand—she put it by with a gesture that savored of distaste, and, never looking at him, sprang ashore unaided. Like a gourd, Renshaw rose, six feet tall, from the rocks, and lifted his cap.

"Ah, Miss Essica," he said, soberly, "I knew you were here—the ployers told me."

She recoiled a step, wavering and uncertain, and her pale face flushed carmine through its opaque skin.

"Mr. Renshaw!"

"Yes, it is I. Have I frightened you?"

Pardon me; and, Miss Essica, if you retreat any further, you will fall down the rocks."

She put out her hand involuntarily, just as a startled child might have done, and he caught it, with a light laugh, and drew her up to his side.

"Now thank me," said Renshaw, arching his handsome brows at her. "No, you will not, I see. You are angry. That was a ruse, Miss Essica. I was afraid the mer-men would carry you off."

"You are very kind," ironically.

"Don't mention it—it is a weakness of mine! Miss Darke, pray what are you hiding beneath your shawl—Pandora's box?"

Poised on a jag of the rock, like some bright-winged bird, some wild and radiant thing out of the heart of a tropic summer, she looked at him askant, with those wonderful eyes of hers, whose black lashes drooped upon a cheek tinged faintly, as a snow-wreath in sunset.

"Here," she answered, with a little stately air, drawing forth a volume of native Italian from beneath that gray shawl, "not Pandora's box, but Mr. Renshaw's Petrarch."

Renshaw stared, then looked loftily aggrieved.

"You have not read that book?"

"No."

He made a grimace.

"Bah! what an inhospitable coast! what a stubborn and unreasonable people! And why, may I ask, do you return my books to me unread?"

Her queenly little head grew taller by an inch.

"I forbade you to send them to me."

"Well?"

"Be so kind as to remember it in future. Now, if you will allow me to pass—"

Renshaw drew languidly back, glancing around him with exasperating coolness.

"Where is your friend Mr. Lennox?" he said.

She started violently, grasping at the rocks with one hand, and all the color dying out of her face. She threw a bewildered look over her shoulder, down the rocks.

The dory lolled lazily there at its moorings, the oars were slung down within it; but no further sign of Mr. Paul Lennox was anywhere visible. He had gone.

"I—I do not know," said Essica, catching her breath.

"Not here, at least," replied Renshaw, carelessly. "The tide is out; he has passed around the Headlands, doubtless. Shall we follow?"

With a repellant face, all the soft lines of which had grown cold and hard in a moment, Essica came slowly down from her perch. Hardly noticing this change of mood, although he had good cause to remember it afterwards, Renshaw slipped the volume of Petrarch into his pocket, and walked beside her down the shore.

"Mr. Lennox is a friend of yours?" said he.

"Yes," coldly.

"An old friend?"

"Yes," again. "I have known him for a long time."

Renshaw tossed a handful of pebbles into the receding tide.

"I was at the Headlands five years ago," he said; "it is odd that I did not see you then, Miss Essica."

She flushed. "No, I was at school."

"You have lived all your life in this dreary place?"

"All my life," she answered, bitterly. Except that time at the red convent of which she never spoke.

Pity, they tell us, is akin to love. Was it pity, then, that Guy Renshaw felt, as he loitered along the sands, with all thought of Paul Lennox gone, for the time, and nothing actual but that pale tawny-haired girl, and the sunshine, and the purple haze, and the blue beating sea? Nearly a month had gone by since the night of his coming to the Headlands. In that time, what had he done?

What, indeed, except to dawdle away his precious hours upon the shore, and haunt the old inn, teasing Mistress Moll at the dingy window, and watching Essica Darke, with his heart in his eyes? Brandt House bored him. It was horribly dull. His mother, growing weaker, day by day, was also more cold and reticent, and Miss Glendening, odd always, had fallen, of late, into a singular habit of moping in that window recess where they had once read Goethe together, over an eternal piece of crochet work, reminding him of nothing in the world but a large black spider, intent upon her web. What wonder, then, that Renshaw tired of Brandt House?

If, at this time, one had sought to remonstrate with him—to remind him that this easy listless way of drifting into doom was, of all others, the most hopeless—if one had told him then what the end would be, one would have got laughed at for one's pains. Moll Darke might have warned away till the heavens fell, and yet have warned in vain.

So it came to pass, that the two walked the sunset shore together, up to the red inn among the sandhills; and the gulls wheeled, white and shining, overhead, and the small waves clapped their snowy hands, with a sound like fairy cymbals, and gradually some of the pain, and dread, and darkness faded out of Essica Darke's face. And Guy Renshaw, talking as he seldom or never exerted himself to talk with any one, suddenly lifted his eyes, and lo! from afar, rolling down over the silvery beach road, he saw a carriage, drawn by a pair of bay horses, with silver-mounted harnesses flashing brightly in the sun.

Essica saw it, likewise, but as through a glass, and darkly. They had reached the narrow path leading up to the inn, then, and some one who had been standing in the porch, watching from under bent brows the approach of the two, now hastened towards them.

"Happy to see you," said Paul Lennox, nodding carelessly to Renshaw. "Ah, you have found that which I lost. Miss Darke, how did you manage to disappear so suddenly?"

"I did not disappear," she answered, coldly.

"But you ran away, which is quite as bad. I came on to the inn under the belief that I was following in your footsteps. Pray, whom have we here? Mr. Renshaw, your excellent mother, as I live!"

The carriage had stopped upon the sands not a rod distant—an elegant affair, embellished with plate glass, and Utrecht velvet, and French varnish. Half buried among its purple cushions, opposite the stiff black figure of Miss Glendening, reclined Mrs. Brandt, wrapped about in a magnificent Indian shawl. As the carriage stopped, she leaned forward over its side, and, lifting her gold-rimmed eyeglass, stared at the group before the inn.

Lennox doffed his cap. Mrs. Brandt, with her feverish eyes fixed on Essica Darke, bowed coldly, and then beckoned

Guy with one delicately-gloved hand. He came forward.

"Ugh! what odors of fish!" murmured Mrs. Brandt, flinging her point-lace handkerchief across a very pale face. "Guy, who is that girl?"

"Miss Darke," drawled Guy. "Shall I present you?"

Her thin lip curled.

"What a singular face she has! I never saw but one like it. Pray do you know these people?"

"A trifle," said Guy.

"And how do you amuse yourself here?"

"Shooting seawowl."

"Are they plentiful?"

"Very," dryly.

Mrs. Brandt moved uneasily in her seat, bringing her skirts in sharp contact with Miss Glendenning.

"Come into the carriage," she said, making room among the cushions beside herself.

Renshaw took the seat with an air of resignation.

"And now bid Johnson drive on."

So the glittering wheels went round, and Mrs. Brandt's handsome carriage went rolling away towards Brandt House; and behind, in the little dingy porch of the Three Petrels, Paul Lennox looked after it with a dark glittering smile.

"Essica," he said, softly, "would you like to ride in that carriage?"

She turned her dark eyes fully on him.

"No."

"That is odd. Would you like to exchange this grim little hotel for grand gloomy old Brandt House?"

"No," again.

"Odder still. Well, last of all, Miss Essica, did you see those two women stare at you?"

"I saw them."

Mr. Lennox laughed—a dry unpleasant laugh.

"The one in black—the Glendenning—a moment more, and she would have eaten you. Essica!"

She raised her pale unflinching face calmly. His own grew dark before it.

"There is a limit to all things, even to my forbearance. This Renshaw—he is a fine fellow—none better; but if he brings his handsome face here again—nay, do not look at me like that!—I am quite cool—I threaten nothing, only, as I was about to

say, Mr. Renshaw may find himself regretting, some fine morning, that he was ever born!"

And smiling cruelly down into the flaming eyes uplifted to his own, Paul Lennox turned into the dingy porch of the Three Petrels, softly humming.

CHAPTER IV.

A NARROW gravelled path curved around a grass-green opening, all in a mosaic of shadow and sun, past a belt of gaunt Lombardy poplars, through a thicket of evergreens and sweet flowering shrubs, terminating beyond their fragrant interstices in a gnarled stile, overrun with China roses, and myrtles, and syringas, and loved especially by all great velvety yellow-legged bees.

There was a sound of locusts drumming in the long grasses, the stir of scented leaves, the break of blue waves on the shore, the whirr of insects in the warm odorous air. Beyond the Lombardy poplars, the red brick walls of Brandt House glared in the sun, and a broad terrace, all honeysuckle, and jasmine, and stately white lilies, where two tawny wolf-mastiffs, with a taste for sweets, were stretched out lazily, in the heat and silence.

Through a glass door opening upon this terrace, Miss Glendenning, in her inevitable black, with a scarf knotted under her chin, came down the gravelled path, past the poplars and the evergreen thicket, and stopped at the picturesque old stile beyond. A refreshing picture she made, with her thin frosty face that the sun never heated nor tanned, shining under its smooth dead-black hair, and her floating crape dress and cool flexile hands, crossed, one above the other, on the gnarled old stile. Had her aspect been less chilly, one might have thought of those slippery shining snakes, coal-black their tortuous length, that slip out to bask in noontide heats, with just the noiseless undulating motion of this girl.

With one hand shading the sunlight from her yellow-hazel eyes, Miss Glendenning stood at the stile and peered down the vista opening beyond a mossy wall. A grass-grown path running around it, some sombre spruces growing in rows, and at their end a dismantled porter's lodge, long since fallen to decay, and flaunting with parasites and wild roses.

What there was in the picture to fascinate Miss Glendenning it would be hard to tell; but she stood motionless, almost breathless, gazing at the wall and at the ruined porter's lodge—then her eyes glowed, she traced some imaginary course in the air with her thin forefinger.

"From the bush," she said, softly, and to herself; "across the pastures, in circles and out of circles; over that piece of moor and on here! Yes, it is quite plain, and somewhere in this garden they must have dug the grave."

Whereupon Miss Glendenning got down from the stile, and, skirting the wall by its grass-grown path, went on to the lonely old lodge.

The sunlight fell there, slanting and subdued, the door had long been gone, but in its place, sundry weeds, and nettles, and wild blossoming plants had sprung up, casting a green gloom across the damp discolored floor within. Miss Glendenning, not without some destruction of crape, made her way slowly through this tangled wilderness, and, pausing in the doorway, saw before her, loling indolently in an empty casement, the handsome figure of Mr. Paul Lennox, with his head thrown back and a Turkish pipe between his lips, evidently in high enjoyment of the breezes, and roses, and nettles, and all. He looked up at the sound of her footstep.

"Miss Glendenning! I am charmed to see you," said Mr. Lennox, airily.

Whether or no the charm was mutual did not appear. Miss Glendenning stood wavering for a moment, and knitting her black brows—the next, she was calm again.

"Charming place, is it not?" pursued Mr. Lennox. "Pray come in. I regret there is no chair to offer you; you look fatigued."

The yellow eyes met his own steadily.

"Do not trouble yourself," answered Miss Glendenning. "I am not fatigued—only surprised. How long has Mr. Lennox preferred this place to Mrs. Brandt's drawing-room?"

Mr. Lennox laughed gayly.

"*Chacun a son gout!* My dear Miss Glendenning, you have a penetration beyond your years. Just look at the sea view from this window. Picturesque, I am sure."

"Very," said Miss Glendenning.

"You see," observed Mr. Lennox, with

a wave of his hand, "this was once the entrance to the estate; but the house has been remodelled, and a road cut at a different point, and, according to all accounts, this lodge has been allowed to fall into ruin, as you observe."

Miss Glendenning looked around on the dilapidated walls, the broken roof and hollow staring casements, and nodded.

"Mr. Lennox, it appears, still finds some charm here."

Mr. Lennox smiled placidly.

"Were I a gallant man, Miss Glendenning, I should tell you it was the charm of beauty and youth, and all that sort of thing; but, begging your pardon, you are no beauty. This is an old haunt of mine—it was an old haunt fifteen years ago. I knew the late owner, Colonel Brandt."

"Indeed?" said Miss Glendenning.

"I may say, in fact, that we were bosom friends," remarked Mr. Lennox, with a disagreeable smile. "Poor Brandt! You have seen his portrait somewhere in the old house, I dare say, and heard of him, too?"

"No!" answered Miss Glendenning.

"Possible? Well, he was a wild fellow—Heaven rest his soul!" said Mr. Lennox, more profanely than piously. "He was killed in a duel, a year after his marriage with the present Mrs. Brandt."

Miss Glendenning stood in the dismantled doorway, leaning back against its rotten woodwork, and snapping off the heads of the nettles outside with her parasolette.

"And that was—how long since?" she asked.

"Well, a matter of fifteen years, or more," answered Paul Lennox, carelessly. "The present heir is the child of an earlier marriage; there is no Brandt blood in him."

Miss Glendenning nodded.

"The estates fell—and fine estates they are!—utterly and entirely to the widow. There were no other claimants," said Lennox.

Miss Glendenning looked out upon the gray garden wall and rank shrubbery, her nostrils dilating a little to her slow-drawn breath.

"Where was this Colonel Brandt killed?"

"Eh? In the Bois de Boulogne, Paris."

"And by whom?" steadily.

A fiery streak crossed Mr. Lennox's sal-low face.

"Really, you are getting interested. It

was a sad affair; far be it from me to revive it. Why not question Mrs. Brandt? She is very fond of you."

Miss Glendenning looked up placidly.

"What matter? I amuse her. She finds me, to a certain extent, invaluable. Truth to tell, Paul Lennox, I am far less dangerous than you."

"You flatter me," smiled Mr. Lennox. "Pray go on."

"Do you know what I would do," she said, watching him chafe perceptibly beneath her fixed gaze, "were I the mistress of Brandt? I would defy you!"

"My dear young lady," answered Mr. Lennox, lifting his eyebrows, "your frankness is admirable. Defiance is a good thing, but not always prudent. Some people object to it."

The slender parasollette was dealing destruction among the nettles.

"I would do more than that—I would kill you, if need be!" cried Miss Glendenning.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Lennox, laughing composedly. "Why do all women wear their hearts on their sleeves? Ah, I see—this handsome young heir! My dear Miss Glendenning, does your antipathy for the mother extend also to the son?"

It was a home thrust, and she grew livid. Her eyes, glittering like a cat's in the dark, warned him that he had gone too far. He got down from the casement and came forward.

"Let us not quarrel," he said, lightly. "Alions! Mrs. Brandt will be waiting dinner for us. It is four already. Here is my hand."

But she thrust it aside, and, springing from the old doorway, drew her thin scarf across her face, and went noiselessly off by the path that led around the high gray garden wall.

When Mr. Lennox came sauntering along the terrace a little later, he saw, through a low French window, Miss Glendenning sitting at the piano in the grand drawing-room, playing a wild Scotch air. A figure immobile, and betraying nothing in look or gesture—a figure that seemed strangely out of place, too, in that great room, all green and gold, and cool Indian matting, and faint floating scents of roses and jasmine. He passed her by, but she did not turn nor look at him.

The dinner at Brandt was *recherche* that

day. Few there ever forgot it. It was at the eleventh hour, indeed, and Mrs. Brandt was careworn, and beaten, and buffeted; but she was herself, and unconquerable still. The guests were not many. There was a lean, dignified old rector, haggard with much overwork, and his placid-faced lady, who wore glasses, and talked pityingly of the little heathenish fisher-children; and there was Mrs. Brandt's solicitor, summoned thither by request—a little ferret-eyed man, much given to watching Paul Lennox; and there was a charming and select few from Long Brandt—a delegation from Mrs. Brandt's "dear five hundred" butterflies that came beating their wings around her once more, out of the sweets of a life wherein her worn feet would never tread again.

Magnificent was the dining-hall, with its long windows open at either end, hung with lustreless amber silk, undulating crisply in the scented south wind; with its black panelled walls, and its bare, slippery polished floor, and the damask, and Sevres, and silver, and fine linen—and the great oak sideboard, crowded with Venice jars, and plate, and glittering glass.

Mrs. Brandt sat at the head of the board, stately in gray satin and Alencon point ruffles. There was a hectic flush on the wan proud face, and her eyes burned brightly. Paul Lennox, sitting next Renshaw at table, touched his arm.

"Let us see," he began, carelessly, "this is some anniversary, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Yes—that is—of what?"

Renshaw turned with a polite sneer.

"Really," he said, "I supposed you were acquainted with these family affairs."

"This has escaped me," coolly, "unless, indeed, it is the anniversary of Mrs. Brandt's marriage with my late friend the colonel!"

Renshaw bowed stiffly.

"Well, what a remarkable woman it is, to be sure!" mused Mr. Lennox, looking across to the gray satin and Alencon point at the head of the table. "Not many fashioned from that model—which is fortunate, to say the least, for us poor devils of the other sex."

Whereupon Mr. Lennox fell into a gentle reverie over his ragout, which continued uninterrupted during all the clatter of tongues and dishes around him, and the

arrival and departure of fish, and flesh, and fowl. Presently, with the appearance of the long-necked bottles of purple port and *chateau latour*, and the silver dishes of fruits and bonbons, Mr. Lennox grew livelier. It was at this auspicious moment that one of the Long Brandt party, a petite blonde, radiant in vene crape, who had been making eyes at Guy Renshaw throughout dinner, suddenly opened fire upon Mr. Lennox, across Renshaw's glass of port.

"What is this that I hear of you?" she said, with an adorable little laugh. "Lo, the poor Gothamites have wondered and wondered in vain, what fascination there could be down in these wilds of Jersey for Mr. Paul Lennox. The secret is out, at last. Pray, where have you hidden your pretty mermaid?"

He flushed a little through his fallow skin.

"My dear Miss Van Brun, mermaids don't require to be hidden; they are naturally timid."

"Does she catch fish?" said Miss Van Brun.

"I dare say, and eats them, too."

"And combs her beautiful green hair on the reefs, by moonlight?"

"With a golden comb."

"How delightful! *Entre nous*, I am told that she is very lovely."

"All mermaids are."

"Miss Van Brun," interrupted Renshaw, impatiently, "allow me to fill your glass; we are waiting."

The little ferret-eyed solicitor, beaming genially with the *chateau latour* which he had drunk, rose up at Mrs. Brandt's right hand.

"Let us," he said, bowing to the assembled guests, and, as it seemed, particularly to Paul Lennox, "let us drink to many happy returns of this day."

Moved by a sudden impulse, simultaneous with the words of the legal gentleman, up rose the company, also, around the long and glittering board. With a stately grace peculiarly her own, Mrs. Brandt stood at the head of the table, and, for a moment, looked around upon them, one and all. The sun, dropping low in the west, shot through the parted amber curtains behind her, and, curving along the sideboard, dipped, in a single arrowy beam, full into the odorous heart of the wine, held, purple and tremulous, in her hand. But her face above it—O, what a face it was! She raised her hand suddenly, groping, as one might in darkness. "Guy! Guy! Guy!"

A long wild cry, all the smothered love of years bursting, like fire, into it—sorrowful, too, and despairing. Then the glass of wine, never to be tasted by mortal lips, plashed on the polished floor. Mrs. Brandt fell back in her chair.

They sprang to her; they lifted her up—that pale horrified throng, and lo! a guest unbidden had been at the feast—Azrael, angel of death!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POOR OLD MAN.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"Fky the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door."
ANON.

Aged man, with grief acquainted,
Wrinkled, toothless, bald and lame—
Tell me something of thy story—
Where's thy home, and what's thy name?

Art thou lonely in life's journey,
Tottering through its later years?
Hast thou no one to console thee
In this heartless vale of tears?

Gone are wife, and child, and grandchild,
Is there not one friend remains?
Ah, what misery; blank thy mind is,
Body full of age's pains!
Lockport, N. Y., April, 1874.

Speak, and tell me all thy sorrows,
Let me now with thee condole.
Needest money? I will give thee
Some few pence from out my dole.

Then that ancient one, most eager,
Reached at once his dirty palm,
Took the pence—and o'er his features
Stole a look of blessed calm.

Then his jaws he opened widely—
Ha! there were some teeth there still;
Saying, as he briskly started
For the opposite gin-mill:

"Thank ye very kindly, mister;
Skuse me—I can't longer wait.
Fact is, I am very anxious
For a drink of whiskey straight."

A SINGULAR CHARACTER:

—OR,—

A REPORTER'S STORY.

BY M. QUAD OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

You know that the reporters on a daily paper are privileged to go and come as they like, and that they may enter a gambling den, a church, attend a reception or a prize-fight, and it's all a matter of business, and the outside public haven't any remarks to make. It's a singularly lawless life in some respects, and it would be strange if we didn't make some peculiar acquaintances.

In the year of our Lord 18—I was on the reportorial staff of a leading daily, in one of the Lake cities, and such a dearth of local news I never saw in any city before. The journal which employed my services, was a new venture, and therefore anxious to outstrip its older contemporaries in the matter of news, particularly local happenings. We had a jolly set of fellows on the staff, and we worked like farmers in a hay-field.

It was in June, and one day as we stopped for a moment under an awning to get out of the glare of the sun, I heard a strange rumbling of machinery. It was on a wretched unpaved street near the Lake, tenanted by the low and evil, and the building from which the queer rumbling noise came was an old tumble down shanty with most of its windows boarded up and the moss half an inch thick on the roof. One passing the house would have supposed it deserted. Stepping to the only lower window which was not boarded up, I looked through into a large square room whose walls were smoke-stained and dark. An old man was turning the handle of a strange piece of machinery, which was giving out a peculiar noise, and I became interested in a moment.

Suppose that I had fallen upon something "big?" It was a poor day for current news, and if I had found an old inventor and a curious machine, I might have secured the foundation for something interesting. As I was peering in at the window the old man looked up and caught sight of me. He flew mad at once, and seizing a club he

came running out. As he opened the door and took note of me he dropped the club, looked a little ashamed, and growled:

"I thought it was some of those boys again?"

"Would you have any objections to my taking a look at that piece of machinery?" I asked, after telling him my occupation.

"Wouldn't you call me crazy and make fun of me?" he inquired, in a very serious tone.

One glance at his wild restless eyes and nervous mouth would have told any one that his mind was not quite right, but I answered that I should be glad to examine the machine and say a good word for the inventor.

"One word," he said, as he pulled me in and locked the door; "do you believe that this world is round or flat?"

I of course believed that it was round, but it struck me that he might be hugging a contrary idea, and I answered:

"Why, flat of course?"

"Shake! Shake!" he exclaimed, holding out both his hands. "Of course it's flat, but for fifteen years everybody has been calling me a fool for saying so! I knew it all the time, and I knew the day would come when I would have support in my theory! Shake, sir, shake—I'm glad you called!"

He was a monomaniac, if not a lunatic; and understanding that the more I humored his theories the more fully could I draw them out, I agreed with everything he said, and finally he came to show me the machine.

"I've worked at it for eighteen years, and it isn't done yet," he whispered as he led me to it. "Swear that you will not steal the principle and cheat me out of the labors of a lifetime!"

"I swear," I replied, holding up my hand; and he continued:

"I haven't named it yet, so that I don't know what to call it. You must know, sir,

that for the last ten thousand years this world has been eating beans—white beans and black mixed together, sir, and that millions of dollars have been squandered and thousands of human minds wrecked in the vain effort to produce a machine which would separate the black beans from the white?"

I nodded my head in reply and put on a more serious look.

"Well, sir, I think I shall soon accomplish the object," he continued, patting the machine as if he felt proud of it. "I have toiled and toiled, been sneered at, called a lunatic, hooted by boys and jeered by men, but I have persevered through all trials, and now, in the course of a few days, the machine will be perfected, and the world will be astonished!"

It was a curious piece of machinery. It stood up on legs like a corn-sheller, and had the same kind of hopper, but then there were half a dozen wire sieves, many small cog-wheels and springs, and when the crank was turned every spring worked, every wheel turned, and there was a noise something like that made by three or four sewing machines running in company. It was certainly a very ingenious piece of mechanism, and no one but a master mechanic could have so arranged all those wheels and springs as to have them work in unison.

"You see," said the old man as I gave him praise for his mechanical genius, "the beans go into this hopper, white and black mixed, and as they fall down over the sieves they should separate and the black come out of one spout and the white out of the other. But, they get mixed up, and the grand principle is not yet solved."

His object was simply ridiculous, and it was ridiculous to think that running beans through a hopper and over sieves could separate white from black so long as the beans were of the same size. I picked up a handful of beans, saw that white and black were of equal size, and then I called his attention to the fact.

"In running wheat through a fanning mill," I said. "the cockle is shaken out together and the wheat together, because the wheat is the largest. So long as your beans are of the same size, you will always find white and black mixed, because they can both pass through the same sieves. Now, if your black beans were the smallest they

would drop through the sieves first and come out first, and you would avoid this mixing."

"You have solved it!—you have saved me!" he cried, throwing his arms around me. "I might have toiled on for a dozen years longer without striking the grand idea!"

The old man was intensely delighted for five minutes, hugging me and shaking hands, but all at once he fell back and said:

"But, white beans and black beans are of the same size, and will continue so, and so the grand problem is not solved, after all."

I saw that he was deeply grieved, and not wishing to declare his machine a failure I replied:

"That can be arranged. Congress must pass a law regulating the size of beans, and black beans must be the smallest."

"Saved! Saved!" he shouted, embracing me again. "Of course, it will be an easy matter to regulate the size of beans by a general law, and my machine is perfect as it now stands!"

After two hours spent in the old building I started for the office, promising to write up a full description of the machine and to add a paragraph urging Congress to pass the black bean law. It was a pretty good thing for a dull day, and I made the most of it, though taking care not to say anything to hurt the old man's feelings or dampen his ardor.

Next forenoon he was at the office an hour before my arrival, and when I came in he seized my hand and expressed his delight at the manner in which I had worked up the item.

"I shall give you a half interest at once," he said, "and as soon as the black bean law is passed and we commence manufacturing and selling you shall have all the proceeds and the business shall stand in your name."

It was evident that my article had won his gratitude and friendship, and the boys on the staff had many jokes at my expense for entering into partnership with "old Rogers" and his bean machine.

I did not meet the old man again for two weeks, and then I found him sitting on the wharf one day looking into the water. He had given up work on his machine, waiting now for Congress to pass the black bean law, and he had nothing to do. I cheered him up by telling him that the press of the

country was taking great interest in his invention, and that the law would probably be passed at the next session of Congress. I had been tramping around for hours without securing a line of news, and after our first greeting I began to complain, saying:

"Hang it! I wish there would be a fire, murder, suicide or drowning!"

"Do you?" he asked, innocent as a child. "Why, I didn't know as you wanted such events to come to pass."

I explained to him that I did not, except in a professional point of view; as a reporter I was anxious to make a good show of exciting news—as a citizen I did not wish any one bad luck.

"Um—umh," growled the old man, seeming to be reflecting, and in a little time he went away.

In less than an hour a warehouse on the dock was in flames, and before the firemen conquered them great damage had been done. No one knew how the fire had originated, but it was generally supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. I was standing near one of the steamers, the flames still raging, when some one touched me, and I looked around to find "old Rogers" at my elbow.

"This makes you feel good?" he whispered, a bland smile on his face.

"Professionally," I answered, also smiling, and he disappeared in the crowd.

About midnight on the night of the third day after the fire, while I was the only reporter on duty, I thought I heard an alarm of fire, and mounted to the roof of the office to make an examination. It was a false alarm, and after looking around for a spell I descended and went back to my table. Everything was as I had left it, except that a piece of yellow paper, folded in the shape of a note, was lying on my last page of manuscript. Greatly astonished, I opened it and managed to decipher the quaint old "pot-hooks" into the following:

"The body of C. S. Jackson, of firm of Jackson & Turner, is lying near Brown's wharf on bottom of Lake! Was knocked down on B—Street and thrown off wharf!"

I was fifteen minutes deciphering the note, hardly a word of which was correctly spelled. All the doors in the office were open, the night being warm, and I reasoned that while I was on the roof some one had come in and left the note. I was certain

that it had not come from coroner or police, and it looked strange that it should have been sent at all. I finally concluded that some of the compositors had planned a "job" on me to make me a walk of several blocks for nothing, and I threw the note aside.

As a general thing I got through my work about one o'clock in the morning, and in going home, I always called at the Central police station for the last news. I had reached thus far on my way home that night, and was passing a few words with the captain, when a man, a private watchman, came in with a bloody hat which he had picked up on Brown's wharf. He said there were bloodstains on the planks and evidences of a struggle, and the strange note came to my mind again.

Three or four of us went down to the wharf, and sure enough it was pretty plain to be seen that murder had been done. There was blood all around, and a trail led to the edge of the wharf, as if the body of the victim had been dragged there and tumbled off into the Lake. Grappling irons were procured, and in half an hour we had a body on the wharf—the body of Mr. Jackson! He had been stabbed twice in the back and once in the thigh, and was undoubtedly dead before being thrown off the wharf.

Who could have committed so foul a deed? The victim was a well-known citizen, a large manufacturer, kind of heart and a Christian man, and his murder would create a profound sensation. The motive was not robbery, for his pockets had not been disturbed, and we could not conceive who should strike him down for revenge.

The coroner was called, a small crowd gathered, and having obtained particulars I was about to return to the office, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and I found "old Rogers" beside me.

"Big thing—first-class sensation!" he chuckled, pointing to the body.

"It's a horrible deed!" I replied as I walked away. He followed me about a block, saying nothing further, and all at once he disappeared.

I had the only clue which could be found to the affair—the note. Amazed and mystified at what had happened, I hurried to the office, tossed down my note-book and looked for the note. It had disappeared! I looked the room over, handling each piece

of paper, but it was in vain. The door had been locked, the gas turned out, and no one had been in the room. I had left the note on the floor, and yet it had disappeared! It was never found, and neither did the detectives ever learn who murdered Jackson. I sometimes think I never handled any such note, but saw it in a vision, and again I am positive that I found such a note, opened and read it and threw it away. I would give much to know, but I never shall know.

Three or four days after the murder, I was passing by "old Rogers's" den, and he shouted for me to come in. He was in excellent spirits, his eyes sparkling and his face wearing a broad smile.

"Lots of items—one hand washes the other" he chuckled.

"Yes, lots of news lately," I replied, inspecting his bean machine, to see if he had been tinkering at it again.

"You help me—I help you" he chuckled, but I supposed he had reference to what I had said about the machine, and therefore gave his words no weight. He had a wild cunning look about him, and as I glanced into his face as we stood at the door I said to myself that he would be in the insane asylum before he was a month older.

About dark that evening another warehouse was fired by an incendiary, and they came near catching him. As the flames were first discovered, a man was seen leaving the warehouse by a rear door, and but for his skill in dodging through a lumber yard, the crowd in pursuit would have nabbed him. The flames had started in a pile of hay, and despite the gallant exertions of the firemen, the building was consumed. I was a spectator with hundreds of others, when a voice whispered in my ear:

"Big item—will make half a column!"

It was my strange old man, and he was so excited that he could hardly stand still.

"They'll hang the scoundrel if they catch him!" I added, after telling him that it was an incendiary fire.

"But, they wont catch him—ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old man.

His eyes were wild and restless, and I thought to myself that his mind was entirely gone. He disappeared while I was talking with a fireman, and I soon forgot him.

The police now knew that some villain

was applying the torch, and there was great excitement and long searching, but they did not succeed in making any arrests. The rascal, whoever he was, was vigilant and active, and after a while it was concluded that he had left the city.

Nearly a month passed before I saw "old Rogers" again, and then he came to the office to have a talk with me about the bean separation. He said he had been out in the country to get the opinions of farmers regarding the machine, and that the majority of them thought Congress had better enact a law to have black beans the largest and white beans the smallest. This was just the opposite of what we had agreed upon between ourselves, but I told him that it was a better plan, and encouraged him to believe that the country was much excited over his machine.

"Any big items lately?" he whispered across my table as he was about ready to go.

"Not a one," I answered, with a laugh.

He chuckled in a strange way, and when I handed him out a few silver pieces, knowing that he was hard up, he shook my hand and whispered:

"I like you! You shall have all the profits of the machine, and I will board with you!"

In the suburbs of the city was an old building, fronting on the Lake, and having a dilapidated old wharf around two sides of it. The spot was a capital place for bathing, and was constantly haunted by the boys. Along towards evening of the day on which "old Rogers" came to see me, and while fifteen or twenty boys were bathing from the old wharf, one of their number went into the old mill for soap and towel, and when his friends came out they found him lying on the floor in an insensible condition. He had received a terrible blow on the head with a club, but his injuries were not fatal. When he was able to speak he could give no solution of the mystery. He was bending over to pick up his towel when the blow came, and he had not even seen any one around the building except his brother-bathers.

I went up with the detectives, and we settled it as an attempt to murder, though it was impossible to find the villain's motive. We found the club which had dealt the blow, and we saw how one could have stood behind the big post and struck the boy. No one had seen a strange man or boy enter

or leave the building; there was not the slightest clue to the perpetrator of the outrage. It was a strange case.

We had left the building and I was making my way through a lumber yard, alone, when "old Rogers" suddenly confronted me. It was then dusk, but I could see his eyes sparkle as he held out his hand and said:

"I was afraid you'd miss it! Big thing, isn't it! Can you put three heads over it?"

"It's a very singular case," I replied as we walked along; "I don't see who could have such a villanous heart."

"Of course we don't!" he whispered, nudging me with his elbow. "We've fooled 'em a dozen times, and we can again—ha! ha! ha!"

"What do you mean?" I asked, stopping and turning on him.

"O! it's all right—one hand washes the other!" he chuckled, and before I could question him further, he had disappeared.

A horrible thought entered my mind. Was "old Rogers" doing this work to make "items" for me? I banished the idea next moment as absurd. He was a lunatic, and his words about one hand washing the other were idle nonsense from his confused brain.

There was considerable excitement for two or three weeks, over the attempted murder, and during this time I did not once catch sight of the old man, and therefore almost forgot him. He at length made a call at the office again. It was after ten in the evening when he came, and I happened to be alone.

"Anything big?" he asked, as we shook hands.

"No—everything dull again," I responded.

"How would you like to get hold of the attempted suicide of an old man?" he asked, chuckling gleefully.

"Capital! Where was it—what's the name?" I inquired.

He leaned over the table, put his mouth to my ear and whispered:

"Come to my door at midnight! Don't be a minute before or a minute after! The door will be unlocked and you can push it open. Will you come?"

"I will," I answered. There was something so strange in his looks and words that I felt a chill go over me.

"Don't fail!" he said, as he departed.

I had to go out to get the particulars of an accident at one of the railroad depots, and when I had secured it, I lounged around one of the engine houses to pass away the half hour to midnight. I meant to be at the door of "old Rogers's" den just at twelve, but at twenty minutes to that hour, an alarm of fire was turned in from a box five blocks away. I would have time to ride down on the hose cart, see what was burning and return by twelve, and I went. There was the promise of a big fire, I got excited, and the first thing I knew the bells were striking midnight. I at first decided not to go near the old man, but something forced me in that direction.

I think it was twelve minutes after twelve when I pushed open the door and entered the den. A candle was burning on the table, and there, swinging from a hook in the ceiling was my strange old man, dead. He had attached a rope to the hook, made a noose in the other end, and had mounted a chair to swing off. The body was yet warm and hardly through quivering, but death was there.

I saw through it after a while, finding some rude writing on a paper which helped me. He had arranged to attempt suicide in order to give me an item! He had planned to swing off as he heard the bells strike, trusting that I would be at the door, push in and cut him down before it was too late. He had placed a knife on the table for my use, and but for the fire, everything would have come about as he had planned. On the paper he had traced the following sentences:

"Attempted suicide—old man—cut down in time—repentant—won't try it again!"

I had failed to be on time, and he had choked to death. Next day we looked over his effects, we found my newspaper articles about the fires and murders in his wallet, he having cut them out and preserved them. In an old blank book he had written:

"Must have news—will set another fire—big thing—kill another man—blow up the court house!"

I believe and so do you, that the old man's gratitude led him to commit arson and murder, that I might have startling news to write: but he was insane and I was unsuspecting.

AN EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

ROSE and I were orphans, and lived with Uncle John in the little village of Shelburne. She was the village music teacher, and I taught the village school. We had our longings and aspirations, but still were tolerably contented. We were young enough to have our "some day" before us, rosy and wonderful, and it was pleasant in Shelburne. The streets were full of cool drooping elms. There were little rose-hedged lanes leading to pretty hidden cottages and farmhouses; old-fashioned flower gardens full of sweet scents, and bees, and brilliant colors, and all about it a paradise of green fields, and shadowy hills, and brawny woods. In winter, when the streets were ice and the pretty landscape dreary with snow, we had our firelight, and books, and dreams, after the day's work was done, and now and then a sleighride through the frosty star-lighted night. We had few companions, for the young people of the village were not just to our minds. The better class of the young men took flight to the city as soon as they were old enough to do so, and the girls either got married very young, and were swallowed up in housework, or, for want of something better to take up their minds, got to be very gossip and meddlesome, and looked after the village generally, from the minister's family to the tin peddler's.

Rose and I were both young and strong, but we found our work rather wearisome. "If I were rich, I should never teach music any more," Rose used to say, sometimes, with a little sigh.

"And if I were rich, all the world might be counting their fingers and thumbs to find how much two and two is, before I'd teach them arithmetic," I would reply, energetically.

Then Rose would rebuke me gravely, that I had no desire to make myself useful; and we used to agree, that, after all, it was better for every one to be occupied, and consoled ourselves with the idea that the discipline we were undergoing now would help us to do something better by-and-by. So we went on with our piano lessons and vulgar fractions. We read our

books, took our walks, dreamed our dreams, and wondered about the world and people. Uncle John said that two such nice, smart, pretty, lady-like girls never existed, and I rather think we agreed with him in our own minds.

But one breezy bright-colored autumn day news came to Shelburne that changed our lives very suddenly. Our mother's brother, the only relative we had in the world, with the exception of Uncle John, who was an uncle on our father's side, had died in California, leaving all his large estate to us. We knew that there was such a person in existence, and that was all. We had never seen him. Long and long ago he sent mother his wedding-cards, and Aunt Mary kept them in the clove-basket on the parlor table now for ornament. If it hadn't been for seeing these once in a while we should never have thought of him, for he manifested no interest in us; and though he knew that we were left perfectly destitute when father died, and that Uncle John, who was a poor farmer, would be obliged to take care of us until we were old enough to do something for ourselves, he never even took the trouble to inquire after our welfare.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Rose and I were down in the meadow searching for fringed gentians, when Uncle John came running towards us, all out of breath.

"What is going to happen?" said Rose, actually turning pale. "I never saw Uncle John run before in all my life."

"Read the letter, girls!" the dear old man exclaimed, leaning against the fence to take breath. He looked almost wild with excitement, and the perspiration stood on his forehead in great drops.

"Read it aloud, Lou," said Rose, trembling.

I did so, and we wondered no more at Uncle John's excited state.

"Is the house afire?" gasped Rufus the hired man, hastening to the spot.

"No," said Uncle John, coolly, "but my girls has fallen heir to three or four hundred thousand dollars. What do you think of that, Rufe? That close Californy uncle

of their'n is dead, and as his wife and child is dead, and he didn't make no will, his money all goes to them."

Rufus stood transfixed to the spot, his axe held in midair.

"O uncle, what made you tell?" said Rose, pouting. "As soon as it is found out there wont be anything else talked of in the village."

"Lor, child, I couldn't help it, it's such amazin' news! Why shouldn't people know it?"

Rufus dropped his axe, and hurried away in the direction of the store. In that enchanted region he who has a wonderful story to tell is a hero for one day, at least; and Rufus, I was sure, intended to make the most of his opportunities.

"It is amazing news, truly," said I. "I should as soon have thought of finding the 'purse of Fortunatus' in this grass, as of receiving that letter." And I seized Uncle John by the neck, and kissed him until he gasped, then served Rose in the same way.

"Now we can repay you, partly, for all the care and trouble we have cost you, Uncle John," said Rose, beginning to sob.

But Uncle John declared that we had never been anything but a comfort to him, and as he had no children of his own, he didn't know what he should have done without us. Whereupon we all commenced to cry, and had a tearful time of it down there amid the frosty-looking asters and colored leaves.

"Why, how foolish we are," said I, recovering myself first. "Come, Rose, pick up your flowers, and let us go into the house. Don't lose the gentians; they are just as pretty now as ever."

After that Rose gave up her music lessons, and I gave up my school. The first thing we did after we came fairly into the possession of our wealth, was to make Uncle John the richest man in the place. Ah, wasn't it delightful to see him patronize the squire? And wasn't it still more delightful to see how soon he commenced to do little silent deeds of charity? He never had been able to do much for his fellow-men before, but he always had the kindest heart in the world. The old couple didn't alter their way of living much. Nothing would have induced them to leave that old weather-beaten farmhouse, to which they came on their wedding-day, fifty years before; and Uncle John would

not have exchanged his old feather-cushioned armchair for a king's throne. But they both agreed that they had done hard work enough. So a competent man was hired to take Uncle John's place in the care of the farm, and a stout girl to do the housework, which Aunt Mary had declared she enjoyed doing for so long. There was no more anxiety about that little mortgage on the old place, no more anxious forebodings of small crops, and no more pinching to make both ends meet. Uncle John's face had such a relieved, contented, thankful look, and Aunt Mary grew young again in her light-heartedness.

Rose and I were anxious to start at once for the city, only that it seemed heartless to leave our kind relations in their lonely old age. There was so much to be learned in the world, and we were so ignorant; so much to be enjoyed, and we were so young and restless; so much to see, and Shelburne was such a bare and narrow little place! Aunt Mary and Uncle John, however, both said, go. And when Aunt Mary had taken home Cousin Abby, a delightful but homeless old maid, who was obliged to go out sewing for a living, the most congenial companion she could have found the world over, and Uncle John had produced, with such an air of triumph as I never saw in his face before, his own particular crony, Captain Ryder, from the poorhouse, and announced that this was to be his home henceforth, we left them without any rebuke from our consciences. Captain Ryder was an old sea-captain, all alone in the world, and had been unable to work for long years. He and Uncle John were bosom friends, even in boyhood, and it almost broke Uncle John's heart when this friend was obliged to go to the town for support. He had always been trying to persuade him to come over to the farm, and allow him to take care of him, but Captain Ryder knew of the mortgage on the farm, and how hard it was for Uncle John to take care of his own family; so he always refused to do so until now. Now he knew that he should be no burden, that his presence would indeed be welcome.

"Never was such company as he is," said Uncle John, rubbing his hands with delight, after his crony was snugly ensconced in the cosiest corner of the hearthstone. "Now, girls, you can go and spend your money as fast and foolishly as you

please, without any fear of our being lonesome. Your aunt's got Abby, and I've got the cap'n. Not that we shan't miss you, but, of course, you'll come and make us a visit every little while."

Of course we should. As soon as ever summer came we should be back at the old homestead.

The only person we knew in the city was a widow lady, Mrs. Arey, who spent the summer in Shelburne two years before. She was very much out of health, and came there to seek it in our sweet invigorating air. She boarded at our next neighbor's, and Rose and I used to carry her flowers, and various little dainties which Aunt Mary was fond of concocting for sick people. She was very pleasant and gracious, and, as good fortune would have it, very fashionable. People said she was very rich. We could not tell as to that, but, at any rate, she lived in the world. She knew all about the opera, she went to parties, she talked learnedly about pictures, and she boarded at a first-class hotel. That was just what we wished to do, and so we wrote to her of our altered circumstances, and our desire to go to town for the winter. She replied in as gracious a manner as we could have desired, inviting us to come to her at once. She would be delighted to take us under her chaperonage.

Ip just one month from that memorable day in the meadows, we arrived in town, and took up our abode in one of the finest suite of rooms at the — House. In a short time we were so changed by laces, and silks, and velvets, that we hardly knew ourselves.

"O, were you ever that little drab school-teacher?" said Rose, with a look of utter amazement, as she regarded me in full evening dress, with train, and plumes, and pearls. "No, your features are different, even your eyes."

"And were you ever that little drab music teacher?" I echoed, giving her the full benefit of my extensive train. "How do you like it, Rose?"

"How do I like it? why, I think it is perfectly delightful so far," said she; "don't you?"

"Yes," I said, rather hesitatingly, though, to Rose's surprise.

Mrs. Arey came in to inspect us with critical eyes, for this was our first party. She pronounced us very stylish after a few

little alterations, and an hour afterward we were in the midst of it—the party, I mean. Rose was already engaged in a flirtation with a very young man who had very handsome eyes, and who seemed to be immensely popular with the ladies. I opened my eyes at her, she knew how to do it so well. For my part, I found it required practice, and was answering the devoted young gentleman who persisted in keeping at my elbow to utter his delightful remarks, in rather an abstracted manner. Neither Rose nor I was as pretty as a good many other young ladies there, and I was conscious that we lacked that indescribable air which can only be acquired by a long acquaintance with fashionable society, and yet we received more attention than any one of them all. I couldn't imagine what it meant. It was not because we were new, as there were several other new young ladies present who were scarcely noticed at all. Rose is pretty, to be sure. She has the brownest, brightest eyes imaginable, a pretty rosebud mouth, a saucy nose; and though her complexion is somewhat brown, it is clear and soft. As for me, though I have a nice figure and a wealth of rich blonde hair, I do not think any one but Uncle John and Rose ever thought me pretty. My mouth is too large, and my eyes too wide open. But there were two or three really beautiful girls in the crowd that night. One of them I could hardly keep my eyes from. She was a blonde, with a brow of exquisite shape and expression. Her eyes were purple, not blue, and looked as if she were just ready to utter some happy thought. Then the contour of her little shell-tinted cheek and chin was so lovely, and she carried her shapely head like a queen.

"How very beautiful that young lady is—the one with the white dress and blue ornaments, I mean," I remarked to Mr. Thornton, who had taken me out to supper.

"Beautiful! do you think so? I have never thought her remarkably good-looking," said he, giving her a prolonged stare.

"I think she must be nice, too," I said. "I am going to ask Mrs. Arey to introduce me to her."

"I have not the honor of her acquaintance. She is Mrs. Hammond's governess, I believe," said my gentleman, with just a breath of scorn in his placid polite manner.

I grew in knowledge from that moment.

What a whirl we lived in for the next two months! Rose was trying to take music lessons of the famous master Herr Schiller, and I had commenced to take lessons in painting of Carelton, the celebrated landscape painter; but we had scarcely a moment to devote to these lessons. Our life was all dressing, and dancing, and concerts, and visiting.

"It takes so much time to be fashionable," said Rose, with a sigh, as she left the piano and Schumann's lovely little Spring Song, to dress for a dinner party, one wintry March afternoon.

"Too much time," said I; "and I have made up my mind not to be fashionable any longer. Like Launcelot, I am sick of life, and love, and all things."

"And so am I, to tell the truth," said Rose, pushing back her hair, with a look of unutterable weariness. "Still, I like the city. If we only had a little quiet home of our own, Lou, where we could live, and not rush away our lives. I think it would be so nice. I'm so tired of all these people! They are all alike. They all say about the same things; they all seem to have just the same aims, and they look so tiresomely alike in their Paris dress. Let us take up our abode in a different part of the city, in some thoroughly respectable, but decidedly unfashionable quarter, and see what we shall find there. I am eager to know about every class of people. Did you know, Lou, I have been trying to find time to tell you that Charlie Vanderpool proposed to me?"

"Indeed! and what did you say to him?" I answered, coolly.

"I said, 'I do not love you,'" replied Rose. "What else could I have said? Mrs. Arey says that I am very foolish—that no girl in her senses would refuse to marry him, his family is so old, his position is so fine. Then he is so handsome and so fascinating. He is handsome, but I never liked a handsome man, and—O Lou, I wonder if you see things as I do? He isn't in love with me—at least, I don't think he is."

"I cannot say as to that," said I; "but I am glad you are not going to marry him. Do you know, Rose, I've been trying to find time to tell you that Mr. Thornton has proposed to me?"

"Indeed?" said Rose, imitating my tone perfectly. "And what did you say to him?"

"I said no. What else should I have said to him? Mrs. Arey disapproves of me exceedingly. She says that no young woman in possession of her senses would refuse to marry him, his family is so aristocratic, and his position is so fine. Then he is so gentlemanly, so distingue in his appearance. But, strange to say, Rose, I do not like him at all."

That morning we confided to Mrs. Arey our intention of leaving the hotel. We were tired, I explained, and were going where we could be perfectly quiet, and attend to our music, and painting, and books.

Mrs. Arey approved of us less than ever. "Going, when I've taken so much pleasure in bringing you out, and you've been such a success in society! What will everybody say? Do you know, Rose, I shall never get over your refusing Charlie Vanderpool? To be sure, you are young, and need not be in any particular hurry to marry; but I think that you are foolish girls, both of you."

We thanked her for her kind interest in our affairs, and promised that whenever we found ourselves dull and lonely, we would come back to her again.

"I do so want to help plan your trousseaux when you are married," said she. "There's nothing I enjoy so much as doing that sort of thing."

We both laughed, and assured her that we should be delighted to have her assistance when we were married; but she would probably be obliged to wait long before being thus happily employed.

It was in the Bohemian quarter of the city that we made our new home. We decided that that locality would be by far the most interesting one, and we should have an opportunity to know the people by being make-believe Bohemians ourselves. So we took three rooms in a large brick building. It was a business street, and there were stores underneath; but all about us were gathered such a crowd of lodgers! On one side of us lived a professional violin player with his wife; on the other side the sign of a "gentleman of the brush" flourished; overhead, an organ player was drawing melancholy sounds from the resounding pipes by day and night; and opposite dwelt a jolly family of actors, who left their doors open in the most inviting way, and gave us the benefit of a good many amusing rehearsals. There were three or

four young ladies on the same floor with us, a singing teacher, a professional singer, a landscape painter, an authoress and two actresses.

We liked everything immensely. It was such a queer cosy way of living; our neighbors were so interesting, and we could work without any interruption whatever. Velvet, and lace, and jewels disappeared like magic, and Rose looked so nice and homelike in one of her drab dresses again. Still, she had acquired some nameless advantage, as far as looks were concerned, since we came to the city. Certainly her complexion had faded, and, after so many nights of dissipation, her bright eyes were less bright. But, for all that, she had improved greatly; and I was gratified to hear her remark that the same mysterious change had come over me. Our rooms were very pretty when we had arranged them to our minds. The furniture was simple, but we had chosen it of soft bright colors. We filled the windows with blossoming plants, and hung a few choice pictures on the delicately-tinted walls. We had warm red curtains in the windows, and bright fires in the grates, and were as happy as two kittens.

"Did you notice the name on the door at the left of us, Lou?" said Rose, on the night of our arrival. "It is Meyer; and I wonder if it isn't the same artist who came to Shelburne three or four summers ago, and made a sketch of the farmhouse? His name was Meyer, you know. Don't you remember him? I thought he was so handsome and nice."

"Indeed, I have forgotten how he looked," said I. "I should have forgotten that any such person ever came to Shelburne, if I hadn't been reminded of it by you so often since. Artists often came to Shelburne, Rose. And pray, how many moments of this particular artist's society did you enjoy? I should certainly imagine by your behaviour that you had taken a leap in love on that occasion."

"Stranger things have happened," said Rose, with a little shadow of a blush; "and, put it all together, I enjoyed his society as much as an hour and a half. I met him in the meadow, in the first place, and he walked home with me; and he was so agreeable, Lou. Then he called at the house, remaining, certainly, a half hour. Then, after that, he walked home from

church with me. I am in such a hurry to get a peep at this Mr. Meyer's face, and see if it is the same one!"

"Rose," said I, solemnly, "if you're going to get up any flirtations here, I'm going to leave at once. I thought we were going to be very quiet and studious, to ignore everything but the deeply instructive. As we are situated, two young girls alone, I think it will be much the better way to do."

"Indeed, Miss Wisdom, can't I speak of a gentleman without being accused of a desire to get up a flirtation? I am very well able to take care of myself, dear. Don't imagine that you are a schoolteacher yet, and that I am one of your pupils. Then I thought that we came here to see a different sort of people."

"Yes, to see them, but not to talk with them, unless fate throws them directly in our way. I've heard that in such places one seldom is on speaking terms with—"

I was interrupted by a tap on the door. Rose hastened to open it, and a little body in a black gown and lavender ribbons, with very large eyeglasses on a very small nose, stood there smiling upon us. She introduced herself as Miss Bradley.

"Excuse me for calling so soon," she said, "but we are very social in this building, and seldom allow strangers to be strangers long, unless they prefer to be so. And I thought as we were going to have a little *soiree* in our rooms to-morrow night, it would be a nice time for you to get acquainted with your neighbors, if you like. I am sure we should all be delighted to see you."

Rose and I were both rather bewildered by this unexpected and exceeding sociability; and having no time to consider the matter, said, of course, that we should be happy to come.

"We are all of the same sort here—artists, musicians, actors, teachers, authors," she said, looking at Rose's piano, which was piled with classical-looking music, and my easel, with sympathetic and approving eyes; "and we have such nice times. Our weekly *soirees* are delightful. Each one of the company contributes something to the entertainment. Mr. Meyer, who lives the next door to you, reads pathetic pieces charmingly. We can't always depend upon him, though, he is so busy. Mr. Reid the schoolmaster is as

happy in his rendering of the humorous. We have bits of tragedy from Mr. and Mrs. Walcott. There are four or five ladies and gentlemen who either sing or play delightfully. The artists exhibit their new pictures, and my aunt, with whom I live, and who is also Miss Bradley, usually reads an essay on art. Miss Herkimer the poetess often reads an original poem, and Mr. Forester the journalist some spicy newspaper article. Sometimes, too, we have a story from Mrs. Selden the authoress. Of course we shall excuse you from contributing anything this time, but I hope you will favor us on some future occasion."

"This is escaping society with a vengeance!" said Rose, laughing as the door closed after our guest.

The next evening we donned plain black silks, and precisely at eight o'clock presented ourselves in Miss Bradley's apartment. That was the time mentioned, but we found very few of the guests assembled. Miss Bradley, senior, greeted us with great *empressment*, and motioned us to seats of honor at her side. She was an odd-looking little elderly lady, who wore a startlingly large copy of the Sistine Madonna in enamel for a bosom-pin, and curiously-carved bracelets on her wrists. Her every sentence was sprinkled with Ruskin-like phrases, and she seemed like a sort of high-priestess of art. With the exception of a few fine pictures on the walls, the room looked dreadfully poverty-stricken, and the dress of the company betokened slim pockets more than careless negligence. They were a merry, friendly, genial party. I found myself laughing and chatting with them as if I had always been one of the group; but Rose was silent and preoccupied. She was watching the door anxiously, for Mr. Meyer had not yet appeared. At last a tall, pale, handsome young man entered, whom I recognized at once to be that gentleman.

"'Tis he," said Rose, joyfully. "I wonder if he will remember me."

I noticed that all the young ladies were especially smiling when he appeared. Closely following his footsteps came a grave-looking middle-aged gentleman, in grave dark clothes, and with a grave quiet voice. When he spoke his eyes contradicted the gravity of his appearance, though his whole face lighted up, and he was really fine-looking. Not only the young

ladies, but the whole company brightened when he came in.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't come, Mr. Reid!" they exclaimed, in the same breath.

He returned some merry greeting.

Mr. Meyer excited my sympathy, he looked so worn and pale. He recognized Rose at once, and I thought they both seemed inconsistently glad to see each other, for a young man and a young woman who had never met but once or twice, and that was so long ago. Indeed, he scarcely left her side for the whole evening. And there were two or three young ladies who looked at my brown-eyed sister as if they were not lost in admiration for her.

Mr. Reid, at the request of Miss Bradley, commenced the entertainment by reading selections from Mark Twain and Dickens. As Miss Mary promised—the younger Miss Bradley was Miss Mary—he read delightfully, and I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks, though I never was able to laugh much over Mark Twain before. When he had finished there was a little interval for conversation. Then Miss Lasell, a tall graceful blonde, performed a sonata on the piano with great delicacy of touch, and very little feeling. During this interval I heard from my neighbor, the authoress, that Mr. Meyer was supposed to be deeply interested in this young lady, and that she was supposed to return the feeling. I learned also that Miss Mary Bradley was engaged to Herr Lindgreen the organ player, and that the widowed portrait painter, Mrs. Arles, was supposed to be engaged to Mr. Forester the journalist. Then Herr Lindgreen favored us with a violin solo, the one which he played the evening before at a most successful club concert. He was applauded with great enthusiasm. Then there were more jokes and gossip, and then Mr. Meyer was called upon to read. He begged to be excused, saying that he had not time to prepare anything for the occasion; but Miss Bradley would not let him off until he had recited a little poem from Mrs. Browning, which he did with great delicacy and feeling. Then Miss Bradley read her essay, which was to me rather a mysterious collection of high-sounding words. The audience received it well, however, and Miss Bradley herself seemed to be very well satisfied with her efforts. One of the artists exhib-

had a picture just finished, which was lovely. It was the interior of an old barn. There was a pile of red apples, with a jolly-looking sunbeam glinting on it, in the dusky background, and in the foreground, tumbling amid withered corn husks, a cluster of chubby children and a white kitten.

It was for sale, and I determined to ask Mrs. Arey to purchase it for me. On the whole, we passed a very pleasant evening. I enjoyed my new friends more than any people I had ever met. They were so simple and friendly, so unconventional and jolly. I certainly never felt so much at home with strangers. Mr. Reid and I had a sharp little discussion on schoolteaching. Miss Bradley pumped me to see how much I knew about art, and looked a little discouraged at the result; and Mrs. Selden the authoress took me into her confidence, and told me her whole history, as well as that of several others in the room. She informed me as to the characteristics of all the guests. "Mr. Reid is a delightful man in his way, very entertaining, but he is very ungallant to the ladies. Never was known to call on one, unless especially invited; and is careful not to pay any one particular attention. Indeed, I never knew him to talk to any young lady as long as he did to you to-night. I think you must have made a conquest," said she.

"What queer nice people they are!" said I to Rose, when we were in our own room once more, at twelve o'clock.

"I don't think they are any of them nice but Mr. Meyer," said Rose, shaking her head, doubtfully. "He's too nice to be in that set. Miss Bradley is unutterably dreadful. Do you know, Lou, that their dress and the arrangement of their rooms oppresses me with melancholy? I know the little make-shifts of poverty so well. I'd a great deal rather be with rich people, after a'l. Indeed, I like their ways better. I know that you adore them just because they are not rich. Poverty puts halos round people's head for some eyes."

"But Mr. Meyer has a halo round his head, rich or poor," said I, sharply.

"The halo of genius, they say," said she, carelessly. "Mr. Meyer is very nice, very nice indeed, Lou?" As if I had contradicted it.

We were continually seeing or hearing Mr. Meyer after that. If Rose sang, and she did have a sweet voice, he would open

his door softly. He brought his pictures for our inspection, studying Rose's face for approval or disapproval; and it always told the truth, in spite of her tongue. We met him mysteriously in our walks, and he invited us to art-club exhibitions and picture galleries. I wondered how it was about Miss Lasell, and scolded Rose, indiscriminately.

All our neighbors were very social, and we had hardly been in the building a fortnight before Mr. Reid called. By-and-by his calls became very frequent. Rose commenced to scold me.

"But I am not supplanting any other lady," I would reply; "and it's different for two such grave proper people as Mr. Reid and I to be friendly. You are so romantic, you know. You'll be falling in love with Mr. Meyer the next thing, really and truly in love with him; and he's too poor and too ambitious to think of marrying."

The remainder of winter and spring wore away. Summer had come, and Rose and I were preparing to go to Shelburne. Rose had practised her music very diligently, and I had improved wonderfully in my painting. We had read a great deal, we had seen and studied fine pictures and statuary. We had listened to scientific lectures, and educated our ears by hearing classical concerts. And besides all this, we had both made ourselves quite well acquainted with the French and German languages.

"What wonders we have achieved!" said Rose, looking back with satisfaction. "How much we have accomplished, besides shining in Bohemian society. Lou, are you ready to go back to Mrs. Arey, and laces, and diamonds, and the German again?"

"Never!" said I, resolutely.

"And do you intend to live all your life in these lodgings, making believe poor, and hiding around the corner when you wish to hire a carriage?"

"Never," I said again, with a little meaning smile. "What do you propose to do, Rose?"

"Mr. Meyer proposes that we have a little cottage of our own, just out of town, when we are able to marry," said she, trying to look unconcerned. "It was only talk about his being in love with Miss Lasell."

"Mr. Meyer!" I exclaimed. "Rose, do you know what you are thinking of? Did Mrs. Arey spend her breath in vain when she pictured to you the heights you might attain, matrimonially, through such a fortune? A little has been bought with less money than you possess."

"That's it, Lou. Mrs. Arey did not spend her breath in vain. Her worldliness disgusted me. There is no such word as love in her vocabulary. Faith and hope have only to deal with the money markets, and life, with her set, is only one long struggle for the costliest diamonds, the finest establishment. I wouldn't like to be pinched; I hate poverty, but I would marry Mr. Meyer if I hadn't a cent of my own. It is so nice just to be liked for yourself. Wont Frank be surprised when he knows about my money? I hope that he wont be too glad! But you haven't told me what you propose to do yet; and, as you are going to leave here, I should like to know."

"Mr. Reid proposes that we shall have a quiet home of our own, and go to house-keeping at once, as soon as we are married this fall," said I, anticipating an outburst from my sister.

But she only repeated the words I had said to her, in her mocking manner, and assured me in the end that she was quite sure that it would be so sometime; and that if Mr. Reid wasn't Methusaleh (he is thirty-five), she should like him very much for a brother-in-law.

While we were at Shelburne that summer we were visited by our future husbands; and during the long romantic walks and confidential talks in the shady Shelburne lanes and meadows, with these two dearest of our souls, something was revealed which disconcerted and troubled us not a little at first.

My trouble was deep in my mind, when one morning Rose ran to me with hers.

"Lou, O Lou!" she gasped, "did you know that everybody in the Rogers' Building was perfectly aware of our wealth all the time? Frank said that he was afraid to propose to me on that account at first. He says, too, that he never will spend my money; and unless I'm willing to live as he should be obliged to live, he wont marry me, after all. He thought my tastes were simple, and I preferred that way of living because I had been brought up in such a simple way. He didn't know that it was only a little experiment. I almost wish I hadn't seen Frank. You know we were not going to marry for years, if ever, Lou, when we left Mrs. Arey."

"I know," said I. "Mr. Reid—Frederic said almost the same thing to me that Frank did to you. But then, my tastes are simple. I am perfectly willing to live like any ordinary schoolteacher's wife. I am disappointed, though. I wanted to tell him that he had married a rich woman un-awares, to make his eyes open with surprise. Then Mrs. Arey put such worldly notions into my head, I was almost afraid at first. Rose, dear, this is a strange world."

Everything ended well, however. Rose and I have both been married many years, and we are both happy. Rose's husband has acquired both money and fame for himself, so Rose is elegant, as she likes to be. As for me, I am content to live in the moderate way which my husband says is consistent for a schoolmistress's family. I am quite sure that my money was not what he married me for. Rose is perfectly satisfied on that score, too.

DESPAIR.

A cloud had gathered o'er his way,
And in his darkened hour he cried,
"Ere this blow came, I would the day
Had dawned that I had died.

"O God, if there be God," he said,
"Hast thou no love, no help for me?"
New York City, June, 1874.

It were a grace to strike me dead,
The greatest blessing not to be!

"Life is a lingering living death,
Thou, if thou art, canst end it here.
Take, then, O take my latest breath,
And let this be my final tear."

ARBER.

A CARD.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

THE train was just about to start, the passengers, expectant of a long journey, settled themselves comfortably in their seats, arranged shawls, travelling-bags and umbrellas, and took a final survey of the dim smoky station, from which they had been waiting, impatiently, for the iron master to emerge, puffing and blowing, into the fair light of open day. As for the floating population, whose presence was due only to a desire to see the last of some departing friend, it was high time for such to be placing themselves once more upon *terra firma*. This opinion, evidently, was ascertained by a gentleman who, having been deeply engaged in conversation with a young officer, now rose to go, saying, leisurely:

"Well, the train seems to have an idea of going, and I might as well follow suit. Lucky for us both that we happened to meet, as it will probably save considerable trouble in this affair. I have been able to give you an outline of it, and for any particulars that you may wish to know, write me at— Ah, stop—here's my card, with full business address. Good morning." And taking an abrupt leave, he hurried from the car, just as it began to get in motion.

Lieutenant Bradford, left alone, let the card lie, for the nonce, where it had fallen, his attention being otherwise occupied with a neighboring damsel, whose frequent glances in his direction indicated anything but a reluctance to indulge in one of those fascinating, though temporary flirtations, which may so successfully beguile the weariness of railway travel. Not quite certain whether to accept this silent challenge, the young man looked critically at his *vis-à-vis*. That she was excessively school-girlish, and, by no means one of the most favorable specimens of the class, was not difficult to discover, and he withdrew his gaze somewhat doubtfully. Then, observing the card upon the seat, he picked it up, and turned it over to read the address. What was his astonishment at finding that the piece of pasteboard contained no printed words, but the face of a young and beautiful lady. Amusement succeeded surprise, as he realized the error committed by

Charles Anderson, but presently, continuing to gaze on the lovely semblance, he became lost in speculations concerning its original. Nor did he care to pay any further heed to his forward neighbor, whose face, pretty but bold, and rather loud style, contrasted unfavorably with the modest beauty of this fair unknown. So, unfolding a newspaper for a screen, he went on with his delightful study, secure from the scrutiny of the silly schoolgirl, who, finding herself unappreciated in that quarter, turned her attention to a young collegian, who proved more grateful than the soldier.

Meantime, the latter, having placed the treasure-trove in his pocket-book, had fallen to considering the propriety of returning it to the rightful owner. He was pleased, however, to remember presently, that such a course was impracticable, as, through this very mistake, he had lost the address of Charles Anderson, to whom, personally, he was almost a stranger, with no further connection than that of certain military business. To be sure the picture might be sent at a venture, but this idea did not strike him agreeably. Rather than set it afloat upon the uncertain tide of New York, he decided, as it was probably a matter of small moment to Mr. Anderson, to keep it himself for the present, and trust to chance for an opportunity of restoring it and obtaining the desired information upon the subject. The possibility of his own forgetfulness never occurred to him; yet, once at home, his attention was so occupied with other matters, that this little episode quite passed out of mind, although the photograph still remained hidden among the papers in the fold of his notebook.

Time flies so swiftly on wings of pleasure, that his hours can be numbered only by their brightness. Lieutenant Bradford's furlough seemed scarce begun, ere it was already over. The last good-by was spoken, the last glance given, and, with a farewell eldritch shriek from the warning whistle, the young soldier was whirled away. Having finished his paper, he looked around him, seeking some diversion by scanning the faces and fashions of his fellow-travel-

lers. There was the usual variety—the child who is perpetually munching gingerbread and apples; the woman whose bonnet is decorated with two shades of the same color; the baby whose sonorous scream is kept up with an energy worthy of a better cause; the man who stares offensively at every pretty face; in short, all those peculiar elements which go to make up the heterogeneous contents of a railway car, and with which any practised traveller is familiar. Upon none of these, however, did the glance of Lieutenant Bradford remain, for, aside from their own unattractiveness, another matter engrossed his attention. Upon the opposite side, not far in advance, his wandering eye discovered a pretty, simple, gray bonnet, framing an exquisite face, at which he gazed at first with only a feeling of admiration, which gradually grew into a feeling of recognition, for which he could not immediately account. But presently his efforts at identification touched some hidden link of association, and in the space of a moment memory had recalled the forgotten incidents of his interview with Charles Anderson, convincing him that, in the unconscious beauty before him, he beheld the original of the photograph which had come into his possession in so peculiar a manner. After some search, the picture, brought from its long concealment to the light of day once more, proved the correctness of his belief. Yet comparison, while showing the resemblance, showed, also, the injustice of this “counterfeit presentment,” which, faithful only in form, could not give the fresh gold of the hair, the roses that blossomed on cheek and lip, nor the velvet brown of those expressive eyes, which lent new brilliancy of beauty to the whole living countenance.

These particulars Lieutenant Bradford ascertained by a discreet but close observation; making the most of his rather limited opportunities. But Fortune, who is said to favor the brave, condescended to favor him at length. Returning to his seat, which he had left for a moment, at one of the stations, he found it filled even to overflowing, by two feminine billows of the tide of passengers which, in his absence, had invaded the car. However it might have been with others, for our gallant lieutenant it was an absolute impossibility to request a lady to yield her seat to a prior claim; but discovering, presently, that the unknown

beauty had no companion, he mustered courage to ask permission to take the vacant place beside her. The favor was granted by a voice whose soft sweetness seemed the very counterpart of the charming face, and the young man sat down, with the feeling that he was, decidedly, a lucky fellow.

Now Lieutenant Bradford was anything but diffident, usually, but in this particular instance, he was at a loss, in consequence, probably, of a certain consciousness which is often caused by an extreme desire to please. At all events, the young officer, for one reason or another, felt an unusual constraint in the presence of this pretty creature, whom, nevertheless, he admired more than any other whom he had seen. To draw her into conversation was his great wish, but with what words to address her he hardly knew. Concluding, finally, that anything was better than silence, he began some very original remark about the weather, which elicited a reply of similar character. The ice having been broken thus, he plunged into a stream of small-talk without further ado.

“Travelling alone is usually rather tiresome; don't you think so?”

The lady assented, and he continued:

“To be sure, one always finds plenty of acquaintances in a railroad car, but fortunately or unfortunately, one is not on speaking terms with them.”

“Not on speaking terms with one's acquaintances?” repeated his companion, looking around with some surprise, as if wondering with what sort of a person she had been thrown. “Is that a railway regulation?”

“Why, yes, for railway acquaintances—of the kind I mean, at least. For instance, that woman and child a few seats in advance of us, are old friends of mine. I never enter a car but I see them, or their exact likenesses, yet I have never had the honor of any conversation with them beyond a few words. And—pardon the discourtesy—I hope I never may!”

The young lady understanding the drift of his speech, smiled, as she replied:

“I cannot quite credit the sincerity of that hope, after your admission of having spoken even a few words.”

“O, that goes for nothing, I assure you. It is one of the peculiar charms of such people, to be always wanting the window put up or down—no matter which—any-

thing for a change. I know, for I have been one of the victims, on other occasions. The last time I sat just before my friend, and suffered accordingly; but sitting some distance behind her, to-day, I have had the opportunity of watching that window raised three times by the much-enduring gentleman in front, who has had the pleasure of letting it down twice, and must be waiting anxiously for the next call. Yes, there it goes, sure enough! I thought it was nearly time."

"But, of course, it is a great privilege to assist a lady in any way," was the arch response.

"O, doubtless; especially when she is so fearful of giving trouble. But really, what do you imagine can be the state of mind that induces a person to wear a blue bonnet and yellow flowers with a purple cloak? What must be the precise sensation, do you think?"

"Well, a glow of gratification, I fancy, as one who has done her whole duty. And you must admit that the effect of the combination is perfect, of its kind."

"Why, as to that—" began Lieutenant Bradford, then stopped short. In giving an explanation of this sudden pause, it must be preface that, for some time he had been annoyed by the behaviour of an ill-looking, vulgarly-dressed fellow in the next seat, who, at the sound of their voices and subdued laughter, had deliberately turned around, and leaning his arm on the back of the seat, stared rudely into the face of the young lady. Inwardly chafing as he was at such impertinence, Lieutenant Bradford, hitherto, had taken no apparent notice of the man, except by a few black looks, not wishing to assume the responsibility of a measure, for which, very possibly, his companion might not thank him. But now, beholding in her face irrepressible signs of embarrassment and annoyance, so great as even to prevent her looking toward himself, lest the movement should expose her more fully to this offensive gaze, he hesitated no longer. Leaving his first speech unfinished, he bent toward her, and said in a low tone, indicating his meaning by a quick glance:

"Allow me to inquire if this sort of thing is not rather disagreeable to you?"

"Extremely so!" was the ready reply, with heightened color.

"Then I have your permission to put an end to it after my own fashion—quietly of

course?" perceiving some hesitation on her part, banished, however, by his assurances.

"Yes, certainly, if it could be done quietly, I should be very glad; but anything is better than a scene."

"Never fear; there shall be no scene. Depend upon my discretion."

So speaking, the young man, with a rather quizzical smile, took down a travelling-bag from a rack overhead. Placing it on the floor, beyond the curious ken, he unlocked it, and opening his dressing-case, he took out a toilet-glass, which he suddenly presented to the broad stare, which, attracted by his movements, had now been directed full upon him. Startled by this unexpected reflection of his countenance, and thoroughly ashamed of himself, the fellow, red as fire, turned his head away quickly, and after a few uneasy moments, got up and walked into the next car, having learned, it is to be hoped, a useful lesson.

"Singular, is it not?" remarked our experimentalist, replacing his ingenious weapon; that the human face divine should inspire such terror?"

His pretty charge could make no response from the folds of the kerchief wherein she was seeking to stifle the irresistible mirth caused by this ludicrous incident. The young man, glancing at her, smiled also, as he arose to restore the travelling-bag to its original position. By the time that he resumed his seat, the young lady was able to look up, but their eyes meeting, both laughed outright.

"I ought to thank you," she said, presently, in an exhausted voice; "but I really can think of nothing but that poor fellow's absurd face. He looked so thoroughly ashamed I could not help pitying him. I hope we have not been too severe with him."

"O, not at all. I saw all that he needed to convince him of the error of his ways, was a little *reflection*, and it seems only charity to give him that. Seriously, one can scarcely take too severe measures in such a case. I have seen too many ladies annoyed in this way, to have the least pity for any mortification that their tormentors may feel. One would think that the mere fact of a woman's inability to resent such impertinence would be sufficient to check it, but I am afraid I must own that there are those, calling themselves men, who delight to oppress anything just in proportion

to its helplessness. For such cowardly creatures I have no sympathy at all. But this can hardly be an entertaining subject for you—suppose we change it.”

Which suggestion was adopted with great success, judging from the animation with which, half an hour later, they might have been observed in the discussion of some question of the day.

Upon reaching Washington, which chanced to be the end of the journey for each, it was discovered that, by some misunderstanding, neither the friend nor the carriage that she had expected was in waiting for the young lady. She seemed vexed at the *contretemps*, but Lieutenant Bradford, despite his polite regrets, was secretly delighted with this opportunity of rendering her further service. Having placed her in a carriage, with her permission he took a seat therein, likewise, with the intention of accompanying her to her home. Learning after a while from some words dropped by his fair charge, that she had nearly reached her destination, he saw that it was “now or never” for him, and summoning his powers for a grand effort, he said, hastily, as he gathered together her travelling-wraps:

“I should be wretched to believe this the end of our acquaintance—if you will permit me to call it so. May I not hope to meet you again, at some time when I can have the honor of an introduction?”

She did not seem offended, but smiled, at first without speaking; then, noting the earnest expectation of his manner, thoroughly respectful, withal, as it was, she said archly:

“Do you ever go to parties?”

“Sometimes,” was the eager reply. “Do you?”

“Occasionally. And do you know Mrs. Archer Kingston, of — St.?”

“Slightly. Her brother, Jack Wentworth, I know very well indeed—”

“Mrs. Kingston gives a reception on Thursday evening.”

“Pray do not think me impertinent, but—will you be there?”

She laughed, but shook her head, replying:

“No one can say what he may do. I never attempt to look into the future—the present is quite enough for me.”

Before the young man could speak again, the carriage had stopped.

“Ah here we are at last!” exclaimed the

young lady, as the door was opened by the driver; then, turning to her companion, “thank you a thousand times for your kindness. No, do not get out, please. I have no need of more assistance.”

And, with a parting salutation she ran lightly up the steps, followed by the hackman, leaving Lieutenant Bradford to look on, passively; unable after her express request to the contrary, to take that active share in the proceedings, by which he had designed to inform himself with regard to “the local habitation and the name” of this fair unknown who had already made a decided impression upon his heart, albeit it was not by nature particularly susceptible.

All this happened on Tuesday, and it hardly can be necessary to state with what impatience the young man awaited the coming of Thursday night, which really was not at all behind time, however it may have seemed to his eager wishes. Jack Wentworth, the brother of the intending hostess, had given him an urgent invitation to “assist” at the reception, and, of course, the foolish fellow was one of the very first arrivals. It was, in truth, quite a brilliant affair, notwithstanding the unflattering opinion entertained by Lieutenant Bradford, who, disappointed with respect to the one person whom he cared to see, and never pausing to reflect upon the possibility of a later appearance, privately considered the whole thing an unmitigated bore. After a while, however, becoming interested in conversation with a brother officer, he ceased to watch the door, whereupon, naturally, the desire of his heart was granted, in accordance with the oft-proved law by which an expectation is fulfilled as soon as it is renounced. At the stir made by some new entrance, he looked up, to behold his blonde beauty, radiant in cloudy *crepe* and pearls, the cynosure of many eyes. As in moving up the drawing-room she passed near him, a half smile of recognition hovered about her lips, while he bowed low.

“So you are acquainted with that young lady, Bradford?” asked Captain Richards, following his companion’s gaze after the graceful retreating form.

“No; are you?” introduce me, then, there’s a good fellow!”

“I introduce you? why, I was about to ask that favor for myself. But how do you mean—are you in the habit of bowing to ladies whom you do not know?” And the

speaker looked as if he suspected that Lieutenant Bradford was taking leave of his senses.

"Yes—no—that is—I met her travelling, the other day," was the somewhat incoherent reply. "Who is she?"

"I know nothing of her except by hearsay. It is a Miss Armstead—very much admired, I understand. Tom Drayton of the —th is wild on the subject of her charms, I know. He pointed her out to me at a concert, not long ago, and I have been hoping for a chance to meet her, ever since. Too bad you cannot introduce me."

Lieutenant Bradford could hardly stay for the close of his friend's speech, such was his impatience to find Jack Wentworth, who he felt assured would be able to gratify his wish for a better knowledge of his pretty travelling-companion. Nor was this confidence misplaced. Great good-natured Jack smiled benignantly at this request, and presently had obtained permission to introduce "a friend" to Miss Armstead. Standing beside her now, Lieutenant Bradford felt that her loveliness, enhanced by the airy exquisite evening toilet, exceeded even his most flattering remembrance. Far too well bred for the inelegance of direct compliment, he yet could not conceal the admiration which kindled his eyes so eloquently, that Miss Armstead, impelled by some consciousness, hastened to break the silence, saying:

"I hope you have not been troubled by any avenging spirit of our poor fellow-traveller, whose thirst for knowledge was so misunderstood?"

"Not I," was the answer. "I assure you I have slept the sleep of the innocent. And you—I trust that rueful visage has not haunted your dreams?"

"O no," she responded, coloring slightly. *Query.* Had any other image mingled with her visions? This was a question which her deepening bloom suggested to the young man, but which, notwithstanding its absorbing interest, he could not ponder silently.

"This evening's reception seems to have proved quite a success?" observed the young lady, interrogatively, glancing through the thronged and brilliant rooms.

"O, it is perfect!" replied Lieutenant Bradford, warmly. "I wish it might never end!"

"What, are you so *very* fond of parties?" she asked, amused, apparently, by the fervor of his tone.

"Passionately! under certain circumstances," with a quick inflection to point the meaning.

"No doubt, then, you will attend every party this season?"

"Why—there is a choice, I suppose, even in one's amusements. Now if you would be so kind as to tell me the places that are best worth cultivating—those, for instance, that you care to honor with your presence—"

"Indeed! And do you really expect me to furnish you with a programme of my movements?"

It was now Lieutenant Bradford's turn to redden slightly, although he smiled as he replied:

"Why, I am indebted to you already for this evening's pleasure, and—"

"Yes," was her quick interruption, "and no doubt you have thought it very odd that I should volunteer so much to a stranger."

Of course the young man disclaimed hastily, but, as if unheeding his protestations, she continued:

"There was an excuse, however, for my forwardness—"

"Now, Miss Armstead, I beg—"

"No, no!" she cried, breaking in upon his shocked remonstrance; "let me finish, and then you shall say what you like. I repeat, there was an excuse, and it is that you were not quite the stranger that you seemed. Yes, you may look surprised, but it is true that I knew much more of you than you fancied. I knew your name and regiment, and I can even inform you that last summer you were wounded in your left arm, just above the wrist. It happened in a skirmish."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the lieutenant, confounded by these details. "And may I ask how I had the honor to become known to you?"

Miss Armstead smiled, enjoying his astonishment.

"Do you remember replying to my question about your acquaintance with Mrs. Archer Kingston, that you knew her brother Jack Wentworth very well indeed? Well, Jack is a very old friend of mine, and I have often heard him speak of Lieutenant Bradford, who—excuse the compliment—is quite a hero in his eyes! So I

learned not a little about you, and one day, at a sort of review, Jack pointed you out to me. I never forget faces, and I knew yours again, instantly. And you perceive now that you must no longer think me forward," she concluded, playfully.

"As if I ever could or would have such a thought!" protested the young man, warmly. "You know your words do me injustice. And so Jack has sometimes spoken kindly of me to you? There is another obligation added to the many I already owe him. And I have heard him praise Miss Armstead so enthusiastically, that I have often longed to meet her, although, I confess, I was not prepared to find such exquisite pleasure in her society."

"Thank you!" responded the young lady, with a charming little gesture of acknowledgment. "And now that each has credibly delivered a compliment, and made the proper explanations, I suppose we can let the matter pass!"

"But, Miss Armstead, since it seems we are old friends, you will not be so cruel as to refuse to grant me that favor?"

"What favor do you mean?"

"Of informing me at what places you may be found, in order that, by following your example, I may be sure of having made the best selection."

"But are you not perfectly able to make your own choice?"

"O no, for I am quite a stranger in Washington. I have been here, comparatively, but very little indeed—only when my regiment chanced to be in town."

"And how do you know that I am more familiar than yourself with Washington?"

"Pardon me! You said, a moment since, that Jack Wentworth was a very old friend of yours. I happen to know that, with the exception of the time when he was abroad, nearly the whole of Jack's life has been passed here. Beside, I have been aware all the time that his friend Miss Armstead resided in Washington. So what is the conclusion?"

"O, I cannot attempt to follow your argument, but I am still unconvinced of the propriety of advertising my movements."

"Then you drive me to the necessity of taking personal observations upon the point."

"I am not responsible for your deeds," was the saucy response.

"Very well; at least you do not deny me

that privilege. But now, Miss Armstead, I have a secret, in my turn. Do you care to hear it?"

"No, I have not the masculine failing of curiosity!"

"Indeed? But it concerns yourself."

"Ah, that alters the case. You must tell me immediately."

"Must I?"

"If you please."

"Very well—I suppose it is the duty of a soldier to obey orders. Give me your attention, if you will be so kind. Now what would you say to hear that I have in my possession a—a—"

"O, why do you stop! A what?"

"Why, only think! a—a—"

"Do go on! Please, a—?"

"Well, then, a secret—a real *bona fide* secret—and all about you!"

"Why, so you said before. That is nothing new."

"But the truth will bear repetition, you know."

"Then you will be so good as to repeat your secret directly, if it contains any truth."

"Ah, you really must excuse me."

"I thought it was a soldier's *duty* to obey orders!"

"It is a soldier's duty, also, to give no information to the enemy."

"O, you reckon me an enemy, then?"

"Are you not one? You refuse my request—"

"And you refuse mine?"

"Shall we exchange?"

"No, no, no!"

"Too bad!—here comes an interruption—"

"Such a pity!"

"Is it not? You see the calamity drawing near?"

"I see. It has taken an agreeable form, at least."

"Truly, tastes differ! But you won't like him."

"But I yet have the impression that I shall."

"Pardon me, my fair enemy, but he is my friend—therefore I shall know best. You will not like him, believe me."

"O, doubtless you are right. He is *your* friend—and I shall not like him! You see I am too polite to contradict you."

"Too polite, by far! Now, Miss Armstead, the calamity will be upon us direct-

ly, and there is just time for asking permission to carry the war into the enemy's camp."

"An unknown language—translate, if you please."

"A thousand pardons! I beg, then, that you will generously allow me to call upon you and ascertain your sentiments upon the secret question—"

"Which you know already?"

"Ah yes, but I know, also, that ladies are privileged to change their minds for slight cause—or no cause at all. But is the favor granted?"

"O, if you wish. And it will gratify some curiosity, to which I confess, regarding Jack's *beau idéal*!"

"Whose merits are at present too ideal for your perception, I fear. Indeed, Miss Armstead, to drop the jest, you have made me very happy by granting my request, and I can never be sufficiently grateful to Jack Wentworth, for the friendship that has secured me such a pleasure."

Here, at length, they were interrupted by the advent of "the calamity," as the young man had dubbed Captain Richards, who, in company with his friend, the smitten Tom Drayton aforesaid, had been making a rapid advance toward Miss Armstead, until detained a while by an acquaintance. Naturally, Lieutenant Bradford was not overpleased by the appearance of those whom his jealous penetration had already learned to consider in the light of rivals; but he was too magnanimous not to give them a fair chance, which, in like case, he would have deemed his own due. Accordingly, after a short time, he took leave of his quondam charge, consoling himself for this reluctant departure by the thought that no long period would elapse before he would again enjoy the enchantment of her presence. And, indeed, this expectation was amply fulfilled, both in kind and degree. Miss Armstead's curiosity, if in truth it existed, respecting "Jack Wentworth's ideal," must have been thoroughly gratified. Early and late did Lieutenant Bradford call upon her, or, to use his own phrase, "carry the war into the enemy's camp," until, by some strange process, the enemies had become the best of friends.

All this pleasure, whose only drawback hitherto had been the presence, more or less frequent, of Captain Richards, Tom Drayton, or some other admirer, was inter-

rupted, suddenly, by marching orders issued to Lieutenant Bradford's regiment. The fiat had gone forth that they should leave Washington and move into the field. The young soldier was by no means reluctant to change this life of inglorious ease for active service, however hard; but to leave Washington was to leave Miss Nettie Armstead, likewise, and every step that he took on the onward march but carried him further away from her and happiness. This reflection, then, somewhat qualified the eager anticipations which the "rumor of war" naturally excited in the breast of a soldier.

It may be that Lieutenant Bradford felt a shade of disappointment at the manner in which Miss Armstead received the news of his impending departure. So far as he could observe, she was not affected in the least, but continued the netting of her bright worsteds as composedly as if life had no more important object than the beauty of a sofa-cushion. She did not even raise her eyes in replying:

"At last, then, you have the wished-for opportunity of suffering in the cause."

"You forget that that happiness and honor have already been mine," he said, rather gravely, hurt by her apparent nonchalance.

"Ah, yes—one forgets everything in these days, when there is everything to remember."

He looked at her for a moment, as if about to say something which should not be forgotten so easily; then, with a sudden change of purpose said, lightly:

"Very true; we remember our own interests, but it hardly would be fair to expect the same thoughtfulness of others. The fact of my having been wounded, for instance, would naturally look much larger to my eyes than to yours. It would be too much vanity to fancy that you could keep such a trifle in mind for two whole months! I think it is about that time since you spoke of it to me, at Mrs. Kingston's reception. By the way, I wonder if you recollect the principal subject of our conversation that evening? Rather mysterious, I believe it was."

"O yes! when you promised to tell me some secret?"

"Ah, did I, indeed? I had the impression that the agreement was to this effect—that you should tell me a secret in re-

turn for mine. But perhaps it would be wise to yield the point, as your memory already has been proved so good!"

"Never mind my poor memory—I want to know your secret."

"Do you? Enough to grant me a favor in return?"

"Yes indeed—only gratify my curiosity now."

"Ah, Miss Nettie, it is possible that I have concluded to stand upon my dignity now. You have trifled with me too long, and I shall punish you by making you wait my own time."

"O, if you say that, I know it is useless to try persuasion, you are so—terribly—yes, I will say it—so terribly obstinate!"

"Really, Miss Nettie? Why, that is an ugly word! You might, at least, have softened it into 'firm.' I shall hate to leave my friends here with such an idea of my character."

Miss Armstead made no response, unless we can interpret as such a slight movement which tossed her embroidery-scissors from her work. Picking them up from the floor, the young man began, absently, to play with them, while he continued, in a graver tone:

"To tell the truth, in spite of my wish for active service, I hate to leave my friends at all. I know how sadly I shall miss them, and all these pleasant associations, at first. However, I suppose a soldier has no business with such things—and, after all, I should be ungrateful to repine, as long as I can carry my talisman with me. One face is sometimes better than a crowd, ah, Miss Nettie?"

Suiting the action to the word, our sentimental soldier took out a photograph, upon which he gazed with an exaggerated devotion, which yet did not prevent him from stealing a sly glance at Miss Armstead, who worked on, silently and steadily, though with heightened color.

"Pardon me for intruding my affairs upon you thus," said Lieutenant Bradford, at length, finding that she would not speak. "I hardly know how it is—I have never before shown the picture. But is it not a lovely face?"

As he held the card toward her, she took it with a little air of dignity, which vanished, however, at the first glance, leaving astonishment in its place.

"What, my own picture!" she cried.

"Is it possible? Where *did* you get it? for I am very certain it was no gift of mine. Ah, please don't be—*firm*—but tell me at once—please!"

And the velvet-brown eyes looked imploringly up into his own. He took the hand which held the photograph in his clasp, saying:

"Before telling you anything, Miss Nettie, I must have one question answered. This is my secret, you know, and you promised to grant me a favor in return. Say, must I give up the picture, or may I take the original?"

"You seem to have taken both already, without waiting for permission," responded Miss Nettie, looking down from under her lashes at her own slight fingers, enclosed in a strong warm pressure. When Lieutenant Bradford spoke again, it was upon a sweeter subject than the secret, to which he did not even allude until urged to an explanation by Miss Armstead's entreaties.

"Well, then, you must know," he said, then stopped short, and began again, abruptly—"But tell me first, why did you seem to care so little about my going away? You never showed the least emotion—not even surprise."

She looked up, looked down, and hesitated.

"Because—because—do you really want to know?"

"So much, that I am resolved I will!" responded the lieutenant, convinced by her manner that there was some mystery, with which he ought to acquaint himself, at the bottom of all this reluctance.

"O, resolved! Very well, then—because—I had heard the news, half an hour before, from Jack Wentworth! And do you think I was going to afford a possible triumph to some one who might care nothing for me? So much for your jealousy! And now you need not speak another word until you have told me all about this picture; for I am *resolved*—you see I can use that expression, too—to learn the whole secret at once!"

The young man could hardly do less than obey this peremptory order, although it may be something of a mystery how he contrived to reconcile the contradictory commands which bade him not to speak another word, yet to explain the whole secret at once.

And now, most flagrantly disregarding the dramatic unities of time and place, the scene shifts to New York, one year later. In this period Lieutenant Bradford had obtained sufficient releasement from military duties to enable him to go to Washington for the purpose of celebrating a certain event, to which he had been looking forward for the last twelvemonth. From Washington he had gone directly to New York, wherein it was his intention to remain for a few days, before taking wing once more. Walking, one morning, along Broadway, he heard a voice pronounce his name, and, scanning the busy throng that swept past, recognized, presently, the face of Charles Anderson. The latter, turning around, took the lieutenant's arm, and the two strolled on together for a short distance. But ere long the jostling of the hurrying crowd provoked Mr. Anderson to interrupt himself in the midst of a speech touching some question relative to the war.

"Well," said he, rather impatiently, "this sort of thing is harder work than any at my office—where I ought to be now! By the way, do you recollect that Berners affair that I looked up for you? Some rather curious developments have come out about it since—not affecting the settlement at all, but something which it might interest you to hear, as I believe you never knew any of the particulars of the business. Tell me where you are, and if you've no engagement I'll come round and post you about it this evening."

His listener was reminded, by these words, of the mistake which had signalized a former occasion, and, with the remembrance, a sudden whim seized him, in accordance with which he took out a blank

card, and hastily pencilled upon it these names—

MR. AND MRS. FREDERIC W. BRADFORD.
ANNETTE ARMSTEAD.

This done, he handed the piece of paste-board to Anderson, whose face, on beholding it, was truly a study. Indeed, it occurred to Lieutenant Bradford, afterward, while reviewing the explanation which he had just given, that Mr. Anderson's appreciation of the whole thing was far less enthusiastic than his. With this statement of opinion, he finished his relation of the incident to his wife, who seemed wonderfully amused thereat.

"O Fred, Fred!" she exclaimed, in a tone that was half laughing, half dolorous. "To think you *should* have blundered into such a thing—with Charles Anderson, of all people!"

"How do you mean, Nettie?" questioned the young man, puzzled by this sudden excitement. "Where was the blunder about Charles Anderson?"

"O, because—because—why, you know it might have taken him by surprise," very demurely.

"*In-deed?*" slowly and meaningly, said the lieutenant, who, in watching his wife's heightening color, had received a sudden flash of intelligence concerning the subject. "Now I understand the 'little engagement' which he recollected for this evening! Well, I am not surprised that he prefers writing to a personal interview. Truly

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

And then, I am sorry to say, they laughed again, which, you know, all things considered, was very heartless indeed.

LONG-SUFFERING.—Men have in life many conflicts and disappointments; and ordinarily they receive things in such a way, and have excited in them such impetuosity and irritation, that they throw sparks every whither. But one who has long-suffering, or the faculty of enduring a great while, is endowed with such a sense of patience, and quiet, and content, that his surroundings, his outward condition, his circumstances in life, do not vex and harass him. Men are ashamed to cry when they are hurt a little; but, when the pain

lasts, when annoyances continue, then men are apt to grow weary. It is no small thing to be possessed of the trait which enables one to bear without complaining, not momentary pains, but long irritations. It is a great thing to have a spirit of long-suffering which shall give one the power to suffer without losing joy, without losing peace, without losing love. It is a blessed state to which you have arrived when you can subordinate trying things that beat upon you so that you can preserve your conscious serenity and composure of mind.

THE RIVAL MATES.

A Tale of the Sea and Shore.

BY FRED STINSON.

WILL WHITE and Bill Black belonged to the same town, a quiet little country-place in the northern part of New York State. Will was a handsome fair-haired and blue-eyed young fellow, about one-and-twenty, a great favorite with the girls, not only on account of his good looks, but also for his good-nature and merry ways. Black was also a very handsome man, of a very dark complexion, and black curly hair. He was about twenty-six years old, and very taciturn, unless excited; and if made angry, his features assumed a satanical expression that was anything but pleasant to look upon. In fact, he was a man more admired for his figure and face than for his social qualities. He was a thorough seaman, and at the time of which I write he held the position of second mate on board the A 1 half-clipper ship *Ina*, commanded by Captain Nathaniel Coffin, who, of course, as his name implied, belonged to Nantucket.

Will White was also a sailor, and was now, for the first time, enjoying the pleasures and responsibilities of authority as third officer of the *Ina*, he having made one voyage previous in her before the mast, when Black was third mate.

The ship was lying in New York, loading a general cargo for Valparaiso, from whence she was chartered to return with a cargo of copper oar.

Now, both our sailor boys were anxious to go home before sailing, and air their newly-acquired honors, and spend a few dollars of their advance in their native village. So they each obtained a week's liberty, one to follow the other; and Mr. Black availed himself of the privilege first, and departed for Ambleside, with a determination to see what effect his promotion and manly appearance would have on the belle of the village, pretty Alice Ware. Captain James Ware, her father, was the richest man in the place, and a retired shipmaster. He was very well aware of William Black's disposition towards his daughter, and he rather favored his suit,

for Black had made his first voyage with the old man, and had pleased him by his smartness; and the old gentleman often remarked that there was the making of a smart shipmaster in Bill Black, and that seemed to him the acme of all human greatness. However, as usual, the maiden was not of the same opinion of her father, and she favored White rather more than Bill Black; though up to this time she had thought it advisable to keep two strings to her bow, and had alternately smiled on one and then on the other. I think, though, Master Will got the largest share of smiles. In fact, like all acknowledged belles, she was a coquette, and thus, you see, Messrs. White and Black were rivals. When the least favored suitor returned from his native place, his face appeared more saturnine than usual; but this did not elicit any remarks from White, as he was unaware of his rival's penchant for Alice. Black was equally ignorant of Will's attachment in that quarter, for neither of them had been home at the same time, thus giving the fair Alice a chance to enjoy her passion for flirtation to its fullest extent.

The few questions that White asked Black about the people at home were very briefly answered, and Will started, not very much enlightened as to how things were in his native village, from which he had been gone a year. He was determined, however, to try his luck, and see if he could win the belle of Ambleside. He had wooed her ever since they wore pinafores, and went to school together.

Fortune favored the brave, and when the time came for Will to leave Ambleside and join his ship, Alice rejoiced in a new ring on the forefinger of her left hand, and he was happy in the possession of a lock of brown hair and a tintype—the photograph she had been saving for him having mysteriously disappeared out of her album the week before.

The old captain was duly notified of his daughter's choice; and though he favored the rejected lover, he did not object strongly

to the accepted one, for he doted too much on his daughter (his only child) to cross her in anything. So, with a wish that it had been Bill Black instead of Will White, he ceased to think of it any more, and let things take their course.

The fortunate lover returned to his vessel, and when her topsails were sheeted home there was not a more cheerful voice or a lighter heart among the twenty-eight souls who composed the crew of the *Ina*, than Will White's. He was aware of Black's rejection, for Miss Alice, with a woman's vanity, had informed him of it after she had consented to make him happy.

Ninety-six days after leaving New York the *Ina* came to anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso. During the passage neither of the mates spoke about their love affairs, and Black was ignorant of his rival's success where he had failed.

One Sunday, just before leaving on the homeward passage, a friend of Black's, the mate of a vessel just arrived in port, came on board to see him. White was seated on a caval, on the starboard side, right opposite the window of the second mate's room, reading a book. Any loud talk that might occur inside the room he could hear distinctly, as he was to leeward, and the draft through the open door of the room blew directly out of the window.

The second mate and his visitor were in the room, and from the peculiar gurgling sound and clicking of glasses, it is to be supposed that the two were enjoying themselves. After a while, Black, sailor-like, commenced to show his friend his treasures; such as his revolver, his books, and among other things, his photograph album, which was a ponderous affair that he had bought at some cheap John's auction, and which he kept in sundry folds of old canvas, and called it real morocco. His friend went through the book, commenting on the different pictures in a very lively strain. Some he knew, and some he did not, and those with whom he was unacquainted he asked, Yankee-like, all sorts of possible questions about. At last he came to one that excited his curiosity, for it was turned face in.

"Well, who is this?" he asked. "Your girl, I bet a dollar; and she's so homely that you daren't show her face, and so you keep it turned in."

This floated through the window to Will, for he, too, in looking through the second mate's album, had noticed this picture turned face in, but had never spoken of it, and he was now anxious to hear what reply would be made to the friend's insinuation.

"Yes, she used to be a girl of mine," replied Black. "But let me take it out and show you. You wont talk much about homeliness when you see the face, I reckon. There, what do you think of it now?" And in a triumphant manner he threw the picture he had taken from the album before his friend.

"By George!" was the exclamation; "she is handsome, and no mistake. Where did you run afoul of her?"

"O, she's a little wench I met when I was home up country. She got quite gone on me. She gave me a lot of little keepsakes, and this picture; and I think she would have insisted on giving me herself, but I got sick of it in a couple of weeks, and cleared out. Her name was Ware—Alice Ware. You know her father, Captain Jim Ware?"

The second mate made this speech in quite a nonchalant manner, little thinking that there was a second listener to his insulting remarks and atrocious lie.

Will's first impulse was to go into the speaker's room and demand a retraction of his words, and take possession of the picture; but on second thought, he concluded to remain quiet until the visitor had departed. So he spent the interim walking up and down the deck, fuming and fretting, and growing more wrathful every moment. At last the visitor took his departure; and when Black returned from seeing him off at the gangway, he found the third mate in his room, looking as dark as a thunder-cloud. It did not take the enraged lover long to come at the business in hand. Black had hardly got over the threshold of the door when Will commenced:

"Bill Black, I overheard what you said to your friend about Alice Ware! Now, I tell you it's an infernal lie, all of it; and unless you take it all back, I shall inform him of it, and tell him how you got possession of that picture."

"Well, how did I get possession of that picture?" said Black.

"You stole it," was the answer.

"If I did, is that any of your business?"

questioned Black, growing a little wrathful himself.

"If you don't give it to me inside of a minute, you'll find I'll make it some of my business," was the warlike answer. "That picture was intended for me, and I, for the last time, demand it of you, with an apology for what you said about the original."

It seemed to flash through the second mate's brain that his rival stood before him, and he proceeded at once to prove whether he was right or not.

"So," he sneered, "it was for you Alice Ware gave me the sack; and now you want her picture. Prove me first your right to it, and then perhaps I *may* give it to you."

Instantly White put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it Alice's last letter. He then read enough from it to prove that he was engaged to her, and had a right in demanding her picture and protecting her name from insult; also proving to Black that his suspicions were correct. But this only served to irritate him more, and instead of giving White the picture, he shook it in his face, saying:

"You are engaged, are you? Well, when you get your wife, you may have the picture, and not before; and I'll try my best to bar you from both."

He had hardly finished speaking when White had snatched the picture from his hand, and stowed it away in his pocket, exclaiming, as he did so:

"You'll have to be smarter than that, Bill Black, to bar me from anything that I set out for."

Black's reply to this was a well-directed blow at his rival's head with the leaded-bottom stateroom lamp that stood on his desk. White dodged the missile, and returned the compliment with interest, bringing his left hand in contact with his opponent's face with such force as to make that member strike against the bunk-board in a very savage manner. Black was not long in recovering, however, and then they went at it hammer and tongs. They were pretty evenly matched in size and weight, and for a short time it was nobody's fight, and they went round the small space they had in the stateroom very lively, falling over chests, ripping down desk, bursting out bunk-boards, and demolishing everything that they ran against in the conflict. At last the superior wind and strength of White—

as yet unimpaired by any dissipation—began to tell; and when the captain and mate, who had been informed of the fracas by the steward, arrived on the scene, our hero had his opponent on the floor of the stateroom, and was pummelling him to his heart's content. It was with difficulty that they dragged him off and released Black from his clutches.

The vanquished man did not leave his stateroom for over a week, and even then he showed signs of a severe handling. Will kept the picture, and the cause of the quarrel was never alluded to afterwards.

Not long after this they started on their homeward passage, and nothing of any consequence occurred until in about 35° south latitude, just about off the mouth of the river Plata, when they encountered a very heavy pampero. It was about four bells in the middle watch when it commenced, and all hands were called to close-reef the topsails and furl the courses, all the lighter sails having been taken in before. As soon as the topsails were clewed down, and the foresail and mainsail hauled up, the crew went aloft to the foretopsail, and commenced to reef, the second mate in the bunt, and the third mate at the weather-easing. After they had taken the first reef in—they were taking them in separate, instead of two reefs in one—White, who, as I said before, was on the weather-yard-arm, sang out for a fresh reef-easing, as he found that the one he had sent up just before dark, he having apprehended a reefing match, had disappeared, probably chafed off. It was but a few seconds after he sang out when a man slid down the lift and handed him a spare earing, and then stepped on the foot-rope alongside of him, and commenced to help him pass the earing, and pick up the dog's-ear of the sail. He did not pay any attention as to who the man was, and it was so dark that, without a very close scrutiny, it would be impossible to tell. He succeeded in getting the earing rove, and the bight passed around his body, so as to give him a better purchase, and commenced hauling out to windward. He had got the reef cringle hauled pretty well out, and was lying back for a last pull, expecting every moment to hear the second mate shout from the bunt to make fast to windward, when he heard the expected voice close to him, hissing:

"Try the South Atlantic for a change.

It is the quickest road to heaven, and a long way from Alice Ware."

At the same time that these words were being spoken there was the flash of a knife, and our hero felt the earing on which he was pulling back give way, and then a stinging sensation in his breast, and the next moment he was struggling in the water. The cry of man overboard immediately resounded above the roar of the wind, and such floatable articles as were knocking round deck were at once flung over the side, in hopes that some of them might strike within reach of the suffering man. The yards were braced up sharp, and the ship was brought up to the wind and hove-to as quickly as possible, and the men were mustered, to find out who it was had fallen over. The second mate supplied the information without any trouble, and informed the captain that White must have rove the earing in such a manner that a strain pulled it right out of the cringle, for there was no part of it to be found; and therefore White must have held on to it when he fell, and taken it over with him.

Any suspicion that the captain might have had of Black's participation in the accident was immediately expelled by his offering to go in the boat in search for his brother officer. This proffer was at once accepted, and calling for volunteers to accompany him, and selecting four, preparations began to launch one of the quarter-boats. All this did not occupy one-half the time it takes to tell it in, but before the davit-guys could be cut and the boat swung on board, the long-expected pampero struck the ship aback, and in a few moments she was a dismantled hulk, lying on her beam-ends in the trough of the sea, thrown wheresoever the waves would.

We will now leave the vessel to the mercy of the storm, and return to the victim of Black's revenge, and see how he fared. When he first arose to the surface, after his fall, with the second mate's words still ringing in his ears, and the gleam of the knife still in his vision, he saw the huge hull of the ship gliding by, and a couple of objects thrown from her struck the water close to him. The nearest, which he caught at, proved to be the small lazarette hatch, and the other, which soon washed near enough for him to secure, was one of the stern life-buoys that had been cut adrift by the man at the wheel. Thus fur-

nished with something to float him, our hero felt as comfortable as any man could be under the circumstances. While he was trying to secure the buoy and hatch together with the end of the earing which he held when he fell, the other piece, which Black had unrove out of the cringle and thrown overboard, to hide the only evidence of his crime, floated on to the hatch alongside of him; and with this he managed to fasten himself pretty securely to both his supports. Not until this was effected, and he had a moment for reflection, did he think of the wound in his breast; and then he perceived, for the first time, the knife sticking in his oilskin jacket which he had on (it was raining fiercely); and drawing it out, he recognized it as one belonging to the second mate, a sort of hunting-knife or small bowie. He secured it in his belt, and on examination, found the wound to be slight; and the only pain that he suffered from it was when a sea would dash over him and the salt water would reach it.

It was but a short time after he got secured when the pampero broke in all its fury; and for three hours he thought every moment might be his last. Huge waves would rise and break over him, and he would arise from this involuntary baptism half drowned. If his frail craft had once been swept from under him, there would have been no occasion for going further on with this story; but fortune favored him, and by daylight the sea had gone down considerably. He felt comparatively safe then, for he knew he was in the track of vessels bound south round Cape Horn, and also those bound north, or to the Rio de la Plata.

The sun was not very high, when on the distant horizon he espied a column of smoke. His heart gave a great bound, and he watched it intently. In a short time he could see plainly that it was nearing him, and in two hours he was safely lauded on the deck of the steamship *Cotopaxi*, flagship of the Brazilian navy, bound to Monte Video, to blockade that port until it was captured by the land forces, or Uruguay conceded to the demands of Don Pedro the second emperor of the Brazils.

Will was very thankful for his delivery from the jaws of death, and very grateful to his rescuers, but his ardor was somewhat damped when arriving at Monte Video, and

requesting to be put on board an American vessel there, he was coolly informed that he belonged to the Brazilian navy, and that he was assigned the position of a quarter-master, and if he made any disturbance or refused duty, he would be disgraced and otherwise punished. He saw that argument or resistance was of no use, so he quietly took up his line of duties, and mentally resolved to desert upon the first opportunity. Two or three days after he had arrived in Monte Video, another war vessel came in and her captain reported that they had picked up a boat bottom up, and a quarter-board, and other things that indicated the foundering of a ship called the *Ina*. When White heard this, he had reason to say, "It is all for the best."

We will now skip over a space of two and a half years, during which time our hero had made several attempts to escape, but had succeeded in none, and finally had given up the idea, and contented himself as best he could, and had risen to the rank of second lieutenant. This was no uncommon occurrence, for the Brazilian navy was dreadfully in want of good officers, and more than two-thirds were English and Americans attracted by the large pay and easy times.

Will had written home a dozen times, but he never had received any answer to his letters, and he consequently got tired of writing. The reason of his not receiving any reply was simple enough; the government never allowed any letters to be forwarded without first opening them; and then there was so much in his ridiculing their fighting qualities and government, that the official whose duty it was to conduct this espionage on the foreign officers tore his letters up with rage.

In two years and a half from the time of White's compulsory enrollment under the Brazilian flag, Monte Video surrendered by having a traitor inside the city who unlocked the gates; and there being no more fighting to do the navy was reduced, and a great many of the officers were discharged, and among them our friend.

With his pockets very well lined with doubloons and milreas, he started homeward in a coffee trader bound for Baltimore, and determined not to write of his coming out of spite for their not answering his letters.

His mind was not very anxious about his

folks, for he had none except an aunt who had brought him up as close as possible, and shipped him off to sea as soon as she could. His principal thoughts were about his betrothed, speculating as to whether she had broken her vow to him, and all such things as long-absent lovers will think about.

In thirty days after leaving Rio Janeiro he arrived in Baltimore, and from there took the first train for New York, and thence home. Arriving there he frightened his aunt into hysterics, for she had believed him dead for two and a half years. When she sufficiently recovered, he learned from her news that made his blood boil. Bill Black was that evening at seven o'clock to be married to his promised wife, Alice Ware, who believed him dead at the bottom of the sea. The match had been brought about mainly by her father, who had used his influence and procured Black a ship, and he was now Captain William Black, and was going to take his bride with him to sea. It appeared that when the *Ina* was thrown on her beam-ends, Black, the captain and several men were on the after-house deck, and the mizzen-mast breaking in the cabin, took the top of the house off and floated clear of the sinking ship with the men on it. They remained in this predicament until the evening of the next day, when a homeward bound barque picked them up and carried them into Philadelphia. On his arrival home Black had told the story of White's loss, and also about his offer to go after him and what it resulted in, all of which was duly endorsed by Captain Coffin. This story and the non-arrival of letters of course settled it without a doubt in the minds of everybody; and White's return now looked very much like the sea giving up its dead.

To be married at seven o'clock; it was now half past six. Where was she to be married? At her father's house. A moment's reflection, and then he asked himself the question could he do it? Yes! Should he do it? Yes! And he started to put his purpose into execution. In a twinkling he had his chest, which had been brought up from the depot, open, and taking several articles therefrom, he put them in his pocket and bounded out, shaping a course for Captain Ware's house. It was over two miles, and he had about twenty five minutes to do it in, but he felt confident that

by running all the way he could accomplish it.

A lovely-looking bride was Alice Ware, as she stood up in her father's parlor to be wedded to a man she loved not; lovely-looking, with an air of indifference and half defiance.

Between her father (she had no mother to take her part) and the indefatigable Black, they had worried her into it. Her father had constantly dinned it into her ears for two years; not harshly, so that she could find heart to rebel, but quietly and insinuatingly loading her with presents and supplying her every wish; dwelling frequently on the nobleness of Black's conduct in offering to go to the rescue of his rival. And then the lover, whenever he was at home—and he contrived to go short voyages and be at home a great deal—assiduously paying her every attention possible, and obeying her every look or word with the docility of a faithful dog, inwardly cursing himself for his folly, and impatient for the day that would unite them, and he be master.

The bridegroom, as he stood before the man of God with the bride, never looked to better advantage. His dark and usually gloomy countenance was lighted up with a triumphant smile, and his dress was as near perfection as a New York tailor could make it.

The bride was elegantly dressed, and wore some costly jewels, for the old captain was quite wealthy, and nothing pleased him so much as to have it show on the person of his daughter. One small ornament she wore that came neither from the father nor bridegroom. They had both objected to it, but without avail, for she was determined to wear it, and as usual woman's obstinacy prevailed. It was a small gold anchor with a blue ribbon tied in the ring, and on the stock and shank was engraved "From Will to Alice," and a date about three years old; and opposite to "Will" on the stock was "Lost at sea, lat. 35 deg. 5 min. S., lon. 50 deg. 12 min., with the day and date.

The marriage ceremony which was of the Episcopal form, had just commenced; the clergyman had asked the usual question, "If any man can show just cause why these two may not lawfully be joined together, etc.," and was about proceeding with the service, when the door was burst open and a voice cried, "Hold on! I can show just

cause and sufficient," and stepping between the bride and groom, he turned around, face to the company, and they saw Will White, as one risen from the dead. In an instant all was confusion. The bride fainted in her father's arms, and the groom stood white and speechless with terror. At length he found voice to say, "Will White, and alive?"

"Yes, and alive, no thanks to you."

Reassured that it was White and no supernatural visitor, Black began to regain his courage, and demanded that the ceremony should go on.

"I forbid it!" said White.

"By what right?" angrily demanded the bridegroom.

"Come with me a moment, and I will tell you. Captain Ware, will you accompany us?"

The captain who had delivered his daughter into the hands of some of the ladies present, acquiesced, and the three went together out on the lawn in front of the house.

The first to speak was White. "Captain Ware," said he, "you have heard the story how I fell off the *Ina's* fore-topsail-yardarm and was supposed to have been drowned."

"Yes!"

"Well," continued White, "you heard an infernal lie. Look, do you know what that is?" and he produced something from his pocket.

"Know what it is?" said the old man. "I knew the use of it long before you were born. It is the pieces of a reef-earring."

"Does it look like a rope that would easily part?" questioned White.

"I should say not," answered the captain, after examining the rope closely. "I should say that it had been cut, though it looks somewhat frayed."

"And it was cut, and by the man next to me on the yardarm; do you know who that was?"

The old man looked intently at Black and bowed his head.

"It is a lie," cried the accused. "You rove it some bungling way so that it unrove with the strain, and you've cut it yourself to get up this story and ruin me."

"If I rove it so bunglingly, I deserve drowning. But if that is not sufficient evidence look at this. You were afraid that I might escape a watery grave, so you gave me this to make your work more complete.

And here's the mark you left; can you deny that, or that this knife is yours?" Saying this, White handed the old captain the knife, and throwing back his shirt and vest, showed a scar on his left breast some three inches long. "Now," he said, addressing the culprit, who was shaking with rage and fear at these unexpected evidences of his guilt, "I will give you until to-morrow morning to leave this town forever; if not, to-morrow night you will sleep in the county jail. What do you say? Will you go or stay?"

Captain William Black said not a word, but turned down the pathway that led to the public road, and the village of Ambleside knew him no more.

People wondered why he left the town so suddenly and mysteriously, but White and the captain kept their own counsel, and no

one else but Mrs. Alice White ever heard the story.

The little gold anchor has another inscription on it now under the one "Lost at sea." It reads "Found at Ambleside," with the day and date of his return. Captain White took the ship intended for Captain Black, and for many years prospered as a shipmaster. When Captain James Ware was laid away to rest alongside of his beloved wife, his grandson James Ware White, aged twelve, was left sole heir to all the property, and this young gentleman declares that as soon as he is old enough he will give half of it to his little sister Alice, and half to his mother, and then go to sea like his father and earn a lot for himself; and his mother says, kissing him, "God bless the boy!" And Captain Will with little Alice in his arms responds "Amen."

"I'M LONELY! FOR THOU ART NOT HERE."

'Tis morning; and the balmy air
Is laden with the breath of flowers;
And feathered songsters everywhere
Are singing in their leafy bowers.
But morning's music all has cloyed;
A sweeter voice I long to hear;
For in my heart there is a void—
I'm lonely! for thou art not here.

'Tis noon; and from the sultry heat
I seek a refuge in the shade;
The while, unopened at my feet,
My book upon the grass is laid.
I lie, and watch a fleecy cloud,
That floats so idly through the air;
Still when alone, as in a crowd,
I'm lonely! for thou art not here.

'Tis evening! peaceful and serene,
The stars come out, and brightly beam
Upon us, like a vision seen
Of our beloved ones, in a dream.
But evening, with its peaceful calm,
And stars that beam so bright and clear,
Brings to my restless heart no balm—
I'm lonely! for thou art not here.

Sandford, Indiana, 1874.

'Tis evening; and I join the throng
Of those who meet for evening prayer,
And listen to the choral song
That breaks upon the slumbrous air.
The harmony seems strangely marred;
I miss a voice I fain would hear,
And by a sigh my heart is stirred—
I'm lonely! for thou art not here.

But midnight spreads her sombre pall;
I sink in slumber soft and sweet,
And in my dreams I hear the fall
Of thy loved lightly tripping feet.
Thine own loved form again I see,
Thy well-remembered voice I hear;
And I am happy now with thee;
So happy, love! for thou art here.

I sit beside thee as of yore,
And hold thine own loved hand in mine,
And feel upon my breast once more
Thy head in trusting love recline.
I press a kiss upon thy brow,
And gaze into thine eyes so clear;
And I am happy, love! for now
Thou, darling, thou art with me here.

J. L. S.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I DECIDE TO MARRY MY COUSIN."

BEFORE proceeding with my story, I should like to ask those readers who have accompanied me thus far to suspend their judgment of it, until they learn the reason for which various conditions of life, hitherto untouched, are woven into the narrative. Much that may at first sight appear incomprehensible, superfluous or overdrawn, is necessary to the plot of the story, and much that is likely to provoke criticism will be found to have been introduced with a totally different intention to that arrived at by guessing. And having said so much, I will proceed with my relation.

* * * * *

The occupants of the drawing-room are awaiting the heiress's final decision with very different feelings. Mrs. West has no doubt in her own mind what it will be. She has been very much put out by the non-appearance of any of the Greenock Park people at the *fete champetre* that day; but Lady Russell has sent her a note, explaining her absence on the score of illness in her nursery; and Agatha can well understand that Captain Staunton would feel it to be better taste in him to keep away on the occasion. He would wish Everil's friends to suppose that, if she was determined to give up everything for his sake, she was entirely unbiassed in her decision by his immediate influence. And that Everil does so intend to give up everything rather than himself, Mrs. West is perfectly certain.

True, that her behaviour has appeared rather incomprehensible during the last few days, that her eyes have been red with weeping, and her manner cold and constrained; but Agatha attributes these phenomena to the struggle with which she must necessarily decide between retaining her fortune or Maurice Staunton. But that, after all her opposition on the subject, and determination to have her own way, she can end by resigning her lover, is an idea that has never seriously entered

the widow's head. Everil may feel it—it is impossible that she cannot feel it; but the enormity of the sacrifice will only add to its value in her eyes, and she will be true to Maurice and to herself. So Mrs. West, clad in the palest of peach-blossom costumes, covered with the softest of lace, sits close to her beloved brother-in-law, smiling furtively at her coming triumph, and ready to act the ministering angel to Lord Valence as soon as ever the inevitable blow shall have descended on his head. The earl himself is in reality the most assured on the subject of all there. Agatha West, in order to prevent any interference on his part, has so impressed the fact upon his mind that his cousin has never dreamed of doing otherwise than fulfil her father's wishes by marrying him, that he is simply awaiting his fate with the sublime submission of indifference. Mr. Mildmay, on the contrary, is strongly agitated. He loves his ward only second to his daughter, and the idea that she should marry Lord Valence against her inclination, or give up everything for the sake of Maurice Staunton, is equally distasteful to him. He walks restlessly up and down the room, thinking one moment that Everil had better ten thousand times over marry the earl without love than Captain Staunton with; the next, that no blessing can possibly follow a union entered into for mere calculation, and that the girl will be happier penurious with a pure conscience, than if she began life on false pretences. Miss Strong somewhat shares his feelings; but the feminine love for rank and riches predisposes her to hope that her pupil's decision will be in favor of the earl, and not for that "forward and presuming Captain Staunton." She sighs over the misfortune that has befallen Everil in having conceived a predilection for the young officer, but fancies, woman-like, that if *she* had the management of affairs put into her hands, everything would turn out right in the end, and the earl and countess live happily forever afterwards. Still, the old lady is very anxious and unhappy, and keeps furtively wiping the corners of her eyes with

a fragment of cambric handkerchief, and hoping that no one observes her unusual agitation. No one does observe it, for everybody is occupied with his own thoughts, and on the tiptoe of expectation. Only Mr. Thorneycroft, the family solicitor, Mr. Craven, the earl's legal adviser, and old General Hawke treat it as a mere matter of business.

"You have both made yourselves well acquainted with the conditions of the late Mr. West-Norman's will, gentlemen," says the latter, loudly; "and the young lady is perfectly familiar with them also, so we need have no recapitulation. We need nothing now but her signature and that of Lord Valence, and our business is completed. Where's the pen? Has any one been sent to call Miss West-Norman? We only want her name placed here. It won't take her a minute, and then the job's over. Does she know we are waiting?"

"I have sent my daughter to fetch her," replies Mr. Mildmay. "But, general, it appears to me you are taking Everil's consent as too much a matter of certainty. Remember, we have to ask for her decision first. I am not quite sure myself of what it will be."

"But I *am* quite sure, sir, and I've told you so a dozen times already. She'll be Lady Valence within the month. I wish I had a clear thousand standing on the event."

"Ladies' fancies are uncertain things to bet upon, general," observes Mr. Thorneycroft, smiling. "I'd as soon back a shifting sand."

"Not if it carried gold with it," growls General Hawke. "Metal is the best ballast for women's minds—if they have such things."

"I think it would be as well to leave this discussion to another opportunity," says Lord Valence, with a frown. When General Hawke prophesied that his cousin would bear his name within the month, he started; it brought the contingency so vividly before him; and what followed seems like an insult to his future wife.

"General Hawke is always so terribly hard upon us poor women," simpers the little widow, hating him in heart for the assurance with which he has spoken.

"Here is Everil," says Mr. Mildmay, as the door suddenly opens, and the heiress, followed by Alice, stands amongst them.

Lord Valence is about to rise to meet and lead her forward; but Mrs. West pulls him back.

"Don't do that, Valence, for Heaven's sake!" she whispers.

"Why not? Why do you detain me?"

"Because—it is not a settled thing yet, remember. She has still to announce her decision; and if it should not be—though of course it will—but you might place her in an awkward position, poor girl. *Don't* make any advances till you hear what she has to say."

"I cannot now; you have effectually prevented it; the time is past," he replies, somewhat hastily, as he reseats himself. "But I wish you wouldn't always interfere with everything I wish to do or say, Agatha."

"O Valence! how *can* you?" she whispers, reproachfully; but he has turned his back on her, and fixed his eyes on Everil West-Norman.

She is standing in front of her guardians and the lawyers, supporting herself by resting one hand on the table. Her face is exceedingly pale, and the yellow lamplight behind which she stands makes it look still paler; but her features are almost stern in their composure.

"I have just been telling these gentlemen," commences General Hawke, after a rapid survey of her countenance, "that as both they and you are perfectly well acquainted with the contents and provisions of your late father's will, there is no need of recapitulation."

"But merely as a matter of form, my dear sir," interposes Mr. Craven. "Mr. Thorneycroft and myself, who are summoned as witnesses—although of course we have every faith in your assertion of this young lady's knowledge of the conditions under which—"

The general is beginning to storm, and Mr. Mildmay to remonstrate; but the girl's voice silences them both.

"Read it through," she says, quietly, as she points with her finger to the document in question.

The lawyer begins.

"Wont you sit down, my dear?" whispers Mr. Mildmay, as he pushes a chair towards her; but she waves him off, and remains standing. The tedious will is read through by the lawyer, who appears to spin out the words as slowly as he possibly

can. The conditions, involved and wrapped up in sentences of extraordinary length and insoluble meaning, are repeated again and again, until the brain aches with the endeavor to unravel and make them clear. But the final intention is plain enough: that Everil West-Norman must marry Bernard, Earl of Valence, or lose her fortune. And as the long list of the property to be forfeited is drawled through, Mrs. West grows hot and uneasy, and fidgets on her chair, and trusts that the heiress's thoughts are wandering away to Maurice Staunton, or anywhere, rather than fixed on the awful loss she will sustain in keeping faith with him.

Everil hears it to the end, unmoved. Then, as the lawyer finishes and lays the parchment on the table, she essays to speak, but no sound issues from her lips.

"Now this, as it appears to me, most unnecessary formula, has been gone through with—" commences General Hawke, with a scowl at Thorneycroft.

"But as a matter of business, my dear sir, a matter of business," says the lawyer, deprecatingly.

"We only wait for your final decision and signature to end the matter."

Agatha West has crept round from the other side of the room, and put her arm about Everil's waist, as though to support her.

"Courage, dearest; courage!" she whispers, softly.

"I have no need of support, thank you," replies the heiress, as she disengages herself from the widow's clasp.

"Ah! you think of *him*; and that is enough for you," continues Mrs. West.

"Be brave, darling, and remember that I am close by and feeling for you."

"Come, young lady. I suppose you have thought this matter well over. You need not keep us waiting longer than necessary," says General Hawke. "What is your decision?"

"I will marry my cousin!"

Mrs. West's face undergoes all manner of changes.

"Everil! Everil! what *are* you saying? Don't let them frighten you into consenting against your will."

"It is not against my will."

"But you can never mean it! Think of poor Maurice."

"Be quiet. I do think of him."

"My dear girl," says Mr. Mildmay, in a low tone, taking her hand in his own, "tell me that you are not acting from undue pressure—that this decision comes from your heart."

"Where else should it come from?" she replies, hurriedly, as she wrenches her hand out of his. "Am I not a free agent? General Hawke will agree with me that it is only right I should submit to be guided by those who know better than myself, and carry out my father's wishes in this matter?"

"Assuredly it is, my dear; and I always said you would do so." ("So much for your doubts," adds the general, snapping his fingers at Mr. Mildmay.) "And now, before you sign these papers, let us hear you once more tell us what you have decided to do."

"I decide to marry my cousin Lord Valence," she repeats, steadily, though she does not cast a glance at him the while. He has been standing since the first announcement of her intention, and now he comes forward and tries to take her hand; but Everil puts it quickly behind her and regards him with a look that is almost defiant. And any one near enough to her at that moment might hear her say between her teeth, "For your sake—for your sake," before the look of defiance fades away to give place to her former expression of set resolution.

"I have to congratulate you, my lord," says the general, grimly. And then the papers for signature are placed before the cousins, and the pen is passed from Lord Valence's hand to hers. As Everil takes it she puts out her left hand blindly, as though seeking for the support of some one, and Miss Strong (who, inwardly elated at the turn matters have taken, has drawn near in order to be the first to whisper good wishes in her pupil's ear) catches it between her own and holds it firmly. The tenacious grasp with which it clings to hers nearly upsets the old lady's equilibrium, though the signature of the right hand is very tremulous and unlike Everil's usual writing. Her task concluded, she turns abruptly from the table and stumbles into the arms of her duenna.

"O my dear! my dear! I do hope that you will be happy," ejaculates the old woman, half crying over her; "for though I have never been through it myself, I know

many that have, and can imagine what it is. And it's all a lottery, my love; but I am sure you've drawn a prize, and I hope God will bless your union with him and send you every blessing this life can afford."

"Hush! hush! Pray don't say that. I have done what they wished, and there's an end of it," replies Everil, as she disengages herself from Miss Strong's embrace.

"Come, madam, there's nothing to cry for in your charge being made a countess," says the general, with his usual coarseness. "There's many a woman would be glad to stand in her shoes, even if they don't fit to a nicety."

Again is Lord Valence's sense of delicacy shocked. He does not love his cousin, but it is sacrilege to hear their contemplated union spoken of like this.

"Since the business for which we met is concluded," he remarks, loftily, "I think, Hawke, we had better adjourn and leave the ladies to themselves. Will you conduct these gentlemen to the library?—and Mildmay and I will join you there. Good-evening."

He raises his cousin's passive hand to his lips as he speaks, and, accompanied by the other men, quits the apartment.

The four women are left standing there by themselves. Dead silence at first reigns among them; then it is broken by Alice Mildmay bidding Everil good-night in a timid uncertain manner, as if she did not know if she might add congratulations to it or not, and taking her departure for the rectory.

The silence settles down again. Everil stands by the table twisting a paper-knife about in her hands; Mrs. West sits on the farthest sofa gloomy and absorbed. They intend to speak to each other—by-and-by.

Miss Strong gives an uneasy cough, and rises. She is evidently *de trop*. "It is very late," she remarks in passing, "and Everil must be in want of rest." Everil thanks her blandly, but denies the charge, and in another moment Miss Strong's place knows her no more.

Then they are together, and alone. The storm bursts.

"I never could have believed it!" exclaims Agatha West between her teeth, as she leaves her seat and confronts the heir-ess at the table. "No, not if the Archangel Gabriel himself had descended to

tell it me. I cannot believe it now. It appears almost incredible."

"Of what are you speaking?" demands her companion, professing surprise.

"You know! Of your deciding to marry Valence. And after all the encouragement you have given Maurice Staunton; the way in which you have led that poor young fellow on—making him believe that you intended to give up everything for his sake—just to throw him over at the first opportunity! I thought you were more womanly—more generous—more true."

"Stay, Agatha," interposes the heiress, still, to all appearance, unmoved. "Who told you I had promised all this to Captain Staunton?"

The widow pauses. When she comes to think of it, it would be awkward to have to disclose how she came by her information.

"Why, of course you did," she answers, with feminine logic. "Everybody in the house could see it. You have been together morning, noon and evening for the last month, spite of all my entreaties to the contrary, and now you ask who told me you were fond of one another! Why, the poor boy dotes on you, and you would break his heart and ruin all his hopes for the sake of mere wealth! I thought better of you, Everil. I thought that, with your strong mind and independent spirit, you would be brave enough to defy the world for the sake of the man you loved."

"And how do you know I am not defying it?" demands Miss West-Norman, quickly.

"For a coronet with thirty thousand a year," retorts the widow. "That is *your* notion of defying the world, perhaps; but a real affection would have preferred to pass through life penniless sooner than resign the creature that it clung to."

"And why did you not speak as plainly to me before? You have encouraged Maurice Staunton to come here by every means in your power; but you have been careful at the same time to place before me all the disadvantages of marrying him, and the assurance that in the end I could only act as I am acting now, and fulfil the last wishes of my father by becoming the wife of my cousin."

"Why did I not do so? Because I thought it was my duty to place Valence's cause before you in the best possible light; but I never thought for a moment you

could be so untrue to your own heart as this evening has proved you. To make love to a man in the most open and indecent manner, knowing you were on the verge of accepting another—to draw him on to make love to you under false pretences—”

“Stop, Agatha,” says Miss West-Norman, haughtily. “I will permit you to proceed with this subject no longer; you have already said more than enough. I do not consider that I owe you any explanation in the matter; but for—for—Captain Staunton’s sake, and to prove that I think too highly of him to jilt him in the heartless manner of which you accuse me, I will tell you one thing—that he not only knew of my intention to accept my cousin’s proposal, but approved of it.”

“*Staunton approved of it!* But it is impossible,” cries the widow. “How did it come about? When did you speak to him of it? What made you change your minds so suddenly?”

“I shall tell you no more than I have done already,” replies Miss West-Norman, with a trembling lip. “It is sufficient for you to know that your accusations against me are unfounded, and that I have not wronged your friend, nor he—he—me—”

“Everil, you love Maurice Staunton still.”

“Who denies it?” she says, as her calmness gives way before the bitter recollection of her unfortunate attachment.

Mrs. West is by her side in a moment.

“My dear girl, it is some wretched quarrel that has made you act against your own feelings in this manner. It will all come right, Everil; I will answer that it shall all come right. I will see Maurice to-morrow, and tell him how you are suffering, and we shall have him at your feet again before the day is over.”

“You will do no such thing, Agatha,” says the heiress, quickly, as she dries her eyes. “Captain Staunton and I have had no quarrel; we have simply determined on what was best to be done for both of us, and I have done it, and there can be no alteration.”

“Nonsense, darling! You’re thinking of the signature, I suppose; but Valence would let you off that directly, if I asked him.”

“*Valence would let me off!*” says the girl, with a look of scorn. “And do you think

I am so feeble-minded a creature, Agatha, as to sign with my hand one moment what I would go down on my knees the next to be excused from? Do you suppose I met my guardians this evening without previously weighing the consequences of what I was about to do? How absurd of you! I have passed my word, and nothing on earth would make me now retract. I have promised to become Countess of Valence, and Countess of Valence I shall be. Any other ideas that I may have entertained are as entirely swept off my mind now as if they had never been there. I shall marry my cousin.”

Angry words in answer are bubbling to the very verge of Mrs. West’s lips; but one thought restrains them. The future Lady Valence stands before her, and the future Lady Valence is a person to be conciliated, not defied; so she swallows her indignation, and sighs instead of scolding.

“Well, dear, you are of course the best judge of what is calculated to form your own happiness; and if poor dear Valence could only see it, he is a very fortunate man. And as for poor Maurice, broken hearts don’t kill, do they? and he must try and get over his disappointment, as other men have done before him, though I don’t think he is a man who would easily forget. I wonder what dear Lady Russell will say; she does so dote upon her brother.”

“Don’t waste any more time in speculation to-night, Agatha. It is past twelve, and we are both tired. But remember one thing: my resolution has been formed and taken, and nothing will make me change it now. Further I must forbid you even to mention such a possibility to me again. Good-night.”

And without proffering her usual embrace, Miss West-Norman leaves the room. It is not too much to say that the look the widow throws after her is one of positive hatred.

“So she said with respect to her determination not to marry Valence,” she thinks, as she lingers a moment when they have parted; “and yet she veered round like a weathercock. Can she have had it in her mind to fulfil her engagement all along? Hardly; she is too bold to act a falsehood. But how can this have come about? All the plans I have thought out, and the trouble I have taken, wasted! I must see Maurice at once. I will go over to Greenock

the first thing to-morrow, and speak to him on the subject. She cannot have acted with his free consent. They have had some lovers' quarrel, and he has told her in his anger to do as she pleases; and she has braved it out. If that is the case, his presence will soon melt her resolution into thin air again, and I will persuade Valence to offer to release her from her promise. It's a dangerous game to play; but for Arthur's sake what would I not stake, even to my own salvation. He shall not be cut out of his dead father's inheritance until no power on earth can prevent it; and the powers of earth have a great deal in their hands, if they only know how to exercise it. We may triumph yet."

CHAPTER XIV.

"COME, MRS. WEST, LET IT BE A BARGAIN."

THE fatigue and excitement of the preceding day have caused the inhabitants of Norman House to feel lazy; and whether they sleep well, or otherwise, it is late before they are stirring on the following morning. Mrs. West is the first to rise. Surprise and speculation have combined to render her wakeful, and her eyes are open almost as soon as the sun shines in at her window. She cannot rest until she has seen Maurice Staunton, and received some explanation from him of the extraordinary change in Everil's opinions, and, apparently, his own. So she dresses quickly, with a view to slipping out of the house before the object of her morning drive can excite attention. Her little Arthur, flushed from his long quiet slumber, lies in the bed she has just quitted.

As the mother turns to leave the room she stands and gazes at him for a moment fondly. His dark tangled hair is cast about the pillow; long lashes shade his crimsoned cheeks; his rosy lips are parted; he looks like a sleeping cherub. The boy is, without doubt, a very handsome child, and as Agatha regards him tears rise to her eyes from proud affection.

"My darling," she whispers, "my own sweet boy! I would die for you."

No one in this world is utterly bad; no one is utterly untrue. Agatha West is about as good a specimen of an unscrupulous, unfeeling, deceitful woman as human

nature has ever produced; and yet, for the sake of her offspring, she affirms, with real tears in her eyes the while, that she could die—and she means it, too. Arthur is her world, her god. The little unconscious child has the power to make his mother true—not to herself, for her natural tendencies are to deceive—but to him. As a wife, as a friend, as a confidante, Mrs. West is unfit to be trusted; she can lie, act, mislead and betray with the easiest of consciences, yet she is a faithful mother. All her affections and interests are centred in her boy. Were he starving, she would steal for him; had he an enemy, she would murder him; were he threatened with danger, she would lay down her life for him. Her devotion to Arthur, to whose father she was completely indifferent, is the one divine spark in her nature that preserves her from becoming (peachy-faced, pretty little woman though she be) lower than the beasts that perish. And this insight to her feelings will explain her ardent desire to keep her brother-in-law from marrying, and leaving an heir to inherit his title.

She linked her fate to that of the Honorable Arthur West, not because she loved him, but because he was the only brother of a weakly and unsociable young earl, of whom long days and a happy married life were prognosticated by no one; and for the remote chance of becoming a countess, the pretty hard-worked governess would have sacrificed her soul. But the ambitious dream faded. Arthur was the first called upon to quit this scene of small hopes and petty struggling; and he left a widow ambitious still, it is true, but no longer for herself. All her wishes then were turned in the direction of preserving the title for Arthur's son. All her aim and object since have been to force the course of events into the same direction. She has obtained an influence over the mind of her dreamy, mystic brother-in-law, more because he values her professed affection than her advice; because she has relieved him also of all trouble with respect to the charge of his establishment; and evinced a lively interest in the pursuits and studies that occupy his mind to the exclusion of all outside things. Lord Valence is not particularly attached to Agatha, but he thinks that he could not do without her; and she takes good care, by means known best to herself, to keep up the delusion. If

she could only prevent the earl's marriage with Everil West-Norman from taking place, all, she believes, would be well. She knew it would be no use attempting to persuade Lord Valence to act contrary to his notions of equity and honor, and therefore she has not tried in any way to bias his actions, but has worked with every expectation of success on the heiress's sense of pride and love of mastery instead. With this end in view she has spent a couple of months at Norman House; with this end in view she has encouraged the attentions of Maurice Staunton, and removed every obstacle that appeared in his pathway. And now to find her house of cards has toppled down; that all her time and trouble have been wasted; and Everil has dared to fight her with her own weapons, and takes her in by consenting to become Lady Valence, is a *denouement* of which the little widow never dreamed; that has been disclosed so suddenly and unexpectedly as almost to take away her breath. But she still cherishes a faint hope that the lovers may be brought together again, and Everil's feelings made to get the better of her judgment. But in order to accomplish this, the *intrigante* must have an interview with Captain Staunton; and it is for that purpose that, bonneted and shawled, she creeps down stairs and enters the breakfast-room. The sleepy-faced footman whom she summons to provide her with coffee and rolls, opens his eyes to their widest to see one of the ladies down so early as nine o'clock, after ten hours of incessant exertion; but he does as she requires him, and takes her order to the stables for the pony-carriage to be round at the door as soon as it can be got ready. Mrs. West knows she is not overstepping the bounds of etiquette at Norman House by issuing such an order without any reference to its mistress, for Everil is a large-hearted and minded hostess, and always wishes her guests to be as much at home as she is herself.

As Agatha steps into the carriage, she desires the footman, should any inquiries be made on the subject, to tell Miss West-Norman she has gone for a country drive; but as soon as the coachman has entered the lanes that surround Norman House, she desires him to take her to Greenock Park. On her way there she weaves a plausible little tale of anxiety for the

health of dear Lady Russell's children to account for her early appearance; but she finds the whole family at the breakfast-table, and so eager to learn all about the festivities of the day before, that, for once in her life, she is saved from telling an untruth. Sir Henry, who has not been let into the secret of Captain Staunton's flirtation with the heiress, condemns loudly the laziness of his brother-in-law in having made the measles an excuse for not going to the party without his sister's company.

"I was twenty miles the other way on business, unfortunately for myself," continues the baronet, "or nothing should have induced me to miss it. I consider Miss West-Norman the handsomest woman in Herefordshire; and Valence is not a bad-looking fellow. They'll make a fine couple! Lucky dog, to get wealth and beauty at once. It is not every one has his good fortune."

"Is there no hope, then, for my poor dear Maurice?" whispers Lady Russell, plaintively, to her friend, whilst Captain Staunton frowns, and pulls his mustache, and glares out of the open window.

"There may be; I cannot consider it settled even now. But why was he not present yesterday?"

"He will not tell me," in the same tone. "I think she must have refused him."

"Impossible! I am sure she hadn't! But there is some misunderstanding between them, which perhaps I can remove. Dear Lady Russell, do contrive that I may have a private interview with him."

Her friend's only answer is a squeeze of the hand, but Mrs. West is satisfied, and talks cheerfully during the remainder of her visit. It is for this reason that, as she rises to go, Lady Russell urges her brother to take the widow down to the flower-garden.

"I have a new bed of roses this year that is perfectly enchanting. I would go with you myself, dear, but I must pay my morning visit to the nursery. No! Henry, I cannot spare you as well as Maurice; besides, the doctor will be here directly, and want to speak to you. Good-by, dear Agatha, and do not let so long a time elapse before you pay us another visit; and mind you take care of Mrs. West, Maurice, and see her safely into her carriage."

And so the two plotters are left to each other's company. Agatha does not speak

until they are well out of sight and hearing, and then she dashes into the subject at once.

"Captain Staunton! what on earth is the meaning of all this? Why were you not at the fete yesterday?"

"Because I knew my presence would not be welcome."

"But why? Have Everil and you quarrelled? You promised me you would speak to her before the twenty-seventh, and now the twenty-seventh has come and gone without a sign from you. And do you know what the consequence is? She has agreed to marry Valence."

"I concluded she would do so."

"But, good heavens! am I dreaming? Can you let such a chance slip through your fingers without an effort to retain it? And when she is so fond of you, too, that a word would have secured her. I think you have treated her shamefully."

"She does not think so. It was by mutual consent she acted as she has done."

"I do not understand you."

"I will try and explain myself. I never heard the conditions of her father's will till two days ago."

Mrs. West colors, and begins to play nervously with her parasol.

"But I told you of them."

"Excuse me, you told me but a part. You said, in the event of her marrying any one but Lord Valence, a portion of her fortune lapsed to his estate, whereas I find that it is all. I might have married her with half a fortune; I cannot afford to do so with none. When this was made plain to me, both Miss West-Norman and I saw the necessity of drawing back from our intimacy. I urged her to agree to a union with her cousin; she yielded to my advice."

"And with what design?" demands Agatha, breathlessly. "What do you hope for in the future?"

He smiles furtively.

"You conclude I must have a hope. Well, to speak plainly, my hope points to the hour which shall see her free again."

"And if that does not arrive?"

"A scarcely probable contingency, is it? But should that not arrive—well, Lady Valence will be in precisely the same position as regards myself as Miss West-Norman is now—unmarriageable."

"Staunton! you are more unscrupulously inclined than I took you to be."

"Indeed! I did not know that you put any limits to my want of scruples, Mrs. West. I put none to yours."

The calmly insolent tone makes her redder, but she does not resent it.

"You know that what I wanted, and still want, is to see you and Everil happily married."

"I know that what you want is to have your own way in all things, and to make me your instrument. But I cannot sacrifice myself so easily as that, Mrs. West. If I am to assist your plans, it must be at my own convenience."

"How do you know I have any plans?"

"I should be a greater fool than you take me for if I did not guess why you are so eager to keep Lord Valence single for a little time longer. You have a son—"

"O Captain Staunton!" she cries, clasping her hands, "is it not natural? Surely the title should be Arthur's by rights, his own brother's child! If my poor husband had lived, he would have come into it; and now to see it pass away, perhaps to another, and for no real good—for Valence's mind is totally averse to marriage—is very hard for me to contemplate. And I thought you would have saved me from the trial."

"And so I would were it not at such a sacrifice. But I cannot marry a woman without a half-penny. I can't afford it, 'pon my soul, I can't, Mrs. West, although I'm awfully fond of her. I'm cut up enough about this business as it is."

"And there is no hope left for either of us," says the little widow, plaintively.

"There's always the hope that the earl may die, and that his widow may revert to me; in which case some of the money is sure to go with the title. Look here, Mrs. West, you and I understand each other pretty well. Promise to do all you can to gain me admittance to Castle Valence, and I'll work with you to the end."

"O, but once they are married, it will be better to leave it all to Providence," says Mrs. West, solemnly.

"Don't talk such nonsense! If I am to have any chance in the future, I must keep the memory of my disappointment alive in her breast. And, hang it all, it has been a disappointment, and no mistake, remember."

"And what then?"

"Once married to Lord Valence, Everil holds the disposal of her property in her

own hands. But I will say no more, excepting that I cannot lose sight of her, and that you must continue to be my friend and ally. Come Mrs. West, let it be a bargain. You will agree with me that it will be for both our interests not to permit any stronger influence to surround her than our own."

"Most certainly. There is my hand on it. But Everil is not easily led."

"It depends upon who leads her. You should have seen her despair when I broke my determination to her."

"And did you tell her your hopes?"

"I hinted at them. I dared do no more. She will bear renewal of the subject better three months hence."

Mrs. West sets her lips together. She is not so certain of the facility of her cousin's morals.

"You must go your own way, Captain Staunton. You have neglected to take my advice, and you have greatly disappointed me."

"You should have told me the truth at first, then, and I should never have raised your hopes. But it is true, is it not, that Lord Valence cannot live long?"

"The doctors say so. They consider his mind diseased. But doctors are not infallible."

"Let us hope for the best. Meanwhile you and I are friends, and have promised to assist each other."

"Shall you not come again to Norman House?"

"I think not. I think it will have a better effect on her if I leave the place altogether. But say you saw me, and that I was quite broken down with regret and disappointment; as indeed I am. When is the marriage to be?"

"It has not been talked of yet; but I suppose everything will be settled as speedily as possible. I feel mad when I think of it. I made sure Everil and you had quarrelled, and came over this morning with the hope of bringing you together again."

"We never quarrelled. We simply told each other the truth. And I think she sees it in the same light that I do—as an unavoidable misfortune—though she *did* say, poor dear girl! that she'd give up the world for me."

"I believe she would, Captain Staunton."

"Well, perhaps I shall ask her again

some day. Meanwhile don't let her forget me."

They have retraced their steps by this time, and have reached the side of the pony-chaise.

"Good-by," he says, cheerfully, as he hands her into it. "My kind remembrances to all at Norman House; and mind you write and let me know everything that happens."

And as he smiles, and raises his hat, and she is driven off in the direction of her home again, Agatha West feels that one section of the game is really lost, and that if she is yet to succeed in her design, it must be by directing her energies into another channel.

CHAPTER XV.

"WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER PERFECTLY NOW."

MRS. WEST meets Everil as though nothing unpleasant had passed between them the night before.

"My darling," she says, enthusiastically, as she stoops down to kiss the girl's cheek, "how sweet you are looking this morning. I have hardly been able to sleep all night for thinking of you, Everil. I am so thankful things have turned out as they have. It is all for the best, depend on it. These little disappointments, dearest,"—in a whisper—"we are all subject to in the course of our lives. You would scarcely believe how often I have been disappointed myself; and yet we live to look back and smile upon them. I am sure poor dear Valence ought to be eternally grateful to you for the sacrifice you have made for him; and we shall all be so happy together at Castle Valence, shan't we, dear?"—with a reassuring smile.

But Miss West-Norman does not appear very grateful for her advances. On the contrary, she avoids them.

"You have been out early this morning, Agatha."

"Yes, darling, I wanted a little freshening up after our fatigues of yesterday, and I had so much to think about. How grateful we ought to feel," says the widow with a look of sanctity, "when things turn out as we have prayed for. It seems so like an answer, doesn't it?"

"I suppose it must."

"And to think that you and Valence—poor dear Valence, who has been such a cause of anxiety and care to me for so many years past—should be about to become one! I can scarcely believe it. I shall make over all my stock of troubles and worries to you now," ends Mrs. West, playfully.

"I am much obliged to you, Agatha."

"And how is dear Valence this morning? You have seen him, of course?"

"Indeed I have not."

"O you naughty girl! what must he think of you? But perhaps he breakfasted in his room. The excitement of yesterday will have affected him sadly, I am afraid."

"I have seen no one but Miss Strong and my guardians. General Hawke has already returned to town. As you seem so interested in the subject, Agatha, perhaps it will please you to hear that the marriage is already fixed for the first of August."

"Really!" exclaims the widow, as she clasps her hands, and kneels down by Everil's side. "O my dear girl, what happiness! And now all will be well, will it not? and you will promise me never to think again of anything I may have said to you last night? You know my reasons for doing so, don't you, my dear? It was altogether against my own advantage to speak as I did. It was simply in the cause of friendship, and because I felt, perhaps, that I had acted thoughtlessly in the matter of poor Staunton, and encouraged his visits here more than I ought to have done."

"Yes, yes! I understand perfectly. There is no need to recapitulate."

"But, after all, my dear, it was rather presumptuous of poor Maurice, wasn't it? He had no right to look as high as you; and I have no doubt he acknowledges the fact to himself by this time. And, in your position as Countess of Valence, you will have so many opportunities of befriending the poor boy. You will always be a friend to him, won't you, Everil?"

"Always!"

"I am so glad to know that, for poor Lady Russell's sake; for she positively dotes upon her brother. He is sure to join his regiment, my dear. He could not bear the sight of this place after what has happened; and I don't wonder at it. His sister says he is heartbroken; but then she is so very partial to him. It is quite as well he should be out of the way."

"It is much better. Agatha, do you in-

tend to sit in your walking things all the morning?"

"O no, my dear, I am just going to disrobe myself; but this conversation has been so fascinating. Well, well," as she rises, "a thousand more congratulations to you, and I am off."

"Inexplicable creature!" thinks Everil, as Mrs. West leaves the room. "What am I to believe or disbelieve of her?"

She leans her head forward until it touches the cushion of the sofa on which she sits, and presses her forehead hard against it.

"Heartbroken! If he is so, what must I be? It is a common term to use; but, if it means to have lost all interest in life or living, I know what it is like."

"Lord Valence desires to know if he can see you, madam."

She raises her head languidly to answer "Yes," and not a pulse quickens, as she awaits his coming.

In another minute he is with her.

He also appears to feel no excitement at the meeting. He enters the room with a pleasant smile upon his countenance, kisses the hand which she extends to him, and places himself upon the sofa by her side with the most perfect equanimity.

"I hope we did not keep you up too late last night," is his first greeting.

"O, not at all."

"I saw General Hawke before his departure, and he tells me you are good enough to consent to the marriage taking place on the first of August. I owe you many thanks for your affability."

"Don't mention it. My guardians thought it would be a suitable time, and I have no choice in the matter."

"I admire your frankness. We are entering life, as people should do, without any secrets."

But here Lord Valence hesitates and colors, then goes on stammeringly: "I mean, we do not profess to feel more for each other than we do."

Everil answers nothing, and he seems a little disappointed.

"You have never even cared for me as a cousin," he continues.

"I never had the opportunity."

"True; and if you had, our characters and dispositions are so opposite. But you like Agatha, do you not?—and you will have her for a companion."

"Yes, Agatha and I have always been friendly with each other. What do you intend to do during the next month?"

"I return to Castle Valence until the end of July. I have not yet consulted your wishes on the subject, but I hope you will not object to reside there. The place is old and lonely; but it is endeared to me by the memories of my father and brother."

"I shall, of course, follow your wishes in that respect. It will make no difference to me where I live. Only I suppose it will not be all the year round. You will let me return to Norman House for a few weeks in the summer?"

"By the time the summer comes round again you will be your own mistress, Everil," he answers gravely. She changes countenance, and looks distressed.

"I cannot believe it. If you have any fatal disease that must terminate your life so shortly, surely I ought to be told of it now."

"I have no disease of which you could recognize the name. But all the same, I shall not be your husband long. And for the brief time that remains to me, I claim your indulgence to reside at Castle Valence. It is the place I was born in—it is the place in which I should wish to die. Say that you will grant me this favor before you are my wife?"

"But you disturb me greatly," she replies, and her face shows signs of agitation.

"It shocks me to think that, with this doom (which I cannot believe to be certain) hanging over your head, you should feel compelled to take the cares of married life upon you, in order to secure to me a fortune which you do not believe you will live to enjoy with me."

"Does it distress you?" he says, almost eagerly. "Is it possible that you can feel so deeply for the fate of a man to whom you confess yourself indifferent? O Everil! this insight to your nature almost reconciles me to my lot. Your sympathy will smooth the passage to my grave. And before that hour comes, you may even have learned to cherish an affection for me that shall serve to keep my memory sacred in your heart."

But at this unexpected address, she rises quickly, and stands at a little distance from him.

"Never! Valence, let us understand each other plainly. You said just now that

people should not enter life together professing to feel more than they do. I feel nothing for you now—except a great aversion."

"An aversion! Are you, then, afraid of me?"

"Not of you, but of the life that is opening before me. I desire it—and yet I dread it. I see no other prospect; I know of no other path I wish to tread—and yet I would rather be dead at once than enter it. There is but one comfort in the future; I am fulfilling my father's wishes, and keeping up the name of the family. And that is my only reason for marrying you."

"A poor prospect of happiness," he says, with a pale face.

"Do you look for happiness?" she answers, shrilly. "I never have. I am sorry for you, and sorry for myself, and I wish it had been otherwise—but nothing more. You want the money, and so do I. Let us consider it a fair bargain, that, in order to enjoy fortune, we must be worried with the presence of each other."

"By all means," he answers, calmly. "But in justice to myself, Everil, I must tell you that, were it possible for me to secure your money to you without imposing upon you also the curse of a loveless marriage, I would go back to my barren acres to-morrow, and spend the remainder of my life alone, sooner than do you such a wrong."

"Then you are better than I am, you see," she retorts, with a hard laugh. "I like my money. I have been brought up in the lap of luxury, and I cannot make up my mind to part with everything that I have been accustomed to. And so I consent to my father's wish that I should marry you, without one thought whether I like you or not. All my object is to keep my money."

"I cannot believe but that you do yourself injustice," he answers, sadly. "That you should find it hard to give up your fortune to me is natural; but, putting all idea of liking or affection on one side, Everil, surely you would not marry me if you did not feel that you could at least respect me?"

"I should marry you, under the circumstances, if you were a Chimpanzee," she replies, her reckless spirit of defiance in the ascendant.

"Thank you—that is quite enough,"

says Lord Valence as he turns away. "We understand each other perfectly now, and the terms on which we are to be bound together for life. Poor child! how I pity you! But it will not be for long; and if it is in my power to make you do so, you shall speak and think differently of me at the close of our intercourse, Everil, from what you do at the beginning. Good-by. I shall probably go to town this afternoon *en route* for Ireland, and may not see you alone before that. Try and regard me as a friend until we meet again."

She is ready to weep and ask his pardon; but she presses her lips together, and lets him go without more than a languid farewell. Why should she not tell him the truth? He said himself that it was the

right thing to do. And now that they understand each other, all will be smooth and plain before them. Still it is provoking that his fine pale face and serious look and quiet manners should keep haunting her for the remainder of the day. She is quite sure she has done right in telling him her mind; but she would have felt much easier if he had flared up in consequence, rated her soundly, and given her a good cause for complaint. She is so miserable herself she would have felt a vicious pleasure in making some one else miserable also. But Lord Valence takes his departure without any further sign, and Everil West-Norman is left for a whole month to brood over her last interview with him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STATE POISON.

BY DR. FRED JAMES.

ON the swampy banks of the Old Calabar River, which discharges itself into the Bight of Biafra, on the west coast of Africa, there grows a leguminous plant, to which botanists have given the name of *Physostigma venenosum*. It is a climber, running up the trees overhanging the river, and not unfrequently almost concealing their foliage by its own luxuriant festoons. It makes a rich display of pretty pink and white papilionaceous flowers, of which, however, only a small number come to maturity. The plant, which the natives in their vernacular call *esere*, and in West-African English "chop-nut," like many other tropical fruits, ripens at all seasons of the year, though the most plentiful crop is produced about the month of November. Each pod contains from one to three beans, in shape not unlike our common horse-bean, though larger in size. When recently pulled, they are of a gray color, and in a few weeks deepens into a dark chocolate brown. Their taste is in no way peculiar, being wholly destitute of bitterness, and, indeed, scarcely distinguishable from that of the haricot or French bean. As many as from two to three hundred pods are produced on a single plant. Many of these drop into the river at maturity; and before the seeds become in a small way an article of commerce, the natives generally obtain their supplies of the bean from those which are carried down the

stream and are drifted ashore on its banks.

The bean or seed of this plant, has very remarkable properties, which the natives have turned to an equally remarkable use. It is a subtle poison, its noxious effects on the body depending on a peculiar power, to the nature of which we will presently advert, that it possesses over the nervous and muscular systems. This property of the seed the natives have turned to account by employing it as a judicial test or state poison, for the detection and punishment of the imaginary crime of witchcraft. The tribe inhabiting this district has reached that stage of primitive culture in which everything not easily traced by them to ordinary causes, is ascribed to a malignant agency, exercised with terrible effect by the numerous votaries of this black art. Even events so little removed from the routine of everyday life, as unlooked-for illnesses, sudden deaths, or unexpected losses, are believed to be due to the operation of this diabolic principle. In the bean, however, the natives conceive that they have an easy and infallible means of unmasking the agents of this detestable conspiracy against society. The suspected person has simply to eat the seed; if innocent, he vomits it, and is safe; if guilty, he retains it, and dies. This form of ordeal by means of a vegetable poison is, of course, usually met with only in tropical latitudes, in which

toxic herbs are more abundantly distributed than in colder climates. It is a custom of great antiquity, probably the first allusion to it being found in the early history of the Jews, in which the drinking of a cup of "bitter water" is mentioned as a test of conjugal infidelity. Judging from the firm root which the practice has obtained in the Calabar district, it must have prevailed among the tribe for a considerable period. Any one may bring a complaint against a person whom he suspects of having injured him by witchcraft. The accusation is made before the chief of the village, who, if the case be one of sufficient importance, summons a council of the chiefs of the neighboring villages to consider it. The charge being made, and the reasons for it, such as they are, being adduced, the person inculpated is called upon for his defence. Till within recent years, so great was the abhorrence of the accusation of witchcraft, that the defence always took the form of a demand for "chop-nut," which was granted as a matter of course. Sometimes the terrible ordeal was had recourse to on a great scale, as when a chief of rank was supposed to have died under circumstances of suspicion. In 1834, when a noted chief, named Duke Ephraim, died, all his relations and slaves, to the number of fifty, were brought to trial in this way, and no less than forty of them perished. Hundreds of lives were annually sacrificed to the horrible custom; but it is gratifying to be able to state that within recent years, it has shown signs of being on the decline.

The following is the mode usually adopted in administering the test-poison. The place is most frequently either the fetish-house or the public square of the village, and the whole proceedings are watched by a crowd of eager and critical spectators. The priest or medicine-man of the village, has the charge of preparing and administering the test. If the occasion be one of importance, he begins by offering up a prayer that the bean may continue its power of killing the guilty. He then hands some entire beans to the accused, who deliberately eats them. Others are bruised in a mortar, mixed with water, and given in the form of a draught. Sometimes only one bean is used; at other times, as many as two dozen. The dose, in fact, is regulated solely by the caprice or private wishes of the priest, who is sometimes by no means

fastidious in the accomplishment of his purpose. If the accused be particularly obnoxious to him, he will not hesitate to supplement the action of the poison by the more clumsy application of a club.

Should the inculpated person vomit the poison, and thus escape with his life, he is publicly pronounced to be innocent and harmless. In this case, he goes the round of his friends, dances before them, and receives their congratulations and presents. The accuser is then liable to undergo the same ordeal, to prove that in making the charge he was not himself actuated by the demon of witchcraft against the person now proved guiltless. This latter custom places a salutary restraint on the gratification of private animosity. In most cases, however, it is evident that the challenger thoroughly believes in the validity of his charge, as he invariably does in the absolute fairness of the test. It is not uncommon for him even to offer to partake of the poison along with the person whom he has challenged. When this happens, the authorities usually compel the latter to submit to the test, should he show any disinclination to face it voluntarily.

In former times, every person of the least consequence in the village kept a stock of the beans beside him, to be able to make a contribution on occasions of public trial, or to test the loyalty of his suspected slaves, or the fidelity of his wives. Sometimes a person threatened with a public trial will use a part of his reserve stock in putting himself through a private rehearsal, taking care to have a remedy at hand, in case the symptoms should give premonition of an unfavorable decision. If this should happen, he generally manages to escape the public ordeal by timely flight. Should the result of the private test be encouraging, he is enabled to face the public ordeal with hopes of an honorable acquittal.

The confidence of the natives in the power of the bean is something remarkable. They do not believe that it has any inherent property of discriminating the innocent from the guilty, or even that it has any active poisonous power in itself, but simply that it is employed by the gods to mark and punish a particular class of criminals. This belief is even unshaken by the obvious fact, that when taken non-judicially it has the same fatal effects as when employed under the sanction of public law. In the case of

persons using it for suicidal or homicidal purposes, the result is ascribed to the displeasure of the gods, who are supposed in this way to resent the impiety of thus prostituting a judicial test. It was employed not many years ago in despatching the numerous wives and slaves who were buried on the occasion of the funeral of men of consequence.

From the narratives of traders and missionaries, reports reached Europe regarding the employment of this remarkable seed as an ordeal poison. These soon roused the curiosity of scientific men in regard to its nature and properties. But the reluctance of the natives to part with their small stocks of the bean, and the mystery with which they contrived to invest the subject, for some time prevented a sufficient quantity being transmitted for the purposes of scientific investigation.

At last a learned toxicologist in Edinburgh, Sir Robert Christison, having, about the year 1854, secured an adequate supply of the coveted seed, proceeded to investigate its properties, selecting himself as the subject of his first experiment. He ate one evening a bit of the bean, but did not observe any particular effect at the time, slept soundly during the night, and found himself perfectly well in the morning. The result was no doubt somewhat disappointing to the subject of this novel application of the ordeal. Afterwards, indeed, he recollected a certain pleasant feeling of numbness in the limbs when he awoke on one or two occasions in the nighttime, which proved that the subtle agent had not been

perfectly inert. But this recollection did not come in time to prevent him from trying the effect of a piece about double the size of the previous portion. A slight giddiness which occurred in a quarter of an hour he ascribed to imagination; but in a few minutes more the sensation was too marked and pressing to be credited to such a cause; and it was accompanied by the peculiar torpidity which attends the action of opium or Indian hemp.

Satisfied now that he had got hold of a dangerous poison, his first thought was to get quit of it; and for this purpose he sent after it the emetic nearest to hand—his shaving-water, which he had just before been putting to its primary use. This emptied his stomach, but did not by any means rid him of the effects of the mischief-working agent, which had for some twenty minutes lain in it. He felt weak and faint, his heart's action was tumultuously irregular, his muscles failed to respond to the command of the will; and it was only after repeated and resolute attempts to raise himself on his elbow that he at last succeeded in doing so. A couple of physicians were soon at his bedside; and by the next morning, all unpleasant effects had passed off. This experiment, in addition to the hazard attending it, had the disadvantage of being an attempt to prosecute scientific inquiry under conditions which tended to impair the inquirer's power of deliberate observations. In his subsequent investigations, he wisely confined himself to watching the effects of the bean on bodies less valuable than that of a learned toxicologist.

MATHEMATICAL AMUSEMENT. — The form of the circle, the great feature of which is the exact equi-distance of every point of its circumference from the centre, does not convey an idea of beauty; whilst the freedom in the line of the oval has, by the elegance of its form, entitled it to be adopted for the head of the last and master-production of creation—Man. An amusing illustration of these principles may be produced even by children and very juvenile artists by tracing the variety of mathematical figures, circles, different degrees of the oval, squares also, from the most perfect to the narrowest oblong, and triangles, from equilateral to the acute and obtuse, and filling up the spaces with human features ever so

rudely. The effects are very droll. One can hardly fill up a square in this manner without producing a countenance directly it is in, advancing to the company, and winding up the ball, which, by a little pressure, secures the coin from coming out unless the worsted is unwound. Now put the ball into a glass tumbler, hold one end of the worsted a few yards from the glass, take up your shilling from the table, show it to the company (who will imagine it to be the one that was marked), say "*Presto! Fly! Pass!*" give the end of the ball of worsted to one of the audience, request them to "*unwind it,*" which being done, the money will fall out of the ball.

COME OUT IN THE SUN.

BY OCTO.

Come out in the sun, Josie,
Come out in the sun and sing!
Not there in the shade by the poplar made,
Nor there in the screen of the clinging
green
Of ivies that climb away—
But where no shadows fling
Will we sit in the sun and sing.

Come out in the sun, Josie,
Come, let us lazily swing
In the branches that twine of unperishing
vine,
Or birches that lean in their white and
green
To look in thine eyes of gray.
And all the while that we swing
We will sing, Josie, we will sing.

Come out in the sun, Josie,
Over the hill by the spring;
Thou canst bury thy head in the white and
the red
Of clover so tall that it guesses at all
Tallahassee, Florida, 1874.

That the gray eyes mean to say,
Guesses at everything—
Come out in the sun and sing.
Come out in the sun, Josie,
Careless as bird on the wing—
Though never were eyes of creature that
flies
So dark with unrest, a desire unexpressed,
As lies in thine eyes of gray—
Ignoring the hurt and the sting,
Come out in the sun and sing.
Come out in the sun, Josie,
And I'll crown thee with ivies a king.
Let thy white, white face forget for a space
The force of distress that may not grow
less
So long as thine eyes are gray
And thy heart is the heart of a king.
Remember, I pray, I pray,
We are playing at queen and at king;
Come out in the sun, Josie,
Come out in the sun and sing.

AN OPEN QUESTION.

BY CORA CHESTER.

"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought."

It was at one of Mrs. Hilton's select
soirees that Bret Durell first met Faith
Fletcher.

He was not a susceptible man, neither a
flirt, yet something prompted him to bend
down as the saucy dark eyes looked up into
his, in answer to the introduction, and say:

"I am not a dancing man, Miss Fletcher,
in fact, seldom court the Terpsichorean
muse; yet something tells me that you
could endue me with the poetry of motion.
Will you try an awkward partner?"

A flush of amusement twinkled for an
instant in Miss Fletcher's eyes, and she
was half tempted to refuse; for a reputa-
tion for gracefulness is as dear to belles as
ever was Cassio's good name to him; and
what celebrated Hebe cares to trip in
Olympus, even if held up by a handsome,
grand-looking man who has caused the
blunder?

A pretty society falsehood trembled upon
the rosy lips; then the girl's kind nature
triumphed, and she rose, shaking out in-
numerable flounces, ruffles and streamers.

"We will try one turn, Mr. Durell."

How she dreaded his probable awkward-
ness, as she felt the eyes of Roy Lisle, Dod-
worth's prime favorite, scanning her part-
ner with insolent wonder! They were the
first on the floor, and as the strains of the
"Blue Danube" floated upon the air, her
fears vanished. She was an admirable
dancer, and her partner caught the enthu-
siasm that beamed from her bright eyes
and charged her footsteps with fairy grace.
She felt herself borne down the room as if
on the wings of a simoon, keeping time to
the dreamy rhythm of the waltz music;
and never before had lighted parlors and
Strauss's fancies seemed such a world of
enchantment to either.

Yet Miss Fletcher had whirled down
lighted ballrooms with dozens of partners

to this same music; and perhaps Bret Durell was not such a novice in society as he would fain have Miss Fletcher believe.

During that brilliant Washington winter they met frequently; found themselves in the same merry party bound for Mount Vernon; mounted the dome of the Capitol together, and gazed down upon the stately buildings and negro hovels dotted here and there over the city of magnificent distances; or, from the galleries of the Senate Chamber, listened to long debates, paying more attention, if the truth were told, to whispered nothings which fell from each other's lips, than to the wise saws pro-
pounded by our learned members.

Everywhere they met, as people must of necessity do during a winter's campaign in Washington; and Bret Durell was not the only man that season whose head was turned by the beautiful Miss Fletcher's studied coqueties.

Whether she led the German with him, in all the splendor of full dress and pearl powder, or knelt beside him in St. John's quiet church, confessing her innumerable sins out of her dainty velvet prayer-book, it was all the same; he was hopelessly and irrevocably in love.

He realized it with a bitter pang one sunny May day as they walked together amid the crowd of people which throngs the president's grounds every pleasant Saturday in warm weather. A few belated birds of fashion still lingered in the capital, among them Miss Fletcher and her now never-absent attendant, Bret Durell.

"How I long for a breath of mountain air!" sighed the lady, with a becoming upward glance of her long-lashed eyes from behind an absurdly large fan. "This is our last evening together, and to-morrow—" A suggestive sigh finished the sentence.

"To-morrow to green fields and pastures new," said Durell; "or, in more modern times, to-morrow to fresh flirtations and victims new. Are you sighing like Alexander for more worlds to conquer, Miss Fletcher?"

Miss Fletcher smiled. She was in a gentle twilight mood that day—by the way, "an excellent thing in woman," especially women assured of their own power to please, as Miss Fletcher certainly was.

The smile awoke wonderful dimples in her pink cheeks, and chased the shadows

from her eyes. Durell wondered at these changes, and found the scanning of her face a dangerous study.

"O, I am content with the extent of my dominion now," she laughed. "I have hosts of summer friends, plenty of the good things of this life, and, above all, one true knight to amuse me, although he looks so grave now that his company is not conducive to gayety. A moment ago you were entertained; now you look bored. It is hard to please such fickle creatures as men."

Durell's face did not lighten at her rail-
lery. A dark fierce look had sprung up in his eyes, a look which choked the light words on her lips, so unutterably sad and despairing was it.

"I am going to ask you a serious question, Miss Fletcher," he startled her by saying.

She flattered herself that she knew perfectly well what the all-important question would be. So she lowered her sun-umbrella a trifle, and waited with half-averted face and rapidly beating heart for his next words. She loved this man, and meant to accept him; yet she knew full well the value of tormenting uncertainty, and had not heard her worldly brother quote in vain the well-worn lines:

"Your fruit that falls without picking
Is rather too mellow for me."

Miss Fletcher was a discreet as well as a proud girl, and by not the quiver of an eyelash could Durell read the emotion his few words had awakened.

The silence became embarrassing. He was writing in the sand the word "Faith" with his light cane, and she was following the movement of his hand as if her destiny was being formed with each fantastic letter.

Her sweet well-modulated voice brought him out of dreamland and back to the present.

"I am all attention, Mr. Durell."

"It is a momentous question, Miss Fletcher; one upon which a life's happiness is staked. My query is, What shall a man do if he finds himself engaged to a lady he has entirely ceased to care for? As a man of honor, will he marry her, or would it not be playing a nobler part to confess his faithlessness and be freed from his promise? I state this as the case of a friend of mine who wishes my advice, and

I have come to you for a woman's opinion. Your purer heart and clearer perceptions can surely lead him right."

He ended with an embarrassed laugh, and flushed to the temples as he felt her scornful eyes scanning his face.

She was not blinded by his flimsy deception, and a deathly pallor had spread from forehead to chin of her perfect face.

"A true woman, knowing how utterly a broken engagement ruins a constant girl's life, would tell you there was only one way." She turned her face away from him, striving in vain for her self-possession that had deserted her for the first time in her life. **"An honorable man will marry the lady he has compromised by his attentions."**

"But has a man any right to marry a woman if he has no love to give her? Would it not be more honorable to confess his utter poverty of affection before it is too late? Would it be possible to keep up a pious fraud after marriage, even if one could deceive during a courtship? A loving woman would be sure to discover the deceit. The fair ones have an intuition as to our feelings towards them. I sometimes think, Miss Fletcher, your sex is only half human, and hold communion with uncanny spirits, I feel so utterly insignificant in your presence."

Miss Fletcher was thinking unutterably bitter things of him just then—was calling him craven and coward in her outraged love; yet to him her face was as calm as a summer's sky, and the cold even voice discussed love with him as if it had been some abstruse subject of science.

"I have not changed my opinion, Mr. Durell. Your friend," with a bitter emphasis, **"should sacrifice his own happiness for the woman who doubtless loves him better than her own life. You are quite sure she loves him?"**

"Quite sure," he replied. He could not falsify with her pure eyes scanning his face.

"Then there is only one way. Your friend must marry her and make her a good husband. If she has no great defects, he will grow to love her in time."

"And live all his life a hypocrite's life, with a smile on his lips, and no love in his heart; give a true woman an unloving husband? He is unloving, and will be to the end of their married life. You are wrong, Miss Fletcher, in assuming that he will

grow to love her. He cannot; he is utterly bankrupt in affection for her. It is only a promise made during a foolish boyhood. She is unsympathetic, childish, and has ceased to answer his wants. He has since met a woman gifted, emotional, faulty, to be sure, yet suited to his nature. One with whom he could be insanely happy, could he be blessed with her love; a woman who appreciates and understands him, and who could make a nobler, better man of him. He feels wedded to her in every thought and feeling, and without her life will be a dreary waste indeed! Yet do you, with all the power of conferring supreme happiness upon him, condemn him to a life of wretchedness and falsehood; a life he detests and abhors? Ah, Faith, such ideas of duty and honor are overstrained. If I were the man you allotted such misery to, would your verdict be the same?"

He was searching her face again, and she knew what his meaning was. The terrible temptation nearly mastered her; then the latent heroism of her nature awoke, and with an effort she whispered:

"She loves you, Mr. Durell. You do not deserve it, but it is some men's fate to have all women bow to them. Do not mock her happiness, too. I see mother with Lieutenant Camden. Good day."

She passed by him, and before he realized it he was alone; utterly and entirely alone, with only the torn fragments of a lost happiness to comfort him.

"I will confess all to Myrtle to-morrow," he murmured. **"She, poor child, will release me if I can steel my heart to tell her the truth, and then— No, I will not yet dream of a happiness that must be built upon the ruins of a loving woman's heart. Ah, Durell, you, a so-called man of honor, have proved yourself a villain. Does Faith love me? I think not; yet sometimes I have seen a light in her eyes that only deep emotion could kindle in such a woman's heart. I, a strong man, tremble when I dream of the possibility of a future without her; and yet, six months ago, I was happy in my oyster-like existence, and sneered at worldly belles. Miss Fletcher has taught me that a true woman's heart can beat beneath a fashionable exterior; that it is possible for all feminine loveliness to dwell in a so-styled 'woman of the world.'"** * * * * *

"Mother, put back the curtains so that I can see the sunset brighten the purple hills. There are apple-blossoms on the window-sill, and the trees are loaded with them. Is it really spring, and is that one of my last year's birds chirping in the garden? The winter is over at last. It has been so long going, and has been so dark and cold. I pray I may never pass such another!"

Myrtle Thorne's patient sigh was echoed by her mother, as, with overflowing eyes, the good lady pretended to busy herself at the open window. With a mother's quick perceptions, she felt that not many, perhaps not one more winter would pass over her darling's head.

She needed not to inquire the reason of her daughter's sadness. It was written too plainly in the girl's pale cheeks, tearful eyes and wasted hands, clasping so tightly a torn letter, dated Nov. 11th; Bret Durell's last, though here was a May sun streaming over the carpet, and a south wind was blowing the apple blossoms into the open window.

"Don't be a dreamin' over that letter any more, daughty," trying in vain to check the sobs that would choke the words back. "He aint worth thinking about; and I've often told you that now-a-days there aint no sort of dependance to be put in young men. As he used to read of nights about that 'ere crazy Dane, 'they are arrant knaves all, trust none of 'em!' That's what Shakspeare says, and I expect he knew more 'bout human nature than you or me can find out in a lifetime. Come, chirp up and be as gay as other girls be. The doctor says your getting well depends on yourself. See if you can't walk around a bit, and to-morrow father'll take you down in the parlor, and you can sit in your big chair by the window."

"O I can't, mother, I can't!" cried the girl, with sudden pain, pressing her thin fingers to her eyes to hide the fast-flowing tears. "I can't be gay, and I don't want to get well! I know it is wicked, but if Bret don't love me I want to die. I hope God will take me now, and not let me live to see him bring home a wife. I never knew how much I loved him till I thought of that one night; then I prayed so hard that I'd be taken. I am not afraid to die, mother dear; don't cry, or you'll make me sorry, too."

The mother had her daughter in her arms, and was kissing the pale face again and again. Is it any wonder that she almost cursed Durell as she looked upon the wreck of her once blooming little girl, and marked what his neglect had done?

The golden light faded out of the sky, and sombre shadows blackened the hills. The wind had changed, and told of a stormy morrow. Myrtle drew back from the window with a shiver.

"It is like the dark river that leads to the shining land. A moment ago I was not afraid; now I see only blackness on the other side. O, I sometimes fear I have learned distrust of my God in my utter faithlessness of everything earthly. Bret used to laugh at my childish faith, and wonder at my credulity; but he loved me for it, and almost cried with me over poor little Dora's death in 'David Copperfield.' He called her husband a villain, and said how such a man could not prize the rarest of all wives—a simple trusting child. *He* would be content for life with such a one, he said; and kissing me, used to call me his ideal Dora. That was six months ago, though, and who knows what has happened since to change him?"

"I wouldn't speculate as to his doings, child. I never liked the idea of his a-marrying you from the first, and God knows best, after all. Durell aint a church member, never speaks in meeting; and some folks do say when he was a boy he didn't walk as straight as he might."

"I don't care how wicked he was, mother," sighed Myrtle, her pretty blue eyes, full of perfect love and trust, looking dreamily out into the twilight. "If I knew he was wicked now I couldn't help loving him!"

"No more than the poor birds can a-help flying into the serpent's mouth," muttered the old lady. "I pray God will root it out of your heart, Myrtle; but I am afraid the mischief is done."

She placed the lamp upon the table before the one window, and its light fell over the lawn out upon the darkening road. Two gentlemen, driving along, noted its appearance, and one remarked, anxiously:

"That's Myrtle's room, doctor. Is it possible she's worse?"

"No telling, Durell. It is a nervous fever that has stuck to her all winter, and the poor child may sink under it. I am

sorry for you, my boy, but it's best to be prepared for the worst."

Durell shaded his eyes with one hand, that his companion, a man whose profession had hardened him to the sorrows of humanity, might not see the great tears that would persist in filling his eyes as he thought of the past. His cruel neglect had dealt Myrtle her deathblow. He felt as certain of it as though the mark of Cain had been visible upon his forehead. No more need to trouble about the future now; death would release him, and he, a self-convicted murderer, would live on to enjoy existence without the poor little girl whose voice had once been the sweetest music in the world to him.

As they drew up before the house a serving-man dashed into the road, and almost ran into the doctor's gig.

"Och docther, are yees here? Howly virgu be praised, sir! I was jist making for yer shop. The swate little mistress has got the relapse, sir."

"What I feared." And pushing by Durell, the doctor ran towards the house.

An hour later Durell was summoned to the sick room.

"You cannot do any harm now," whispered the doctor in grave tones, "and you may do a world of good. She has been crying and calling your name ever since she was taken."

Durell knelt by the snowy bed and gazed upon the pretty childish face with its transparent skin, fever-flushed cheeks, and framework of tangled gold.

As he took one tiny wasted hand in his own the white lids lifted, and the blue eyes lighted with new life. He gathered her to his arms, and called her endearing names. In that moment all the past of that Washington winter seemed a brilliant dream, and Faith Fletcher's bewitching face ceased to haunt him, as it had for weary days. He was but a man, after all; no better and no worse than the rest of his sex; and with his early love in his arms, all his old tenderness for Myrtle Thorne came back to him. He thought he was honest in his newly-returned love, and flattered himself that he had never, even in thought, been faithless to his word.

That was when Myrtle clasped both tiny hands around his neck and kissed him; not as in days past, when bashfulness would not permit her to betray her love,

but of her own accord; for six months from that May day, with a November rain beating outside the little parlor, Bret Durell spoke the few words that made Myrtle Thorne his wife.

Later, who can tell his thoughts, as day after day he struggled with the love that filled his heart for Faith Fletcher, and endeavored to fill Myrtle's life with every joy? People called him a model husband, and wondered at his only too-evident adoration of his "pale-faced chit of a wife;" while he tried in vain to check the pain that would throb in his heart at some chance reference to that long-ago winter, and passed hurriedly by the newspaper items which named her as the reigning belle of fashionable circles in the gay capital. He felt how useless were his struggles, when he noted, among society gossipings, the rumor of her approaching marriage to Lieutenant Camden. He knew then that during his lifetime her dear face would never cease to haunt his memory; that he had "skotched the snake, not killed it."

Much has been said and sung of the beach at Long Branch, but I doubt if any description ever truly depicted the beauty of the place upon a summer's morning—the sparkling, dancing waves, the happy children running hither and thither with their French nurses, and the picturesque-looking bathers preparing for their daily plunge. Surely the life and beauty of the place were enough to make a true lover of nature happy without the artificial pleasures of the hotels.

Myrtle Durell certainly thought so, with a little sigh of content, as she sat in an invalid's chair upon the beach and watched the ever-changing scene. She was somewhat of a student of faces, and flattered herself that she could read characters by physiognomy, though her husband's heart was still in reality a sealed book to his loving wife, in spite of her constant study of his every change of expression. She had never yet discovered the pious fraud which had blessed her life; and who could have dashed the cup of happiness from her lips by telling her the truth? Surely not her husband, who had studied his part until acting a lie had become a second nature.

"I have been married five years," thought Myrtle; "such happy, happy years!

I wonder every woman doesn't marry. But no one could get another like *my* husband. That lovely girl who spoke to me the other day is doubtless in love, though she doesn't seem to care for any of her admirers here. I should like to know the happy man she's sighing for; I'd bring them suddenly together, see the sad look leave her eyes, and wind up with a grand wedding."

No one knows to what immense heights these airy castles might have attained had not the subject of them herself demolished them by drawing near the invalid's chair.

"A beautiful day, is it not?"

A commonplace remark enough, but it chased the sorrow from the dark eyes for an instant, and showed Myrtle how beautiful the girl's face was in animation.

"Heavenly; and, like a good invalid, I am out enjoying it. The doctor says this sea-air is all I need to build me up."

The lady looked down at Myrtle's pale face with a pitying glance.

"Confined to that chair, and yet always so patient and cheerful. Tell me, what is the secret of your happiness?"

"A contented mind, my dear, and a perfect husband. I see you smile incredulously, but he is perfect, and seems to return my adoration with interest. We are a model couple. I know you think me a goose?"

She laughed, a happy little laugh, and the lady, with a sigh, turned half away.

"It is odd I have never met this wonder of wonders, a perfect husband; but then, I have only been here three days."

"O, that isn't odd at all. Bret can only spare two days a week for me. I haven't asked your name yet. Mine is Mrs. Durell."

Her listener turned deathly pale, and grew strangely inattentive; but Myrtle, enlarging on her favorite topic of her husband's perfections, never noted.

"As I was saying, he is away a great deal, and lately has been busy raising a subscription for the widows of those poor fishermen who were killed here last week. He is so good. He wasn't always a Christian, you know, but says I have been his good angel, and led him to God. Now he is better, far better than I am, and my only trouble is he keeps growing beyond me in everything! After we were married he had a terrible fever, and the doctor gave him up. Then he would rave about Washing-

ton, going to church, and would talk continually about 'faith.' Mother says she thinks he experienced religion the winter before our marriage; and I know when he got well he joined the church, and is one of the head members now. It made me so very happy, for I couldn't imagine a heaven without him; and mother said unless he was a Presbyterian there was no hope for him."

Her companion smiled in a dreary sort of a way.

Suddenly her chattering ceased. She stopped, with a moan of pain, and lay back in her chair pale as death.

The lady stooped over her and called loudly for help. Bret Durell, who had left the hotel, had caught sight of his wife, and was beside her chair in an instant.

"My poor darling! Myrtle, look up. It frightens me to see these fainting spells."

"Is your wife subject to them?"

He turned suddenly at sound of her voice, that clear sweet voice that seemed an echo of his happy past. The blood mounted to his temples, but with an effort he mastered his emotion.

"She has been an invalid for years."

That was all that passed between them. She left him abruptly, as she had left him once before; and he, to do him justice, after the first wild pain of meeting her had passed, thought only of his wife. She claimed his pity, and, in truth, held a large portion of his heart.

Men love best, declare to the contrary as they may, these simple clinging women who look up to and worship them. It is pleasant for one of the lords of creation to find himself suddenly idealized into a deity, with some fond woman to constantly kneel and adore before the shrine of his greatness. He cannot sustain the character of a lover for a great length of time. Pygmalion would soon have wearied of his statue had she remained a statue; and no doubt after she had been endued with life he treated her much as other men treat their wives, and by humblest adoration for her creator she more than repaid him for the doubtful advantage of introducing her to the bittersweets of this life.

Bret Durell had not been insensible to his wife's devotion to himself, and his self-imposed task had grown easier as the months had passed away.

Wheeled before the hotel window, where

she could watch the moonlight wash the beach, with Durell's arms clasped close around her, her last words blessed his life with a knowledge that he had done what he could.

"How blissful these few years have been, darling! You have made me so happy, Bret, I can't bear to think of heaven without you. Don't cry. God knows best, but I hope he won't let all the brightness leave your life with me. I have prayed and prayed so many nights of late that some great happiness will dawn for you with my death. It mustn't make you very sad, my darling, to lose me. I have only been a burden and trouble to you."

"No, no, Myrtle," with choking voice. "God knows the desire to make you happy has been the one object of my life. Your love has blessed me more than I deserve. What have I done to win such a woman's devotion? You have made me very happy."

And such are the inconsistencies of our natures that, with the softening influences of that solemn hour upon him, he thought that he spoke the truth to his dying wife!

Two years later Bret Durell again finds himself in Washington. He wanders listlessly up and down the long parlors of the "Arlington," glancing curiously now and then at a lady, the only occupant of a small side room. Her back is towards him as she softly touches the keys of a sweet-toned piano; and she evidently thinks herself alone, for soon her voice accompanies the weird music. Every word seems laden with a tear as he listens.

"O ceaseless cravings never hushed to rest!
O withered hopes that haunt the lonely breast!
Fulfilled will these vague longings ever be,
Or resurrected joys return to me?"

"After the long watch of the dreary night
Shall golden dawn e'er greet my heavy sight?
After the silence of a loving tomb
Shall sweetest music ever pierce my gloom?"

He knows the clear rich voice at once, and as she sings a great change passes over the dark cynical features.

"Faith?"

The warm color flushes face and throat

as she recognizes him in the dim light, and holds out both hands in glad welcome.

There are no reproaches or explanations between them. They love too entirely to need either; the past and all its bitterness for one moment is forgotten.

She sits before him with bowed head, and he gazes down upon her with all the old love, that he dared not tell her years before, surging in his heart. The silence is unbroken save for the rustling of a sheet of music Miss Fletcher nervously rolls and unrolls in both white hands. Separation and time have wrought changes in both, and neither can at once leap the impalpable gulf between them. They feel how impossible it is to take up the thread of their romance just where they left it seven years before. These years have made them wiser and more fearful of the future.

Durell knows that he must speak the words that will separate their lives forever or bind them more closely together.

Some musicians have paused beneath the open window, and the strains of the "Blue Danube" float out upon the sultry air. Their eyes meet, and hers are full of tears.

"It was that first meeting, Faith, that caused my sin. I was weak, and by that weakness wrecked my life, and, worse than that, rendered the best years of yours unhappy. If you knew how impossible it was for me to banish myself from your presence, you would not blame me, even though I had no right to love you in those days. Since, I have tried to atone for the past, but I often doubt if I did wisely in following your advice. Faith, can you forgive me, and love me a little in spite of my folly?"

She is but a woman, and in her great joy forgets the wrong he has done her. She feels fully repaid for the sacrifice she made of her life's happiness seven years before; and as she raises the hand she is caressing to her lips, she seems to see an angel's face smiling kindly upon them.

Surely Myrtle's prayer has been answered, and a great happiness has indeed dawned for her husband with her death. Who can say whether the deception that blessed her short life were right or wrong?

HETTY'S PROTEGE.

BY PRESLEY W. MORRIS.

"SOME music, miss?"

"O yes, please."

A young girl was standing on the piazza of a stylish country residence. She was sweet as a snowdrop, and beautiful as a lily. It was a sunshiny March morning, the first springlike day of the season. For a week previous the winds had shrieked and raged, but now a soft breeze blew up from the south.

The boy, evidently a wandering minstrel, seated himself at her words upon the lower step of the piazza. He unstrapped a battered concertina, and proceeded to play. He played one tune, and then accompanied the next with his voice. His singing was delightful, his voice being clear and sweet. As he played and sang he at times lifted his eyes to the face of the little girl whom he was entertaining. They were clear brown eyes, with a shadow of sorrow in them; melancholy in one so young.

The boy finished his song, and then lifting his ragged cap from his head, held it out bashfully. Poor child! he knew the bitter penalty of failure to secure reward for his music. The girl's face clouded.

"I'm so sorry!" she cried. "I have no money, and papa is gone."

She stood for a moment seemingly debating in her mind what she could do for the boy. A door opened, and a pleasant-faced negro woman looked out.

"Bress your sweet heart, Miss Hetty, whar's you been?" she said. "Yes, yes, I sees. Breakfast's ready, darlin'."

Hetty's face cleared.

"I have no doubt you are hungry," she said to the boy. "Come in and have some breakfast."

"Thank you," said the boy, in a musical tone. "I have had my breakfast."

His English was quite pure in pronunciation.

Again Hetty's face clouded; but before she could say anything more a man clad in dirt and rags, who had been walking up the avenue unnoticed, reached the piazza. He said something to the boy in a language that Hetty did not understand. He received a reply in the same language. Then

he grew angry, and seizing the slight figure of the child, shook and beat him. A hunted terrified light came into the boy's eyes.

"You pe one little lazy villaint!" cried the man, in broken English, a vindictive cruel expression in his wicked face. "I dink I shall haf to kill you if you don't do petter."

Hetty's indignation flamed out.

"You great coward!" she exclaimed.

"Stop! or I'll have my papa to hang you. Aint you ashamed of yourself? Stop, I say!"

But the man did not heed her. Aunt Winnie, the old colored servant, was yet on the piazza, and her anger showed in a more practical way.

"You great dirty scoundrel," she said, "you jes let dat dar boy alone, or I am a gwine to set de dogs on yer. Here, King! here, King!"

At her call a great dog with shaggy coat came bounding around the corner of the residence. At sight of the minstrel boy and his master he paused, and with bristles erect, gave forth a low growl.

"Now jes let dat boy be," added Aunt Winnie.

The man was quick to obey. His ugly face paled. Again he spoke to the boy in a language unintelligible to Hetty or Aunt Winnie. Then he turned and walked slowly down the avenue, the boy following close behind.

"Don't you go," said Hetty.

The boy threw back a glance from his brown eyes that contained gratitude, pain and fear. But he neither turned back nor refused to go on.

"If that man abuses you," Hetty called out, when she saw that he did not return, "come back here, and my papa will take care of you. I know he will."

The man reached the iron gate that opened into the avenue. He opened it and passed out.

"It shall pe te worse for te one leetle villaint!" he called back, defiantly.

Hetty was half crying as she followed Aunt Winnie into the breakfast-room. Child though she was, the brown eyes of

the minstrel boy had touched a mysterious chord in her heart.

Hetty was the motherless daughter of the Hon. John Holland, ex-member of Congress, capitalist, owner of this beautiful country residence, and many broad acres around it; and proprietor of half the iron works in Pomeroy's smoky town, half a dozen miles away, and situated across the line in another State, besides.

The day passed, and a night likewise. The afternoon of the next day came. It was three o'clock when Aunt Winnie answered a timid knock at the front entrance—a knock that she would not have heard if she had not been passing close at hand. She opened the door, and beheld standing there a boy, with a battered concertina hanging strapped to his side. He was a pitious spectacle, trembling, and his face scratched and swollen.

"Bress your heart!" cried Aunt Winnie.

"She said I should come back," murmured the boy.

"Yes. Jes come right in."

Aunt Winnie led the way, and he followed her into the kitchen, her own domain.

"Sit down," said the warm-hearted negro woman, "and jes make yourself right at home."

At that moment Hetty ran past the open door of the kitchen, the great dog King following closely at hand.

"Hetty, Hetty!" Aunt Winnie called.

Hetty paused, and, turning back, entered. King put his paws on the kitchen floor, but did not venture entirely in.

"Here is dat poor little boy," Aunt Winnie said.

Hetty smiled, and reached out her hand to him.

"Poor boy!" she said. "Papa aint here yet, but King and I will take care of you."

A portion of the boy's pain and terror seemed to depart from his eyes at those simple words from the little girl. She touched his swollen and bleeding face with her white hand.

"He has hurt you," she said, pityingly.

"Yes," murmured the boy.

"Tell me your name."

"Giorgio."

"That cruel man beat you?"

"Yes."

"Is this the first time?"

"O no. Many, many times has he beat-

en me. But he has been worst this time."

"O!" cried Hetty, sympathetically. "He shall never do it any more."

Giorgio trembled.

"I am afraid he will," he said. "I have tried to run away from him before, but he always catches me and beats me."

"But you never had any one to take care of you before," said Hetty.

"Not since papa died. He was like you, miss, an American. Mamma was an Italian, and died before he died."

Hetty asked Giorgio many other questions.

But the boy was destined to be left in peace but a short time. At sundown Hetty was out on the piazza. Child that she was, she admired the beauties of nature, and the sun sinking grandly in the west attracted her attention.

"Giorgio," she called, "come and see."

Giorgio came at her call. But a few minutes before a figure had crept cautiously up the avenue. That figure was now crouching behind a post and a clambering vine that concealed it.

As Giorgio came out upon the piazza a man sprang upon him with a blow. The poor boy received it without a cry, but that hunted look of terror came back in his eyes.

"You von leetle villaint!" cried the man. "I find you one time again."

He repeated the blow, and then lifted Giorgio's slight form in his arms, and ran down the piazza steps.

"Stop!" cried Hetty Holland. "Stop, you bad man! Here, King!"

But King did not answer the call this time. Hetty sprang down the piazza, and ran after Giorgio's cruel master. The man had nearly reached the iron gate of the avenue when a carriage drove up. He paused with his burden, and a tall man with broad shoulders leaped out of the carriage.

"O papa! dear papa!" screamed Hetty, joyously.

The gentleman opened the gate and entered. Hetty sprang around Giorgio's master, and seized his hand.

"What does this mean?" said Mr. Holland, stopping to kiss Hetty first, however.

"Papa, that bad man wants to kill Giorgio," said Hetty.

Mr. Holland looked at the wicked face of the man, letting his gaze fall to the

bruised and bleeding one of Giorgio. In those glances he understood the situation.

"O papa, save Giorgio! save Giorgio!" pleaded Hetty.

Mr. Holland was a politician, in a certain sense, but his heart was a very tender and honorable one, for all that.

"Drop that boy!" he said, sternly, to the man.

"The boy is my son," said the man, in a whining tone.

"I am not!" screamed Giorgio, angrily. "He lies!"

Giorgio was not quite an angel, and the human part was showing out at that false claim.

"Drop that boy!" Mr. Holland, repeated. There was still no sign of obedience.

"Here, Tom!"

A stalwart negro man came from the carriage at those last words.

"Take that boy away from that man!" commanded Mr. Holland.

The black man advanced, but Giorgio's master saw that he must be conquered, and placed the boy upon the earth.

"Now follow me up to the house," said Mr. Holland, to the man, "and I will hear your side of the story, as well as the boy's. If justice demands that you should have him, he will be given to you."

But the man knew that circumstances were altogether against him, that his brutal treatment of Giorgio was strong testimony in opposition to him, and leaving all that out, that he had no more legal or just right to the boy than Mr. Holland himself.

"Take de boy now," he exclaimed, "but rather than tat you shall keep him, he shall tie, vor me will kill him."

And with his features working with convulsive rage, the man, Giorgio's foe, turned and went away.

Several days, two, three weeks passed. The last of March came. Giorgio had been dressed in neat clothes, and was certainly a handsome and intelligent-looking boy. He was gentle and kind, and all about the place, even to Mr. Holland, grew to love him.

King, Mr. Holland's great dog, formed a strong attachment for the boy. He followed him around, and displayed his affection in every possible manner.

It was the last day of March. The day was as warm as summer. In the afternoon Giorgio strayed out into the orchard, and

laid down beneath an apple tree. The breath of the spring was sweet, and wooed him to slumber. He closed his eyes dreamily, and presently fell asleep.

King had followed him. The dog, too, laid down a short distance from the boy. He closed his eyes drowsily.

Shortly a man stole up to the boy's side. It was Giorgio's foe. He had been watching for this chance for days. King was lying behind a bush, and the man did not behold him. He lifted Giorgio in his arms. He stole softly away with the boy.

"I shall steal te poy, or me kill him," he muttered, under his breath.

Would King awake?

On, on went Giorgio's foe with his burden. And King awoke. He shook himself lazily, and started toward the house on a slow trot. Suddenly he paused. He acted as if he had forgotten something. He turned around. He walked back to where Giorgio had been lying. He snuffed the ground. His bristles became erect. One low fierce growl was all the sound he made. Then he started off on the trail of Giorgio's foe.

Giorgio awoke in the arms of his cruel master. He gave out one cry of terror that was stopped in its birth by the wicked grasp of the man upon his throat.

But that was the last act of cruelty that Giorgio's foe would ever perform. At the instant that the boy had given that smothered cry, King was close at the back of the man. He leaped. His white fangs gleamed. There was a cry of mortal agony. Giorgio's foe rolled to the earth.

It was soon all over. King had tasted blood, and, angry as he was, it made him a beast of prey. He killed Bernardo, Giorgio's foe.

Mr. Holland did well by Giorgio. He educated him, and the gentle boy developed into a noble man.

* * * * *

"George."

"What, Hetty?"

"Do you mean what you have said so often?"

"O Hetty!"

"George, do you mean it?"

"Yes."

"I believe I have teased you long enough, George. I will be cruel no more. I do love you."

"O Hetty, I am unworthy of so great a blessing. I who—"

"Hush!"

She placed her hand over his mouth.

"Papa is in the library," she said, *absently*.

He took her hand and led her out. They reached the library.

"Mr. Holland," he said, "Hetty loves me, and we want your blessing."

Mr. Holland rose and took the hand of each.

"I love you as a son already, George," he said, "and if Hetty loves you, you shall be so in reality."

Ah me! it is the old, old story.

* * * * *

O yes, Giorgio had changed the musical Italian name into its English equivalent George.

ALL ABOUT RATS.

BY PROF. JAMES MACKINTOSH.

ACCORDING to Mr. Darwin, there is a struggle for existence among all living creatures, ending with a survival of the fittest. He does not give a moral meaning to this word fittest; he is speaking of living creatures generally, as organisms, and of the organic qualities which enable them to fight their way in the world. Naturalists say that this struggle and this survival are unquestionably true in regard to rats. The two principal kinds known are the black and brown, the latter being the more powerful of the two. Both entered Europe from Asia, the black about four centuries ago. The brown is also known as the Norway rat and the Hanoverian rat; the latter a name sarcastically given by the Jacobites, under the belief that the brown rat and the royal family of Hanover reached England about the same time. The brown has waged relentless war against the black, until the latter has almost disappeared from some localities. This disappearance, or lessening in number, is also due in part to the black rat finding his home in roofs, thatch, and old buildings, where rat-terriers and rat-catchers can get at him; whereas his brown rival has a greater love for drains, sewers, and underground retreats, difficult of access. When some of the slums of St. Giles's were pulled down to make way for New Oxford Street, a colony of black rats was found in many of the wretched tenements, driven up from the sewers by the victorious browns. The keeper of a Happy Family cage had a few of them, and sold them occasionally for high prices to naturalists, who valued them solely because they are rare—as collectors are very apt to do. A few black rats still exist in old houses in London, among the roof-rafters; but they are very few.

The brown rat is a famous trencherman. Nothing comes amiss to him. Corn, the offal of slaughter-houses, cheese, soap, candles, bacon, eggs, jam, pastry, butter, oil, boots and shoes, leverets and other small game, all serve him when hungry. But sad to relate, he is also a cannibal; he eats his own species. When two rats fight, the one killed and the other sadly mutilated, the spectator-rats set to and eat them both. A lame or decrepit companion shares the same fate. Mrs. Rat is obliged to conceal her little ones for a time, lest papa or his friends should make a meal of them. On one occasion in France, twelve rats were shut up in a box; the result was nearly as marvellous as the fate of the celebrated Kilkenny cats; for when the box was opened, only three rats remained.

Even human beings are not quite free from danger. The fingers and toes of babies, lying peacefully in their cradles, have been eaten off by rats; once an infant's face was obliterated by similar means; and (we record it with less regret) the toes of a drunken man disappeared through a like agency. About four years ago a coroner's inquest, reported in the Times, brought to light a sad tale. Between Highgate and Hornsey, an old house had lost a respectable tenant on account of its being infested with rats. A new tenant out all day on business, and his wife out temporarily, three children were left at home in bed. On the mother's return, she found the bed stained with blood; one child had wounds in the head and under the eyelids, and a hole eaten through the cheek; she died three days afterward; an elder child was bitten in the throat.

Mr. Rat displays a good deal of ingenuity in working out some of his plans. He can

carry away eggs without breaking them; he stretches out one foreleg under the egg, steadies it with his cheek, and hops away cautiously on the other three legs. Two of them, working together, have been known to carry eggs up stairs; one standing upon his head, lifted an egg high up on his hind feet; his confederate, standing on the next step above, took the egg, and held it until the acrobat had come up; after which the same process was repeated again and again. A pastrycook once found that his eggs disappeared in a mysterious way; an investigation showed that rats made off with them, down stairs instead of up. A big rat stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws and head resting on the step above; a smaller rat rolled an egg gently to the proper spot; the big fellow seized it firmly but carefully in his forepaws, and brought it down; and so on step after step. One particular egg adventure is as amusing as a comedy, with the additional merit of being true. A rat lay down beside an egg, folded his body round it lengthwise, and took his tail between his teeth to get a firmer hold; other rats approached, seized him by the neck, and dragged him and the egg off together in triumph—on what principle the booty was divided, does not appear. Mr. Jesse narrates an incident, in which a rat helped himself to savory Florence oil in an ingenious way; the animal gnawed off the covering of the flask, inserted his tail, and licked off the unctuous treasure which adhered to it. A drum of figs being within sight of a family of rats, papa-rat got upon the table, upset the drum, and scattered the figs on the floor, where the others could easily get at them. Some of us are old enough to remember when an atmospheric or pneumatic railway was constructed at Croydon; the engineers had so many difficulties to contend against, that the enterprise was ultimately abandoned; but one of the most provoking was that rats cunningly came at night, and ate the grease with which the valve along the top of the tube was air-tight; each new application of grease served them for supper. Mr. Jessie on the authority of a medical friend, gives a vivid description of a desperate fight between a rat and a ferret, in a vault or cellar which was only lighted with a window on one side; the rat kept his powerful enemy at bay for nearly two hours, by sagaciously securing to himself what prize-fighters call the "advantage

of the sun;" that is, keeping himself almost in darkness under the window, and compelling the ferret to take a position where the light would enter his eyes and embarrass him. One rat was a little too clever on a certain occasion. A publican, going into his cellar, saw a large rat put his foot into the shelly house of an oyster who temptingly opened his mouth; the oyster suddenly closed his shell, took the rat prisoner, and both were carried alive into the kitchen. Considering what the Happy Family men manage to achieve, we do not know that we are justified in disbelieving a story of a theatrical company of rats, exhibited in Belgium a few years ago; dressed like men and women, and walking on their hind legs, they mimicked many ordinary stage effects; concluding their performance with hanging a cat and dancing round it!

On the principle of giving every one his due, however sable his complexion, we must say a word concerning the occasional kindness and domesticity of these rodent creatures. A Sussex clergyman, one summer evening, saw a number of rats migrating across a meadow; a blind old rat was guided along by a companion, the two holding the two ends of a stick between their teeth. Mr. Pinder, a navy surgeon, was lying awake one evening in his berth, on board the Lancaster; and keeping quiet, was enabled to observe a curious scene. A rat entered the cabin, looked cautiously round, and retired; he came again, lugging along a blind rat tenderly by the ear; and a third rat, following them, picked up bits of biscuit to place before the poor blind fellow. A London omnibus man caught a rat while removing some hay. Instead of killing it he took it home, and so tamed it as to make it a familiar companion to his children. In the evening the rat would stretch itself out at full length on a rug before the fire; and he would creep into some warm snugery on a cold night. In the morning, when the man said, "Come along, Ikey," the rat would jump into his great-coat pocket, from whence he was transferred to the boot of the 'bus. Ratty guarded his master's dinner, and rushed somewhat furiously against any one who tampered with it. He was proof against all temptations save one—it was not safe to set him to guard over plum pudding. An old blind rat took refuge by the kitchen fire in the house of a physician, and became a

favorite, until a strange cat unfortunately one day made his appearance, and put an end to the harmony. M. De la Tude, in his sad narrative of thirty-five years' imprisonment in the Bastille, describes how he gradually formed an acquaintance with ten rats in his dungeon; he gave them distinct names, which they recognized, and he got up various kinds of simple gambols or sports, in which they took part.

Of what use is the rat to man? Well, not very much that we know of; yet a few items may be mentioned. Probably we must not attach much importance to the alleged prophetic powers of the rat—that if he gnaws a person's clothes, that person will speedily die; that if he suddenly quits a house, the house will very shortly be burned down; that if he deserts a ship, the ship is in a sinking state. A mill at Peebles was suddenly deserted by a whole colony of rats about twenty years ago; two hours afterwards the mill was burned down. But it must be confessed that the logic is very weak, which proves, from these facts, the possession of any prophetic power by Mr. Rat. James, in his *Military Dictionary*, says, "Rats are sometimes used in military operations, particularly in enterprises for the purpose of setting fire to gunpowder. On these occasions a lighted match is tied to the tail of the animal. Marshal Vauban commends, therefore, that the walls of powder magazines should be made very thick, and the passages for light and air so narrow as not to admit rats." We do not know whether a cruel sport can be called a useful employment of rats; but an account is given of a strange proceeding at Rome. A large number of rats were dipped in spirits of turpentine, set on fire, and then made to rush down an open flight of steps near the Vatican; they reached the bottom as masses of charred flesh, amid the shouts of the populace. Rats are worth three shillings a dozen, to furnish a supply to those brutal exhibitions in which rat-killing terriers show their power. The mode of catching the rats alive for this purpose we shall describe presently. Rats are also caught for the value of the skin. There is a firm at Paris which buys the skins for this purpose. The fur is dressed into a very good substitute for beaver; while the pelt or membrane is dressed into leather so fine, elastic and close as to be used for the thumbs of the best gloves. If any one be-

lieves that rats are not used for human food, he must change his opinion. In Paris the chiffonniers or bone-grubbers eat them. Gipseys eat such rats as are caught in stacks and barns, and are less strong in flavor and odor than those that feed omnivorously. In China, split rats are bought as a dainty. An English surgeon of some note had them cooked for his own eating. In a man-of-war, where the rats made havoc with the biscuit, the sailors had a regular battue, and brought down numbers of them; Jack made rat-pie, baked it, and liked it. At the siege of Malta, the French garrison, when famished, offered as much as a dollar a head for rats, or two dollars if barn-fed. During the siege of Paris, in the late Franco-German war, many tasted rat who had never tasted it before.

The fecundity of the brown rat is prodigious, and it has been calculated that if Mr. and Mrs. Rat live three years after their first child is born, and if all the children, children's children, children's children's children, etc., survive, the family at the end of the three years would comprise six hundred thousand mouths. As a rat is credited with eating one-tenth as much as an average man, this interesting family would consume as much as an army of sixty thousand men.

Unquestionably, whatever may be the degree of fecundity and voracity, rats are generally a great nuisance, and require to be lessened in number, if not extirpated. Let us notice some of the varieties in which the nuisance presents itself, and the mode of procedure consequently adopted.

Rats on board ship.—Rats greatly infest ships, and are by them carried to every part of the world. So industriously do they make homes for themselves in the numerous crannies and corners in the hull of a ship, that it is almost impossible to get rid of them. Ships take out rats as well as passengers and cargo every voyage; whether the former remain in the ship when in port is best known to themselves. When the East India Company had ships of their own, they employed a rat-catcher, who sometimes captured five hundred rats in one ship just returned from Calcutta. The ship-rat is often the black species. Sometimes black and brown inhabit the same vessel; and unless they carry on perpetual hostilities, the one party will keep to the head of the vessel and the other to the stern. The

ship-rat is very anxious that his supply of fresh water shall not fail; he will come on deck when it rains, and climb up the wet sails to suck them. Sometimes he mistakes a spirit cask for a water cask, and gets drunk. A captain of an American merchant ship is credited (or discredited) with an ingenious bit of sharp practice as a means of clearing his ship from rats. Having discharged cargo at a port in Holland, he found his ship in juxta-position to another which had just taken in a cargo of Dutch cheeses. He laid a plank at night from the one vessel to the other; the rats, tempted by the odor, trooped along the plank, and began their feast. He took care that the plank should not be there to serve them as a pathway back again; and so the cheese-laden ship had a cruel addition to its outward cargo.

Rats in the Zoo.—Some years ago the rats wrought such execution at the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, that it became necessary to surround the duck-ponds with a wire net fencing. Other parts of the garden were similarly infested, the rats being attracted by the large quantity and variety of food stored there every day. Soon after the construction of the new monkey-house, they ate through the floor, whereupon the floor was filled in with concrete, and the open roof was ceiled; but they quickly made their way through the plaster of the latter, determined if possible to get at the monkey's bread. They also got into the den of the rhinoceros. The cunning rogues were sometimes seen in the evening swimming across the Regent's Canal, to spend a night in feasting in the gardens, and returning at morn to a secure retreat during the daytime. It became necessary to hunt them with terriers, and then their carcasses were thrown as dainty bits to the eagles and vultures.

Rats in slaughter-houses.—Parent Du-chatelet gives a graphic account of the prodigious colony of rats in the abattoirs of Montfaucon, near Paris. "An old proprietor of one of the slaughter-houses had a certain space of ground entirely surrounded by walls, with holes only large enough for the ingress and egress of rats. Within this enclosure he left the carcasses of two or three horses. The rats swarmed in thickly to partake of the feast. He caused the holes to be quietly stopped up, and entered the enclosure, with a thick stick in one hand, and a lighted torch in the other. They

were so congregated that a blow with a stick anywhere did execution. Before he left the enclosure, he had killed more than two thousand six hundred."

Rats in the sewers of Paris.—Some years ago (perhaps recent alterations have changed the state of affairs) the Paris sewers formed an extensive hunting-ground for the men who captured rats alive, to sell to the rat-killing sporting fraternity. Several men, working in a party, formed a plan as to the spot towards which the animals should be driven. Each man carried a lighted candle, with a tin reflector, a bag, a sieve, and a spade. The moment the rats saw a light, they ran away along the sides of the sewer; the men followed, came up to them, seized them behind the ears, and bagged them. When driven to bay from different directions into one spot, they sometimes turned upon their pursuers with desperate fierceness; but the latter were always masters of the situation in the long run. As to London, the excellent brickwork of the new main drainage sewers probably defies the rats; but they still continue their ramblings from sewers through house drains into the basements of old tenements.

Rat-catchers and rat-catching have been written about more voluminously than most persons would think. The royal rat-catcher, in the time of George the Third, was immortalized in an engraved portrait. Eleven years ago, a local board of health, in or near Bristol, granted an annuity of four pounds a year to John Leaky, on the representation of the butchers; "for his services rendered in ridding the slaughter-houses from rats, and on condition of his keeping them away for the future." Two celebrated rat-catchers, Shaw and Sabin, claimed to have caught eight or ten thousand rats a year each. As to the modes of capture, they are various. One mode is to select a small room in the middle of a house, lay a trail of favorite food from this to the other rooms, and allure the rats with the savory odor of toasted cheese or red herring. A second is, to allure by whistling to imitate the rat-cry. And there are many others. But in truth the professional rat-catchers do not care to reveal their secrets. Many years ago, the Society of Arts offered a prize of fifty pounds for the best preparation to catch rats alive; but the only men who could give reliable information held aloof, as the reward was too small to tempt them.



MADemoiselle SYLPHINA:

—OR,—

THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER III.

THE circus performance was to be given the next day.

The committee had wisely decided that it would be of no use for "school to keep," and there was not a child in Still River who did not expect, or at least hope, to get a peep at the wonderful sights. Johnny and Dely went berrying that night after school, and sold their berries for enough money to take them to the performance; but Mrs. Robinson discovered it, and immediately demanded the money, and slipped it, grimly, into her own purse.

"It was pretty well for lazy little paupers to think they was a goin' to the circus! She would teach them that there was something else to do! Did Johnny Willard think he was going a trampagin' off, when all that corn wanted hoein'? And as for Dely, she wanted her to keep house. She cakilated to go the circus, and Lucindy (her niece) cakilated to go, and Dely could stay and take care of Mis' Giddings and Mis' Biddles."

Mrs. Giddings and Mrs. Biddles were

poor old women, the one harmlessly insane, and the other half-idiotic, who were paupers, as well as Johnny and Dely.

So Johnny went, heavy-hearted, to his hoeing, and Dely saw Mrs. Robinson and Lucindy set out for the circus, in all the glory of their best bonnets, with fruitless tears in her eyes.

"La sakes, child, don't cry! go along, if you want to. But they are a goin' to my coronation, and how disapp'inted the poor things will be when they find I was too sick to be there!" said old Mrs. Giddings, whose pet delusion was that she was the Queen of Sheba, and her companion, old Mrs. Biddles, Queen Victoria. "Don't mind me! I shall have my maids of honor, and when you're gone Victoria Reginy will look round, and maybe find a drawin' o' tea!"

Dely knew that she was not needed, so she ran down into the field to Johnny, that they might comfort each other.

"It's too bad for you, Dely! It's a regular shame!" Johnny said, hotly. "I do not care for myself, you know. I'm almost

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by THOMES & TALROT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

a man now, and I ought to be above caring for circuses."

(Why did Johnny's eyes wander so often in the direction of that big tent, I wonder, and why did he sigh as he looked?)

"I'll tell you what I'd do, Dely, if I were you," he said, after an attempt at consoling him which proved all in vain; "I'd go over to the tent, anyway. You can't help seeing a good deal—maybe there'll be chinks in the sides. You won't feel half so bad as you will to be here, fretting and thinking about it. *She* won't see you, if you take a little care; she'll be too much taken up with the circus."

Dely shrank from making her way through the crowd alone, and she was afraid, too, that she could not escape Mrs. Robinson's keen eyes; but the prospect of catching a glimpse of Mademoiselle Coryphee was too tempting to be resisted.

With repeated warnings from Johnny not to get hurt in the crowd, and not to let Mrs. Robinson see her, she set out, running very fast, lest her courage should evaporate.

When she reached the tent, which was erected on the green, in the centre of the village, she found a great crowd of people collected around it, although the hour announced for the opening of the performance was long past. Not only was all Still River Village there, but the adjoining towns had sent throngs of curious sight-seers.

Dely was abashed at finding herself in such a crowd; she had never seen so many people together in all her life. The husking-bee in Squire Johnson's great barn last fall had been nothing to compare with it. But she had a stout little heart, and her desire to see the wonders inside that enormous tent was strong enough to overcome her shyness. Besides, she very soon discovered that the people were all too intent upon getting inside the canvas to trouble themselves about her.

But her hope of getting even a peep inside the tent grew smaller and smaller as she slipped through the crowd. However, it was exciting and delightful to be there; better, a thousand times, than to be at home, "thinking and fretting about it," as Johnny had said. A band was playing inside the tent; it seemed to Dely the most wonderful and delightful music! It made her heart beat high, and thrilled her with vague memories, as the picture of Made-

moiselle Coryphee had done. Since she had been in Still River she had heard no music, save the old wornout "seraphine" which Miss 'Mandy Treadwell the school-mistress played in church on Sundays, and that she did not like. She had never thought it was beautiful, as the other children did.

She had got very near to the tent; she was such a slender little mite that she could slip easily and lightly through the crowd, while larger people were elbowing and pushing till they were red in the face, all in vain. But the crowd was packed so densely in front of the tent, at the principal entrance, that she saw there was no hope of her ever obtaining a glimpse inside if she stayed there; so she made her way around to the side of the show. Here a line of small boys was established, though, contrary to Johnny's predictions, there were no "chinks." This was as hopeless for her as the front. To be sure, some of the boys had succeeded in raising the canvas, for about an inch, in one small space, and by lying flat on the grass, they were able to see inside; but it was evident that they would by no means share their privileges with her, even for a moment's glimpse, for they were quarrelling hotly about it among themselves, and pushed her roughly away when she stopped there for a moment, making fun of her patched and faded clothes, and her "yellow head," that "looked like a house afire."

Poor little Dely! she was sensitive, and such things always made her heart ache, though she was so used to them.

She hurried away, and did not pause again until she reached the back of the tent. There were a great many large wagons there, belonging, evidently, to the circus, and there were two or three men carrying things from the wagons to the tent. There was a rope stretched across, and a placard above Dely's head with "No person allowed inside this rope" printed on it.

But Dely did not see the placard, and she slipped under the rope, and made her way to the narrow "business entrance" of the tent. She crept behind the shelter of a big box, and peeped into the tent; but, to her bitter disappointment, nothing was to be seen but a throng of men hurrying to and fro; one or two saddling richly-caparisoned horses, another blacking his face, and still another practising a vaulting feat.

"It was evidently 'behind the scenes.' Dely would have liked to see them at any other time, but now, when she had expected to see the full glory of the interior, and perhaps to catch a glimpse of Mademoiselle Coryphee, it was so disappointing that she could scarcely keep back the tears.

But suddenly a door leading from that room into the audience-room was opened. It was only long enough for one of the men to pass through on horseback, but in that brief blissful moment Dely caught sight of Mademoiselle Coryphee, in a blue gauze dress dangled with silver stars, standing on tiptoe, on one foot, on the back of a horse that seemed absolutely flying!

Dely springing up, clasped her hands, and cried "O O P" breathlessly, too enraptured to be self-conscious that she was attracting attention to herself.

One of the men who were carrying things from the wigwag called out to her:

"Here, you little baggage! how came you here? Don't you know that nobody is allowed inside the rope? Can't you read? You had better take yourself off quicker than you came in, or it will be the worse for you!"

Poor Dely, very much frightened, was starting without waiting for a second bidding, when a man who was smoking beside the door, put his head out. It was a rosy, good-humored Dutch face, and he surveyed Dely with a reassuring smile.

"Vas for vill you sheak so harsh to ze little maiden?" he said to the man. "She shall not haf come to do harm. How haf you come here, mein shild, und vas is it zat you want?"

He had come outside by this time, and though his face and tone were so kind, he presented so singular an appearance that Dely's heart beat quick with fear. He was very large and stout, and covered from head to foot with a sort of armor of green, glittering scales all over it, that made him look like an immense serpent!

For an instant Dely was undecided whether she had better fly for her life, or stay and reply to the kind voice that came from the horrible snakeskin.

She kind merry twinkle in the blue eyes of the man.

"I didn't know that it was any harm to be here. I wanted to go to the circus, but I couldn't; and I thought perhaps I might see the lady that dances if I stayed

here. And I did see her on horseback for just a minute! O, wasn't it beautiful?"

And Dely clasped her hands in rapture again, forgetting her fear in the recollection of that blissful sight.

The big snaky-man laughed, good-naturedly.

"Did you like it so mooch, mein shild? And vy could you not come to ze circus?"

"Mrs. Robinson took my money. She keeps the poorhouse. She isn't my mother, though I am called Dely Robinson, because I haven't any other name. I'm town's poor."

Dely could not think afterwards how she happened to be so confidential with a man who looked so dreadfully like a snake; but his face and voice were so pleasant and kindly that they made her trust him.

He evidently did not quite understand the last clause of her explanation. It was so common a thing to Dely to be called town's poor, that she did not for a moment think that there could be anybody in the world who did not know what it meant.

"Ze town's poor? I do not know if zat is worse or better zan any ozzer poor; but it is true zat it is not goot to be any poor at all! And you haf want to see ze circus? Zat is too bad. Come with me, mein shild, and I shall show him to you!"

He took Dely's hand—she did not shrink from him now, though he was so like a snake—and drew her into the tent, through the room where the men were preparing to go into the ring, and out, by a side door, into the audience-room.

For a moment Dely was so bewildered and dazzled that she saw nothing but a vast sea of faces, which seemed to be all turned towards her; and indeed most of them were, for her conductor's glittering mail attracted instant attention, and, looking at him, everybody looked next at his companion.

He brought a stool and placed it very near the ring for Dely. There was not a better seat in the house, and very soon Dely forgot her shyness, and everything else but the marvellous performances going on within the ring. She saw all the wonders: the beautiful trained ponies, the tall giraffe, who bowed and nodded at everybody in the most friendly manner; the funny clowns, the gymnasts, who performed feats that made her hold her breath; Mademoiselle Titania, who climbed up a ladder and

perched herself jauntily on the Fat Lady's shoulder—O such a mountain of a Fat Lady!—and the great elephant, who marched so solemnly around, as if he were keeping time to the music; and made Dely think of a verse which she and Johnny had seen in a piece of an old newspaper that had found its way to the poorhouse, and which had added a great deal to their desire to go to the circus:

"The elephant now goes round, goes round,
The band begins to play;
The little boys under the monkey's cage
Had better get out of the way!"

And there was a monkey's cage, sure enough, and a monkey who rode on the elephant's back, and fired a pistol now and then that made Dely jump.

But most wonderful of all was it when her friend the big rosy-faced Dutchman came in, and turned out to be no less a personage than the Great Egyptian Snake-Swallower! His feats Dely did not enjoy very much. She was so terrified that she felt sick and faint when the great, horrible, wriggling snakes were brought in—a whole cageful—and when her friend put his hand in and calmly drew out one of the largest, she shut her eyes instinctively! But she opened them just in time to see the wriggling tail of the serpent protruding from his mouth! Dely did not scream, but it was all she could do to help it, and she wished heartily that he would not do it again. But he did do it several times, and he tied them around his waist, and around his arms, and caressed them, and talked to them as if they were babies; and they seemed so harmless that Dely gradually recovered her courage. Still, she was very glad when he retired—in the midst of the frantic cheering and clapping of the audience—and Mademoiselle Coryphee appeared again. For, after all, Mademoiselle Coryphee's dancing and riding were the most beautiful and delightful things in the whole performance to Dely. If Johnny could only see her! It seemed to Dely that she should be perfectly happy if only Johnny were there too. She treasured up every minutest detail of the performance to relate to him; that would be a little comfort to him, though it was not like seeing them.

But it came to an end at last, and much too soon, as, alas! all pleasant things do. The proprietor—a greater man than the

president in the eyes of most of the small boys present—appeared, and announced that, owing to previous engagements, he was unable to give another entertainment in Still River, but this Unparalleled, Unprecedented and Inimitable Show, The Greatest Wonder of the Age, which had appeared before all the Crowned Heads of Europe (which was quoted from the handbills, and, Dely thought, had much finer words in it than any that the schoolmaster knew), would appear on the next day in the adjacent town of Ornesville; and he hoped to see there all his present "audience," and as many more as could appreciate his earnest efforts for the moral and intellectual enlightenment of the people.

And then he bowed very low, with his hand upon his heart, and the audience applauded, and the band began to play *Sweet Home*; and Dely saw, with a great sinking of the heart, that it was all over.

CHAPTER IV.

"O you little wretch! You little viper! This beats all the rest of your performances put together! You bold, barefaced little imp, how did you dare? A comin' in with the Snake-Man, jest like one of the performers themselves, in the face of the whole congregation! And when I told you partikilar to stay to home! Just wait till I get you there, miss, and see if you don't ketch it!"

Poor Dely! how soon her joy was changed to bitterness! In all the time that she had spent in the circus tent no thought of Mrs. Robinson had crossed her mind. She had been so carried away by excitement and delight that she quite forgot the probability of her being seen by her harsh mistress.

She tried to make her exit out of the tent by the way in which she had come in, dreading to mingle with the great crowd that filled the tent; but her friend was nowhere to be seen. She did not think it so strange that he should not be visible just after going through with such peril, and it even occurred to her to fear that one of the big snakes had avenged their wrong and swallowed him; but the proprietor ordered her back, and told her to go out the proper way.

And while she was in the midst of the crowd, Mrs. Robinson's strong hand had

been laid upon her, Mrs. Robinson, in a remarkably violent passion, even for her, was threatening her with direful penalties; and Dely knew that they were no idle threats.

Once inside the house, she shook Dely and boxed her ears, after her usual vigorous fashion, and then marched her up stairs to her room, a wretched little den over the woodshed.

"There do you stay, miss, and don't let me hear a sound from you! You wont come out for a good week, I can promise you, and nothing but bread and water shall you have to eat! And before I go to bed to-night I'll come and 'tend to you. I'll give you a whipping such as you never had before, and such as you'll remember, I'll warrant! I'd give it to you this blessed minute—goodness knows I feel just like breakin' every bone in your miserable little body, a disgracin' me before the whole town!—but there's company come, and I've got to go down stairs. But you just wait till nine o'clock, my fine young lady!"

Dely threw herself on her miserable little bed in a paroxysm of woe. She had shrunk and trembled under Mrs. Robinson's strong arm too often not to know just how much her threats meant. She felt as if she could not endure it again and live. Was there no one in the whole wide world to pity and rescue her? She had heard that there was a God, who was kind and loving to all his creatures; but if it was true, how could he leave her—a helpless little girl, whom he had made—to suffer?

After she had lain there an hour, in violent hopeless weeping, Dely heard Johnny's voice softly calling her own. She knew at once from whence the voice came. Johnny had climbed up on the high pile of wood in the shed, just beneath, and put his mouth up to a big crack in the rough unfinished floor of her room. He had often done it before when she was imprisoned there, not daring to go to her door, lest Mrs. Robinson, or "Lucindy," who had marvellously quick ears, should hear him.

She sprang up and ran to the corner where the crack was. Johnny's voice always brought a thrill of hope to her. Surely she had one friend.

"I am so sorry that I advised you to go, Dely! I told her I did, and that it was all my fault. Don't feel bad, Dely! There's

company here, a man that I guess is some relation to them, from New York, and she is as sweet and smiling as she can be. I guess she has got all over her mad fit."

Dely had no hope of that. She was too well acquainted with Mrs. Robinson to cherish any such delusion.

"I tried to get something from the table for your supper, but she watched me as a cat watches a mouse, and I knew it would be the worse for you if she caught me taking anything. But I went down in the meadow and picked you some strawberries. They will keep you from being faint. If you can pull up the end of this board a little more, I can give them to you."

And with Dely's help he succeeded in getting the little tin dipper, full of strawberries, into her hands.

It was only just in time. Mrs. Robinson's shrill voice was heard calling him, and with an encouraging "Keep up a good heart, Dely, and don't cry!" he scrambled down from the woodpile.

After he had gone Dely felt sorry, for a moment, that she had not told him of her threatened punishment. But the next moment she was glad that she had not, for he would have tried to help her, and would only have drawn down Mrs. Robinson's wrath upon his head also, as he had often done before.

She tried to eat the strawberries, because Johnny would want her to, but it was of no use. She curled down in a heap beside the one low window, and waited for Mrs. Robinson's well-known footstep.

She heard the kitchen clock strike eight. She would have still an hour's respite.

Suddenly, looking out of the window, into the yard below, she saw something that chilled her very blood, and made her feel as if she were in a horrible nightmare.

It was a face, peering up at her through the dim twilight—a face that had haunted her dreams, and terrified her in her waking memories, ever since she could remember; the horrible wicked face of the man who had brought her to Still River Poor-Farm!

It was no dream, no fancy, as she tried to think. It was a vision of him that had haunted her, but this was his real presence. He was far more terrible to her than Mrs. Robinson was. He had been more cruel to her. She knew that, though she remembered so vaguely the journey that she had taken with him. He seemed to her like

something supernatural. Surely an ordinary flesh-and-blood man could not have so wicked a face as that! Might he not be the devil that she had heard Elder Plummer preach about? And was she really so bad as Mrs. Robinson said? and was that why he had come in pursuit of her?

These thoughts ran swiftly through the child's mind, as she shrunk back, white and trembling, from the window.

Had he seen her? She could not tell, but she thought, by the sort of triumphant leer on his face, that he had. But he walked away directly. Mr. Robinson was with him, and they seemed to be talking very earnestly together.

In her wild terror, Dely thought of only one thing—how she should escape. It did not matter where she went, she thought. Better to starve to death in the woods, than to fall into the clutches of that dreadful man!

The window was low; she could jump out of it, she thought, safely. If it killed her, would it not be the best thing that could happen to her? But she must wait until it was darker—until Mr. Robinson and the man would be sure to have gone into the house.

But she waited in an agony of suspense and terror. What if he should come up there? Every slight noise she fancied was his footstep.

It grew dark so slowly! Every moment seemed an hour. But at last the fence that skirted the road looked only a vague line. Two or three stars appeared in the sky. The hush of night settled upon everything. Dely wrapped up her one treasure, a little white dress, daintily embroidered, and marked "Adele," which she had worn to the poor-farm, and which Mrs. Robinson, with unusual liberality, had allowed her to keep in her room—pending its transformation into nightcaps for herself, which she was always threatening—and put it in her pocket. Then she let herself out of the window, clung to the sash for a moment in fear, and then dropped to the ground, alighting perfectly unharmed, thanks to her lightness and agility.

Crouching low, lest she should be seen, she crept around the corner of the house and into the road. Once there, fear lent

her wings. She heard the clock strike nine, and knew that Mrs. Robinson would not delay her promised visit to her room, and her escape would be discovered.

Tirelessly she flew on, under the friendly cover of the darkness. She thought she must be miles away, when at last she sank down by the roadside for a moment's rest. She crouched behind a tree, lest some one should come near, and listened intently for any sound of pursuing footsteps.

But there was nothing to be heard but the wind rustling the leaves, and now and then an owl's hoot, that made her heart jump, though she was so familiar with the sound.

She began, gradually, to take courage. She was so far from them, and it was dark! how could they find her? Still, she deliberated whether it would not be better for her to turn into the woods, than to go along so openly in the highway; but the woods looked so dark and dreary, they were so full of noises of rustling leaves, and creaking boughs, and strange birds' notes, that she shrank from them. There might be wild beasts there, too; who knew?

While she was trying to decide what to do a sudden new sound fell upon her ear. It was a voice—a heavy, gruff man's voice, rolling out what seemed to be a very jolly song. There was a queer outlandish tone in the voice.

Dely's first thrill of terror was followed by a wild hope. The voice sounded like her friend the Snake Swallower's! O, if it should prove to be he! She would tell him all her sorrows, and he would surely befriend her, he was so good and kind.

The owner of the voice, whoever he might be, seemed to be coming in an opposite direction from Still River.

Dely ran out into the road, and waited breathlessly. Yes, it was he! The voice was unmistakable, now that it was so near; she could even see the outlines of the big burly figure through the darkness.

She opened her lips to call to him, when she was seized roughly from behind, and, turning, with a cry of terror, Dely saw the fiendlike face of the pursuer she dreaded most!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SWEET REVENGE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich old man, and he died, and, of course, left his riches behind him. He had no children of his own, but he had nieces and nephews and the question was, which of them was to have the old uncle's money, or if they were to share it among them.

A few years before, there would have been no doubt on the subject in anybody's mind; for then old Mr. Alden had living with him his youngest sister, with her little daughter, and everybody knew that he was fond of them, and would give them all his property when he died. He had said so many a time. But afterwards he got angry with them, and turned them out of the house. The reason was this; Mrs. Bond and Effie, those were the names of the sister and niece of Mr. Alden, had disagreed with him about something, and neither of the three would give up. The trouble was that Effie wanted to marry an honest young man whom she had long loved, and her mother wanted her to; but her uncle wanted her to marry a rich man old enough to be her father. The end of the matter was that Effie married her young man, and the uncle turned her and her mother away, and bade them never come near him again.

They were very unhappy about it, not so much for the money, for they believed that Mr. Clay, Effie's husband, would be able to support them, but because they loved Mr. Alden in spite of his harshness, and they knew that he would miss them very much. He would find people enough who would be good to him for the sake of his money, but no one would have patience with his whims, and care for him for his own sake.

But not a word would he hear from them. Their letters he returned unopened, and when they went to see him, he slammed the door in their faces. Then he sent for a nephew to come and live with him.

This nephew, Thomas Alden, the uncle had never liked, nor had any one else liked him. He was called a hard selfish young man, and not so young either; for at that time he was thirty-five years old. When he was a boy, his uncle would not allow him in the house; but now he seemed to have

improved in temper and manners. O! how kind and obliging he was! How fond of his dear old uncle! How pious and good to everybody! Never was there so remarkable a change in anybody as in Mr. Thomas Alden.

But for all that, any one could see that the old uncle did not take a fancy to him, that he disliked him indeed. When Thomas made any of his affectionate inquiries after his uncle's health, all he got in reply was a grunt, and when he used to talk fine, his uncle always laughed, and make some mocking speech. But for all that, it was known that Mr. Alden had made his will in favor of Thomas, and when he died, the nephew took possession of everything.

Meantime, Mrs. Bond and her daughter had not prospered. Mr. Clay had died and left his wife with two children to support, and no money to help them. They wrote once to Mr. Alden, entreating for help, telling him how hard they had to work, and what misery they suffered, but no answer came. And soon they heard he was dead.

Then, indeed, there was a dark prospect for them. They had always hoped that he would relent and take them back, or at least give them enough to save them from starvation; but that last hope was gone. Still they worked on, getting a little money for a good deal of work, and suffering anything rather than beg. And so four years passed, and they had gone from bad to worse, and a day came when they must beg or die. Mrs. Clay was sick, unable to get up out of her poor bed, where, indeed, she was half frozen in the cold November weather, and they had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. Mrs. Bond put on an old hood and shawl, and prepared to go out. She was to take the children with her, partly because their mother could not take care of them, partly in the hope that people might pity them if they did not pity her. It was indeed pitiful to see either of them, for they were as thin as skeletons, had hollow hungry eyes, and were clothed in rags. But, then, people in cities get accustomed to sights of misery, and one may be very pitiful, yet not attract pity.

Just as Mrs. Bond was going out, a woman came up the stairs toward their attic, a very poor-looking woman, too, almost as miserable as herself. It was a former servant of Mr. Alden's, one who had lived with him when his sister and her child were there and when he died, but who had since been unfortunate. She had married a drunkard, and was as poor as poor could be. They sat down and cried together, and told their troubles, and then Mrs. Brian told a story that surprised the others. Mr. Alden had never received their letter telling him of their poverty, she said. Mr. Thomas had not given it to him, but had torn it up. She herself found it in his chamber in the wastebasket. But just as Mr. Alden was about to die, he heard, and told his nephew to send for them, and was always calling for them while he lived. Thomas kept telling him that they were coming soon, and that he had sent for them.

"And I think he made another will, ma'am," Mrs. Brian said. "For he and his lawyer wrote something, and Jack the gardener, and John the coachman, witnessed it. But when he died, there was nothing to be seen of it, and so they all kept quiet. I heard the lawyers say to Mr. Thomas that the old man had probably destroyed it."

This story set Mrs. Bond all of a tremble. Her brother had wanted to see her and Effie, and Thomas had kept them away. Of course they would have been provided for, and perhaps they were provided for, if only they could find that last will. But what could she, a poor starving woman, do? Who would listen to her? What lawyer would undertake her case?

She got up and staggered dizzily out into the street, with little Effie in her arms, and poor ragged Willie clinging to her shawl. They walked and they begged, and no one gave to them. Ladies in rich clothes, and gentlemen who looked as if they owned tens of thousands passed by them, but no one heeded the thin outstretched hand, or the haggard faces of the starving children.

"Can I go back empty-handed?" thought Mrs. Bond, desperately, as the hours passed, and it came toward evening. "Can I go back and see my daughter and her children starve to death?"

She was standing in the middle of a broad crossing, hesitating whether to go on or back, when a very nicely dressed gentleman passed her. His coat and hat shone

like satin, he carried a silk ivory-handled umbrella in his hand, and a pretty brown and white spaniel trotted along by his side.

As this man passed her, Mrs. Bond recognized him, and the sight made the blood start in her chilled veins. "Thomas Alden, I am starving, I, and Effie, and her children?" she cried out.

He turned a startled face, and stared at her a moment before he could believe that this ragged and haggard wretch was his aunt whom he had last seen a lady.

"Give me money to buy food!" she cried, holding out her hand. "It is my right. He never meant me to starve, and you know it."

Mr. Alden glanced hastily about to see if any one had heard her, but no one was near. "You are an insolent impostor!" he said, angrily. "Say another word to me, and I will call a policeman!"

"Give me money, for pity's sake!" she plead in a lower voice. "I will never claim you as a relative. I will never tell anything. But give me money to keep us from starving!"

He raised his umbrella as if to strike her. "I will never give you a cent. Go and ask the city's help. You are nothing to me. Out of the way, I say!"

Her hand dropped, she said no more, only stood there looking after him till he was out of sight. Then she turned and staggered homeward. Slowly, step after step, with the crying children clinging to her, she tottered homeward, thinking every moment that she must fall.

"O God! Let me only reach Effie, and then we will all lie down and die together," she said with a groan.

She reached the stairs, and climbed wearily, trying to hush the children, and when she had climbed to the attic and got the door open, she fell into the room, instead of walking in. But before she fell, she saw something that made her think that she was losing her mind. There sat Effie up in bed, with her face flushed joyfully; there beside the bed was a table set out with food, and a man and a woman stood near.

When she came out of her faint, she heard Effie saying, "Courage, mother dear! our troubles are over. The will is found! Mrs. Brian has found it! We are rich now."

Sure enough! Mrs. Brian, finding herself very much stirred up by the condition

of her old mistress, had gone that very day to the house where Mr. Alden had died. It had been let with all the furniture in it. She told the lady what she wanted, and the two went to the room where Mrs. Bond's brother had died. There they found the will pushed through a slit in the mattress, and the will left all of Mr. Alden's fortune to his sister and her daughter.

A lawyer had been called on immediately, and the witnesses found, and there remained only to take possession of their property.

But what was the sweet revenge? It was

this: When Thomas Alden heard what had happened, he flew into such a passion that he brought on an attack of apoplexy; and there he was, a poor and helpless man, with not a friend in the world. Some would have left him so, but not Mrs. Bond and Effie. They took him home, and took care of him as long as he lived. If he had been their best friend, they could not have been more kind and generous to him.

Nor did they forget Mrs. Brian, you may be sure. She never again knew what want is.

A WHOLE DAY TO DO NOTHING.

"If I could have a whole day to do nothing—no work, and no lessons, only play all day—I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate when the children passed to school; and they envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone, she climbed into the cherry tree, and picked a lapful for ples; but when she carried them in, her mother said:

"That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know." And the little girl went away rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all her toys; but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said wearily:

"Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing. If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your workbox in order, or even sew at that tiresome patch-work, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you any work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them; for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter; and she presently said:

"Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he gives us we can't be happy. He has very hard work who has nothing to do."

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1878, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

Address THOMES & TALBOT, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to December Puzzles.

94. Caper, crape. 95. Severn. 96. Hum-
ber. 97. Trent. 98. Ouse. 99. Boyne.
100. Tyne. 101. Grass.

102. H i s p a n i A	103. O
I d e a L	A D D
S o n G	A D O R N
T i m E	O D O R O U S
O r B	D R O W N
R o a R	N U N
Y e A	S

104. Soap and water. 105. Circumfora-
nean. 106. Delphinium. 107. Burin,
burn. 108. Cabin, Cain. 109. Browse,
bowse. 110. Bourn, born.

15.—*Riddle.*

I float upon the water,
I'm thrown upon the sand,
I'm buried in the ground,
I stand upon the land.

I was made in the beginning,
Long years before the flood;
Alive, I grow in stature,
And yet I have no blood.

Often I live in darkness,
Often I give great light.
Now, if you can't guess what I am,
You are not very bright.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

16.—*Double Acrostic.*

The primals give the name of a male, and
the finals the name of a female:

An animal; old ropes untwisted; a coun-
try of Europe; to mark out; ingenuous; a
girl's name. ITALIAN BOY.

17.—*Diamond Puzzle.*

In pain and pleasure; To injure; Soils
with mud; A seeming impossibility; A
military word; A relative; Useful in ex-
tremity. CYRIL DEANE.

Transformations.

18. Change a peculiar bird into some-
thing that can only be found in shells.

19. Change a kind of antelope into what
we are apt to do when hurt.

20. Change a water course into the low-
est possible point.

21. Change a drink into a zoological
family.

22. Change a graver's tool into an ani-
mal. "BEAU K."

23.—*Numerical Enigma.*

I am composed of twelve letters.

My 7, 8, 6, is a shelter.

My 2, 1, 10, 4, is a passage.

My 3, 11, 9, 6, is a laceration.

My 12, 5, 10, is an animal.

My whole is a great hunter.

LEWIS W. BEAUBIEN.

Decapitations.

24. Behead a situation, and leave to fast-
en; again, and leave the name of a card.

25. Behead an animal, and leave a grain;
again, and leave a preposition.

J. H., & M. A. G.

26.—*Cross-Word Enigma.*

The first is in rise, but not in fall;
The second is in house, but not in hall;
The third is in cape, but not in shawl;
The fourth is in cry, but not in bawl;
The fifth is in fall, but not in rise;
The sixth is in great, but not in size;
The seventh is in move, but not in stir;
The eighth is in she, but not in her;
The whole was a Greek philosopher.

RUTHVEN.

Curtailments.

27. Curtail a view, and leave to mourn.

28. A girl's name, and leave to injure;
again, and leave a relative.

CYRIL DEANE.

Hidden Geographical Names.

29. Even ice is now sold in hot weather.

30. The barque became unmanageable.

31. Mr. Russ I am sure cannot see.

32. Erastus, can you read this?

ITALIAN BOY.

33.—*Enigma.*

My whole is a robe worn by Inquisitors.

My 4, 9, 2, 8, 1, are small vessels; my 3,
7, 6, 5, is more than three.

"BEAU K."

Answers in Two Months.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

THE DOG-HEADED MONKEY.—A full-grown specimen of the dog-headed monkey from Abyssinia has been presented to the Museum of the University of Geneva. This Abyssinian monkey is characterized by the long hair on its cheeks and the greater part of its body. It was held in veneration by the ancient Egyptians, and enjoyed a certain celebrity from the rank that it occupied in their cosmogony. Its figure is engraved upon the monuments of ancient Egypt, and there have been found mummies of the animal well preserved. According to Ehrenberg, this monkey served as the emblem for the arts and sciences, music and astronomy, and especially of speech and hieroglyphics, or letters, over which he was supposed to preside. It is for this that the Abyssinians now call it *tota*. Herapollon reports that this monkey was consulted in the temples; a tablet, reed and ink, presented by a priest, were used as tests to ascertain if the particular animal belonged to the race that knew how to write. This representative of Thoth also symbolized the judgment of souls; and upon one of the temples of Philæ there is one represented with a balance in hand weighing the actions of men. In other places it is represented writing with a reed. Ehrenberg also supposes that it is the locks of this monkey that have served as the model for the perukes figured upon the heads of different divinities in the Egyptian mythology.

A WONDERFUL FLOWER.—One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is the Opelet, a flower resembling very much the German China Aster. It has the appearance of a large double aster, with a quantity of petals of a light green color, glossy as silk, each petal tipped with rose-color. These lovely petals are never still, but wave about in the water, while the flower clings to the rock. So innocent and lovely-looking, no one could suspect it of eating anything; certainly if it did, only a bit of rainbow or a drop of dew. But those beautiful waving petals have other and more material work to do—to provide food for a

large mouth, which is cunningly hid deep down among them. They do their duty famously, for as soon as a silly little fish comes in contact with those rosy tips, he is struck with a poison fatal and quick as lightning. He dies instantly, and the beautiful arms wrap themselves about him and drag him into the greedy mouth. Then those lovely petals uncloset and float innocently on the water, just like our water-lily. This flower was long ago talked of, but its existence doubted until the last century. Now the Opelet is known to be a thing that really exists.

THE LION IN HIS OLD AGE.—When a young lion reaches the age of two years he is able to bring down a horse or an ox; and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year, when his talons, teeth and mane are perfect, and he grows no more. For twenty years after he arrives at maturity his talons and fangs show no signs of decay, but after that he grows "chubbish." He is no longer a match for the tremendous buffalo; he prowls around the cattle kraals, and snatches a lamb or kid, just as he did when he set out with his parents, nearly thirty years before. A woman or a child at night shares the same fate. His strength and sight now decline more and more, till the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls about from place to place, eating any offal he can pick up, and despising not even so small an animal as the field mouse; and he starves and dies, or is fallen on and slaughtered by a few cowardly hyenas, or is discovered, unable to move, beneath a tree, and knocked on the head by some wandering Kaffir.

INVISIBLE WRITING.—If it be necessary to use secrecy in the matter of correspondence, use rich new milk, with a clear quill, on white paper; it leaves no mark whatever, and the writing may afterward be read by dusting over it pulverized charcoal, or any black powder, or the letters will appear in deep yellow by scorching the paper before a hot fire.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

PORTSLADE APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and core half a dozen good apples, and boil them in as little water as will cook them; reduce the fruit to a pulp, add the juice of one lemon, and about a quarter of its grated rind, and half a teaspoonful of fresh powdered ginger. Next, make a mixture of four well-beaten eggs with a quarter of a pound of butter, warmed to fluidity, and six ounces of bread-crumbs; moist sugar to taste—say four ounces—and a good dash of nutmeg. Lastly, blend all together, and put into a dish which has been buttered, and spread over with bread-crumbs; then bake for one hour. To serve, turn out of the dish and dust with white sugar.

PASTRY FOR PIES AND TARTS.—Take three cups of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of white sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one cup of lard, and one-half cup of cold water; stir with a spoon, and roll out for your pies. This is for three pies, and you can enlarge it as you wish. Do not put your hands to it, nor roll it, only to spread it out thin, if you wish it short and crispy, and not flaky and tough.

PINE-APPLE ICE-CREAM.—One quart of cream, or half cream and half rich milk; one and a quarter pound of pulverized sugar—granulated will do—and a large ripe pine-apple. Prepare the pine-apple as for table, cutting the slices somewhat thinner, however, and spread the sugar between the layers. Let this stand in a covered dish several hours. Then cut it up fine in the syrup and strain it. Stir it into the cream by degrees, and freeze at once.

LEMON PIE.—Grated rind and juice of one lemon, beaten yolks of two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one of melted butter. Bake in one crust; add a frosting made of the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of white sugar; bake three minutes.

RASPBERRY LILY.—Boil rice so that the kernels will be as distinct as possible; spread a spoonful upon a dessert-plate;

cover it all but the edges with ripe raspberries; pour over it two spoonfuls of sweetened strawberry or raspberry juice; sprinkle over the whole some white sugar, and serve cold.

SUNDERLAND PUDDING.—One cup of milk, one egg, one and a half cup flour. Stir well together, bake in cups about twenty minutes, and serve with sweet sauce.

SUGARED POPCORN.—This delights all children, and is within the reach of every one. One cup sugar (white); half cup water; boil till it taffies, then sprinkle in the popcorn, as much as the pan will hold. If nicely popped, this will sugar two quarts of corn. Stir well, so that it does not stick together; the grains ought to separate.

TO WASH SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.—Wash them in cold rain water with a little curd soap, then rinse them in rain water (cold), slightly colored with stone blue; wring well, and stretch them out on a matress, tacking them out tightly.

TOOTHACHE.—Nearly everybody has a cure for the toothache. Try this recipe: Take equal parts of pulverized alum and salt. Saturate a piece of cotton with harts-horn, cover with the mixture, and put in the tooth. Sometimes hartshorn alone will give relief.

RED ANTS.—A strong solution of carbolic acid and water poured into holes, kills all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

HINTS FOR THE KITCHEN.—Nothing is so good to polish smoothing-irons as sand-paper; it removes every bit of starch or roughness.—Corsets make the best stove-cloths, and cannot perhaps be put to a better purpose.—To keep dried beef and hams away from flies, pack them in dry salt. This is better than ashes, oats, sawdust, or anything of the kind.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A few months ago, a lady and her little niece were walking in one of the business streets in Boston. They had been walking very quietly for some time, when suddenly the aunt noticed that the little girl was eating an apple. Turning to her abruptly she said, "Why, Mabel, where did you get that apple?"

"O, back there," was the reply.

"Back where," inquired her aunt.

"O, back there on the wash bench where the lady keeps them," said Mabel.

"Didn't you know it was wicked to take the apple without paying for it?" continued her aunt.

"The old lady don't know I took it, she didn't see me," said the child.

"Well," said the aunt, "didn't you know that God saw you take the apple, if the woman did not?"

Looking up into her aunt's face with the most perfect innocence and trust, little Mabel replied, "Yes, auntie, I knew that, but God knows I love apples."

Mrs. Thompson, of Mohawk, New York, loves chivalrous men. She wanted one for a son-in-law. She had some doubts about the young man who was engaged to her daughter, so she dressed in men's clothes and picked a quarrel with him. The prospective son-in-law took off his coat, jammed the old lady's hat down over her eyes, tore her collar off, broke her nose, and was about to make carpet-rags of her pantaloons, when he discovered that he was fighting a woman. Mrs. Thompson thinks he will do.

A little fellow five or six years old who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, was one day, after having been washed, put into a garment much too large as the others had been too small. Our six year old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

Recently two elderly Scotch maiden ladies of a believing, faithful and rather superstitious turn, being from the Heelands, were startled out of their senses owing to a rev-

elation made to them by an old gentleman travelling in the same carriage, as to the history of an air-cushion which he carried on his lap with the utmost anxiety lest any one should touch it. "That air cushion," he said to his fellow-passengers, in a voice husky with emotion, "contains the last breath of my dead wife. She expired in a fit immediately after blowing it out. I beg, ladies, that you will not meddle with it."

"How much is yer stick candy?" inquired a boy of a candy dealer, on Tuesday. "Six sticks for five cents." "Six sticks fer five cents, eh? Now lem'me see, six sticks fer five cents, five fer four cents, four fer three cents, three fer two cents, two fer one cent, one fer nothin'. I'll take one," and he walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment, which lasted three days.

At a late assize in Ireland, two men were condemned to be hanged. On receiving their sentence, one of them addressed the judge, and said he had two favors to ask of him. "What are they?" inquired his lordship.

"Plase your honor," said Pat, "will you let me hang this man before I am hanged myself?"

"What is the other request?" said the Judge.

"Why, plase your honor, will you let my wife hang me, for she will do it more tenderly than the hangman—and then what she will receive for the job will help the poor crater to pay her rent."

At a fashionable dinner party the guests had just seated themselves at table, and were rapidly helping themselves to the oysters, plates containing a dozen of which had been placed between every two persons, when the hostess began to talk to the gentleman next to her of his sons, one of whom he had lost through accident. "You still have six left, however," she said, in a voice of condolence. "Yes," replied the gentleman, with an exquisite smile, thinking that the oysters were referred to; "but four belong to my neighbor."

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF
BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
*The Best, the Cheapest, and the most Interesting Publication of the kind
in the World.*

AND
THE AMERICAN UNION,
The Largest and Oldest Literary Weekly Paper in the Country.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS! BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS!
Six Handsome Chromos Given to Subscribers.

REMEMBER TO SEND THE MONEY TO PREPAY POSTAGE. IT MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

The publishers of **BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE**—the cheapest and most interesting publication of the kind in the country—and **THE AMERICAN UNION**—the largest and oldest weekly journal in the United States—respectfully announce to their friends and patrons, which extend to every State in the Union, that for the year 1875 they will give as Premiums to subscribers some of the most elegant Chromos ever produced in this country. They were prepared expressly for our establishment, and can be obtained from no other parties. The names of these elegant and artistic Chromos are:

SUNRISE.
SUNSET.
MORNING GLORIES.
LILIES OF THE VALLEY.
THE BETROTHED.
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Many of our last year's subscribers have written to us in favor of our giving as Premiums "MORNING GLORIES," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," "THE BETROTHED," and "THE POWER OF MUSIC," so that they can this year have the companion pictures of last year. For this reason we have retained them on our list, but "SUNRISE" and

"SUNSET" are entirely new, and will be found fully equal to anything ever issued from this or any other office.

These Chromos are printed in oil, in many colors, and are wonderful for their beautiful and great originality.

PREMIUMS FOR BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!

As a great inducement to Clubs, we offer the following liberal terms:—For a Club of FIVE copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$7.50, and a copy gratis to the person who gets up the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" or "SUNSET" (which are entirely new), or the Premiums which we offered last year, "MORNING GLORIES" or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

TEN copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$13.00, and a copy gratis to the person who obtains the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

Be sure and name which picture you prefer. Also send *ten cents* for each subscriber to prepay postage. Or five cents for six months.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.—Single subscriptions \$1.50 each (and ten cents for postage), and either of the Chromos, "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," as the subscriber may elect; and be sure and name the Chromo you want in your letter.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE AND THE AMERICAN UNION.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE and THE AMERICAN UNION combined for \$3.75; and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY." Or BALLOU'S and THE UNION for \$3.50, without the Chromos, and ten cents postage for BALLOU'S, and fifteen cents for the UNION, in addition. Or for \$4.00 we will send THE AMERICAN UNION and BALLOU'S MAGAZINE and all four of the Chromos, "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or we will send either two of the above, and "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED."

PRIMITIVES FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.—We will send THE AMERICAN UNION for one year for \$1.50, and also give every subscriber the two Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or either "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED," just which the subscriber may prefer, and fifteen cents additional for postage, or eight cents for six months.

This is a splendid offer, and should be taken advantage of by thousands who wish to adorn their homes with beautiful pictures.

CLUBS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

For \$15.00 we will send six copies of THE AMERICAN UNION for one year, and a copy of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE to the person who gets up the Club, and also to each member of the Club the Chromos "SUN-

RISE" and "SUNSET," or "THE BETROTHED," or "THE POWER OF MUSIC." The subscriber must state which of these last beautiful Chromos is desired, and it will be immediately forwarded; or "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" will be sent, if preferred.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Be sure and send money by a post-office order, a registered letter, or by check on New York or Boston. We are not responsible for money lost on its way to us through the mails. Post-office orders are safe and cheap.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Subscribers can commence at any time, and not wait for their subscriptions to expire. Let them roll in their names as early as possible.

A VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—LET ALL HEED IT.

By a new law of Congress, publishers are compelled to prepay all postage on Magazines and Newspapers; consequently all subscribers will please forward with their subscriptions for BALLOU'S MAGAZINE the sum of TEN CENTS, in addition to their regular subscriptions. This will save to each subscriber two cents, the usual postage having been twelve cents per annum. *Let every one remember this, for it is very important to us that it should be understood and acted on, as we can't afford to prepay postage unless it is refunded to us.*

The Postage on THE AMERICAN UNION will be, as near as we can calculate, FIFTEEN CENTS, a saving of five cents; and this must be sent with the subscription, as we are compelled to prepay the postage at the Boston office. Pray do not forget this important information when you send in your subscriptions. Eight cents for six months.

Be careful in writing, to give State, County and Post-Office for each subscriber; and also to designate the name of the getter-up of the club.

Address THOMES & TALBOT,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

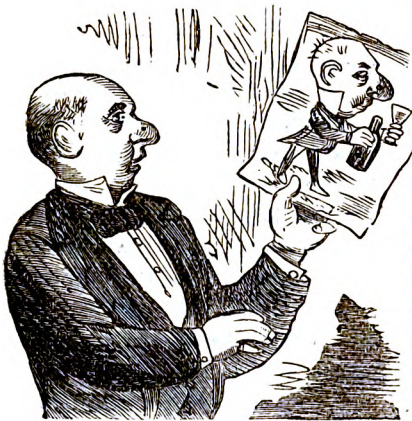
VALENTINES.



Just imagine Miss Scragg's emotions when she receives a Valentine.



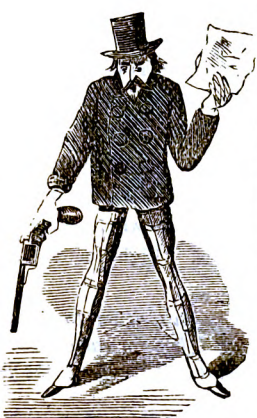
And her indignation when she opens it.



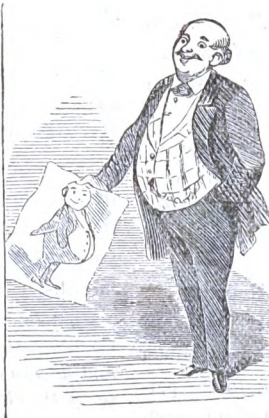
Bottlenose is disgusted.



Biddy is delighted.



If he only knew who sent it.



Jollyboy has a hearty laugh,



While Mildew the poet is crushed.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI.—No. 3.

MARCH, 1875.

WHOLE No. 243.

THE STREET SINGER.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.



One stormy day, when a strong eastern blast
Blew the cold rain in chilling torrents past,
I was compelled, though grieving o'er my fate,
To leave the parlor, with its glowing grate,
And all the brightness of the life indoors;
So, donning garments fitting when it pours,

I sallied out with no delight to meet
The dismal prospect of the open street.
Mud, that my soul most deeply doth detest,
Lay in my path; the strong wind did its best
To blow away my wrappings, firm and warm,
That bade defiance to the power of storm.
Well clad in sturdy waterproof was I,
And spite of wind, and rain, and frowning sky,
Unchilled, unwet, I passed along my way,
Yet still lamenting that I could not stay
Indoors that dreary morning, and be free
From the wild weather's rough inclemency.
But as I thus, in somewhat fretful mood,
With rapid steps my onward course pursued,
I heard a voice, sweet, soft, and plaintive, too,
Singing a song as if the words were true.
My own heart echoed back the dear refrain
Borne to my ears amidst the wind and rain,
The while I looked in wondering haste to see
Where the sweet singer of the song could be.
I did not look in vain, for, further down
The muddiest street of all the muddy town,
I saw a child, a girl with big brown eyes,
Whose tattered, scanty clothing woke surprise
As well as pity in the gazer's heart,
And gave to feeling an unwonted start.
The cold rain drenched her garments through and through,
The piercing wind their tatters outward blew,
The soft brown hair that clustered round her face
Was wet, and tangled, and devoid of grace;
A faded bonnet, tied beneath her chin
By ragged strings, held its abundance in.
And thus she stood, facing the wind and rain,
Shivering with cold, yet warbling that refrain
So strangely inappropriate to her case,
And rendered touching by her pleading face.
I've heard the strain where fashion's gilded throng
Has bowed before some gifted queen of song;
I've heard it sung in happy homes; and oft
Hummed by some smiling maiden, low and soft;
But ne'er in any place, at any hour,
From any lips, hath it possessed the power
To stir my heart as on that stormy day
Sung by the child as one would kneel and pray.
Little *she* knew, whose life had been to roam,
Of all the joys she sang in "Home, sweet Home."
That tuneful prayer, so pleading and so sweet,
Uttered in storm and wind upon the street,
Was not in vain; it touched a kindly heart,
And now the little singer lives apart
From woe and want, and, wishing not to roam,
Warbles to loving hearts her "Home, sweet Home."

RUSSIA AND ITS CZAR.



THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

In this restless, impatient, impulsive world of ours the law of change is universal, and those who have the happiness to believe in the world's ultimate glorious destiny consider change only another name for Progress. The face of the earth varies in its appearance; mountains rise, and islands sink beneath the waves of the sea;

cities are devastated by fire and flood, and other cities rise where once was an unbroken wild. Nothing remains at a standstill, however dull and dead its condition may appear to be; least of all, the condition and government of nations. The tyrannies of the old world, even to the firmest of them are shaken: and though they may,

for a while, present the same aspect of unlimited power and brilliancy that has characterized them in the past, the world is growing less and less willing to forget that behind all this gayety and pomp there is a terrible background of want, ignorance and hardship. In fact, the time has come when the splendor and ease of the few cannot atone in the eyes of the people for the correspondingly degraded condition of the poor and laboring classes. It is well for those who have sufficient comprehension of the state of popular feeling to ward off from themselves and their generation the downfall that is sure to come in the future, by so far yielding to the march of liberal ideas as to render themselves less obnoxious to their subjects and contemporaries.

It is not to be denied, however, that the present czar of all the Russias, Alexander II., has during his reign over his immense dominions performed an action worthy of his imperial dignity; an action to which no mind devoid of generosity could have assented, and one which will cause his name to be gratefully remembered in time to come. We allude, of course, to the abolition of serfdom by him in March, 1861, which was the greatest event in modern Russian history. By this act of emancipation, which anticipated the gradual enlightenment and consequent weary struggles of many future years, twenty-two million serfs were released from their condition of slavery to the crown or to the Russian nobility. That so mighty a change could be so summarily achieved by the simple decree of a single man, illustrates more forcibly than words the despotic power wielded by the czar, on whose decision so many destinies depended.

Russian serfdom was established in 1601 by Boris Godunoff, an ambitious noble who had gained the imperial authority by treachery and poison, but who is said to have reigned, in other respects, very wisely. The serfs became by the imperial ukase a property of the soil on which they dwelt, and were deprived of all right to go elsewhere without their master's permission; nor did the latter have power to sell the serfs without the land. From time to time various edicts were issued by the emperors tending to improve the condition of the serfs, and at last, after more than two centuries of enforced degradation and dependence, this great body of men, women and

children, to whom existence had been in some respects hopeless, beheld the prison gates thrown open for them by the royal hand of the czar, who has thus performed a task from which his father, Nicholas I., shrank with aversion.

Alexander II., of whom we give on page 207 a portrait, said to be excellent, was born in 1818. His mother was sister of the late King Frederic William IV. of Prussia, and his wife, the present Empress Maria Alexandrovna of Russia, was a German princess, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse. The royal family consists of five sons and one daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie, whose late marriage with the Duke of Edinburgh has been the occasion of so much rejoicing. Alexander succeeded to the throne of Russia on the death of Nicholas I., March 2, 1855, and at once announced in a proclamation that he should follow in his future policy the plans of his father, and should use all his endeavors to bring the Crimean war to a successful termination. But in that bloody contest between the powers of Europe, Russian arms were not to be victorious; on the twentieth of the following September the fortress of Sebastopol surrendered to the combined forces of France, England, Sardinia and Turkey, and a peace ensued, founded on conditions most unwelcome and injurious to Russia.

Since the war in the Crimea, Alexander II. has devoted his energies and attention to the interests and improvement of his vast domains, and under his control Russian commerce has prospered wonderfully, while manufactures have increased with remarkable rapidity. In his encouragement of home industries the czar has followed the example of a few of his predecessors, for, commencing with Peter the Great, the energetic founder of Russian prosperity, we find that Catharine II., Alexander I. and Nicholas I. were all distinguished for their encouragement of manufactures. Viewed as a whole, the nineteen years during which Alexander II. has reigned over Russia, have been productive of increased prosperity, and a decided advance in education and privileges, though the population of his vast empire, comprising eighty millions of people of different nationalities and tribes, cannot boast of the degree of material and moral advancement common in England and Amer-

ica. The improvement of the mixed hordes over which the czar's rule extends must necessarily be slow; but the mighty lever of progression, to which Alexander gave an added impetus when he issued the edict of emancipation, is surely at work, upheaving the debris of ages, to let the wholesome light of truth in upon the souls that have hitherto dwelt in the utter darkness of ignorance and error.

Alexander II. has seen fit to give his subjects a respite from the evils of war, and has refrained from all interference in the Danish, Austrian and French wars which have agitated Europe, and engaged the energies of Prussia; and has taken no part in the Italian campaigns which have resulted in the union of Italy under Victor Emanuel. The single exception to this peaceful attitude has been the Khivan expedition, which has ended to the advantage of the czar.

But under all this glow of success and prosperity there rests a mournful shade; and no one, in recurring to the incidents of Russian history, can forget or overlook the misfortunes of Poland. For her the brighter day has not yet dawned, and she writhes beneath the oppression of her conquerors. Since that fearful ukase of the Czar Nicholas in 1832, in which he declared the kingdom of Poland a Russian province without government or army of its own, the attempt to transform Poles into Russians, and to blot out the individuality of Poland from the face of the earth, has gone rigorously on. The Russian language and the Russian religion have been forced upon all the tribes and nationalities of the empire, to the horror and dismay of those portions of the population who had embraced the doctrines and protection of the church of Rome. The woes of Poland have furnished a pathetic theme for the poet, the novelist and the historian; would that Alexander II. might find it in his heart to relax his severity toward that unhappy country, and exercise that clemency which is the most admirable accompaniment of power.

The empire of Russia is the most extensive in the world, and includes the immense area of 8,381,684 square miles, comprising one-thirtieth of the whole surface of the globe; and no other empire is peopled with such a variety of tribes and nations. The number of these different peo-

ples exceeds one hundred, and they converse in over forty languages, though, as we have said, the Russian tongue is the one sought to be enforced by the government. This language is remarkable for its regularity, flexibility, copiousness, and an agreeable mixture of softness and force. The alphabet consists of thirty-five letters, and the accent is varied. The literature of Russia occupies no mean place among that of other nations, and its poets, historians, novelists, and other writers, have won the praise of those well qualified to judge of their productions.

Evidently destined as it is to play an important part in the future history of the world, the attention of Europe and America is directed with interest to that great division of the earth's territory which extends its huge proportions in Russia, Asia and America, and over which Alexander II. reigns with the sounding titles of Autocrat of all the Russias, Czar of Poland, Duke of Finland, etc. Originally an almost unknown country, buried beneath the drifting snows of the north for more than half the year, and peopled by hordes of barbarians, far removed in all their habits of thought and action from the refinement and culture of the polished nations of southern Europe, Russia has slowly but surely advanced since the days of Peter the Great, and now suggests the idea, not only of brute force, but of mental activity. St. Petersburg, which a century and a half ago was a mere collection of huts, with a few buildings of a better class, now ranks among the most splendid and beautiful cities in the world; its palaces are numerous and imposing, and its public buildings grand in their dimensions. Its library, enriched from the spoils of Poland, is one of the most remarkable in Europe.

But Russia is not yet satisfied. She wants seaports, so that her ships can be employed all through the year, and not be frozen up for six months out of the twelve. To do this she must obtain possession of Constantinople, and some other Turkish ports; and that she will ultimately be enabled to do so we have not the least doubt. Time and Russia against Turkey and the other powers will tell; and although England may remonstrate, and France grow wild, yet Austria and Prussia will not stand in her way if they receive something to keep them quiet.

DWELLERS OF THE WATER.

Many and various are the inhabitants of seas, lakes, ponds and rivers, and when glancing over the bright surface of their waters one can scarcely realize the millions upon millions of living creatures that sport beneath the waves, and carry out the laws of their existence as fully as any denizens of the land. Water to the fish supplies the place of air to the landsman, and once dragged from its native home, it quickly dies for lack of the sustaining element. So curiously has Nature ordered it, that what is death to one species of her children is a necessity of life to another. Wise indeed beyond our comprehension are the grand laws of the universe, in view of which we can only worship and revere their Source.

The innumerable throngs of fishes that dwell in both salt and fresh water occupy a very important place in the economy of Nature, serving as food for man, bird and beast. The fisheries of various countries are matters of national importance; are protected by fleets, ruled by legislative laws, and guarded by international compacts. The true Catholic would be at a loss indeed upon fast days, and in the Lenten season, were it not for the dish afforded by the spoils of the fisherman; and the epicure's heart would grow sad if he were deprived of the dainty treat procured for him in the same manner. That there is inspiration in the angler's art, let the exquisite prose of Izaak Walton or Frank Forester testify, while the student for still further details of the finny tribes turns with unflagging interest to the pages of Cuvier, Agassiz, and others.

Dr. Johnson, with his usual caustic manner, has characterized an angler as "a pole and line, with a fool at one end and a worm at the other," but has not succeeded in bringing the world to acquiesce in his verdict. The number of anglers has not diminished, nor their delight in the sport decreased; but thousands of them engage in the, to them, delightful pastime, and are filled with pride if some unusual prize in the shape of trout or salmon rewards their skill and patience. Of professional fishers, also, the numbers are large,

and to them the sea yields of its store of cod, haddock and halibut, or, lower down, the turbot, sole, bleak, ray, and many others of the ground-swimmers. Inured to hardships, and accustomed to danger, as they must be, these fishers of the sea find in their occupation a degree of excitement equally wild and agreeable.

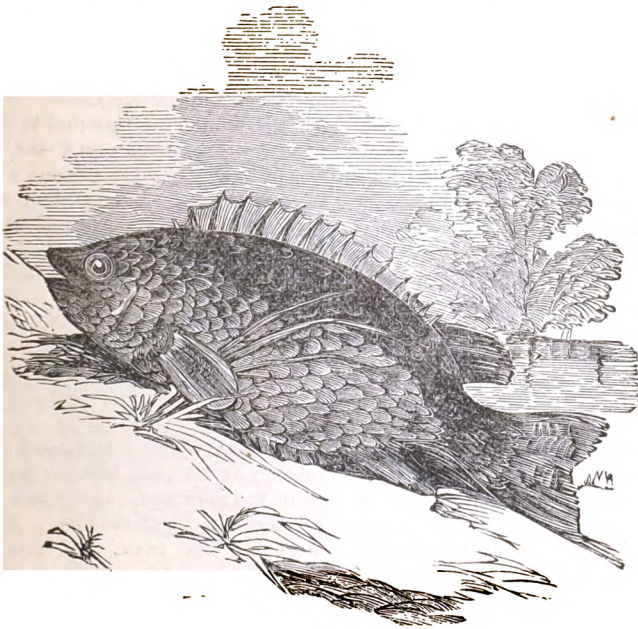
It is impossible to form any estimate of the number of fishes existing in the waters of the earth, so immense would it be. Every lake, pond or stream furnishes a home for swarms of them, while the vast depths of the ocean contain myriads upon myriads of these creatures, which, with the exception of the infusoria, are of all sizes, from the shark to the minnow. Immense shoals of them sometimes stretch out for miles in extent, and in numbers surpassing all mortal estimation. Says Goodrich, "Not even the myriad insects of the earth and the air, upon the grasses, amid the flowers, on the leaves of the forests, at all approach in numbers the varied inhabitants of the sea. Every part of their element is occupied, some habitually living on the surface, some in middle-water, and some on the bottom, a hundred fathoms deep, these kinds being technically called *Surface*, *Mid-water* and *Ground-swimmers*. We have no measures, no examples, upon the land, of such teeming animal life as is to be found in the sea. Shoals of fishes are often met with, so crowding the waters as to cause obstruction to boats. Eight millions of pilchards have been drawn ashore at a single draught! Who will attempt to calculate the numbers of these creatures, living story above story for five hundred feet, and extending over a surface of one hundred and fifty millions of square miles? There are species suited to every temperature; the golden carp thrives at 80 deg. Fahrenheit; some species exist in hot springs at 120 deg., and Humboldt saw fishes thrown, up alive and in apparent health from volcanoes, along with water and vapor, at 210 deg., two degrees only below the boiling point! On the other hand, perch and eels are often transported in a frozen state, and, on being thawed, are instantly restored to life and activity. A

gold-fish, frozen solid in a marble basin, and appearing crystallized with ice, if gently thawed out, resumes his pleasures and duties as if nothing had happened."

Among those fishes especially prized for the table the perch may be reckoned. It is a handsome fish, six to twelve inches long, with yellow sides, and from six to eight dark vertical bands across the back. It is found in our lakes and ponds, and is liked by amateurs in the art of angling because it bites readily. In weight it sometimes attains three pounds. Being very easily

from two to four feet long, weighs ten to twelve pounds usually, but has been known to reach even eighty or a hundred pounds. The form is long and oval, the scales moderately thin, oval, and rather easily detached; the teeth numerous, sharp and incurved; its color above is bluish-black, tinged with gray; beneath, silvery white. A beautiful fish, elegant in form and brilliant in coloring.

Although the sea is the home of the salmon, in spring he enters the estuaries of our rivers, where he gathers in great mul-



A FRESH WATER PERCH.

transported from one place to another, it has been conveyed to many lakes and ponds where it did not originally dwell. There are several species in this country, but all resembling the one we have described, which is called, in distinction from the rest, the American Yellow Perch, and of which our engraving is a faithful copy.

But of all fishes the salmon is esteemed the highest, both for sport by the angler, and for its exquisite flavor by the epicure. The true salmon is a dweller of the sea, and is found in the waters off the eastern and western shores of the Atlantic. It is

titudes, and remains for some weeks, ascending and descending with the ebb and flow of the tide. At this period they are taken in large numbers in our northern streams, especially in the Penobscot, and even further east, and being packed in ice, are sent to various distant markets. In July and August on this continent, but three months later in Europe, they enter the fresh water, and begin to make their ascent for the purpose of spawning. It is at this time that they reach their highest beauty and perfection. In order to insure the hatching of the spawn of this class of fishes, it is necessary that the water should

be highly charged with oxygen. A powerful instinct teaches them to ascend up the rivers where the water is broken by currents and rapids, and to which, by mingling with the atmosphere, purity and vitality have been imparted. There may be, says our authority, and doubtless are, other objects in the economy of nature to be attained by this wonderful provision. In these remote and solitary places, away from the crowded thoroughfares of crabs, lobsters, clams, oysters, and swimming fishes of every form and hue, all greedy of spoil, their eggs may have some chance of remaining to be hatched. Nay, there is even a profounder wisdom behind this instinct of the salmon and its kindred, for by means of it the inland country along the borders of the great rivers, and the hills and slopes, and even the mountains, threaded by a thousand rills, far up and away from the salt sea, are provided with a never-ceasing supply of the daintiest of food for man, bird and beast, and that without plowing or planting.

To the salmon this instinct is imparted in a degree suited to the energy and daring

of its character. In seeking to reach the small streams near the sources of rivers, it dashes up swift currents, shoots over waterfalls, leaps dams, and, in fact, surmounts barriers which might seem impassable. In these efforts it sometimes makes a clear leap of fourteen feet. If unsuccessful, it tries again and again; one has been known to repeat its leaps for twenty times, at intervals of about two minutes; instances are on record in which these creatures have been dashed on the rocks and killed by the cataracts while attempting to scale them.

Often in ascending rivers the salmon will pursue its course until it reaches the source of the stream. In this way it passes up the St. Lawrence into Lake Ontario, and further yet, will sometimes penetrate to Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. As a game fish the salmon has no equal in the estimation of the sportsman. Of the other species of salmon beside the one we have described, the Mackinaw salmon is most noticeable for its great size and the reddish tint of its flesh. It is sometimes called the Great Lake Trout, and never visits the sea.

NAPLES.

The far-famed beauty of the city of Naples has drawn crowds of foreigners to its shores, who have found that no praises, however enthusiastic, have been able to do justice to the enchanting scene which greets the traveller as he first beholds the lovely city, nestling against its grand background of mountains, while the glittering waters of its famous bay ripple at its feet. But though rarely endowed by nature with the grandest and most beautiful surroundings, the aspect that has won so many encomiums is not the only claim which Naples possesses to the high estimation of the world; its classical associations, its imposing and numerous public buildings, and the gayety and animation visible in its streets, all arrest the attention and engage the interest of those who visit it. Under the bluest of skies, and very, very near to the bustling city, rises the threatening form of Vesuvius, while but a little distance away lie the skeleton remains of ancient Pompeii and Herculaneum. The smoke that curls so gracefully around the crest of the

volcano may some day gather and blacken into an awful pall, blotting out the sunshine and the azure, and the fate of its predecessors may overtake lovely Naples; but Vesuvius has been good-natured these many years, and it may continue its merciful mildness; meanwhile, what is the good of thinking upon evil which may never come? Evidently, the easy pleasure-loving Neapolitan population is not troubled by these considerations, and since generation after generation has lived and died in the common way, with Vesuvius looking on so near at hand, why not regard him as a fiery-tempered neighbor whose little bursts of wrath are not likely to become dangerous?

Beside the entrance from the sea, so celebrated for its beauty, there are five chief land entrances to Naples. It is provided at the leading avenues with barriers for the purpose of collecting the duties on provisions, but with this exception is an open city. Only a few fragments of its ancient fortifications remain, and its three castles and remodelled gates once defending the

outskirts of the city, are now surrounded by streets and houses. Naples is built partly at the base, partly on the slopes of amphitheatre-like hills, divided into two natural crescents by a ridge which forms the Collina de Capodimonte, Sant' Elmo, and Pizzofalcone, terminating on the south in a small island occupied by the Castel dell'Ovo, and joined to the mainland by a causeway. The crescent east of this ridge includes the greater part of the population, the most ancient portion of the city, and the principal edifices and public institutions, extending from the heights of the Capodimonte hill and the Sant' Elmo castle to the river Sebeto, and intersected from

nates in the two suburbs Piedigrotta and Mergellina.

The city is about four miles long, from east to west, and not far from two and a half wide, measuring eleven miles in circumference. Its numerous streets are generally straight, and paved with square blocks of lava; and though the principal ones are lighted with gas, only the most noted of them have a sidewalk. Most Neapolitan houses are divided into separate tenements, and they vie with the streets in the variety of their occupants. The ground story consists of a series of arched cells, all of the same shape and size, occupied usually by tradesmen, or for cafes or restau-



NAPLES FROM THE SEA.

north to south by a long thoroughfare, the lower portion of which forms the famous *Strada di Toledo*. On a depression between the Capodimonte and Sant' Elmo hills are the suburbs La Sanita and L'Infrascata, and on the slopes of the former the suburbs *Dei Miracoli* and *Le Vergini*.

The crescent on the west of Sant' Elmo is the modern city, known as the Chiaia or quay, connected with the eastern portion by the streets occupying the depression between Sant' Elmo and Pizzofalcone, and by a broad avenue bearing successively the names Gigante, Santa Lucia, Chiatamone, and Vittoria, which runs along the shore at the foot of Pizzafalcone from the royal palace to the public gardens. Another broad street, the Riviera di Chiaia, passes the whole length of the Chiaia, and termi-

nates, while on the upper floors are the lodging-rooms of different families. The Neapolitans are extremely fond of outdoor life, and are less scrupulous about exposing themselves to outside observation than many other people. In fact, no other city in the world possesses such a mass of houses of the same description, so densely crowded with all sorts of people, and so grotesquely illustrative of all varieties of occupation and phases of life, as Naples. The great thoroughfare of the city, the *Strada di Toledo*, was built by Pedro de Toledo in the sixteenth century, and separates the ancient from the modern Naples. It is bordered by the principal shops, which cannot compare with those of London and Paris. It is about one mile and a half long, but is scarcely sixty feet wide, while on

either side rise houses from five to seven stories high. Very few of the other streets are more than thirty feet wide, and many of them are much narrower than that.

There are few public squares in Naples. The most fashionable promenade is the Villa Reale, which is 5000 feet long and 200 wide, planted chiefly with evergreens, oaks and acacias, and ornamented with imitations of English landscape gardening and statuary. Here the aristocracy of Naples have been wont to congregate to enjoy the air and each other's society, while the less fastidious masses have gathered in the Molo, or upon the beach called Marinella, to amuse themselves after their own fashion. The following description of some of the diversions of a Neapolitan crowd is extremely lifelike. "Here stands an enthusiastic friar, preaching to one row of lazzaroni; there Punch, the representative of the nation, holds forth to a crowd. Yonder another orator recounts the miracles performed by a consecrated wax work. Beyond him are quacks in hussar uniforms, exalting their drugs and brandishing their sabres as if not content with one mode of killing. The next *professore* is a dog of knowledge, great in his own little circle of admirers. Opposite to him stand two jocund old men, in the centre of an oval group, singing alternately to their crazy guitars. Further on is a motley audience, seated on planks, and listening to a tragic-comic *flossof*, who reads, sings, and gesticulates old Gothic tales of Orlando and his paladins."

The lazzaroni, once considered a very troublesome part of the population of Naples, have improved greatly from what they were, and are now subject to the same laws as other citizens, though they are still distinguished by their love of ease and sunshine.

Among the city's most celebrated public buildings are the castles. The massive Castel Nuovo is situated near the port, and has been compared to the tower of London. Between two of its heavy Anjou towers rises the celebrated triumphal arch erected in honor of the entrance of Alfonso of Aragon into the city in the fifteenth century. Beyond the famous bronze gates are the barracks, and a magnificent hall formerly used for state festivals, etc. The Castel dell' Ovo, the Castel Sant' Elmo, the Castel Capuano, and the Castel del Carmine are also noteworthy for their peculiarities of

construction and their connection with the history of Naples.

Of the three hundred churches in the city, the cathedral is the most important. It was commenced at the close of the thirteenth century, and was a little more than one hundred years in process of construction. Over the great entrance are the tombs of Charles I. of Anjou, Charles Martel, and his wife Clementina of Hapsburg. It also contains the tombs of King Andrew of Hungary, of Pope Innocent IV., and other noted personages. Of the many other beautiful and celebrated churches we have not space to give mention and description.

Naples abounds in beggars, though there are about sixty charitable institutions, some of them on a grand scale of munificence, the most celebrated of them accommodating more than five thousand persons. In educational institutions it can compare favorably with other great cities. Its university, its Chinese college, college of music, national school of surgery and medicine, academies of sciences and arts, its observatory, and botanical garden are all of high rank, while its four great public libraries are full of literary treasures.

But in enumerating the glories of Naples one we have not yet mentioned stands out conspicuous from all the rest, outshining them all in the estimation of Neapolitans and foreigners. The Museo Borbonico is a museum so rich in all its departments, so full of delights to all who can appreciate the value of its inestimable treasures, that the mere mention of its name is inspiring to those who have visited it. It consists of sixteen collections, comprising on the ground floor ancient frescoes, mosaics, and rural inscriptions, the Toro Farnese, and bronzes; on the staircase, ancient glasses, pottery, cinque-cento objects, and reserved cabinet; up stairs, the papyri, gems, medals and coins, small bronzes, vases, paintings, and the library. Here the excavated treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii are preserved, and the collection of ancient sculpture is particularly interesting, embracing some of the finest works of art in the world, the enumeration of which would occupy more space than we can give, though we may mention the Flora Farnese, the bust of Julius Cæsar, the Torso of Bacchus, the Psyche, the Farnese Hercules, and the bronze statue of Mercury found in Herculaneum and considered the finest work of

the kind in existence. The gallery of paintings comprises about nine hundred works of Italian and foreign artists, and the private collection of the Prince of Salerno.

The palaces of Naples cannot rival those of Florence and other Italian cities in their exterior magnificence, but nearly all of them contain treasures of art. The villas are numerous and beautiful, and tourists are fond of visiting the famous Grotta di Posillipo, near Naples, which contains the Roman columbarium known as the tomb of Virgil. Among the theatres, the San Carlo, adjoining the royal palace, has in the past enjoyed the distinction of being the largest Italian opera house in the world. The Neapolitans are celebrated for their love of pleasure and their scrupulous

observance of all religious festivals and usages, and they combine the two dispositions in a curious way, making a pleasure of their religion, and thinking it no harm to make merry while on religious pilgrimages. An English writer says of them: "Even the lowest class enjoy every blessing that can make the animal happy—a delicious climate, high spirits, a faculty of satisfying every appetite, and a conscience which gives no pain. Here tatters are not misery, for the climate requires little covering; filth is not misery to them that are born to it, and a few fingerings of macaroni can wind up the rattling machine for the day. The people seem in general peaceful and contented, unconscious of want at least; they consume little, and that little is cheap."

VENOMOUS SERPENTS.

Many species of animals upon the earth have aroused the fear or hatred of man, either by their repulsive aspect or their dangerous ferocity, but to none has been accorded a more sincere abhorrence than to the reptilian family, chiefly represented by the different varieties of serpents. The snake has enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being held up as the type of original evil, the embodied venom and wickedness of the father of sin. This has been its fate in Christian countries; but in other portions of the globe its terrifying aspect and great size have produced a somewhat different effect, and instead of being abhorred as the most repulsive of created things, it is worshipped by the superstitious inhabitants of India as a god. We read with mingled astonishment and disgust, of the immense cobras which the Indian priests carefully feed on milk and sugar, thus obtaining their presence in some of the Hindoo temples, and in this way working upon the ignorant credulity of the common people.

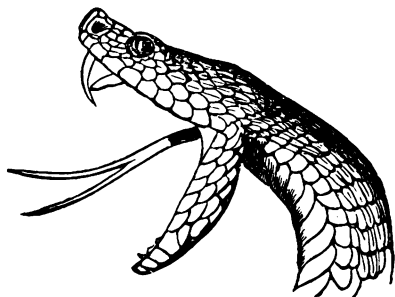
Of the different varieties of the serpent family existing in America, none is more to be dreaded for the fatal venom of its bite, than the well-known rattlesnake, which, in the vernacular of natural history, is placed at the head of the division named *Crotalidae*. The common or northern rattlesnake, which is sometimes called the Banded Rattlesnake, is of a yellowish or reddish brown

with irregular black blotches; the head is large, flattened and triangular, the neck small, the tail short; the length varies from three or four to seven or eight feet. Like the others of their class, they produce their young alive. The *rattle*, so called, upon the tail, consists of several horny enlargements loosely joined together, which make a loud rattling noise when shaken and rubbing against each other. These rattles increase with the age of the reptile, but not regularly, one in each year, as has been imagined. Sometimes as many as two or four will make their appearance in the course of a twelvemonth, and sometimes several of them drop off; so that the number rarely exceeds twenty-five. There seems to be no use for these curious appendages, except the merciful one of giving warning to any unfortunate who may hear their rattle, that a deadly enemy is near.

When one of these serpents is disturbed it will generally throw itself into a coil and rapidly shake its rattles, the sound of which can be heard for the distance of a few yards; it then springs, often four or five feet, and fixes its fangs upon its victim. The bite is commonly fatal to man unless some remedy is immediately applied. It must be said for the rattlesnake that, with all its venom, it does not seek an encounter, but only attacks those who have intruded upon its haunts. It is said that on rare occasions

it springs without giving the warning rattle. There is a current story, that hogs feed and fatten upon it, but the truth of the report may well be questioned. Instances have been mentioned, when swine have been killed by the rattlesnake's bite. The idea that this as well as other serpents possesses the power of fascination does not now receive the same belief as formerly, it being thought that the bird, in its natural agitation at the approach of such an intruder near its nest, flutters around the snake, ventures too near, and is instantly killed.

The common rattlesnake exists throughout the United States, usually in rocky, hilly, or mountainous regions, and subsists on birds, rabbits, squirrels, rats, etc. At the approach of winter it retires to some



THE HEAD OF A RATTLESNAKE.

deep crevice in the rocks, or hole underground, and there lies, in a state of torpidity, until spring. It is not uncommon to find great numbers of them twined together in heaps, in company with some striped snakes. Though rarely found in settled districts, they are still quite common in wild regions even at the North.

Other varieties are the Water Rattlesnake, six to eight feet long, and existing in the Carolinas and Florida; the Oregon Rattlesnake, found in the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and along the Oregon and Columbia Rivers. The *C. horridus* is a species peculiar to South America, and is of great size and extremely poisonous. The engraving on this page gives a very correct idea of the formation of the head of the rattlesnake, showing the position of the formidable poison fangs.

Another very venomous snake, but without rattles, is the Copper-Head, which is from thirty to forty inches long, copper-colored, with reddish-brown blotches on the

back. The head is quite large, and distinct from the neck, the mouth extensive, and the large fangs yellowish-white. It is an exceedingly vicious creature, and its bite is always dangerous, often fatal. It is found in some of the Eastern and in the Middle, Southern, and Western States, but does not exist in large numbers in any locality.

The Water Viper, or Water Moccasin, haunts low swampy grounds, and is never found very far from water. It is twenty to twenty-four inches long, dark brown above and leaden-gray beneath. Its principal food is fish, and in summer these reptiles often suspend themselves from the branches of trees over lakes and rivers. The Moccasin is very spiteful, and attacks all who come within its reach; it is greatly dreaded by the negroes, who are in danger of its venom, especially on the rice plantations. It is a native of the South, where it is generally called *Cotton-mouth*.

It is well-known that snakes are, as a rule, very fond of music, seeming to be charmed by it. Especially is this noticeable in the cobra-capellas, the terrible hooded serpents of India. General Campbell relates an instance of snake-charming which took place under his own eyes, and was sufficiently remarkable. A large cobra had been discovered in the bottom of a dry well, and had been frightened into his hole in the brickwork by the servants, who had pelted him with stones. The snake-charmers were therefore sent for to entice him out.

"At first the snake who had been considerably bullied before he took refuge in his hole, was deaf to the notes of the charmer, but after half an hour's constant playing the spell began to operate, and the snake was heard to move. In a few minutes more he thrust out his head, a horse-hair noose was dexterously slipped over it and drawn tight, and we hoisted up the men dangling their snake in triumph.

"Having carried him to an open space of ground, they released him from the noose. The enraged snake immediately made a rush at the bystanders, putting to flight a crowd of native servants who had assembled to witness the sport. The snake-charmer, tapping him on the tail with a switch, induced him to turn upon himself, at the same moment sounding his pipe. The snake curled himself up, and raised his head, expanded his hood, and appeared about to strike, but, instead of doing so, he

remained in the same position as if fascinated by the music, darting out his slender forked tongue, and following with his head the motion of the man's knee, which he kept moving from side to side within a few inches of him, as if tempting him to bite.

"No sooner did the music cease, than the snake darted forward with such fury that it required great agility on the part of the man to avoid him, and immediately made off as fast as he could go. The sound of the pipe, however, invariably made him stop, and obliged him to remain in an upright position as long as the man continued to play.

"After repeating this experiment several times, he placed a fowl within his reach, which he instantly darted at and bit. The fowl screamed out the moment he was struck, but ran off, and began picking among his companions as if nothing had happened. I pulled out my watch to see how long the venom took to operate.

"In about half a minute the comb and wattles of the fowl began to change from a red to a livid hue, and were soon nearly black, but no other symptom was apparent. In two minutes it began to stagger, was seized with strong convulsions, fell to the ground, and continued to struggle violently till it expired, exactly three minutes and a half after it had been bitten. On plucking the fowl, we found that he had merely been touched on the extreme point of the pinion. The wound, not larger than the puncture

of a needle, was surrounded by a livid spot, but the remainder of the body, with the exception of the comb and wattles (which were of a dark livid hue), was of the natural color, and I afterwards learned that the coachman, a half-caste, had eaten it.

"The charmer now offered to show us his method of catching snakes, and seizing the reptile (about five feet long) by the point of the tail with his left hand, he slipped the right hand along the body with the swiftness of lightning, and grasping him by the throat with his finger and thumb, held him fast, and forced him to open his jaws and display his poisonous fangs.

"Having now gratified my curiosity, I proposed that the snake should be destroyed, or at least his fangs might be extracted, an operation easily performed with a pair of forceps. But the snake being a remarkably fine one, the charmer was unwilling to extract his teeth, as he said the operation sometimes proved fatal, and begged so hard to be allowed to keep him as he was, that I at last suffered him to put him in a basket and carry him off. After this he frequently brought the snake to the house, to exhibit him, and still with his fangs entire, as I ascertained by personal inspection, but so tame that he handled him freely, and apparently without fear or danger."

The very best proof that the snake's fangs were not removed, existed in the fact he one day bit the charmer and killed him.

AFTER ALL.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

How oft the dwellings of the great
Are fastened with Pride's key,
Forgetting that, or soon, or late,
The summons, "Come with me,"
King Death shall sternly speak. What then,
Is all their greatness worth?
They go the way of other men,
And dwell no more on earth.
They cannot his commands defy,
Nor deaf be to his call;
The rich and poor alike shall lie
Beneath his sombre pall.
Under the same roof by-and-by,
If all shall dwell in unity,
What matters greatness, after all—

After all?

Death does not make a princely feast;
He knows no kingly caste;
The selfsame cup, sometime, at least,
Each mortal lip shall taste.
The gold that here has never bought
That jewel, peace of mind,
The costly robes rich looms have wrought,
Must all be left behind.
There is no vain conceit of self,
Where all must surely go;
There is no quarrelling for pelf
Beneath his roof-tree low.
Go you from out a humble cot,
Or from a lordly hall,
All, all must share the common lot,
Art rich or poor, it matters not—

After all.

La Crosse, Wis., 1874.

DISINHERITED!

—OR,—

THE MYSTERY OF THE HEADLANDS.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER V.

A SILENT house, with the doors all closed and the shutters down—everything about it in a breathless hush, even to the dull monotonous drip of the rain. A dreary, dreary house it was, standing up among the wet trees, with crape on the brass knocker, and the broad threshold darkened by the trail of the mourning garments following sadly after one who had been carried forth that day to return no more.

Out in a clump of evergreens, under the cold afternoon sky, lay all that was mortal of the mistress of Brandt. A worn heart at rest, a stormy and passionate life over and done. Winding back through the iron gateway, and up the long avenue of trees, dripping, as if with tears, came the long funeral procession, and, with a rustling of crape and bombazine, the mourners gathered in the great drawing-room to listen to the reading of the will.

The rain fell dismally along the terrace; the fountain dropped dismally into its stone basin; nothing but gloom without, nothing but gloom within; Guy Renshaw, the cynosure of all eyes, sat at the window, gazing out on the blank and cheerless day, with a pale apathetic face that had no expression except that of extreme weariness. Miss Glendening, with her veil down, and her black-gloved hands crossed in her lap, sat as motionless and still as a figure in marble. The old housekeeper and the family servants, who had been remembered in the will, occupied the lower end of the room; and Paul Lennox was there, sallow and saturnine as usual, wiping his forehead with a mourning handkerchief; and while some looked at one, and some at another, he looked at all.

Mrs. Brandt's solicitor slowly unfolded

the will. His dull droning voice breaking out on the expectant hush of the room, summoned all eyes and ears to himself. He smoothed the paper nervously with his hand.

"This," he said, raising his voice a little, "is the last will and testament of Elizabeth Brandt. Extraordinary as it seems to me, and as it will also seem to you, it was her earnest desire that it should be executed according as it is written."

Guy Renshaw, in his seat by the window, never stirred. With a little sharp cough the solicitor cleared his voice and began to read. Slowly at first, and tripping upon his words, as if they tasted strangely in his mouth, but growing bolder as he went on. They who listened sat in dumb consternation, staring at the little man, and at each other, as if doubting the evidence of their senses—all, except, perhaps, the one most interested in the matter—Guy Renshaw. He listened, too, but mechanically and uncomprehending. What riddle was this?

A legacy for Miss Glendening, "in reward for her patience and faithfulness;" divers gifts to the old servants for like services; then the bulk of the entire property, all the estates at the Headlands, and everything, in fact, that had fallen to the testatrix at the death of her late husband, was given and bequeathed, unconditionally and entirely, to the heirs of Christine Brandt, and to the heirs of said child forever; of whom the testatrix did most earnestly desire to be forgiven for the past, even as she trusted she had been forgiven of her God.

That was all. From the beginning to the end of the document Guy Renshaw's name did not once occur. What did it mean? To every lip the question rose al-

most involuntarily; and yet, there was little need. Surely the meaning was clear enough. This: Out under the gray twilight sky, the mistress of Brandt lay in her new-made grave, and beneath the roof-tree that had been hers, and should now have been his, her only child stood—disinherited!

After all was over he rose quickly, and spoke to the solicitor, ignoring both the pitying glances cast at him from all sides, and, worse yet, the faint exasperating smile of Paul Lennox.

Disappointment or chagrin there was none in his pale proud face—only a grave amazement.

"And this," he said, calmly, "is the last will of my mother?"

"Yes," answered the little lawyer.

"Who and where is the heir referred to?"

"My dear sir, the heir is the child of a certain Christine Brandt, deceased. More than that I cannot now positively inform you."

"And the date of the will?—pardon me, I did not hear."

The solicitor read it again.

"I am satisfied," said Renshaw, calmly.

The date was two months old. Mrs. Brandt's will had been drawn up and signed on the day of Renshaw's return to the Headlands. What did he discern in the matter—accident or design?

So the craze and bombazine, open-mouthed and wondering, began to disperse. The drama of one life was quite played through, and the black twilight was falling. Guy Renshaw, however, had not stirred from his place, neither had Paul Lennox. They were the last left in the great drawing-room.

With a face grown suddenly strong and hard as iron, Renshaw turned from the window where he had been standing, and looked at his antagonist.

"Well," he said, sternly, "are you satisfied?"

"I am, indeed!" answered Paul Lennox.

"Then," rejoined Renshaw, pointing to the door, "begone, and wherever your road may lie in future, see that it does not cross mine."

Paul Lennox's sallow face grew livid. He recollected a step, then answered smoothly:

"I forgive you. One can afford to be magnanimous sometimes. A disappoint-

ment like yours cannot be borne tamely."

"By what power," continued Renshaw, quite unheeding, "you brought a strong heart like my mother's to your subjection, I do not know, nor does it matter now. The contest, if contest it was, has passed into my hands, and you and I, Paul Lennox, are born foes."

Lennox's clenched hand, fallen at his side, worked nervously; he smiled that dark disagreeable smile of his.

"And yet," he said, smoothly, "I would have spared you many things, if you would have allowed me. First of all, the folly of regarding yourself as the rightful heir of Brandt, and secondly, that still madder folly in which you have been indulging for two months past."

Renshaw only answered with the menace of his eyes.

"The folly," said Mr. Lennox, "of loving Jessica Darke! Take care! The grand passion has been a fatal one in the annals of the Brandts—I have known wiser men than you to die of it."

This was too much. A lightning-flash of white wrathful heat leaped into Renshaw's face. He pointed once more to the door.

"Are you going?" he thundered.

Lennox started forward with alacrity.

"I am. Why not? I am glad to oblige you for once. Adieu, my dear sir! You will know to-morrow who the child of Christine Brandt is—adieu, and, as the Scotch say, 'God be wi' you!'"

The door closed on that mocking face and hateful smile; a footstep went sounding off down the long hall, and Mr. Paul Lennox was gone.

Miss Glendeney took her tea in the housekeeper's room that night, *distrail* and forbidding. The housekeeper herself sat dropping tears on her black bombazine, and eyeing the other through her spectacles, while bemoaning the fate that had fallen on the house.

"What will become of Master Guy now?" she said; "inoping in his room, and sending back his tea and toast untouched, and Mat blundering on the stairs, and breaking a china saucer, as would have earned her a round box at any other time. How can the mistress sleep out in her grave this night, after the wrong that's been done? Blood ought to be thicker than water. Christine Brandt, indeed! That dreadful old story raked up again!

And Master Guy, as we always thought would be our master, turned out into the world!"

Miss Glendenning, having finished her tea, rose from the table.

"Did you tell me," she asked, pausing, "that he was in his room?"

"He's come down now, and ordered his horse; though where he can be going on such a night as this, I don't know."

Miss Glendenning stepped out into the hall. At the foot of the staircase she saw the green baize door of the late Mrs. Brandt's room standing ajar, and going up to it silently, she looked in.

Before the oak cabinet in the furthest corner, by the faint light of a lustre, Guy Renshaw stood, turning over sundry articles which he had found therein. He turned them, with an air of expectancy—of disappointment, at last, which made Miss Glendenning hold her breath on her half-parted lips, in a very strange and uncomfortable way. She might have named, I dare say, even at a glance, each and all of those articles. Two or three musty deeds, the old letters, the marriage certificates, and a copy of the will of the late Colonel Brandt—these were there, and others like them; and in the little drawer to the right, Miss Glendenning knew of some rare old jewels lying in their caskets—pearls and diamonds that had not seen the light for many a day, and a wedding-ring.

But—that was all. What indefinite thing he had been in search of—what word from the dead, he could not, perhaps, have told! but in a sad, almost hopeless way, Renshaw swept the papers back into their drawer, and locking the cabinet, came slowly out. She had died, and the secrets of her stern heart with her, and left him no word!

The great hall was quite empty—some faint stir of garments he might have heard on the stairs, but they were gone in a moment. At the hall door a groom stood in waiting, holding Renshaw's horse. Booted, and cloaked, and spurred, Guy flung himself into the saddle, and rode away down the dark and dripping avenue.

Night was setting in, but the rain had ceased. A blue rolling mist crept over the marshes; the wild and narrow road winding down to the shore, glittering with shining pools; rich, damp earthy scents filled the air.

Just two months before, on a darker and wilder night, he had returned to the Headlands. Before him lay the offing, wherein the "Sea-Gull" had rocked at anchor, and the bay, where he had first seen the strange beautiful face of Essica Darke, and heard that wild talk from the lips of the dying sailor. How vividly it all came back to him to-night! Two months! and lo! all of his life before him seemed blank nothingness now, hardly worth the effort of recall. True it is that this mortal existence of ours is not to be reckoned by months or years—nor, indeed, while we live the agony or rapture of a lifetime in the narrow space of some little hour! Who, at best, shall dare count our lives, except by their toils and triumphs, by their loss and gain?

Below, among the rocks, the hamlet lights began to twinkle. The inn of the "Three Petrels," looking dingier than ever in the wet twilight, winked from its curtainless barroom window, expectant of the brown fishermen coming to smoke their stumpy black pipes in the porch, or under the low eaves, and gossip of the last wreck, and the luck of the boats in the bay.

Guy Renshaw rode straight up to the tavern door in the gathering darkness. No sign of life was anywhere visible about the place. He leaped from the saddle, and dropping his rein loosely, walked round to the little window, shaded by the silver-poplar tree, and looked in.

The same old room—nothing changed. Some vague feeling of relief possessed him as he took in its details hurriedly. The driftwood fire, the sanded floor, the oaken settles, the full-rigged miniature ship on the mantel, the bits of coral, the pink-tipped shells. The fire was burning low, casting fantastic shadows on the wall and the low smoky ceiling, and in a patch of shifting light, hemmed in by the deepest of these shadows, sat Essica Darke, her small hands lying listless on her lap, her small head resting against the faded till of the chimney-piece, and all that shifting light upon her face.

Upon her face, flickering across its marble pallor, in her eyes, hiding dreamily beneath the languid lid; in her hair, changing all its tawny clusters to a dull red gold. For a while Renshaw stood silently looking at her; then he opened the tavern door and went in.

At the sound of that step on the sanded

floor Essica Darke started up. But, singularly enough, she did not turn, nor look at him. She drew nearer the chimney-piece, and dropped her arm upon it. A shadow swept over her face.

"Come in, Paul Lennox?" she said, bitterly.

"It is not Paul Lennox!" answered the voice of Renshaw.

He was standing beside her. For the first time she lifted her face. No change crossed it—no color; it staggered him for the moment with its look of utter calm.

"This is most unexpected," she said.

"And untimely—yes."

"Why do you come here—to-night, of all nights—and here, the last place in the world where Mr. Guy Renshaw should be?"

He winced a little under those strange searching eyes.

"Forgive me, Essica. I meant only to look at you through that window, and return. I have done so of late; but this night—"

She recoiled a step—he following. Her face grew white to the very lips.

"Stop!" she cried, sharp and imperative.

Their eyes met; slowly, reluctantly hers fell.

"I cannot—I will not!" he broke forth.

"Why should I? Do you not know what has befallen me, Essica?"

Still she waved him back.

"I know that the mistress of Brandt House is dead."

"And that I am penniless—disinherited! That to-night the humblest fisherman in the hamlet is not humbler than I? I leave the Headlands forever. All that future which I had planned for myself here is this night blotted out. Do you know all this, Essica?"

There he stood before her—stately and handsome, his rich dress, his white hands, his aristocratic bearing unchanged—humble, indeed, in nothing but his words.

"Are you mad or dreaming?" she cried.

"Neither! Do not look at me with such wild eyes, girl. Is it unseemly that I should come, almost from my mother's grave, to tell you this? you, who are dearer to me than aught else under heaven? you, whom I love as no man ever loves but once—Essica! Essica!"

The last barrier of pride and prudence swept away! He was down at her feet in the faint firelight, his passionate face up-

lifted to hers, transfigured—ay, and terrible in its love, its unspeakable tenderness; its yearning.

"There is naught between us now, Essica, my darling, my little hamlet girl! You cannot repel me now. You cannot tell me that my place is at Brandt House, and yours here! Yours? O girl, girl, it is in my heart of hearts forevermore!"

Wild with terror, wilder yet with a sort of dumb agony, Essica Darke's face grew. She cast out her hands—her slender childish hands, piteously, and as if to keep his passionate words away.

"Essica, speak to me!" he pleaded.

Her lips parted, but no sound came through them. She motioned him to rise, so imperiously that he could not but obey.

"Essica! my God! speak to me!"

He caught the hands in his own with a fierceness of which he was not aware. The marks of his fingers were left around the delicate wrists. A low bitter cry escaped her.

"I will speak to you!" she said. "I will tell you to go straight from this place, Guy Renshaw, and never look upon my face again! I will beg you—yes, upon my knees, to forgive me and forget me, and to remember that to love me is misery, and shame, and death!"

She raved! How could it be otherwise? How dared she stand up there, so white and sweet, and answer him with such folly. He looked at her in a sort of fierce anger, a mad amaze.

"Essica, you asked me a moment ago if I were dreaming or mad. Both, I think."

"Not dreaming," she answered, "but mad—mad, indeed, to linger here—mad to have come here at all, upon an errand like this!"

Renshaw set his teeth hard.

"Essica," he cried, "read me this riddle! I can see but one solution to it, one only—"

She caught her breath quick, involuntary.

"Paul Lennox!" said Renshaw.

There was no answer. The wind sighed across the tavern windows, poplar leaves stirred upon the pane. Outside, Renshaw's horse neighed loudly. Essica stood with her head drooping against the faded chimney-piece, the thin wavering shadows lengthening around her, and a look in her eyes that made Renshaw's heart thrill with an indefinable pain.

"Tell me," he cried out, flushing darkly, "Essica, before God, tell me if you love that man?"

She lifted her head.

"You shall not ask me," she replied; "neither will I answer you."

"By the heaven above us," said Renshaw, through his clenched teeth, "I will never leave you until I know!"

"Spare me—spare yourself!" cried Essica, shuddering; "has not sorrow enough come upon you already? We are parted, I tell you, as death itself could never part us, forever and forever!"

His face grew as white as her own.

"Essica, you torture me! I implore you to speak! Why talk of parting? What is Paul Lennox to you, girl—what are you to him?"

The answer dropped from her parted lips like a cry:

"I—I am his wife!"

Round and round for a moment the room went whirling. Far off and faintly, as if in a dream, Renshaw saw her white face, and heard those terrible words.

"Girl! girl!" he cried out, wildly. "It cannot be—it is impossible! You—a child—a mere child—his wife! Essica! Essica! say that I have not heard aright!"

"Guy, I have been his wife for five years!"

O that voice! So hopeless, so despairing, sending conviction home to his heart like an arrow's point. The words, indeed, he might doubt, but from that voice there was no appeal. Like one struck by some sudden blow, Renshaw staggered back against the wall.

"Forgive—O forgive me!" cried Essica, brokenly. "I could not tell you, and you would not be warned. Hear me one moment. Father or mother I have never known. To Paul Lennox I owe even this poor home—even the bread that I have eaten from my infancy. Why he has haunted me all my life—why he has been to me, here and everywhere, a constantly encircling power, as relentless as the grave, I do not know—I shall never know, perhaps, nor does it matter now. I was a child, hardly thirteen, at school where he had placed me—God forgive me! I wish that I had died then!—fore-doomed to be his wife from the beginning! That was the reward he claimed for the money lavished upon me and upon Moll Darke—the wretched—

O twice wretched mother, that sold me to such slavery!"

She stopped, her bitter voice dying out in one quick dry sob. Renshaw, with his face averted, and covered by one hand, motioned with the other imploringly for her to go on.

"We were married in secret. All mention of the matter was forbidden me. This is the first time it has passed my lips. I never saw him again till three months ago. I was at school, he abroad. To-day before the world he claims me as his wife!"

Renshaw started up. With one stride he stood before her. His fiery dark eyes blazed down into her own.

"Now you know," she said, firmly, "why it is that you should not remain here—why it is that I now bid you an eternal farewell. Go, and Heaven bless you!"

Her face was half uplifted, its long hair trailing in a golden gleam down the beautiful cheek—like pansies wet with rain; her large eyes shone sadly upon him—never in all her life had she looked so gloriously beautiful.

"Essica," he cried out, fiercely, striking his forehead with his clenched hand, "would to God that I could kill you—that I could strike you dead here as you stand! What saves you from me—do you know? Not your beauty or youth—not because you are the wife of that cursed villain—nothing under heaven but your love for me!"

A hand was laid on Renshaw's arm—a firm and strong hand drawing him quietly back. He turned, and looked down into the swarthy face of Mistress Moll Darke.

"Madman!" she said, under her breath, "so it has come at last! How dare you tempt that child?"

His gesture of abhorrence was not to be mistaken—he shook her hand haughtily from his cloak.

"Do not touch me, woman!" he cried. "Stand back! You! you who would sell to Paul Lennox your flesh and blood for a mess of pottage!"

Gaunt and tall upon the hearth, Moll Darke stood up betwixt the two. Her low retreating forehead, under its flaming handkerchief, and the keen eyes beneath, narrowed and darkened.

"Softly, young master! You are over bold. Flesh and blood of mine there is none, that I ken of, through the length and breadth of the earth. Look at us—are we alike?"

She caught Essica's fair round arm, and drew the shrinking girl out into the broad daylight. A low laugh fell from her lips.

"Look well! That soft white flesh—is it like mine? That pretty yellow hair? Good blood, they say, will show. Come, come, young master! Paul Lennox has a dainty wife, and I have kept her well for him; but she is not of my race, nor of my name."

Renshaw's brow grew black as night.

"What new farce is this?" he cried, sternly.

"One, I trow, that will cost you dear!" derisively. "Shall I tell you who this girl is?"

"If tongue like yours can speak the truth," he answered.

"Let it try, at least," she laughed. "You have heard of Christine Brandt to-day? Yes, and of her child, the heiress of those broad acres, that, but for her, would have been yours now—the highest lady in all the country round. Well, look at her—she stands before you—this love of yours, this wife of Paul Lennox."

Triumphantly she looked at him.

"You swear that this is true?" he said.

"I swear. To-morrow you will hear it from other lips. Now get you hence, Guy Renshaw. The riddle is solved."

Ay, solved indeed! Renshaw went stalking to the door.

"Farewell, Essica! The price of your sacrifice is rich, but not rich enough for this! They who reap it will reap bitter bread. I have loved you above all things earthly—I shall love you to the end."

No answer. Without word or cry Essica Darke had fallen, a white and senseless thing, to the sanded floor. He would have sprang to her, he would have lifted her up, but Mistress Moll waved him away.

"Go!" she cried; "you have done enough—you have broken her heart."

Quick as a flash of light he had caught one hand from the swarthy clasp of the woman, and pressed it to his lips. It was such a kiss as one might leave on the brow of the dead—freed from the taint of all earthly passion, eloquent of nothing but a great despair. One last look cast at the still face; then the door closed; a horse neighed softly; and then, through the night, and the rain, and the darkness, farther and farther from that accursed spot, Guy Renshaw was galloping away.

CHAPTER VI.

NOTHING, they tell us, is ever wholly lost. Yearly the world grows young, the dead rose blooms again, all bright and beautiful things have their time of resurrection. There is no death.

How, then, with these lives of ours—their wasted largesse? How then with the things which might have been, and will never be? Will they, too, live again—the dear joys, lost before fruition, the hopes we never harvested, the glorious possibilities never fulfilled? In the better life to come, shall we find them, like safely anchored ships which forgot to return to us here, from the far reaches of unknown seas?

Ah, who can tell?

Brandt House stood up among its trees, and lawns, and shrubbery, ugly, and grand, and unchanged, although a good twelve-month had passed and gone since we last saw it.

The sea sang its old song on the shore below; the same trees, to all appearances, hummed away socially in the roses and jasmine; the same wolf mastiffs lay sleeping lazily on the green terrace, and at a window above, in a patch of slanting afternoon light, sat Miss Edith Glendenning, crocheting.

What a bright sharp needle she had, and how it flew up and down, and in and out, through those meshes of colored wool! Miss Glendenning's face was still pale, her figure still angular, her dress still black. A few wrinkles had been added, perhaps, to the corners of the yellowish hazel eyes, and the eyes themselves had acquired an habitual downward droop; but otherwise she was Miss Glendenning still.

Some one came dauncing along the passage outside, singing a snatch of song as she came, and a bright elfish head was thrust through the open door.

"If you please," said Queen Mab, solemnly, "the mistress says will you come and dress her hair for dinner? Juliette has gone down to the shore."

Miss Glendenning rose quickly. Perhaps she had been waiting for a summons like this. She laid aside the colored wools and the sharp needle, and crossing the passage softly, knocked at the carved rosewood door of Mrs. Paul Lennox's dressing-room.

"Come in," said a languid voice from within.

Miss Glendenning turned the knob and entered. It was a perfect *bijou* of a room, all silver and rose-colored hangings, and scented Indian wood, and inlaid tables, and costly knickknacks generally. On a low sofa, piled with cushions, lay Essica, her face turned like a lily to the sunshine, a book slipping down her lap, and her desolate eyes fixed on a blue glint of distant day seen dimly through the window beyond. How well Miss Glendenning knew that look! how often she had seen it! A year before that face had been full of subtle promises—and lo! here was the fulfilment—pride, and coldness, and hauteur, every white Greek line grown hard and repellant—a child, in fact, transformed swiftly and irretrievably into a conscious woman.

Miss Glendenning, standing irresolute on the threshold, coughed behind her handkerchief. The dark discontented eyes turned.

"Ah, it is you?" said Essica, listlessly.

"You sent for me?" queried Miss Glendenning.

The book fell from Mrs. Paul Lennox's lap. She rose languidly, and walked to her dressing-table.

"Juliette has deserted," she said; "pardon me, I had no resource but you."

"I am always happy to serve Mrs. Lennox."

Essica sat down before the mirror, never once raising her eyes to the image reflected therein, and Miss Glendenning, drawing forth the heavy golden pin that held her hair, suffered it to drop in a torrent of shining gold down over her shoulders—down almost to the tufted floor. What lovely hair it was, and how it twisted, and curled, and clung around Miss Glendenning's fingers! She brushed out the silken mass, eyeing it the while like an ogress.

'Twas a pretty task, and easily done. Essica's white hands lay idly on her lap, and Miss Glendenning's dark ones worked with a will. Softly she fastened up the last rich coil.

"What ornaments will you wear?" she said.

Essica's lashes lifted.

"None. Or stay—there is a pearl comb somewhere among these trinkets—I will wear that."

Miss Glendenning began searching straightway on the dressing-table, among glittering

toilet ornaments, and boxes of sandalwood, and fans, and chains, and rings, and elegant jewel-caskets, hobnobbing together in the utmost carelessness and confusion. Presently the nervous dark hands were staid. There was silence.

"Have you found the comb?" asked Essica.

Hardly—something in its stead. Miss Glendenning was holding in her hand a long blue slender blade—a dagger, in fact, and a beautiful oddity of rare old Italian workmanship—what a singular ornament, to be sure, for Mrs. Paul Lennox's dressing-table! The hilt was of massive silver, surmounted by a serpent's crest, lined at every scale with the eyes of sea-green emeralds; a bright, bristling, cruel hilt, that seemed mocking you in secret and in silence!

Beneath it the long black flung off the sunshine, in a blue dazzle, broken only where the shadow of Miss Glendenning's hand fell.

"A pretty weapon," she said.

Essica turned and looked at the dagger, a faint flush streaking her white skin.

"It was the property of the late Mrs. Brandt," coldly, "and brought, I believe, from abroad."

"See!" said Miss Glendenning, "where it pierced my hand."

A single drop of blood lay large and wet on her outstretched palm. Immediately after there was a footstep and a low laugh behind her.

"It is dangerous playing with edged tools," said a voice, and Paul Lennox sauntered around Essica's chair, and, in a breath, flung back the sunlight from the dagger's edge by his own broad shadow cast darkly thereon.

"Pardon me for intruding," he began, looking hard at the cold averted face of Essica. "I came as an *avant-courier*—with news."

Miss Glendenning had dropped the dagger quickly, and recommenced her search for the missing comb.

"What news?" said Essica, dryly.

"Some that will interest you, I am sure," answered Lennox. "I have been to the hamlet."

Her slender hands stirred upon her lap—a quick rebellion of nerves which she could not quite control, and which his cruel and intent eyes devoured greedily.

"Mistress Moll has a guest at the Three

Petrels—arrived last night from New York—a friend of yours, Essica?"

"Madam," said the voice of Miss Glendening, "I do not find the comb—it is not here."

Essica rose from the dressing-table.

"Well, it does not matter," she said; "let it go. I will not detain you longer."

Inwardly, Miss Glendening was fain to indulge in a little laugh; but outwardly, she bowed, and with a courtesy, not without a spice of mockery, swept slowly by Paul Lennox, and withdrew through the rosewood door, leaving it ajar behind her.

"For Heaven's sake!" burst out Lennox, chafing, as the last fold of her dress disappeared in the passage, "why do you keep that woman here? Why have you had her clinging about you, like a burr, ever since Mrs. Braudt's death? I thought the house would be rid of her then."

"I keep her," answered Essica, haughtily, "because she is useful to me, and, moreover, because she is my friend."

Something in this assertion seemed to amuse Mr. Lennox. He laughed loudly.

"She's a she-devil!"

Essica deigned no answer. Miss Glendening, more generous, stood in the passage outside, with her finger on her lip, and whispered a smiling "thank you!"

"Humph!" pursued Mr. Lennox, toying with the silver-handled dagger upon the dressing-table; "women, as a general thing, are not greatly given to loving their rivals. You have never been aware, perhaps, that you held that interesting character toward Miss Glendening in a little affair I wot of a year ago."

How thoroughly cruel and pitiless the man was! Some of the blue steely gleam of the blade he held seemed reflected in his face. Essica, with crested head, looked at him.

"And is this," she said, "the news that you come here to tell?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Something akin to it."

"Then, indeed, it had best remain unsaid."

"What! so indifferent as that?" he sneered; "softly, my dear wife! Guy Renshaw is at the Headlands!"

She had turned her face away, so that the full effect of this announcement was lost to him. Neither flush nor tremor, that he could see—neither word nor sound,

that he could hear, betrayed that she had heard him. Lennox set his teeth.

"Essica," he repeated, smoothly, "that man is at the Headlands! Be so kind as to answer me—do you know it?"

Something in the tone stung her to the quick. Her eyes blazed.

"I?" she cried; "I know it? How dare you ask me?"

His eyebrows went up, and the corners of his thin hard mouth went down.

"Take care! You are a fine woman, Essica—a true child of *la belle* Christine—a magnificent woman, in fact, but can you deceive me? I think not!"

She answered nothing, only faced him, rigid, and white, and scornful.

"Do you think I do not know that under heaven there is nothing you hold so dear to-day as this Guy Renshaw? Well, let those rave of the grand passion who will—you and I did not marry for love, Essica!"

Her lip curled.

"True!"

"But come! what is this?" said Lennox, showing his white teeth. "I have learned to adore you, and you have learned to hate me—that is bad."

"Yes," echoed Essica, recoiling passionately from him, "to hate you!"

Lennox raised the beautiful Italian dagger, and looked at the emerald serpent on its crest.

"The way of the world," he said, with a laugh. "I have righted your wrongs—I have paid off sundry old scores concerning your family honor. I have placed in your possession one of the richest estates in the country—married you, in short, and made a fine lady of you, and you hate me! Bah! what ingratitude!"

"And for whose sake was all this done—yours or mine?"

"Pray forbear!" he answered, waving his hand, gracefully; "such points are always delicate."

She wrung her slender hands.

"O my life!" she broke forth, "lost, wronged, perverted! Could you not have spared me, Paul Lennox—bad and cruel as you were? Had I ever harmed you? Why did you not take the estate, and leave me alone?"

"I could not well have gotten it without you," he answered, coolly.

"It is to me, but the price of slavery—worse, a thousand times worse than death!"

I hate it! What has it ever brought me—but misery—misery?"

She was clinging to the broad casement, her great eyes full of unutterable pain, her thin nostrils dilated, and in her face a shrinking and loathing that perhaps he had never quite comprehended until then. He paled visibly.

"My dear child," he said, "you are going a trifle too far. There is something here needs looking to."

"If I might but know," she went on, "who and what I am—what wretched fortune it was that made me the heiress of this place, and why for me a mother disinherited an only son—surely, Paul Lennox, these things can be no mysteries to you—why will you not, why do you not tell me of them?"

"Really, my dear child," answered Lennox, mockingly, "I have told you a thousand times that you are the child of Christine Brandt."

"Ay, and who was Christine Brandt?"

He looked at her darkly.

"Go and importune the rocks of the sea!" he said; "it will do quite as much good as asking of that story from me."

"Am I never to know?" she cried, despairingly.

"Never—unless, indeed, the dead rise up to tell you!"

Weak and trembling, Essica fell back in the chair from which she had arisen.

"Then pray God that they may!" she said. "There—go now—leave me!" Lennox rose up.

"I hasten to obey you," he cried, kissing his hand to her; "so charming a tete-a-tete need not be prolonged. *Au revoir*, Mrs. Lennox; allow me to hope that I shall meet you at dinner."

He lolled out, humming an opera air as he went. Essica, with her head upon her hand, never looked nor stirred; so, nothing but the sunshine missed from that glittering dressing-table the long slender dagger of Italian workmanship, with its emerald crest.

Dinner at Brandt House was remarkably dull that day. There were no guests. Miss Glendening looked hard at the silky hair crowning Essica's slender head, but found no ornament therein—the pearl comb had not made its appearance. She looked, too, at the face beneath that hair—it was as expressionless as marble. Then

Miss Glendening sipped her soup quietly. Diamond cut diamond—trust one woman to read another.

The afternoon waned away, sad and chilly. A mist rolled up from the sea, and dropped like a wet gray veil over everything outside the doors of Brandt. In Mrs. Paul Lennox's dressing-room a bright little fire had been lighted, and Mrs. Paul herself came up from dinner, and sat down before it, with its light shimmering on her rich dress and jewelled hands, and all over the charming appointments of the room, but never reaching the desolate darkness of her eyes.

She did not sit there long; some restless spirit possessed her. Now the slender feet were wandering, ghostlike, across the tufted floor; now she stood at the window, with her forehead pressed against the pane, watching for that far-off glint of sea hidden in mist; and once Paul Lennox passed slowly down the gravelled walk beneath, clipping at the roses with his riding-whip, and calling to the wolf-mastiffs on the terrace, who lifted their great drowsy heads, and looked after him, but would not follow.

Paul Lennox disappeared among the wet shrubbery, and Essica, with a long-drawn breath, turned from the window. As the stiff folds of her dress swept across the corner of the dressing-table, something dislodged from thence, white and fluttering, like a bird, and fell down to the floor at her feet. It was a folded paper, tied with a slip of ribbon.

Vaguely wondering, Essica picked it up, wondering yet more when she found her own name written upon the outer surface of the sheet in ink that was hardly dry. It was a woman's writing, somewhat hurried, but remarkably bold and handsome—a writing, in short, characteristic of the writer, for it was Miss Glendening's.

Essica's first impulse was to ring the bell and summons that young lady; her next, to examine the package more closely, and lo! faintly traced in pencil, beneath her own name, were the following words:

"Do not seek to know how this history fell into my hands. It is neither yours nor mine. I resign it to you, that the things which have been hidden may be revealed. Read."

Trembling with a sudden and indefinable dread, Essica sank into a seat, and loosed

the narrow ribbon. The package opened, and there fell into her lap, not one sheet, but several, enclosed together in an outer wrapping, some yellow and discolored, as if by time, others, bearing the impress of a later date, but all closely written, not in Miss Glendenning's hand, nor in any hand that she had ever seen before.

Like one in a dream, Essica began to read. Brightly the firelight danced across the rose-colored hangings and Indian carving of the room. The sea-mist filtered through the wet shrubbery outside, and clung to the pane like tears; round the old gables the east wind began to moan, like a lost spirit, and presently the twilight settled over all.

Still she sat there, still she read on. Was it some beautiful shape, carved in stone, or a living, breathing woman? Nothing but the mechanical dropping of the blurred and blotted sheets, one by one, betrayed her. She hardly stirred, she scarcely breathed.

Stealthily the dark crept in, gathering first in the corners, and closing silently up to the chair wherein Mrs. Paul Lennox sat. The ivy at the lattice was shaking the wet tremulously from its leaves. Outside the howl of the wolf-mastiffs rose up drearily. Surely so sad a night had never settled down on Brandt before.

Then the last word was read—the last sheet fluttered mockingly from Essica's rigid hand, and in the fast-gathering darkness, she started up, with one sharp fierce cry. Great God! Could it be a reality? the black horror that had girted her suddenly? Stunned, bewildered, she looked around. Yonder was the window, and beyond it the deepening night; and Essica stood there, staring blankly, with the fatal papers strewn around her, and mid all chaos of that poor sick brain of hers, but one thought—one purpose developing itself, fixed and unalterable, and that thought and that purpose was—flight.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A FRAGMENT.

BY CLAUDIE COURTNEY.

A little boat floated out one day
Where the musical ripples were all at play;
The waters sweet and the sun's soft beam
Welcomed the stranger to the stream.
Along the banks there were violets blue,
And graceful ferns of the fairy's hue:
The sky was as clear as sky could be,
And the air was one throb of bird minstrelsy.

The winds were soft, and the scene was fair,
Yet the little boat remained not there;
The flowers were many, the stream grew wide,
And the sunshine dazzled on every side.
Still on and on in a happy dream
The wee boat drifted and kissed the stream,
While far in the sweets of the first dim track
Fond voices were calling, "Come back! come back!"

The banks grow rocky, the waves run high,
And dark clouds cover the smiling sky;
Yet nothing can check that onward sweep,
Though dark the passage, the waters deep,
For the boat is Life, and the stream called Time;
And no Arbor is found in shade or shine
Till the waves rush out to the waiting sea,
And the boat is moored in Eternity.

Muscadine, Iowa, Sept., 1874.

PHILIP AND LOUISE.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

THE names given in the title of this story are cut in the stone walls of a room in an old building in France, which was once the property of Cardinal Mazarin—The story runs thus:

It was a cold and cheerless night during the regency of Anne of Austria. It was wet, too; so wet, that the garments of a man who was passing through the gardens of the Palais Royal, had become thoroughly saturated.

He made his way hastily, nor slackened his speed until he reached a gate, the key of which he had lost, or forgotten. After a vain search he uttered an exclamation of surprise or dismay.

The situation was, indeed, an unpleasant one, for the path he had traversed led only to the apartments of the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, and the hour was an unseasonable one. Moreover, he could only enter his own apartments through this gate, for the man shivering with cold and fear, was the wily statesman, Cardinal Mazarin. For some time he walked back and forth, in sheer vexation, and then was forced by extreme cold to attempt climbing the high fence with iron railings, that seemed to defy his efforts to reach the haven he sought. It was just possible he might do this without disturbing the guard, who were stationed at either end of the fence.

But accustomed as he was to political climbing, he was in this case destined to ignominious failure, for his cardinal's robe caught an iron point, just as he thought himself safely over, and he could only call lustily for help.

This adventure of the cardinal was first whispered in the saloons, and then spoken boldly of, by the young count Philip de Villeneuve, who was a gentleman of great wealth and very handsome. He had lived a somewhat gay and reckless life, was admired by Queen Anne, and was a favorite at court. The antiquarian Delarue asserts that the queen-mother was at that time secretly married to Mazarin, who feared and was jealous of, the young count, and had long been seeking some way to effect his ruin. Now he was resolved. Fear and

jealousy had become bitter hatred, and on a charge of treason Philip was imprisoned.

He was not long, however, in making his escape, and astonished the lords and ladies of the court, by appearing among them in velvet doublet, gold fringe, and point lace, entertaining all within his circle, by relating his experience as a prisoner, until the entrance of the lord cardinal, when he was again arrested, and taken back to his cell.

Again the count escaped from his hated prison, and again appeared among his friends in court dress, which news was immediately carried to the cardinal. Before the evening had ended, and while he was conversing with Clara de Hautefort, the guards led him from the brilliant saloon, and placed him, manacled and blindfolded, in a close carriage, so that the gay courtier had no idea where they were taking him; but knew by the distance that it must be far away from the Bastille, the gay court he loved so well, and the fair-haired Anne of Austria, whose vanity he had flattered by his boyish devotion, but whose displeasure he had incurred, by an unfortunate and ill-timed pleasantry. At length the horses slackened their pace, and leaving the carriage, the guards took the prisoner through long and winding passages, keeping him blindfolded, until within the room which was henceforth to be his prison. This room was low and long. The stone walls formed an arch overhead, and the windows were barred and double barred; while everything around was mouldy and fast going to decay.

Before the sense of bewilderment had passed away, his jailor came hobbling over the stones on crutches, for he was lame, and had but one arm.

"Why am I here?" the count asked, looking gloomily around. "The Bastille was better than this."

"It is for the cardinal's pleasure, that young nobles are sent here; you need not ask me why. How should I know, indeed? My orders are, that between us, Louise and I, we keep you safe from all harm, allowing you no opportunity of making your escape under penalty of death, do you hear? Death! Should Count Philip de Villeneuve

escape us, we are both to be put to death. No hat and cloak floating in the water below, no figure placed upon yonder bed will save us; for should you escape by stratagem from this place, your jailors are to be hanged in the courtyard below."

Louise and I

"Louise!" repeated the young nobleman. "Who is Louise?"

"My daughter. I am too lame to go back and forth all day long. Louise will be your keeper; so, while I keep guard at the entrance, Louise will be in this passage, and will attend you faithfully. Never fear, she will guard you carefully, for—she had orders from the lord cardinal."

"Is she young?" the prisoner asked.

"Yes, young enough; twenty or thereabouts; mayhap you'll fall in love with her."

The count observed a sarcastic smile upon the father's ghastly countenance, as he went hobbling away through the long passage.

The remark was a cruel one, for a father to make concerning an unfortunate child; but disappointment had made him bitter, for he had once hoped great things from the great beauty of Louise's face.

"Young, twenty or thereabouts," mused the prisoner. "Not a bad idea. I will fall in love with her—apparently, and then she will find some means to effect my escape, for it is only by strategy that I can hope to escape from this place. They will be vigilant, if their life depends on my being kept here. Yes, I will fall in love with this girl. She need not be hanged for it, either; for, if she liberates me, I can take her away from here, and provide for her handsomely; there is an old place of mine—"

Here his meditations were interrupted by the turning of a key. The door slowly opened, and what did he see? deformity in its most hideous aspect—dwarfed deformity.

Was this the daughter—and had the father made a cruel jest of her misfortune? Love, or even the semblance of it, in connection with such an object, filled his soul with a shuddering horror. When he had sufficiently overcome this feeling he looked again; this time into the face of his strange jailor. Any of the court beauties would have given all the wealth they possessed for such beauty as the count looked upon for the first time.

A complexion of wonderful purity and fairness, an abundance of hair falling in

soft masses upon the bent shoulders; eyes large and lustrous; features as regular as though chiselled from marble, and an expression which changed rapidly from sympathy to sarcasm, as the prisoner, forgetful of all else, studied her face. At length she spoke:

"The Count Philip de Villeneuve was not aware that the cardinal is a collector of curiosities. I am a specimen—Louise Bertole, at your service."

Her voice was so singularly sweet, her pronunciation so perfect, that the count could not but answer her respectfully, notwithstanding the sarcasm hidden beneath its sweetness.

"I beg pardon, Louise, if my steady gaze has offended; but I am so much bewildered, and everything seems so strange, that I fear I have forgotten the manners becoming a gentleman."

"There will be no need to remember them here," she said, sadly; "you will see no one but my father and myself. I came to bring you bread."

She had answered with such gentle dignity that he was at a loss for words, and he commenced eating the bread she had brought him, looking down upon it, while she in her turn studied his face.

Then she brought him water to drink, and left him to his musings, which were of a different nature than before her coming.

Had this gay courtier heart enough to abandon the project he had formed, of gaining his liberty through the love he should awaken in the heart of one whom he had imagined to be as beautiful in form as in features; when, instead of the ideal he had formed, he saw an object of pity, and from which a man would naturally shrink?

He had lived a gay dissolute life, and his heart was not one to be touched easily, but his plans were disconcerted. It would not be easy, even could he conquer the aversion he felt, to make this girl believe that he was even interested in her, for in this one interview he comprehended the character with which he had to deal. To such sensitiveness as is ever the portion of unfortunate beings like Louise Bertole, was added the sarcasm taught her by bitter experience. She had lived her life alone. Years ago, when she was a child, other children had shrank from the caresses she would have lavished upon them, and her father had not been able to love her, as he had

loved the perfect children whose lives had not been spared to him.

"It will take time," he thought; "but this girl must love me. I can see no other way of obtaining my freedom."

Gradually he gained the confidence of Louise, and learned that the place in which he was imprisoned was a house belonging to Mazarin, and was a kind of prison, where the cardinal confined his own personal enemies, or more properly speaking, those courtiers he hated for some real or supposed influence which they had over the queen-mother.

At length the prisoner reproached his keeper with being harsh and unkind to him, as she was at times, the manner having become habitual to her; but in her heart there was all kindness toward the young and handsome nobleman.

"You should not treat me unkindly, Louise," he said, "because others have failed to understand the beauty of your soul." And so with gentle tender words he melted the ice which was an outer covering only of the deformed girl's heart. Beneath it her heart beat with generous impulses, and true womanly feeling. Still, the approach to the love he had determined on was slow, so slow that when months had passed, he had no longer the desire to win it as a means of obtaining freedom.

In Louise he had found a companion. Her clear subtle intellect had for him a sort of fascination. She had all her life treasured up poetry and romance; had mastered more of science than his idle life had given him time to do. The loneliness of the prison had become something of the past; the courtier had become a student, the cell a library; for he was not without money from his own estates, and Louise could readily get for him whatever he wished from Paris. He had forgotten to think of her as a repulsive being, as day by day the beauty of her mind revealed itself.

She learned her power, and in this sweet companionship, his mind soared above the selfishness which had dwarfed it. In this strange friendship he had found rest, and awaited patiently for the time when his persecutors should be induced, through the persuasions of his friends, to liberate him.

To Louise this companionship had opened a new world and her love became devotion. Anxiously she watched the fading color, and saw the face which was to her as the

face of an angel, grow thin and colorless.

The room, with low arches and stone walls, was dark and damp; Philip had been accustomed to sunshine, warmth and liberty, until he was so unfortunate as to incur the cardinal's displeasure.

The bread Louise brought him was hardly tasted, and she often contrived to elude the vigilance of the old soldier her father, and carry to Philip's cell delicacies she had prepared. But all seemed of no avail, and he became so sad that even Louise's smiles failed to cheer him. As his strength failed, she nursed him more tenderly, but the fever in his veins was not to be thus destroyed.

"Philip, dear Philip," she said, clasping her small hands in anguish, "you will die here;" then added slowly and distinctly—"you must go away!"

Her tender thoughtfulness, together with a prospect of freedom, invigorated him so much that the color came into his face, and the light to his eyes. Then, as the impossibility of this presented itself to his mind, he sobbed aloud.

"No, Louise, it is quite impossible!" he answered, at length.

"Nothing is impossible to those who are determined," she said; and so left him to wonder at her courage and devotion.

The following evening Louise opened the door, saying, "Philip you must follow me."

He followed her through passage after passage, as one in a dream, until at length they stood beneath the canopy which is at night studded with stars. It was to him as a glimpse of heaven, and the air seemed to cool the fever in his veins. After breathing it in silence for a few moments, he said, giving a sigh of relief:

"Now, my sweet friend and comforter, I am ready to go in; back to my prison cell. I shall be better for this."

"Back, Philip!" she exclaimed, "when I have everything planned for your escape? No! Go and be happy."

"Never!" he answered. "Do I not know that my life will be your death?"

"It may not be so," she said in her beautiful renunciation of self; "and it is certain death for you to reenter those walls. Do I not know the prison fever? Philip, I bid you go; to remember poor Louise only as a dream, which, although frightful at first, you did not fear at the last."

"Neither do I fear to meet my fate. I am no coward! Come," he said, taking her hand, "let us return to our books."

Then from the depths of those lustrous eyes the soul looked out, as she answered with unflinching devotion:

"Phillip, I cannot let you die. Go!"

The word was a command, and for the moment the deformed girl a queen. She had determined on his release; and he allowed himself to hope that he could return, and take her, with her father, to a place of safety, before Mazarin was aware of his escape, as he did not intend to present himself at court as in times past.

"I will go," he said, fondly kissing her fair brow; "but, Louise, I will not desert you, for I shall soon return, and place you with your father in a home which shall be all your own."

With those words he disappeared, and Louise Bertole kneeling, clasped her hands, and breathed a prayer for his safety.

He reached his friends; but the fever was not to be baffled; and during his ravings his friends concealed him carefully. At length, when consciousness and sufficient strength returned, he was told that Louise and her father had been placed in

close confinement, and were sentenced to death.

He remembered the favor the queen-mother had sometimes shown him, and hastened to her, to plead with her for her influence with Mazarin in behalf of his liberator and her father. She promised to intercede for them, and he hastened to the prison to carry this encouragement to Louise.

The vengeance of the cardinal had been swift, and the sight Count Philip de Villeneuve saw in the courtyard was one which saddened his future life.

Upon a rude table were stretched two forms, and sheets covered them. Near by was the scaffold.

He was never imprisoned again, as Mazarin's death occurred soon after the events related above; but the shadow of that scaffold hung over him forever, and the serious man who took the place of Count Philip de Villeneuve bore no resemblance to that gay courtier. The tragedy of his prison life had made him seem to himself a ghost among men. The remaining years of his life he devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, and he was called "Philip the Philosopher."

OUR REN.

BY N. P. DARLING.

THE summer that I was twenty-two I spent at home, in company with my sister Meg and a schoolmate of hers from the A— Seminary—a Miss Lorence Pennoyer. To say that Lorence was beautiful, would not half express it. She was charming, bewitching, dazzling—stunning—ah! that's the word I've been in search of. Yes, she was perfectly stunning. As near as I can calculate, she was a perfect Juno! Decidedly magnificent! Just such a woman as a man of meek disposition would feel in duty bound to worship. But, as I was not one of those meek and lowly sort of men, I felt no inclination to bow the knee to this truly grand and really superb female. Still, she awakened such feelings and emotions in this heart of mine, as no other woman had ever done. To be plain about the matter, she raised the very deuce with my heart, before I had been acquainted with her twenty-four hours.

"She talked, she smiled, my heart she wyl'd
She charmed my soul, I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Carn frae her een sae bonnie blue."

Yes, she had bonnie blue eyes, and beautiful dark brown hair; and then *such* a mouth! Rich ripe lips that reminded me of about three-quarters of a yard of red (fine red) flannel. Her pearly teeth, when she smiled, bore a very strong resemblance to the "finger-board" of a grand piano; and then that smile—ah! you should have seen it! Comparatively speaking, condensed sunshine was dim and misty beside it. The extraordinary brilliancy of her smiles at night fairly made the moon turn pale.

As I think I remarked before, her form was superb. She measured just five feet and nine inches "from tip to tip," and the circumference of her delicate wasplike waist was just forty-nine inches.

Dear reader, I ask you candidly, do you

think it possible for a human being with the warm blood of youth and health coursing like a courser along his veins, to look upon so *much* beauty unmoved? "Ah! too well I know your answer. To my fate I meekly bow." I succumbed. "It is my destiny," I said, "and destiny who shall resist?"

My father, Josiah Grammot, is a wealthy farmer. Being an only son, the paternal Grammot wishes me to remain at home, get married as soon as possible, and settle down. Sister Meg, of course, would soon be married; for, being a Grammot, you know, it was impossible for her to be anything but handsome, witty, agreeable and affectionate. All the Grammots, so far back as we know anything of them, have all possessed the above-mentioned good qualities and personal attractions. Even I, your humble servant, Amariah Grammot, am noted for my good looks, my amiable disposition, and my high moral character.

Of course, as my father entertained such hopes in regard to me, he could not but look kindly upon the fair Lorence. Possessing excellent good sense, and a great deal of discernment, it was easy for him to see how all things were working toward a grand and glorious consummation.

I saw it, too—I felt it in my heart of hearts. O what a happy summer we passed! Methinks there is more exquisite happiness in loving, as I did then, when you are not positively *sure* that your passion is returned. The beautiful woman whom you love, but of whose feelings you are rather doubtful, makes a peculiarly pleasant study. Like reading a novel, after you learn the plot, the book loses its greatest interest and its principal charm. Not but that it is very sweet to *know* that we are beloved; but isn't the doubt excruciatingly blissful? I thought so, at least, and it was for that very reason that I delayed as long as possible to break the pleasing spell. I luxuriated in the doubt, though feeling at the same time a strong desire to bet ten to one upon the result.

But all earthly things must come to an end. Angels' visits, I believe, generally have a termination; and Lorence's visit (she was an angel, though on a rather large scale,) at last reached its *finale*. She must go back to school. Only one term more, and then she would be free.

It was the last evening before her depart-

ure. The moon shone brightly, the stars twinkled gayly, and the crickets chirped in the meadows. I've noticed in books, that lovers generally choose such nights to declare their passions. I did the same. Lorence took my arm, and we walked down through the grove, listening to the glad song of the mosquitos warbling their evening lays.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed, in tones of rapture.

"Yes, very," Lorence answered, looking straight at my nose, though whether she had any reference to my nasal organ or not, history does not state.

"Lorence," I began, in a voice choked with emotion, "to-morrow we part!"

She sobbed, and just then a great tear came splashing down her face, and striking one side of my nose, came very near washing my mustache away.

"I shall be very unhappy when thou art gone, Lorence."

(Sob No. 2.)

"I shall miss thee, I shall miss the soft light of thine eyes, the sweet music of thy voice, thy sunny smiles and thy dear companionship."

(Several heavy sobs washed with dewy tears. Very fine raw on the half shell.)

"Lorence, darling!" I cried, clasping her to my patient palpitating bosom, "I have learned to love thee in these happy weeks. I have basked in thy smiles—my ears have drank in the melody of thy voice. Ah! darling! dearest Lorence! I love thee better than all the world beside!"

"O, Am—am—a—riah—riah—riah!" she sobbed. "I—I—I—"

"You do love me, darling?"

"Ye—ye—yes, I d—d—do!" she answered, between her sobs.

I pressed her to my bosom once again, and attempted to kiss the tears away. Ah, as well might I have begun at the Mississippi's delta to kiss that river dry. Those tears (they were tears of joy, of course,) came rushing down upon me, very much, I suspect, as did the waters of the Red Sea upon Pharaoh and his host. But I survived, and what is quite as strange, Lorence did too. But our parting was terrible in the extreme. I cannot describe it. Had a short-hand reporter been upon the ground at the time, I presume he might have done the subject justice. But for my own part, I was so overwhelmed with the thought

that I was about to lose my darling, that I retain but a confused recollection of what transpired. I only know that we parted; Lorenca went back to school, and I was left alone in my misery.

How my heart ached when she was gone, those who have "loved and lost" can tell. "My peaceful home had no charms for me." I lived upon hope and Lorenca's letters; and, between you and me, my gentle reader, I found neither one *very* nutritious. I grew very thin and pale. Father noticed it and was alarmed. He recommended a change of scene, and as my uncle, Amos Grammot, was very anxious that I should visit him in the city, I did so now.

Uncle Amos was pleased to see me, and he did all in his power to make my visit pleasant; and I confess to being moderately happy while there, considering that my beloved Lorenca was so far away.

I was in the habit, while in the city, of visiting the public library nearly every day. In fact, hardly a day passed over my head that I did not spend several hours in the reading-room. After a time I began to recognize others who were as constant in their attendance at the library as myself. One old gentleman, in particular, interested me more than all the others. I had always found him there when I went in, and left him there when I went away. He seemed to take but little interest in those around, but kept his eyes intently fixed upon the book before him, hardly ever raising them, except it was to take a pinch of snuff, of which I discovered he was more than ordinarily fond. He might have been fifty years of age, or over, of medium size, and rather inclined to corpulency. His hair was slightly gray, eyes large and blue, nose aquiline, mouth rather broad with very firm lips, though much inclined to curl into a smile.

He always appeared dressed in a suit of dark gray cloth from head to foot, and wore a very glossy black beaver upon his head, and a heavy gold chain across his vest. Besides, I noticed a massive gold ring upon his finger, which from the brilliancy of the stone I took for a diamond. To all appearance he was a gentleman, and probably moderately well off in the world.

Perhaps it was a fortnight after I had first noticed him in the library, that I met him on the street. He was smoking a cigar and walking leisurely along, swinging

a heavy gold-headed cane. I bowed and touched my hat, and he saluted me in return. An hour after that I met him again at the library. He saw me when I came in, and leaving his chair, he came over and took a seat beside me, and we entered into conversation.

We discussed several questions to our heart's content, when suddenly the gentleman turned upon me with the question:

"Do you know the Grammots, of C—?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied. "That is my native town, and in fact, I am a Grammot."

"I was sure of it—sure of it," the old gentleman cried. "You are Josiah Grammot's son."

"The very same."

"Why, bless you, boy, I knew your father well—went to school with him, in fact. Didn't he ever tell you anything about his old friend, Abel Chilcott?"

"Of course he has, many a time; and often I have heard him express the wish that he might see you again," I replied.

"To be sure, to be sure; and here I've been talking of going down to C— for the last ten years. Why only a day or two ago, I was speaking to my wife about Josiah—she knew him well. Your father will remember her. She was an Overton—old Captain Overton's daughter—used to live in that old red house over 'tother side of Muggins Hill. Well, well, how times have changed! I've changed, too—have been most all over the world, since I was in C—. Josiah's been prospered, of course, nothing to hinder, with half of the Grammot property for his own. I hadn't anything to commence life with. Had to begin alone and take all the hard knocks and give 'em back, too. Well, well, well, and so you are Josiah's son? Are you the only child?"

"I have one sister, sir."

"Ah, indeed?" And so the old gentleman kept rattling on for half an hour. When I arose to go, he invited me to call upon him at his house.

"You must come up, my boy, I want to have a good long talk with you."

I promised to do so, and not only made the promise good, but finding my visits so agreeable, I spent at least three evenings a week at his house.

In this way two months passed swiftly by. About that time I received a letter from my dear Lorenca, saying that as soon

as the school should close, she should hurry home where she intended to stop a week, and then she should go to C—— to visit my sister. There was only one thing that seemed to trouble the dear creature, and that was the fear that her father, who it seems was a very "stern parent," might put a stop to our correspondence, as up to that time none of her family knew anything of it.

We had neither of us thought of this before, or at least if I had, I supposed that by going to the paternal Pennoyer and stating our case, he would at once give his consent to our union. But I did not let this trouble me a great deal, for about this time something arose that gave me plenty of food for thought.

You see, Mr. Chilcott and his wife had grown very fond of me from some reason or other. My uncle hinted to me that my father had been a lover of Mrs. Chilcott's in the days of her girlhood, but whether that had anything to do with that lady's interest in my welfare, I know not. I only know that it became very distasteful to me being carried to such an extent, for, will you believe it? Mr. and Mrs. Chilcott had put their heads together and selected a wife for me!

I cannot undertake to describe my feelings when Mr. Chilcott first introduced the subject. I was completely stunned.

"Why, my dear sir, I am engaged!" I cried.

"Fudge!"

"I am a man of honor, Mr. Chilcott."

"Not another girl like her in the world, boy! Sweet, sensible, handsome, agreeable, affectionate—everything in fact, that a man needs in a wife. I tell you, my boy, my niece Ren is a perfect jewel!"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it, my dear sir; but you see it is impossible!"

"Fudge!"

"You are unreasonable, Mr. Chilcott."

"Not a bit of it. You haven't seen her—my Ren. She's coming to-day. Call up this evening, boy. This rushing headlong into matrimony, sir, with an *ordinary* woman, when my Ren is to be had for the

asking, is altogether unreasonable. I want she should have a good husband, and *you* are just the man for her. I don't know of another young man that I would recommend to her, and 'pon honor, she's the only girl I could recommend to you. I shall expect you up this evening. I only want you to see her, and I'll go bail for the rest. Now don't disappoint me;" and Mr. Chilcott turned on his heel and left the library.

After thinking the matter over deliberately, I concluded to go. It was to be my last night in the city, and I felt secure against all the arts a woman could bring to bear against me in one evening. "Of course she can't compare with my dear Lorenca," I said.

Ah, how the thought of her thrilled my soul! I had not seen her for three months, but still my heart beat just as warm and true as ever. That evening I called upon Mr. Chilcott. That gentleman answered the bell in person, and ushered me into the parlor. Mrs. Chilcott greeted me, and then I turned towards the sofa, where I had caught just a glimpse of a young lady reclining, as I entered the room.

I heard my name called. Ah! could I mistake that voice?

"Am I dreaming?" I cried. "No, no, those eyes! that nose! those pearls and rubies! It is, it is my Lorenca!"

We fell into each other's arms.

"Why, what the deuce—" cried Mr. Chilcott. "I thought you were engaged?"

"And so I am, my dear sir; and this is the lady, whom I have sworn to love."

"What, our Ren?"

"Yes, your Ren," the dear creature answered.

"Bless my stars, Mrs. Chilcott, we shan't make the match, after all!"

"Well, but you can help us," I said.

"How, my dear boy?"

"Obtain Mr. Pennoyer's consent to our marriage."

"Of course, I will;" and of course he did, for just six weeks from that day, I led the beautiful, magnificent, dazzling, stunning and blushing Lorenca Pennoyer to the altar, and we twain were made one flesh.

FOR PIQUE

BY CORA CHESTER.

THEY two sat together in the gathering twilight, he a handsome man of thirty, and she a plain, rather awkward girl, in her teens. What Guy Trenholm found to interest him in this rather dowdy specimen of womankind, his friends had queried in vain. The fact stood he was interested, in spite of his oft-repeated declaration to his admiring hangers-on, that "girls were a decided bore, and that he for one had wearied of love-making."

Hilda Grenville's plain face wore an expression new to it, as she sat on a low step at Trenholm's feet, watching every change in the worldly face, whose owner gazed at the sky, and lazily puffed away at a fragrant Havana. Perfect content and love shone in the honest eyes raised to his face, and Trenholm caught the look of devotion as the lids drooped over the gray orbs to hide her secret. He smiled in a self-satisfied manner down upon her in a sort of pity for her weakness.

"Well, little Hilda, of what are you thinking? You have no idea how bright your eyes are. You seem to me the very personification of happiness. How I envy you your enjoyment of life?"

"Why should I not be happy, Mr. Trenholm? I have so many things to make me so. I have thanked God every night this summer for my undeserved blessings."

"Only this summer, Hilda? Were you not happy before I came, little one?"

The voice, inexpressibly sweet and tender, brought the ready tears to Hilda's eyes. No one had ever spoken so kindly to the lonely girl before, and no wonder this man, whom she had seen every day for weeks, had gained such dangerous power over her heart. She turned her burning cheeks and wet eyes from his half-tender, half-critical gaze. Girl as she was, she was woman enough of the world to know that she must hide from him her love until he had at least expressed a desire to possess it.

Trenholm drew a little closer toward this girl who so strangely attracted him, and took one dark labor-stained hand in his own. His critical eyes scanned the

small fingers held so tightly in his broad white hand, then dropped further down, and took in, in one swift glance, the dark calico dress and cowhide shoes of his divinity.

Was this a creature to adorn a summer's romance? this a woman likely to grace the future home of Guy Trenholm, Esquire?

Poor Hilda's plain sunburned face, shilling calico and coarse boots had undone their unfortunate possessor for once, at least. Her fate was decided in that one brief instant by the man beside her. He dropped her hand, and rose from the two chairs he had been occupying with a weary yawn.

"You've been a blessing to me in this desert, Hilda. What would the summer have been without you? Well, I must leave next week. Will you miss me very much when I'm gone?"

He waited in vain for an answer. The girl at his feet struggled hopelessly to utter some commonplace regrets. How she envied at the moment the self-possession of Miss Van Cortland, whose rich dress could be seen behind the heavy shrubbery at the gate; or of any of the heartless flirts who had flitted now and then up to the old farmhouse from the fashionable springs, only a half mile away.

Trenholm's sharp eyes had detected also Miss Van Cortland's presence, and a dark ugly look crossed his face. Some memory of the past stung him as he gazed, and the present, filled with Hilda Grenville's love, ceased to satisfy him.

Gertrude Van Cortland, a plain swarthy woman, rather inclined to *embonpoint*, advanced with slow steps up the road. Her small black eyes took in the moonlighted porch, and Hilda's slight figure at Trenholm's feet. An angry scowl darkened her heavy features.

"What a charming tableau, Trenholm! Gotten up for my appreciative eyes, or does Miss What's her-name attitudinize for your especial benefit every evening? O for the pencil of a Hogarth!"

Hilda arose with scarlet cheeks, and pushed past the pair. Miss Van Cortland

spoke again, in a soft purring tone, to Mr. Trenholm:

"Guy, you may wonder what induced me to take this lonely walk from the hotel at this hour. Will you walk back with me while I explain the reason?"

They in a sentimental undertone:

"I have been so very unhappy since last winter. I feel that it will be hard to win your forgiveness for my past folly."

Trenholm looked down upon the coarse heavy features and richly-dressed figure, and turned half away.

Hilda's tender eyes and childish voice seemed pleading with him not to go. After all, was not the present far dearer to him than any dead past? Was it wisest for him to dig up from its grave what was at best but a selfish fancy.

This modern young man was somewhat of a Sybarite by nature, as most modern young men are, and his heart longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt. After all, did such a thing as love really exist? and was it not the height of fanaticism to give up a certain future and fine fortune for what was at best but an intangible romance? If he was sure that he loved Hilda—but he was not sure, and ambition, long silenced, because of insufficient means and luxurious habits, rapped at his heart, and drove Hilda from his thoughts and life.

Miss Van Cortland stood upon the lower step of the porch, and lifted her rich skirts with both jewelled hands. Trenholm's moment of indecision had passed; with one glance back at the old farmhouse, and a half sigh for a shattered summer idyl, he folded Miss Van Cortland's shawl tenderly about her shoulders, and walked down the moonlighted path towards the village.

What passed between them can be readily guessed by a glimpse at their past.

Guy Trenholm had universally been voted a good fellow by the men of his club; not very rich in this world's goods, but undoubtedly, if fortune proved kind, destined, by his own talents and pluck, for a brilliant future. He proved his ability to win Fortune's favor by paying court to one of her most favored daughters; was graciously received, and given a first place among the many admirers striving for Miss Van Cortland's hand and vast estate.

The many became narrowed to two ere the season was over—a German count (one

of the fair Gertrude's countrymen), and Trenholm, elegant in person, perfect in manners, and irresistibly winning to fashionable women who desire very marked devotion from their followers.

Trenholm became her constant attendant at ball, opera and promenade, and considered himself all but openly engaged.

He was lounging in his apartments one morning, dawdling over a late breakfast, when Mark Eggleston, one of those men who are as great gossips as any of the weaker sex, burst open the door, and threw himself upon the lounge with a malicious laugh. News—and uncommon news, too—made his face radiant.

"Well, old boy, all upper-tendom is roused! What the dickens do you think has happened?"

"What a breeze you are, Eggleston! Cannot form an idea. Something is always happening," with a highbred languor worthy of Dundreary himself.

"Well, your nose is out of joint, at any rate. Sorry for you, old boy," with an ill-suppressed merriment that belied his words. "'pon honor, I am. It's confounded hard to be made such a fool of by any woman. I thought the fellows would all have burst this morning laughing over it at the club. We all agreed such a fortune wasn't to be picked up with every ugly woman. Query—why the deuce are pretty girls always poor? They are, positively, and the same holds good of pretty young men. You and I are the lawful prey of designing females. What fools women are, though! My colored valet, disguised as a Spanish nobleman, could catch any one of them. If they can only 'read the title clear,' it's all right. For a title now," with a didactic wave of the hand in Trenholm's direction, "real worth and beauty, as represented in the person of my unfortunate and respected friend opposite, are coolly cast aside!"

"Stop your noise, will you," shouted Trenholm, "and explain yourself?"

"O, it's a mere nothing," drawing a paper from his pocket, and smoothing it out in his effeminate white hands; "merely a little article in 'Our Society' that I thought might be of momentary interest to you. It is only the announcement of Miss Van Cortland's engagement to—that fat old Dutchman of a count."

The angry blood dyed Trenholm's face.

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "Who has

dared to print it? I'll make the man suffer—I'll—"

"Hush, my dear fellow," with an irritating tap-upon the excited man's shoulder; "don't get heated over it; don't now, I beg! The devil's always to pay when women are around. It isn't a lie. I had it from Bernstein's own lips this very morning. It is true, every word, and the fellows at the club were all congratulating him, and pitying you, as I came away. I knew you'd feel cut up, so I hurried around, to be the first to tell you."

Trenholm shook off his friend's hand, and gave him an ugly scowl.

"I'll be even with her yet. I'll marry the first woman who will have me. You don't think she loves me? I tell you as much of a heart as such a woman can have is mine. I'll make her suffer, for I do not love her. No game is out till it's played out. We will see how you will like a rival, Miss Van Cortland?"

So Hilda Grenville, an unconscious actress in the drama, had been dragged in to play her little part, and she had played it to its bitter end.

What matter to Trenholm if his victim had suffered? He had merely amused himself with a summer's flirtation, and by well-timed devotion to another woman had, as he anticipated, brought Miss Van Cortland to terms.

She had stood the rumors of Trenholm's growing infatuation for the country girl as long as it was in the nature of woman to bear with patience of her own dethronement; then sighing for the empire she had lost, she had made one desperate effort to regain it.

That night Gertrude Van Cortland's solid self and fortune were laid at Trenholm's feet. Wounded vanity, a desire to triumph over the man who had so nearly outwitted him, and old-time ambitious dreams, urged him on. Was it any wonder that a plain little face, though its very memory stirred his heartstrings, failed to keep him when this glittering temptation lay in his path?

Hilda Grenville, a few days later, stood at the stile with dry eyes, waving a last farewell after the old lumbering stage-coach. She could not shed a tear, though all she valued most highly upon earth was being hurried down the dusty road. She

had passed through two days of mortal agony since the night Trenholm mercifully told her of his engagement, and now the fountain of her tears had been wept dry. She had passed beyond the period of acute suffering, and stood impassive and motionless in the burning August sunshine. Never had bird-songs grated so painfully upon her ears, or sunlight so blinded and sickened her. As she turned to cross the meadow towards home, a stupid languor overcame her, and her tired limbs refused to help her forward. She caught sight of a sunburned freckled face peering kindly at her over a fence, then blindly throwing out both hands towards their owner, fell to the ground.

If Hilda had but known it, another heart had been aching in unison with her own that summer. Blinded by her sufferings, she had failed to note the hopeless love every day apparent in Ben Arnold's honest face. He leaped the fence now, and took the little form and plain face to his heart. To him she was more beautiful than the angels, and twice as dear, but he only pressed one of her small brown hands to his lips, and then hurried with his burden home.

Miss Van Cortland loved her liberty, and in spite of entreaties, protestations of endless love, and recriminations upon Trenholm's part, she was still unmarried. She loved him as much as it was in her selfish nature to love anybody, but she believed in the old couplet:

"Always to court, and never to wed,
Is the happiest life that ever was led,"

and, as her means were ample, and Trenholm ready to marry her at a moment's notice, she was in no haste to change her condition.

Trenholm lived in a fever of impatience, one day desiring the wedding, and wishing the whole thing over, the next dreading it with a loathing unutterable. In the latter frame of mind he accompanied Miss Van Cortland to a party one evening. His courtship had grown a decided bore, and he often doubted whether the play were worth the candle.

As he entered the crowded rooms he noted an unusual stir among the regular society stand-bys. Mark Eggleston, who made it a point to follow every new belle

with a zeal worthy of a letter-carrier, hurried by with unusual haste.

"What is on the *tapis* now, Mark?" questioned Trenholm.

"O, a regular out and outer. We've combined the two desirable requisites, at last, old boy. Wealthy as Croesus—beautiful as an angel. By-by—I am in for the glide. She waltzes like—"

Comparisons failed him, and he waved his hand in an expressive way as he left. A moment later he was whirling down the long room with a mass of blue silk and dark flowing hair in his arms. At least that was all Trenholm noted of the lady's appearance as they glided by.

Miss Van Cortland, in the meantime, had condescended to gossip with a dowager, who had four unmarried daughters, and was the natural enemy of anything in the shape of a young and pretty woman, respecting the *debutante*. She learned from this reliable and unprejudiced source that the new sensation was a small dark little thing, quite homely, but very forward, and consequently taking with the men. As for money, she had *that*, she believed, but there were many quiet steady girls in that very room who would make far better wives, if men were not such fools as to follow every bold woman who made her appearance.

This last was intended for Trenholm's ears. That gentleman acquiesced with a courtly bow, and said something about the charm of beauty unadorned, in reference to her oldest and scraggiest daughter, a hopeless wall-flower, who stood near; made some appropriate remark respecting the uncertainty of riches, etc., etc.

Just then Egleston and his partner, flushed and breathless, stopped in front of them. Egleston purposely avoided introducing the lady to any of his envious male friends, and placed her where Trenholm could have a full view of her stylish dress and sweet face. The dowager was right; she was a dark little thing, but she was not homely. There was something about her which went beyond mere form or feature, an indefinable charm of voice and manner. Her countenance became beautiful in animation, and her slight figure, draped in rich silk and lace, produced the effect of height.

Trenholm gave one swift glance, and then, forgetful of Miss Van Cortland, sprang eagerly forward.

"Little Hilda"—in a pleased whisper—"can it be?"

He knew her, then, in spite of outward changes. He asked eagerly for the next waltz, but was obliged to be content with a promise for the third. Egleston glowered at him, and Miss Van Cortland was too politic to appear to notice his only too evident agitation. Only Hilda Grenville, the same little Hilda as of old, in spite of suddenly acquired riches, showed no emotion.

Truly the old romance of a summer had not left its mark upon the simple country girl's heart, as he had fondly hoped. The old tenderness came back to Guy Trenholm's heart that night, but, alas, for him! the story of his love was told too late.

Deep intense feeling stamped his words with truth, yet they awakened no response in Hilda Grenville's heart. He never could resurrect the love he himself had consigned to its grave three years before.

"Why, Hilda, why will you not pity me? I will never marry Miss Van Cortland, and I love only you, have loved only you ever since we parted. Can you not give me a little hope? Not now do I dare ask for your love, but some day, when I can come to you free; when I have done something to win your esteem."

"I will not deny, Mr. Trenholm, that once you were very dear to me. I loved you with a devotion I have since wondered at. God alone knows how I suffered after you left me, but he gave me strength to outlive it, and has since blessed me with the devotion of a noble man, a man whom I can truly say has my entire love and trust. I am to be married in a few weeks to Dr. Arnold. Take me to him, please."

With white set face, he gave her his arm, and reentered the ballroom. A tall fine-looking man met them.

"Well, Hilda, growing tired of all this show?"

"No, Ben, but ready to go if you wish it. I forgot," with pretty self-reproach, "how stupid all this must be to you. Haven't you really danced once?"

"O, I managed to worry through one or two quadrilles with some wall-flowers, but country breeding is not conducive to gracefulness."

With a last mad effort to win his past power over her, Trenholm bent and whispered:

"You will kill me with your coldness,

Hilda! Give me one little word. May I come to your hotel to-morrow?"

"There is no such thing as to-morrow," laughed Hilda. Then dropping her trifling tone, and marking with pity the misery in his face, she added, gently:

"I am sorry, Guy, as sorry for you now as I was for myself so long ago. I have outlived it; you will, too, in a few months. Good-by, and forget the past."

Forget the past! Could he forget, when

he had lost by his love of gold the woman whom he felt in every fibre of his being should have been his wife?

For pique he had first sought Hilda Grenville, and by his selfishness had nearly wrecked her life; and for the same reason he led the lovely Miss Van Cortland to the altar three months later, upon hearing of the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, and their subsequent departure for Europe.

SOME WORDS OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES ROLLIN BRAINARD.

My own loved one, so very soon to be
As tender vine entwined about an oak,
May my strong arms from evil ever shield
And guard thee, spotless as the driven snow.

May autumn winds and wintry blasts ne'er breathe
On thee their chilly breath; but summer flowers
In rich profusion bloom about thy path.

Through life, with clasped hands and hearts entwined,
We, rich in love that springs from inmost soul,
Will wend our way, and where our lot is cast
There we'll abide, till duty calls us hence.

Thy heart is pure and tender, mine has met
The storms of adverse Fortune, and the smiles
Which she bestows in favoring moods on men,
Until I treat her smiles and frowns as one.

Her whims, caprices, follies, all I spurn;
Her better moments fill my soul with joy,
And I have sometimes wished they might remain.
Sunshine and cloud in quick succession move,
And if we dare to gaze upon the sun,
The cloud which after intervenes, but makes
The darkness grow the darker—so with her.

Then, with our loving hearts so firmly one,
We, while mad Fortune smiles on whom she will,
And frowns whene'er it suits her mood, will walk
Unhurt amid the wreck of Time; and last,
Life's journey done, in heart and spirit bound,
We, one on earth, will still be one in heaven.

Boston, June, 1874.

THE PET OF PEACH GULCH.

BY M. QUAD OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

PART I.

A HUNDRED silver-miners had dropped spade, bar and pick, and were crowded around a prairie-hunter who sat his pony in the centre of the camp, and held up to view a handsome little boy about three years old.

Had one of the unkempt grimy men discovered a silver *cache*, worth a cool \$20,000, Peach Gulch could not have been more excited than when the hunter rode into camp and held the boy up to view.

"Ar' it really a live che-ild?" yelled one.

"It surely ar'!" shouted another.

"Whar did ye git him?"

"Whose che-ild is it?"

"What ye goin' to do with him?"

The hunter handed the boy down to the hands held up, dismounted, and then, while he munched his salt pork and Johnny cake, he explained:

Fifty miles away, on the broad prairie, he had come upon the child, wandering over the grass alone, not a wagon trail nearer than thirty miles, and no sign of human life about. The boy was hollow-eyed and worn-out, showing that he had travelled a considerable distance, and suffered for want of food and water.

"I thought it war' a wolf when I first seed his little white head above the grass," explained the hunter; "an' it war' just luck an' chance that I bore down that way. He war' wild at first, and when I gin him some pervisions he devoured 'em like he hadn't tasted food for a week."

"Then it's a real che-ild, is it?" asked a big miner, peering into the boy's face.

"I reckon 'taint nothing else," replied the hunter. "See that blood on his dress? Wall, that tells the hull story! 'Twas some immigrant family which got off the trail, an' the cussed reds bore down on 'em with tomahawk and knife. It war' in the night, perhaps, and this ere cub was overlooked some way and wandered off. Why the wolves didn't make a meal of him, is more than I know."

"It war' the Lord?" replied a miner, in a solemn voice.

"Like enough—like enough," said the hunter; "in course the Lord kin do most anything."

The boy had been well fed, having been with the hunter two days, and he had lost something of his wild look; but, nevertheless, he felt afraid of the great rough men crowding around him, and he shrank closer to the hunter.

"An' kin he talk?" asked one of the men, in a doubting voice.

"Talk!" echoed the hunter, indignantly, "in course he can. He ar' afraid jist now, 'cause ye look like a parcel o' grizzlies, though yer hearts is big an' kind. He can't tell how it happened, but he says his name is Paul, an' he keeps axin' me when I'm goin' to take him hum, and why his mother don't come. I haint much of a talker, an' I haint said much; but when he gits over his scare, I'll bet he'll speak right out."

The men crowded a little closer, and kept their eyes on the child, as if he were a rare curiosity. And indeed he was. Way back in the east, thousands of miles nearer sunrise, some of the men had left wives and children; but the years had gone by as they delved in the gulch, and they had almost forgotten how a child should look. Five hundred men had worked in Peach Gulch at odd times, and a hundred were there yet; but it was not on record that a woman or child had ever been seen within a hundred miles of the spot.

"An' what ar' ye goin' to do with him?" finally asked a miner.

"That's plump and square, that ar'," answered the hunter; "an' now we come to business. Ye see I can't take care o' him, for I'm hoopin' around like an Injun. It haint likely as he'll ever be called for, 'cause his folks are chopped up, an' no one knows whar' he cum from. He's an orphan, an' somebody's got to 'dopt him, ez they call it. I hev rode about fifty miles outen my way, an' I s'pose ye'll throw in somethin' for my trouble, an' take the cub off my hands."

"Whoop-hooray! Hand out yer metals!" cried several men; and in less than two minutes the hunter had exchanged his prize for a goodly amount of silver.

"I know ye'll take good care o' him," he said, as he looked around on the crowd, "but ye must be sort o' gentle on the start. Ye see, he don't know ye, an' he's kinder scart at sight o' yer long ha'r an' dirty faces."

One after another of the men held out their hands, and sought to make friends with the boy, but he would not leave the hunter.

"Here, ye man over thar', come here!" called the hunter to one of the miners whose face was clean, and wearing a kind smile. He came over, and the hunter said to the child:

"Now, bub, here's yer kind uncle, an' he's going to take the best kind o' care of ye. Ye see, I hev got to go hum, an' I can't take ye along, an' ye'll hev to stop here."

He lifted the child up, and the fatherly smile on the miner's face won the boy's heart. He allowed himself to be transferred, amidst a great cheering, and then the hunter was ready to go. Turning to the boy, he said:

"Wall, bub, here's my gripper, and I hope ye'll git along all right. I shell drop around this way once in a while, an' ye mustn't forget who found ye out thar' on the perary, an' took car' of ye."

The boy called after the hunter, and began to cry; but after a moment he snuggled up to Dave as if having confidence in him.

"Now, stop this yellin' an' git outen the way!" demanded Dave, as the crowd cheered and pressed closer. "This che-ild ar' scart, he ar', an' we must gin him time to get used to us. He's ours, an' he's going to stay an' be the pet of Peach Gulch, an' after a bit he'll let his tongue wag."

Dave took the child to his shanty, promising to put him on exhibition after supper, and the crowd dispersed, some to pick up their tools and work again, and others to assemble in three and fours, and canvass the strange freak of fortune which had brought Peach Gulch a pet.

Dave petted and soothed the child, fixed him up something extra to eat, and in a couple of hours little Paul was quite at home, asking a good many questions, and answering a few. Dave sought to find out

how fate had left the boy alone on the prairie, but he could not secure even a hint. The balance of the family, and perhaps a whole party, had undoubtedly been butchered by Indians, and terror and exposure had overpowered the child's memory, even if he realized what had occurred.

"Ye ar' an orphan, straighter'n o a string," said Dave, as he watched the child; "but ye hez found friends, an' ye'll hev the best Peach Gulch affords, or thar'll be a fight!"

"I aint home, am I?" inquired the boy, looking anxiously at the miner.

"Yes, my che-ild, ye is," replied Dave, patting the white head; "an' I'm going to be a father to ye. Somewhar' I've hearn tell or read sumthin' about 'I was a stranger, an' they took me in.' I don't exactly remember just how it came in, but it fits yer case to a dot. Have some more beans an' meat, my che-ild?"

After the labors of the day had ended, and the men had finished supper, there was a general call for the pet; and Dave exhibited the boy to the crowd, which was scarcely less demonstrative than at noon.

"Be kinder human with him," chided Dave, as they whooped and shouted. "Ye see, he hez met with a great affliction in the loss of his parients, an' then he's way off here among strangers, an' he feels put out like."

"Did he eat anything?" called out a miner.

"Eat! Wall, now, you orter seen him gittin' away with beans!" replied Dave.

When Paul found that their zeal proceeded from kindness, he allowed them to pass him around, and he answered a number of questions, much to the delight of the crowd. When he was finally taken away the men sat down to discuss his future. His clothing was sadly out of repair, and a dozen miners offered their softest and best garments to be cut over for his use; one of them could make the boy a cap; another would try his hand upon a pair of shoes; another would make something else, and every man was anxious to do something to better the pet's condition.

"I tell ye, boys," said a grizzly old miner, "it ar' awful to think of anybody's being a orphan, without anybody to love him an' call him purty names! Peach Gulch has got to stand by this che-ild while there's a crust in camp!"

"Hooray for the Pet—hooray!" yelled the men, tossing up their hats.

Dave was the best man in camp to have the care of little Paul, although he was an old bachelor, and never had any experience with children. He kept himself the cleanest, had the most orderly shanty, and he would give the boy better care than any one else could. He therefore had the full permission of Peach Gulch to act as a sort of adopted father and guardian to the boy; but it was with the understanding that every man should still have an interest in, and consider himself a protector and champion for the child.

There was more cheering, handshaking and singing in Peach Gulch that night than had ever been known before, although Fourth of July had been duly celebrated twice, and everybody had caroused and tried to feel happy.

"Durned if I don't feel womanish!" said one of the roughest of the silver diggers, as somebody brought the news that the boy had gone to sleep for the night; and his partner, who had been "offish" for a few days, reached out his hand, and said:

"Come, Bill, gin us yer hand. We was both to blame, an' both fools. I've been thinkin' 'bout my own childers back in York State, an' my heart is as tender as a girl's!"

Next morning there were many anxious inquiries around camp to know how the pet had passed the night; and Dave received all delegates with a smile, and explained:

"Slept like a rabbit! I jist lay down an' took him on my arm, an' the fust thing I knew it was daylight, an' he was pullin' my ha'r. I didn't remember at fust who he was, an' I thought an angel had dropped through the roof!"

There were half a dozen men who didn't go to work that day. One got a soft boot-leg, to make a pair of shoes; another ripped up and made over a shirt; and before night little Paul had a new outfit throughout. A woman would have laughed to see him thus "fixed up;" but, as Dave remarked, each man had done "his level best, and they didn't go a cent on fashion." Paul was brought out at night to be admired, and when the miners saw that he was becoming used to his situation, and learned from Dave that he took his meals regularly,

and appeared in the best of health, they threw up their hats, and cried:

"Hooray for our che-ild!"

One might have thought that it would get to be an old story after a few weeks, but such was not the case. After a few days the boy's vivacity returned; he grew stout, and he wandered around the camp, and allowed anybody to stroke his white hair and take him up. If any of them shot a rabbit, a good portion was carried to Dave's cabin, to be cooked for the pet; and if the boy had an ache or a pain, the whole gulch was ready to knock off work until he was well again.

There were few changes in the camp. Some men were making a fair thing of it, and were staying to accumulate their "pile;" and others, not doing so well, might have sought other fields but that the presence of the boy made them hesitate about going.

No father could have been kinder to a child than Dave was to the little stranger; and the love was reciprocated. While willing to tarry for a few minutes in other shanties, the lad was not at home unless in Dave's; and though permitting the men to take him up and carry him around, he had full confidence only in Dave.

By-and-by the over-indulgence bore fruit. The pet grew independent, and wanted his way about everything; and Dave saw with sorrow and anxiety that something must be done. One afternoon, when the boy was asleep on his blanket, a council was called, and the subject of enforcing family discipline was broached. Some thought the boy would come out all right in the end, and some thought that, for his future good, he must have a curbing hand; and Dave said:

"Partners, ye know we hez all got tender hearts for the che-ild, but we all know that if a che-ild ar' allowed to come up as he will, he'll be fourteen ounces of bad to the pound."

"Yes, that ar' so," mused the council.

"I wont hurt him any—in course I wont; but I'll gin him to know that he must mind, an' then he'll come to it after a few kicks," continued Dave.

It was settled that the Pet of Peach Gulch should be coerced, at the rod's end, if need be, and a great burden was lifted from off Dave's shoulders.

It was not long ere he was called upon

for a test. The pet was requested not to throw stones into the pot of bean soup over the fire. He persisted, and when Dave remonstrated and ordered, Paul became indignant, and deliberately upset the kettle.

"It'll most kill me, but I hev a solemn duty to perform!" said Dave, as he cut a small switch.

He laid the switch over the boy's back, pretending to strike very hard, but taking care not to hurt, and the pet broke down, and promised obedience in the future.

"My che-ild," said Dave, to the sobbing boy, "do ye know that I hev got yer bringin' up, an' that if ye turn out bad they'll say that Dave didn't do his dooty as a father should? Many an' many's the night I've laid awake, with ye sleepin' on my arm, an' thought an' planned for ye; an' what I asks of ye is to be good an' mindful."

The child had to have one or two more lessons, but after a little time he consented to sink his independence, and promptly render obedience whenever it was asked of him. He grew taller and stouter as the weeks and months went by, and when spring came he was the pride as well as the pet of Peach Gulch.

PART II.

It was seldom that Dave left camp for an hour, solely on account of the pet, but one afternoon, when Paul was fast asleep, and likely to remain so for two or three hours, the miner took a stroll up the gulch, saying to the men that he would be back in a little while, and that no one must disturb the sleeping child.

The hours passed, and Dave did not return. The pet woke up and cried for him, and the men wondered at his continued absence; and finally the camp was alarmed.

"I want Dave—I want Dave!" Paul kept crying, and the men could soothe him only for a moment at a time. They pounded on kettles with clubs, let him smash their bottles and overhaul their pockets, but he would soon recollect that Dave was absent, and cry out for him.

When darkness came without bringing the miner, the men made up a searching party. They found him about three miles up the gulch, after he had made up his mind that he must die alone. He was terribly used up. He had come upon a griz-

zly, and though making a brave fight, he had been overpowered, and so wounded that he could not rise. The left arm was broken, the right badly lacerated, and the claws of the infuriated bear had sunk into his back and legs.

The men heard his faint call, but they would not have known him except for his clothing and voice. A blow from the terrible paw had broken his nose, and otherwise disfigured his face, and they could see at a glance that he would have a hideous look if he got well.

"Ye didn't bring the pet along, did ye?" was his first inquiry.

The men replied in the negative, and he continued:

"I wish ye had. I don't believe I'll last to be carried back to camp, and I can't die without feelin' the boy's arms around my neck!"

They washed off the blood, made a rude litter, and at midnight they had him back to camp, though he was in a dead faint, and there was no hope that he would live to see the sun come up.

The pet was awake, and watching for him. They had tried to soothe the boy to sleep by telling him stories, and carrying him around, but he could not rest until Dave's return.

The unconscious mangled body was carried to the shanty and tenderly laid down. They didn't mean to let the pet know of the calamity for a time, but he made his escape from the men, and crept in and looked upon the victim.

"That aint Dave!" he screamed, starting back in horror at sight of the bloody face.

Strangely enough, the sound of his voice overpowered pain and everything else, and Dave recovered consciousness, and opened his eyes.

"Hev you got home—didn't I hear the pet?" he asked.

They brought the boy forward, and as Dave saw him, he made a move to raise his broken arm, and whispered:

"Let the che-ild come and kiss me!"

"You aint Dave! you aint Dave!" Paul screamed, shrinking back; and nothing could induce him to go nearer the wounded man. An hour after midnight he sobbed himself to sleep, and Peach Gulch had more sorrow than it had ever known before.

All of the miners were rude surgeons,

and they made the injured man as comfortable as circumstances would permit, though they dared not hope he would live beyond a few hours.

There was no work in the gulch next day. Everybody liked Dave. He was a sort of father to them all, always maintaining an even temper, and having superior judgment. When morning came he rallied, instead of sinking. They wondered at it, for he was not remarkably strong, but behind his constitution was a will as strong as ever given to man.

"I hev got to live for the che-ild," he said to the sad-faced miners; and he was going to make will conquer death, even though he stood in the shadow of the sombre mantle.

The miners hoped that the face would look better by the light of day, but it did not. The nose was mashed and broken, one of the eyes had nearly been torn out, and there were wounds on the cheeks which would leave deep scars. They did not dare tell him how badly he was hurt, and they were thankful that he made no inquiries.

Little Paul was made to understand that Dave had fallen upon the rocks, and was seriously injured, and then they took him into the shanty, fearing that he might express terror and aversion, and thereby wound the noble heart, and yet hoping he would not.

Dave had been sleeping lightly. As he heard the boy's voice he unclosed his eyes, and asked:

"Hav ye brought pet fur me to see?"

The men brought the boy forward. The patches on the miner's face did not look as hideous as the blood, and Paul was not as frightened as before.

"Be you Dave?" he asked, as he leaned over the miner.

"Yes, my che-ild, I ar"—kiss me once!" replied Dave.

The boy did it, though unwillingly, and then he shrank away again.

"He's kinder scart like," explained one of the men, "but I reckon he loves ye jist the same!"

"I hope so—I hope so!" replied Dave; and there were tears in his eyes.

Paul was very quiet for the next week. They made him understand that Dave was very sick, but might get well, and that it was necessary for some one else to take

charge of him. "Uncle Sile" was the man chosen. He was a widower, with three or four children somewhere in the East, and was next best to Dave in all that would be needed in a guardian. He took the pet to his shanty, and in a little time the boy clung to him as he had to Dave.

There were days when Dave was wild with pain, and could have no one but the nurse around the shanty; and again there were times when he was cheerful, and wanted the pet to sit by him. After a time the bones of the arm began to knit, and the wounds to heal, and it was settled that the miner would live. Then he wanted the pet restored to the shanty.

"Seems as if I'd get well faster if the boy was here," he pleaded; and the two men who had taken turns at nursing him, felt that a critical hour had arrived.

They were not keen, sharp men in the study of human nature, but they had seen from the first that the pet was to go back on Dave. It was hard for the boy to believe that the crushed and wounded man, with his face so terribly destroyed, and his voice so altered, was Dave. He felt afraid of him from the start, and the longer he remained with Uncle Sile, the more he dreaded to go in and face Dave.

"It'll nigh kill poor Dave when he finds that the boy don't love him any more!" whispered one of the men, as they consulted together at the rear of the cabin.

"It's goin' to be awful tough, but Dave hez a brave heart, an' p'raps he'll bear up," replied the other.

It was agreed that they should put the hour off as long as possible, by urging Dave to wait until he got a little stronger; and he consented to wait a week. He would then be well enough to crawl out into the sun, and perhaps when the boy saw him off his sick bed his aversion would not be so strong.

Uncle Sile's big heart was full of love for the lad who slept every night on his arm, and who always addressed him as "grandpa;" but he felt that Dave had a better right, and he agreed with the nurses that pet must go back. They reasoned with the boy, coaxed and promised, but they found him as firm as a rock.

"Taint Dave—Dave's gone way off!" he sobbed, and he shuddered as he remembered that terrible-looking face.

"P'raps it'll all come right arter a few

days," said Uncle Sile, tears in his eyes; and they concluded to wait.

Dave picked up rapidly, and at the end of another week he was able to walk around the gulch. The men had been very kind to him, and they rejoiced to see him out, though it would be weeks yet before he could use his arm. It had become generally known that the pet had alienated himself from his best friend, and though the men felt sorry, they could not wonder at it. The sight of the left eye was destroyed, one corner of the mouth was torn out, the nose broken and the cheeks scarred; and there was not the least resemblance to Dave of old.

The wounded man sent word around that he wanted to borrow a hand-glass, that he might see how badly his face was hurt; and here the miners displayed genuine charity. Glasses were always few, and at this time not a single one was to be found in the gulch. Owners hid them away and told lies, rather than that Dave should see his horrible scars.

Uncle Sile moved to the upper end of the gulch, to postpone a meeting between Dave and the pet as long as possible, hoping that every day would make a change in the boy's feelings. There was always some excuse for not bringing the boy down, and the dreaded meeting did not take place until nearly two weeks after the miner first crawled out.

Then he would be put off no longer. Leaning on his crutch, he hobbled up to Uncle Sile's shanty. He looked much paler than usual, and his lips were hard shut, like one who had made a stern resolve. Before going he slipped something into his bosom, whispering to himself:

"If the pet goes back on me I might as well die."

The word went through the gulch that Dave had gone up to see the pet, and the men at once knocked off work, feeling that something would happen. The boy was sailing chips in a kettle of spring water, and Uncle Sile was picking over beans for dinner. He grew pale and his voice trembled as he welcomed Dave, and he prayed in his heart that pet's love for the wounded man might suddenly return.

"My che-ild, don't ye know me?" asked Dave, as the boy looked up and shrank away a little.

"You aint Dave—you is ugly man!" replied Paul.

"Come, my che-ild, come here," coaxed Dave.

Paul sidled up to Uncle Sile and clasped the old man's arm for protection.

"Go and see Dave, my son!" coaxed Sile.

"No—no—'taint Dave!" cried the lad, beginning to tremble.

"Yes it ar', my che-ild," said Dave. "I'm the same as took care o' ye, an' was like yer father for months an' months. Come an' sit on my knee and kiss me like yer used to."

"No—no—no!" almost screamed the lad, showing that he was badly frightened.

Uncle Sile would have carried him over to Dave, but his cries and screams alarmed the whole camp.

There was a long time in which Dave sat with his head turned away, and his limbs shook as if he had a chill. Finally he turned to Uncle Sile, and said:

"I allers liked ye, Uncle Sile. Thar' was never anything between us, an' I know ye'll answer me fair an' square when I axes ye a qeshun."

"Go on," said Uncle Sile, in a husky voice.

"Don't—don't ye think the pet has gone back on me?" asked Dave, shaking all over.

"Dave Warren, ye hev axed me a plain question," said the old man, "and afore God I'll answer ye as I think! Ye see, ye ar' awfully clawed an' bitten, an' the boy don't remember ye. I'd gin all the silver ever taken outer this gulch if he'd go back ter live with ye, but—but I'm afraid he—he never will."

He was afraid of a scene, but there was none. The wounded man seemed to make a giant effort to be cool, and he was cool. Only, there was a wonderful change in his voice as he said:

"I don't blame ye, pardner, an' I don't blame the pet. I got it bad, and I spects I look fearful ugly. He ar' only a 'fraid che-ild, an' I might hev knowu he'd be scart o' me."

"I hope he'll git over it arter a while," said Uncle Sile, relieved to find Dave so cool.

"I'd gin a thousand dollars to kiss him once more, but I don't want to scare him," said Dave. "I hope he'll come up a good boy. Thar's a pile o' silver under the big stone in my shanty. Jim an' Dan

must hev part of it, fur they took good care of me, but the rest ar' for the boy."

"Why—you—why—" said Uncle Sile, in alarm.

"Be good to the pet," interrupted Dave, waving his hand; "an' when he gits older tell him all about me. Here's my hand, Uncle Sile, an' remember I don't bear ye any ill-will whatsumever."

He pulled his hand away from the old man, thrust it into his bosom, and next moment he was dead on the floor, and the cabin was full of smoke from his discharged revolver.

Uncle Sile leaped up and raised the dying man's head, at the same time calling for aid; but he died before any one came in—died without another word.

It was a sad crowd which stood in and around the cabin to listen to the old man's explanations.

"He war' too tender-hearted," whispered one.

"He didn't care to live when the pet went back on him," whispered another.

"Pardners, I'd sooner had my right arm cut off than to see this!" sobbed Uncle Sile.

The pet crept up and looked at the bloody face, and then he skulked away

and hid behind the bed, as if fearing that they would hold him guilty of murder.

It was a great shock to the gulch. Some of the men cried like children, and they were as tender as women when they dressed the corpse for the grave and carried it down to the shanty. There was no man of God in those wild regions, but when they stood around the open grave at sunset, each man with bowed head, Uncle Sile said:

"He wasn't a Christian man, but his heart was right an' good, an' I believe the Lord will forgive him."

And thus they buried the body. Stones were heaped up that the place might ever be known, and on a plain board the knife of a miner cut the epitaph:

```

*****
*                                     *
*      DAVE WARREN.                 *
*                                     *
*      HE DIED                      *
*                                     *
*      FOR HIS LUV OF               *
*                                     *
*      THE                           *
*                                     *
*      PET OF PEACH GULCH.          *
*                                     *
*****

```

STRANGE MATCHES.—It is an historical fact that Frederick of Prussia formed the idea of compelling unions between the tallest of the two sexes in his dominions, in the hope of having an army of giants. The reader will, in all probability, recollect the following ludicrous incident. It so happened that, during a rather long ride, the king passed a particularly tall young woman, an utter stranger. He alighted from his horse, and insisted upon her delivering a letter to the commanding officer of his crack regiment. The letter contained the mandate that the bearer was instantly to be married to the tallest unmarried man in the service. The young woman was somewhat terrified, and, not understanding the transaction, gave an old woman the letter, which was conveyed to the commanding officer, and this old woman was, in a short time, married to the handsomest and finest man in the crack regiment. It is not necessary to say that the marriage was an unhappy one—particularly so to the old woman. In this connection comes an-

other anecdote. A rich saddler directed in his will that his only child, a daughter, should be deprived of the whole of the fortune unless she married a saddler. A young earl, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterward bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life. But the union was anything but a happy one; the bride, neither by birth nor breeding a lady, reflected little credit on her bridegroom's choice; and repeated quarrels were followed by separation. So it is with all unequal matches; gold and brass wont unite. Novels tell us the felicity following the union of Lord Fitzgerald to Mary Ann Jones, quite ignoring Mary Ann's predisposition to red knuckles and unshapely feet, which peculiarities finally made my lord's life burdensome. Novels are amusing, but not to be relied on in "matters of the heart," as a rule. Common sense says, "Young folks, marry within the boundary of your social and religious circle."

MARRYING A QUEEN.—A SAILOR'S YARN.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

"**THERE'S** Madagascar, you see, and here are the Comoros—this one of them is Mohila, and this here is Johanna. Here is where we were at Johanna," said Jack, with his finger on the "Coast Pilot" lying open between us, on a greasy chest, but incontinently at that moment sliding off into a "kit" of boiled beans, as the ship gave a lurch.

Jack was a singular man. He had graduated at Yale College, but was so wild that the clergyman, his father, could make nothing of him, and so the son, taking his own course, went to sea. He had now buffeted the ocean for eleven years, had once risen to the rank of captain, and then, on a flood tide of alcohol, floated himself back to the grade of foremast hand. But we boys thought much of him; for if not a "father in Israel," he at least acted the part of tutor, champion and elder brother to the boys of the ship Hoogly.

"Here is where we lay," he repeated, picking up the Coast Pilot and wiping off the beans, "at Johanna. This, you know, was a rendezvous of those old rovers, as much dreaded in the Indian seas as highwaymen were on Hounslow Heath."

"Well, fill away, Jack," said Newcastle Ned. "Give us a yarn of some sort, but don't put too much dic into it." (He meant dictionary.) "When a man starts a tack, I'm one as wants to know what he's driving at. I came out of Liverpool once in the Patrick Henry. We had the wind to the south'ard, and went down the North Channel, and just before we got off Malin Head, the second mate he says, 'Now, men, we'll commence hostilities;' and there wasn't a man forward that knew what he meant. What was it, Jack?"

"Meant? Why, he meant 'break into the carpenter's chest and steal the tools.' But I can't find you in stories and understanding, too. If I tell a thing, I must use words. You old canvas-backs think of nothing but the maintop-bowline and such fixings, and if a man don't string his lingo together with a spun yarn, you can't understand him. Halloo! what's parted now?" he added, as we heard a sound like a pistol

report, followed by a loud flapping noise.

"All hands! Lay up and secure the maintopsail. The weather sheet has parted."

A link of the chain sheet had snapped asunder, but the ship still lay to very well under the mainstaysail, and after furling the topsail, as the gale continued, we returned to the forecastle, to finish our holiday. The harder it blew the better.

"Well, Jack, how about the old-fashioned pirates? What was you saying about them coves?"

"O, don't bother. Never mind what I was saying. I say now I want some tobacco. This is too bad—a whaleman, and not a plug of tobacco in the ship, from the rudder post to that old Hindoo's head under the bowsprit. 'Tis a shame! The old man might have lain in the 'tween decks full, and if we couldn't eat it all, he might have sold it to the darkeys. Are all the shavings gone that we planed off the box boards? Well, we've done justice by it—smoked the tobacco and eat the boxes." And Jack turned to overhaul his dunnage, his usual custom on stormy days, singing, as he did so:

"Tell Aunt Rhody, tell Aunt Rhody, tell Aunt Rhody

That the gray goose is dead."

"What in time, Bob, did you haul that bunt gasket so taut for, while my finger was under it? It aches now—this forefinger.

"She's worth saving, sh worth saving, she's,
worth saving,
To make a feather bed."

He was diving deep in his chest. Perhaps some sliver of tobacco might have got lodged in an old shirt, or between the teeth of a dilapidated comb. He tumbled the dunnage over and over—hauled out an old pair of shoes, a shirt with one sleeve, a sailmaker's "palm," a marlinspike, a portrait of the Empress of Austria, a letter from one Angeline Fish—all the while assuring us that the gray goose was dead.

"Come, Jack, heave ahead with your yarn about the pirates. Let your old dunnage alone."

"General Jackson, so they say,
Fought his way to Cana-day.
They s-a-y so, they s-a-y so—"

"Halloo old chap! come out here! A hundred and ninety-six days at sea, and one plug of tobacco yet! I'm a jordy else! There's economy for you! Lost and found, old plug, I thank carelessness for thee.

"Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
While our deep plots do pall."

"Bring on your pipes, chaps! you green goslings and all, that lift up one leg like a cow when anything's said about 'hoisting.' Don't you wish yourselves milking now, in your father's barnyards? I know you do. Ah ha! there goes that bean broth again! This sea is getting savage. Two more of the same sort, and then she goes easy again. Always three big seas together, like three cold days, the old he one in the middle! But this dugout will stand it with any clipper-built craft, now I tell you!"

Jack's good-humor had returned. The forecastle was blue with smoke, and the old tar continued:

"O, about the pirates—well, they had a spirit of adventure, you know—I never blamed the old villains—such occasional gleams of generosity" (and here Jack came on with the objectionable 'dic' again) "that their crimes lose the repulsion attending the deeds of less interesting scoundrels."

"How are you heading, Jack? You aint talking to the quarter-deck folks of that blasted college you tell so much about. Now put up your helm and square away in plain "sailor;" we don't want none of your shore going gab. The captain of a college wouldn't know which side of the galley to go to get his grub, in a gale of wind."

Jack laughed, for he knew where he was.

"No, I don't think he would, Tom," he said. "He'd toss this bean broth and spoilt beef right over the weather rail, instead of giving it a slide to leeward, as we shall when the old man is out of sight. But about the pirates. The Indianem of early times used to go through Mozambique Channel, right where we are now, because they knew but little about the ocean to the east of Madagascar. At the Comoros the pirates lay in wait for them—not in boats or little schooners, but in tall ships, mounting forty, fifty and sometimes seventy guns. Culliford had a fleet of thirty-two sail.

"On Johanna, where we lay in the Triton, as I was saying I saw the remains of forts built by Captain Misson, a Frenchman. He sailed in the Victoire. Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest, was said, of all thieves, to have been 'the prince, and the most gentle thief;' but Misson might have disputed that title with him. He treated prisoners kindly, and, instead of a black flag, he carried at his mizzen a snow-white ensign. Perhaps the innocence of his flag made the plucking operation less painful. But the Victoire with her broadside would 'roar you like any sucking dove,' and whether her ensign were white or black, her cannon balls were hard as an anchor fluke. The Portuguese government sent out five fifty-gun ships to capture the stronghold of this polite rover. In they came, right into the harbor of Johanna. As I stood on the beach, so many years after, I thought how they must have looked, with their full old-fashioned bows and clumsy rig. In they came, and were glad enough to get out again—at least such of them as were allowed that luxury.

"*'Parbleu!'* said the pirate, 'now we will send these gentlemen to the bottom, if it will be no inconvenience to them!'

"So one fort and then another and another bellowed out, and the water in the harbor was cut into foam, ships and forts were covered with smoke thicker than this in the forecastle. One ship sank in the harbor, another went down just outside, while Misson, manning some of his craft, gave chase to the others, boarded the sternmost and took her.

"We chaps aboard the Triton used to talk a great deal about the gold that we thought Misson had buried on Johanna, and old Bob Garnet said if he could get his share of it he would give up whaling and go into the distillery business. Wherever I went about the island, I thought of gold, gold, gold—

"*'Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl.'*

"One day I found an English sovereign away down in a crevice among the roots of a tree. Eureka! but wasn't I made for this world? I imagined there was an oil cask full of the same material down there somewhere, and as I went back to the ship, I thought what I would do with it. I would set up a liquor saloon in New York, drinks free, and give every sailor as much gold as

he wanted. 'What charms, what conjuration and what mighty magic' must be employed to remove a treasure guarded by the ghosts of a thousand pirates, I did not know; but I thought a pickaxe and spade might do as well as anything. But I was determined to make sure of what I already had; so I broke my sovereign, with a good deal of reverence, let me tell you, and got a little tight, I suppose, for when I next saw the sun, two or three days after, I had no sovereign and no hat, and was coiled up at the heel of the bowsprit, away out to sea.

"After a cruise, with no remarkable occurrence—"

"What do you mean by 'markable currents,' Jack? You didn't expect to strike the Gulf Stream away over towards the Moluccas, did you? Yer gettin' too 'igh, Jack—take in yer royals."

"O, you mouse your jaw, Tom. As I was saying, nothing turned up except that we had a boat thrown as high as the ship's lower yards, by an old whale in the Strait of Sunda, and after a time we came back to the westward. We anchored on the Madagascar coast, and there, for the first time in my life, I saw a queen. You know who she is—the sailors call her the Queen of Madagascar. She was a good-looking yellow girl, all covered with diamonds."

"Yellow, d'y'e say, Jack? Now that's a go! We had a fellow aboard the Chariot that we picked up on the island, and if you had boiled him down in tar it would have made him white. He had such a knotty head that we used to set him for a trap in the hold, to catch rats in his wool."

"O well, Bill, you got hold of a nigger—they are half negroes and half Malays—but the queen is descended from Captain Nathaniel North, an English rover. His professional career was more successful than Kidd's, inasmuch as Captain North did not die with his shoes on. He overran a part of Madagascar, married a princess, and having already acquired a competence by forced loans from the East India Company, he retired from business, like a sensible man, who knows when he has got enough. Pirate or not, he made an excellent king."

"The queen had a great train with her, and at a little distance she had an army sixteen thousand strong. But she was not married, and I thought what a chance for a man with my expectations, with an oil cask full of gold waiting my pleasure at

Johanna! She admired white men—I could see that. She wanted a husband that should do no discredit to the fame of her ancestor, who was a sailor like myself. She looked very well, as I was saying, and besides, she knew how to make a kind of liquor that a man could get tipsy on. I knew that, for I tried it. Well, one way and another it came around, and I married her."

"Now, Jack, is that the truth?"

"Of course 'tis. You should have seen me dressed up in my finery. I was a big man, and all hands and the skipper of the Triton had to stand clear. He wanted me to go aboard the ship again; but I threatened to make a state prisoner of him if he didn't clear out, and he was afraid of me."

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king."

"I suppose," said old Ben, "you felt as a native does when he gets on a hat and one boot. Then he comes down to the ship, and says, 'No swear at me no more; I big man!'"

"But the queen wanted money," continued Jack. "No one is ever satisfied. She told me that her ancestor, Captain North, had buried treasure on Johanna; so in the first year of Jack King of Madagascar, I proposed that we should go in search of it. We went over in a big canoe, with ever so many natives, and a great deal of 'pomp and circumstance'—the chief circumstance being that our canoe was upset, and all our digging implements lost. Her majesty swam like a duck, and took me in tow; but we were pretty close to the shore. After landing we had nothing to dig with; so I went over to the harbor, leaving my wife in the woods. What should I see but my old ship, that having made another cruise had put in here, and was now ready for sea again? I saw the skipper ashore, but gave him a wide berth, because I knew he would try to get me, if only to show that he could do it. Then I dropped into a little Portuguese shanty and took a nip of bad rum, and then I took another; and when I had taken seven or eight horns, I lost all moderation and began to drink. My thoughts grew confused at last, and I went out doors, walking as a top does when it has almost done spinning; and pretty soon away I sidled, first making leeway and then sternway, till the ground started right up to my nose, and I leaned against it and went to sleep."

The old tars concealed their envy with approving grins; and just then a chopping sea thundering against the Hoogly's bow, unseated Jack from his chest and mixed him handsomely with beams that swashed up as high as the lee berth boards. But he gathered himself up with some remarks that would seem indecorous in my narrative, and wiping his duck trousers with his broad palm, continued his story.

"Blast the shark swill! where was I? O, drunk. Well, I must have slept a good while, for when I awoke, the Portuguese shanty was gone. The wind roared, the rain came down as if somebody had ripped a cloud open with a sheath knife, and I heard sails flapping. Then a voice sang out, 'Clew up to gallant sails! Haul up the courses! Settle the topsail yards down on the caps!' and I knew where I was. It was the voice of my old captain, and the ship was wallowing along in a squall. What had become of my royal consort I did not know; but I knew that my head ached.

"The skipper came stirring me up pretty soon, and I turned to with my watch. The ship had made a miserable voyage, I was in debt to her, almost everybody had run away, and the old man wanted me to help work her home. But I made myself as useless as possible, so that he threatened me with a rope's end. Think of that—and I a king! 'Our eyrie buildeth in the cedar's top,' said I; 'so clear out with your rope's end, or you'll repent it!'

"I suppose he thought I meant to prosecute him for ill treatment when we should get home, for he yelled out:

"'I don't care if we are most home; I'd whip you if Montauk light was bearing sou'west from me!'

"And at me he came. He knocked me against the mainmast, and I knocked him against the break of the poop. After a dozen ups and downs on each side, we both hauled off and backed our yards, to consider the matter.

"'Put him in irons, sir?' asked the mate.

"'No sir!' roared the skipper. 'No, Mr. Seawolf, no man that I can't lick shall be

put in irons with my consent. Go forward, Jack.'

"And from that day, the captain was a true friend to me. But I don't want to go with him again. He had taken on board a great lot of squashes at Johanna, and kept us on squash soup all the passage home—squash soup, squash soup, every day.

"I still believe there was gold under that tree; but whether or not the queen found it, or how she got home, I never knew. But I say, mates, this gale lulls. Halloo, there it is—relieve the wheel—two bells—my trick!" And Jack went aft, to his duty; for both watches had been below during the gale.

"Lay up, some of you, and bend this new sheet. Loose fore and mizzen topsails—don't shake the reefs out." And soon the ship was under headway.

"Ah," said Galway Mike, as we were bending the sheet to the clew of the maintopsail, "the liar that old Jack is! It bates me."

But Jack had not lied. Three days later we dropped anchor on the coast of Madagascar, and learned that the queen, with a large retinue, was near by. Jack immediately started in quest of her, accompanied by the whole starboard watch of the ship Hoogly. We saw her, and my surprise was great. "Looks very well—a common-looking yellow girl," quotha! She was a beautiful quadroon. True, she had "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," but it was no muddy yellow. The rich blood burned in lip and cheek, and sweetness was impressed on all her features. At sight of Jack, she came gracefully towards him, and the joy of the meeting seemed mutual.

She had found the gold and brought it safely to Madagascar, together with a casket containing evidence, which Jack read, that the treasure had once been the property of Captain North. Jack was now rich. She invited him to share the sovereignty of the island, and he was a king. "Frailty, thy name is woman!" was my mental comment, as I returned to the ship; "or the love of woman would not so often fall upon unworthy objects."

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

"IT HAS COME AT LAST."

LORD VALENCE returns to Castle Valence, and it is not long before he has summoned his friend John Bulwer (who has been informed by letter of the intended marriage) to keep him company there.

"I shall have a whole month to myself, Bulwer, during which I must be looking after the old place, and seeing what I can do to brighten it up. These faded hangings are scarcely suitable for a lady's boudoir, are they? I have sent for Smart from Dublin, and shall put the whole thing into his hands. I think I am justified in spending more money in redecorating the castle than I can individually afford. It would hardly do to bring my cousin from so bright a home as Norman House to a place in this condition. And if you will take up your quarters here for a few weeks, you will be of the greatest possible service to me."

Bulwer is delighted to find his friend in such a hopeful mood.

"I would do anything to oblige you, old fellow. And I am so glad you have sent for Smart; he understands these things so well. The castle will look magnificent in a new suit of clothes. I hope you will have the library redone in crimson velvet. No other color or material would suit these stained windows and this oak furniture so well." They are standing in the library as he speaks.

"Bulwer! I cannot have the library touched."

"Not have the library touched! Why, it's the finest room in the house. If the countess has good taste, Valence, she will prefer it to any other."

"Perhaps!—but I could give it up to no one; and I would not have an ornament or fitting changed in it for the world. It is my harbor of refuge." And as he says so he glances round the room affectionately.

"Ah! it is evident you do not know what marriage is, Valence. Fancy a husband daring to keep a harbor of refuge! Why, if ever you presume to hint at such a thing,

your liege lady will have the walls pulled down about your ears."

"Do you think so?" with a startled look that makes Bulwer laugh. "But she could not occupy this room. No one would do so but myself."

"What nonsense! Have I not often sat in it?"

"But not alone, or after dark. You do not know what this room is after dark, Bulwer. Miss West-Norman could not bear it—or any one—except such as believe as I do, and are happy in their belief."

"Valence, my dear fellow, what are you talking about? I was in hopes you were going to get rid of all these dark mysterious fancies during your visit to England. Come—tell the truth. You thought little enough of them during your stay at Norman House?"

"I always think of them. They never leave me. They are part of my existence."

"And you have not shaken off the idea you communicated to me before your departure?"

"How I can I shake it off? It was not of my invention."

"Valence, will you not tell me the authority for your belief? You speak to me in riddles; but I think that were you to drag your notions to the light, you would find them melt into thin air."

"Some day, perhaps, but not now."

"Why not now? We have plenty of time at our disposal."

"I dare not without ascertaining—without asking—"

"The leave of whom? Not Mrs. West?"

"O dear, no! I am bound to Agatha by no bond but affection for my dear brother's memory."

"I am glad to hear it. Who, then, is the individual whose permission you must obtain before confiding in your truest friend?"

The earl is silent.

"Valence, forgive me if I pain you by alluding to a subject you have already denied. But, if during your long solitude here, you have become entangled in any romantic attachment which now embar-

rasses you, I entreat you, by the affection I bear for you, to tell me the truth, that I may be enabled to help you to free yourself. For, however painful it may be, you know that you must be free before this marriage takes place. You are too honorable a man to draw any woman into a marriage while there exists a secret between her and you which you would be ashamed to reveal."

"I am not ashamed of it," he answers, in a low voice.

"Then why not tell it me?"

But Valence has relapsed into silence; neither will he turn his face towards his friend.

"Is there a woman in the case?" says Bulwer, repeating his former question.

"There is not a woman in the case," replies the earl. "At least—O, I don't know what I am saying. You should not put such questions to me."

"And you would make that young girl your wife under such circumstances as these?" continues Bulwer, reproachfully.

"She does not care for the circumstances—or for me. We perfectly understand each other on that point. And I think I am justified in keeping one room in the castle for myself. At all events, I am quite decided that I will not have the library touched."

"All right. You must please yourself in the matter," replies John Bulwer, as he moves a little away from him. He is vexed at his friend's obstinacy, and shocked at his apparent want of principle. He has always looked on Lord Valence as a species of saint amongst men—a Sir Galahad of the nineteenth century. But he shall think so no longer. He is no better than his fellows—perhaps he is worse; for a dreamy life of inaction is one of the bluntest weapons with which to cut down the hydra-headed temptations that assail every one in this world, from the student in his closet to the king upon his throne. Yet he had such faith in Valence! This unsatisfactory conclusion to their conversation makes a slight coolness between the young men, and Bulwer finds it impossible to dilate on the coming marriage and consequent festivities in such flowing terms as he had done before. Interest flags; long silences reign between them, and the guest seeks his chamber somewhat early. But after having had a pipe at the open win-

dow, and duly reflected on what had passed, Bulwer comes to the conclusion that he had no right to try and force the confidence of his friend, and that it will be more becoming of him to tell him so before he retires to rest. So, habited in his dressing-gown and slippers, he steals out of his room, and, crossing the corridor to Valence's bed-chamber, taps at the door. There is no response. Bulwer pushes the door a little way open. Candles burn on the table, but the apartment is empty. The earl must still be in the library. As Bulwer descends the staircase and traverses the hall, he finds that the castle is shut up, and the servants have gone to bed; for there is little inducement in so lonely a spot for any one to keep late hours. No light streams from the library threshold. He essays to turn the handle, but the door is locked; yet as he does so he hears the sound of talking from within, and stands aghast as the sweet sad tones of Valence's voice fall on his ear.

"*Isola! Isola!*" (in a tone of the deepest entreaty) "*speak to me! Tell me that I have done what is right!*"

Bulwer has not been accustomed to play the part of an eavesdropper. He is an honest, straightforward man, who is not afraid to say what he means, nor to ask information concerning that in which he may be curious, and his first impulse is to leave the spot.

He obeys it. He walks up stairs again, feeling very anxious to learn the truth, and very downcast at the discovery that there is any truth to learn; but quite convinced, meanwhile, that, until Valence chooses to repose confidence in him, he must remain in the dark. But he cannot prevent curiosity worrying him until he goes to sleep. Who can it be that Valence was addressing?

"*Isola! Isola! speak to me! Tell me that I have done what is right!*"

What can be plainer than that he was conjuring some woman to whom the announcement of the coming marriage has proved a blow, to assure him that he could not have acted otherwise? And this after he had positively denied—once, if not twice—that there was any woman in the case.

Well might Bulwer think him no better than his fellow-mortals!

Isola! He has never heard of such a

name in that part of Ireland before, and he scarcely believes it can belong to it. Yet there are so many fantastic names amongst the lower class of Irish, that it is not impossible. At any rate, he shall remember it, and do his best to solve the mystery. It is not likely that any one could often come and go to and from the castle without attracting notice. If "Isola" is not a novelty, some of the servants will recognize her identity. And if he can arrive at the truth, what then? Will Valence brook further interference? Bulwer doubts it; but still he is resolved, if necessary, to speak again. Valence must—shall listen to him. He can believe his dear old friend to be weak and thoughtless, but not wicked or dishonorable. He comes of too noble and unstained a pedigree for that; and when the probable consequences of his folly are pointed out to him, he will recognize the necessity of its relinquishment.

* * * * *

Bulwer descends to breakfast, grave and thoughtful; Valence meets him, too much annoyed at the contents of a letter that has just been put into his hand to notice his unusual mood.

"It is very provoking," he says, hurriedly. "Here is Agatha writing to tell me she is about to return to the castle, at the very time that I wish to keep it clear."

"Cannot you put her off?"

"She has not waited for my decision, but intends to cross to-night. There is no time to stop her. What can have induced her to change her mind?"

"Had she made other arrangements, then?"

"I thought so. When I left Norman House it appeared to be a settled thing that she was to remain with my cousin until the wedding was over. It is far more suitable she should do so. Miss West-Norman has no female relatives near her, and of course there will be a lot of preparation going on. Added to which, I wanted the castle to myself just now."

"You are not so fond of Mrs. West's company as you used to be, Valence."

"O yes, I am. She is an excellent little creature, quite devoted to me and the boy, and of the greatest possible use as a housekeeper. And she has been accustomed to look on the castle as her home for so long now, that I should miss her presence greatly. But I don't want her just now.

16

You and I should have got on, bachelor-fashion, well enough whilst all these workmen are about; but a lady's presence will cause some degree of formality, and spoil half our fun."

Bulwer thinks so, too, but it is not his place to say so; neither would it be of any use, as the widow must already have accomplished one-half of her journey. But he notices that when Valence communicates the intelligence to Mrs. Driscoll, who comes in to clear away the breakfast, the old housekeeper appears to dislike the idea as much as he does.

"Whatever Mrs. West can want to come back, a-fussing and a-rummaging, at this time, when our hands are as full as they can be," she observes, in confidence to Bulwer, as her master leaves the room, "I can't make out. But there!—some people must always have their fingers in the pie, never mind how many cooks there is to look after it."

Mrs. Driscoll is smoothing the tablecloth into the neatest of folds as she speaks, and seeing how unnecessarily particular she is over it, Bulwer conceives she would have no objection to a little conversation with him.

"She cannot expect to be very comfortable with workmen about the place," he says; "and I expect she will wish herself back at Norman House before long."

"It won't be my fault if she don't," replies Mrs. Driscoll, with acerbity; "and I hope our new lady will see it in the same light as I do."

"You have never seen the future Lady Valence, have you?"

"No sir, I haven't; but they tell me she is a real beauty, and as proud as she's beautiful. I only hope she'll make his lordship happy, poor dear, for he deserves it if ever gentleman did—though I doubt if he'll live long to enjoy that or anything," says the housekeeper, with her apron to her eye.

"Mrs. Driscoll—he is not ill?"

"Well, not ill exactly. And yet I don't know. He's very bad in his head, poor gentleman, and has been all along, as every one about him can say; and the dreadful things as go on in this house, sir, words couldn't tell you of them; and it's a wonder that anybody can bear to stay here—and no more they wouldn't if they hadn't loved him, boy and man, as their own."

"I wish you could tell me, Mrs. Driscoll—" commences Bulwer, earnestly.

"Don't ask me, sir, for I couldn't tell you nothing more—not if I was dying; and it's only the Lord above as knows all. And if I thought the lady as is coming could win him from such dark deeds, why, I'd bless her on my bended knees, that I would." And Mrs. Driscoll prepares to depart.

"Stay one moment. Just tell me this. Have you ever heard the name of *Isola*?"

The woman starts and looks round, as though she expected to find the "old gentleman" at her shoulder.

"Lord sakes, sir, don't say that name! And wherever you can have heard it I can't not imagine!"

"Never mind where I heard it. To whom does it belong, Driscoll?"

"If you were dying this very minute, sir," replies the housekeeper, with a look of the utmost solemnity, "and my answering of your question was the way to bring you to life again, I couldn't speak it—not if ten thousand wild horses were ready to trample me under foot the very next minute." And before he can remonstrate with her, she is gone.

* * * * *

Mrs. West arrives to her time, very overburdened with child, servants and baggage, very tired with her long journey, and very much surprised to find she is not entirely welcome; but sweet—O, so sweet!

"My dearest Valence," she says, in a little cooing voice, when the earl has told her rather plainly that her presence at the castle is likely to prove inconvenient to him, "how I wish you had explained this to me before. Is it likely I should have come against your wishes? I guessed the place would be full of paint and whitewash; but I thought—I *hoped*, at least," continues Agatha, with a deprecating air, "that I might have made things a little less unpleasant to you."

This humility makes the earl look ashamed of his candor.

"O well, well! The benefit is all on my side, of course—I know that. But I am afraid you will be so uncomfortable. I expect we shall be pretty well knocked about from pillar to post during the next month."

"If you can stand it—with your health, Valence—why not I? But I will go back again if you wish it."

"Nonsense; you can't do that—at all

events, for the next week or two. But I suppose you will return before the first?"

"O, of course. Dear Everil has so much to arrange and to think of, she couldn't do without me. But I imagined you were alone, Valence, naturally," with a glance anything but kindly at John Bulwer, "and I couldn't bear to think—"

"Well, Agatha! Let us say no more about it. It was like your usual goodness to me to come over, and I only hope you may not regret it. You are very tired, and must want rest. Dinner is not till seven. Had you not better see to your rooms being made as comfortable as they can be before then?"

The meal passes harmoniously, but the sense of freedom is gone, and Bulwer begins to consider whether he had not better return to his own home until the widow shall have recrossed the channel.

After dinner they retire as usual to the library, which is also the acknowledged smoking-room of the establishment. The earl sits down to play one of his dreamy melodies on the piano; Agatha ensconces herself in a chair by his side; Bulwer takes possession of a lounge near the open window, and soothes his solitude with a cigar. The soft balmy breath of the summer air, the hum of the insects busy amongst the eaves round the casement, the fast-falling dusk, combined with the effects of an excellent dinner, join issue to lull him off to sleep, and before he knows what is coming he is in the land of dreams. A confused vision of Valence being in some extreme danger, and calling out to him to save him, whilst Mrs. West, transformed into a huge scaly serpent, writhes in folds between them, and prevents him coming to the rescue, causes him to wake up, confused and half conscious where he is. The room is wrapt in gloom, and the first sound that recalls him to himself is the widow's voice.

"You didn't see her?"

"I spoke to her, and she promised to be here to-night. Will you be present?"

"I had better not. It may prevent her coming."

"What! when she loves you so, and knows you are in my secret? Dear *Isola*! Do stay with me, Agatha."

"No, not to-night—I am tired," Mrs. West is saying when John Bulwer comes completely to himself.

"Valence, I am awake!" he exclaims, suddenly.

The earl and his sister-in-law both rise in some confusion and come forward.

"Are you, old fellow?" says the former. "Well! then we will ring for candles, though it always seems a shame to me to shut out the half-light in these lovely summer evenings."

"Don't send for candles for me," cries the little widow, as she extends a hand for Mr. Bulwer's acceptance, "for I am so dreadfully tired I am going straight to bed."

"In that case, Bulwer, you and I will have a cigar on the terrace together. What a moon!—that bodes fair weather for the haymaking to-morrow."

They step out of the library window and pace up and down beneath the castle walls. The moat is covered with water-lilies; its banks are clothed with ferns and scarlet geranium; from the meadows beyond the powerful scent of the cut grass is borne towards them on the evening air; every living thing is hushed and silent. It is an hour for confidence and confession. And yet, though Bulwer never felt more strongly drawn towards his friend than at this moment, never more inclined to entreat him to speak out, he cannot do it. He gazes at the earl's delicate profile, looking almost unearthly in its beauty beneath the moonlight, and feels as though he could brave anything to rescue him from the fanciful and mysterious train of living into which he appears to have been drawn. But there is something in the expression of his face which forbids his speaking—as though his thoughts had been altogether parted from this world, and any commonplace allusion to them would be an insult. And so they speak of mundane matters—of the coming harvest, the shooting prospects, the wedding tour—whilst their minds are severally far away from the subject under discussion. When they reenter the castle Bulwer tries to persuade the earl to go to bed; but he refuses steadfastly; he has work to do yet, he says.

"Don't you sit up rather too late, Valence?" urges his friend. "I was rambling about these passages at midnight yesterday, and found, to my surprise, that you had not yet retired."

"How could you tell? Was the library lighted?"

"It was not, which astonished me, for I heard the tones of your voice as if in conversation with some one. Do you carry on your studies in the dark, Valence?"

The earl looks annoyed.

"Sometimes—not always—that is to say, when I am working out a problem I rather prefer darkness to light. You must have overheard me thinking aloud. It is a bad habit I have fallen into. But I wish you would not leave your room in search of me, Bulwer. It is to avoid the possibility of disturbance that I remain up after the rest of the household are in repose."

"I will not, if you desire me; but I wish I could persuade you to retire also. You are not strong, Valence, and these late hours are killing you."

"It is not they that are killing me," replies the earl, in a low voice; and no more passes between them on the subject. Bulwer goes up to his room and to bed. He lies awake for some time, meditating on all that he has heard that evening, and trying to unravel the mystery of Mrs. West's fragmentary conversation and the earl's own remarks.

Can it be possible that his sister-in-law is in Valence's confidence, and encourages his want of faith to his betrothed wife? Bulwer has always disliked and distrusted Agatha; but he can hardly believe her to be so worthless and unwomanly as this. That she has some sinister design in making herself necessary to Valence he is certain, and some day he hopes to see it brought to light; meanwhile, however, he tries to persuade himself that, if she knows and approves of the visits of the mysterious "Isola," there can be nothing wrong in them.

At last he falls into an uneasy slumber, with his bedroom door left open. How long he sleeps he is unable afterwards to say; but he is awakened by the sound of a scream, followed by two or three hollow groans, and then the cry of "Agatha! Agatha!"

He dashes out of bed and into the corridor, in time to intercept the figure of the earl, who, with staring eyes and dishevelled hair, is flying, like Orestes from the Furies, in the direction of his own apartment. Bulwer receives him in his arms. The young man clings to him almost spasmodically—his breath is short and hurried—his face and hands are damp with per-

spiration—he does not seem to recognize him, or to know of what he is speaking.

"Agatha!" he says, imploringly, as though he would shield himself behind her from some impending danger, "it has come at last! She has spoken. It will all be over now. Ah!—my God! how short a time!—how short!"

"Valence, my dear fellow, what is the matter? Who has alarmed you?" says Bulwer, almost roughly.

"Ah! Bulwer, is it you? Why did you ever advise me to marry? But stay, I forgot—you know nothing."

"Not unless you will tell me; but I am waiting to hear. Do you feel ill?"

"No, no—at least, not now. It was the first shock. What must you think of me?" says Valence, as he tries to stand upright and pull himself together.

"But you must have seen something to throw you into this condition."

"Seen something! I saw herself—in all her magical beauty; but I must not speak of it. I entreat you not to ask me any more questions. Where is Agatha? I want to see her."

"I do not know. I conclude she is in her room, to which she retired so many hours ago. You had better go to yours now, Valence. It will alarm her, if she wakes, to find you thus."

"Yes, yes—of course I will; but I must go down stairs again first."

"I will not hear of it," says Bulwer, determinately, as he holds back the earl, now as weak as a child. "You have had enough of that confounded room for to-night; and so long as I can prevent you, you shall not return to it."

"Very well," replies Valence, with a faint smile; "then take me to my own, old fellow, for I don't believe I can stand."

Bulwer, doing as he is asked, assists him to undress, and finds, to his consternation, that he has scarcely an article of linen on him that is dry.

"I cannot imagine *what* can have thrown you into such a state of terror as this," he observes, as he removes his clothing. "You are doing an injury to yourself and to your friends, Valence, by keeping it a secret."

"O, it was nothing—positively nothing," replies the earl, who is sufficiently recovered to be very much ashamed of the commotion he has caused. "I ought to be

used to it by this time; but it came rather suddenly to-night. I wish I could see Agatha."

His wish is gratified—Mrs. West is even then peeping in at the open door.

"May I come in, Mr. Bulwer? O my dear Valence! what is this? I was awakened by a horrible scream, and a noise in the passage. I hope you have not been disturbing our friend here."

"Agatha, it is fixed!—she has fixed the time. It is all settled. There is nothing more to learn."

"Hush!" replies the widow, in a prolonged tone of caution, as she places her hand upon his head. "Be quiet, Valence! You don't know what you are talking about." And then she stoops and whispers something in his ear.

"I didn't think of that," is his resigned and languid answer, as he staggers towards his bed.

"Hadn't we better leave Lord Valence to repose?" says Agatha, sweetly, to John Bulwer.

"Will he be able to sleep?"

"O, no doubt of it; and if not, I am close at hand, you know, and used to manage him during illness. You will call me if you want anything, dear Valence?"

"I shall want nothing," he answers, in a drowsy tone.

"He is half asleep already, you see. He is always very lethargic after these little attacks. He will want nothing further from either of us to-night, Mr. Bulwer."

And, following the suggestion of her movement, Bulwer quits the room with her.

"What is the matter with him?" he demands, anxiously.

She taps her forehead.

"Good heavens! you cannot be in ear nest. It is too terrible."

"Every one knows it, my dear Mr Bulwer."

"Except, I suppose, Miss West-Nor man."

"Indeed you are mistaken. She knows it as well as I do."

"And still consents to marry him?"

"My dear sir, you are very much behind the world, or you would know that a coronet is large enough to cover any amount of disease. But he is young, and he may get over this."

"Meanwhile, ought he to be allowed to

Indulge these unhealthy fancies of his?"

"Ah, that is a question I cannot answer. He will not brook control, nor do I know how it might affect him; but he is under Dr. Newall's care, and I do my best, you may depend on it."

Bulwer cannot answer as heartily as he is evidently expected to do. He cannot trust the widow, even on the evidence of her own smooth tongue; nor can he quite understand why, since she was awakened by his scream, she did not come to the assistance of her brother-in-law sooner. He sees that, although she wears a white wrapper, she is completely dressed underneath, and her hair is neatly wound about her head. Would a woman accustomed to be called up at night in so terrible an emergency as a sudden disorder of the brain, be likely to do her hair before rushing into the presence of the invalid? John Bulwer wishes her good-night and unbroken rest with every appearance of respect; but he keeps on pondering on the marvel of her tardy and unusual appearance long after she has lost all consciousness of his existence or her own; nor does he ever forget it afterwards.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EARL'S DIARY.

"I WRITE from Baden-Baden. I have been married to my cousin Everil for three weeks past. It is not a cheerful thing to marry a woman who does not care for you, and who has plainly told you so. My friend Bulwer seemed to imagine that the mere fact of the possession of a bright, amiable and accomplished wife would turn the current of my ideas into another channel, and make me once more in love with life. Fortunately for me, his notion has not proved correct. To fall in love with what he must inevitably, and in a very short space of time, resign, is not to be desired for any man; therefore I am thankful to say that I preserve my old feelings on the subject. Not that my wife is at fault. She conducts herself, and has from the day I married her, in every respect as I should wish her to do. It is I only who am to blame—I, who cannot disentangle my mind from the web of past and future fancies that envelops it, and take my place in the present like other men.

"And yet there are moments when she has drawn me out of myself, and I have thought that if she loved me, she might almost have the power to make me regret what is in store. What a good thing it is for me that she has not the power—nor ever will have. We are both of gentle blood—we have both naturally amiable dispositions; therefore, for the few months we shall spend together, we shall jog on smoothly, I have little doubt, without coming to any open rupture. But she will never forget that I fulfilled my engagement with her from a sense of duty, nor that—'*under the circumstances, she would have married me had I been a chimpanzee.*' How I wish I could forget that phrase! It recurs to mar my most peaceful moments.

"How cold, and calm, and grandly beautiful she looked upon our wedding day! I had not seen her for a month; for the last interview we held together had jarred upon my feelings—wounded my vanity, Bulwer would say—and, not caring to risk a renewal of it, I arrived at Norman House so late on the night of the thirty-first, that she had already retired to rest. The place was, of course, full of relatives and friends; but I had taken Bulwer over with me to act as best man, and made him promise to stick to me until the ceremony was over. As my cousin came up the chancel of the church between her guardians, I saw him give a start of surprise. 'Gods!' he exclaimed, 'what a lovely woman!'

"I looked at her; she did appear most beautiful; but she never raised her eyes to greet me by so much as a glance. I took her passive hand, and led her to the altar. She repeated the words which were given her to say mechanically. I felt that I was marrying a statue. When the subsequent conventional and soul-harrowing ceremonies of breakfast, speeches and congratulations had been gone through, and I found myself *en route* with my wife to the railway-station, I ventured to speak to her. I was feeling rather excited by that time. The good wishes had poured in on me so fast, I almost believed them; and Bulwer's eyes, moistened with earnestness as he had the farewell words and the last shake of our hands, were still dwelling in my memory.

"'Everil,' I said, 'I hope you will never regret this.'

"'I have no fear of it,' she answered.

" 'If we are not lovers,' I went on, 'we are at least cousins—the children of brothers who were warmly attached to one another, and whom I know we have made happier for what we have done to-day. Blood is thicker than water, Everil.'"

" 'They say so.'"

" 'This fact may make our enforced intercourse smoother than it would otherwise have been; and you know the circumstances under which you marry me.'"

" 'I wish you wouldn't allude to them.'"

" 'I would not did you not affect to doubt them. But you do not seem to believe what I say concerning my—'

" 'Her face grew a shade paler.

" 'I do believe it; but the subject is unpleasant to me.'"

" 'Not for my sake?'"

" 'For all our sakes.'"

" 'I looked at her keenly, but could trace no feeling in her face but that of weariness. I took her hand.

" 'Believe also, Everil, that whilst I remain here I will try and make you happy.'"

" 'Thank you.'"

" 'It was all the show of affection I could extract from her; and as she was that day she has remained to this. Not proud nor repulsing, but quiet, stately, and perfectly calm. I see the eyes of both foreigners and Englishmen follow her in her walks; and I constantly hear inquiries made as to who she is and where she comes from. I confess, at such moments, to feeling a slight sensation of pride that she bears my name, the fact that she is of my own blood being sufficient explanation for this. The impetuous domineering hoyden whom I first met at Norman House seems entirely to have disappeared, and few people, I think, would believe at this moment that Lady Valence could row a boat, or drive tandem, or ride to hounds. Yet—so unconsciously hard are we mortals to please—I am not quite sure if I prefer her present mood to her former one. She did a great many things I disapproved of; she certainly at times overstepped the bounds of decorum; her plain-speaking occasionally amounted to rudeness—and yet there was more life about her than there is now. To see her descend to the breakfast-room each morning perfectly dressed—to watch her reading quietly, or thinking to herself by the hour together—to accompany her in a formal drive—to hear her say at dinner that she has enjoyed

herself, knowing all the while that she eats little, sleeps little, and smiles less—may be very befitting the Countess of Valence, but is so unlike Everil West-Norman that I scarcely recognize the same woman. Meanwhile, I cannot help thinking, naturally, that I have something to do with this great change, and interfere with her, in consequence, as little as may be. I see she dislikes me; I think she fears me with a mysterious dread that hardly knows of what it is afraid. What can I do but leave her as much as possible to herself, and strive, by giving them in solitude all the opportunity to communicate with me that they can require, to keep the influences that surround me from affecting her? There is antagonism between them; but they still insist (my father especially) upon the fact that eventually Everil will love me. If this be true or likely, ought it not to form an additional reason for my avoiding her company? *To love me!* Poor child! there is not much sympathy between us; but were you my worst enemy I could not wish you a sadder destiny. No! whatever happens, Heaven grant that *that* may be the last thing that enters your imagination!

* * * * *

" 'I remained abroad nearly three years; and when, on coming of age, I returned from my foreign travels to take up my residence at Castle Valence, spirit-rapping and table-turning had just come into fashion—a strange term to use for what was either a great lie or an immortal truth; but it is the right one. Rumors had reached England, chiefly from America, that if a sufficient number of persons sat round a table, with joined hands, raps would sound from its surface that might be used, by means of spelling over the alphabet, for answering questions, and that the table would, in all probability, also perform certain antics that would prove very amusing to the spectators. Amusing! yes, that was the proper word. The idea took. It has always been difficult to find employment for one's guests at a mere evening party. Cards are out of date; *les jeux innocents* are only acceptable to the young, and music is seldom pleasing to any one but the performer. Table-turning came in as a pleasant pastime in which all might join; and it became a constant practice to form a circle at a moment's notice. Neither sex, age nor disposition was taken into consideration.' The young

and the old, male and female, serious and gay, moral and immoral, were herded together at any time, in any place, and the consequences were no one knew whether to believe what succeeded was caused by some invisible agency, their own power, or trickery. The movements of the table were accompanied by shrieks of laughter; the silliest questions were answered at random; and it was only now and then that something startling occurred, and was generally followed by the more serious sitters declaring they would never have anything to do with table-turning again. The majority ridiculed it as folly; a few believed it to be by some agency of the devil; but no one ever seemed to derive any satisfaction from meddling with it. I was not, and I never have been, in the habit of mixing with society; but I heard all this from friends, and it disgusted me. I could not imagine any one with the least claim to common sense wasting his time over such an employment. If table-turning proceeded from the mere force of animal magnetism, it was less instructive than the simplest game; if from the power of the spirits of evil, it was more dangerous than the most open sin. After the wonderful manifestations which I had witnessed, both in Spain and Italy, it appeared puerile to me in the last degree; I could not endure the mention of the subject, and lost patience when it was even alluded to. Yet I never relinquished the intense yearning I had experienced ever since visiting Bianca's *salon* in Florence, to communicate with my father again; and hour after hour did I sit in my library, with the door locked, my pen in my hand and paper before me, in hopes that he might come to me as he did to her, and send me another message of identity and consolation.

"As I was thus sitting one evening, with my elbows on the table and my thoughts far away from earthly matters, I heard a faint sound under my right hand. At first it was like the ticking of a watch, and I took little notice of it; but presently it increased in intensity, and kept on tapping, not continuously, but at intervals of three strokes each, as though it wanted to attract my attention. I laid down my pen, pushed away the paper, and examined the writing-table, but could find nothing to account for the noise I had heard. I then placed my hands on the same spot, and after a while

the rapping recommenced, but much louder than before.

"My curiosity was excited. This was evidently the same species of power by which tables were turned and questions answered. I thought I should like to test its accuracy for myself. For the sake of ascertaining the truth, I professed to believe that it was a sentient being I was addressing, and asked it, if willing to communicate with me, to answer by giving three raps.

"The three raps were distinctly given.

"I became interested. If this were folly there was, at all events, no witness to it but myself; and if I proved it to be so, no harm would be done. The following conversation then ensued:

"Are you a spirit?"

"My question was answered by three more raps, which I interpreted as 'Yes.'

"Will you answer me by means of the alphabet?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"Here I ran over the letters of the alphabet, and the reply was spelt out, '*Your father Valence.*'"

"I stopped and trembled. Should I go on or not? That name so sacred to me, overcame my courage. I could not bear it should be trifled with—that I should be either deceiving myself or receiving communications from some other source. But as I remained silent and irresolute, the tapping from that invisible hand, now very gentle and continuous, seemed to grow impatient of my delay.

"If you are really my father,' I cried at last, 'why do you not show yourself to me, or come and write, as you did through Bianca?'

"Because I cannot,' was the answer. 'Your powers are great, but they require education. If you wish to read, you must begin at A, B, C.'

"Does that mean that I must communicate with you first through the table?"

"Yes."

"And that if I am patient, the rest will follow?"

"Yes."

"I could have wept with joy. To see my father again as I saw him on the night of his death, I would have shut myself up in that library for the rest of my life. I formed my plans, but told them to no one.

This, I have thought since, was a pity. But my brother Arthur (only one year younger than myself) had just been gazetted to his regiment, and sent to serve in England, and I was, comparatively speaking, alone. I was my own master, not only in the more important things of life, but also as regarded the minutes and hours on which society in that secluded castle made no demand. Consequently I commenced to spend the long evenings shut up in my room, in the company of no one but myself and the invisible friends I had learned how to make. I fathomed many strange things during my apprenticeship to the mysterious science that fathered the doctrines of Swedenborg, Mesmer and Allan Kardec, though my first experiences, I admit, were unsatisfactory. I was like a child playing with an engine, of the dangerous properties of which he has no idea; and, as my mediumistic powers rapidly developed, I found myself surrounded by a host of unseen individualities, chiefly strangers to me, who appeared to seek my presence more for the sake of keeping others away, than for any gratification they desired to give me or to derive themselves from our acquaintance-ship. It was as though I had thrown open the door of Castle Valence to the world, and found its halls peopled with all sorts of characters, as uninteresting to me as they were unprofitable. For this reason, for many months my own friends were prevented from communicating with me, or (as I subsequently learned) approaching me; and several times I was almost persuaded to abandon the whole project in disgust. But the subject had a fascination which I could not resist; the more so that I continued earnestly to study all such works, either in our own or in foreign languages, as treated of it. So, though often disheartened, and tempted to believe either that I was led captive by my external senses, or that some of the intelligences that surrounded me were what they stated themselves to be, I returned to their company again and again, and was at last rewarded for my perseverance, not only by effectually banishing from my table those with whom I had no wish to communicate, but receiving satisfactory evidence of the presence I had been working to entertain. It was in the sixth month of my solitary experiments that my father returned to me. He had at lengthy intervals spoken to me through the table,

but only in such words of promise as should encourage me to persevere. One evening I was sitting at my writing-table, engaged in reading, when I commenced to feel drowsy. It was an unaccountable sensation, which I had never experienced before. It seemed as though some one, with a powerful but gentle hand, were pressing on the back of my head, so as to force it downwards. At the same time my eyelids became heavy, as though weighted with lead. I describe the feeling from subsequent impressions, as at the time I became so rapidly unconscious as to be unable to notice what took place. It was irresistible, and in a few minutes I was fast asleep. How long I remained so I cannot say—perhaps an hour—but I woke under three forcible impressions; a sensation of bewilderment, amounting to fear—a striking sense of cold—and a feeling of emptiness, as though half my life had been drawn away from me.

"I opened my eyes slowly and wearily, not knowing for the first moment where I was; but there stood my lamp—here were the pens, the ink, the paper—all the familiar objects with which I was usually surrounded—and I saw that I was in my own room.

"But what was this? Beneath my hand there lay a sheet of foolscap, closely written over in the same handwriting which had proceeded from Bianca's pen, and which I had faithfully preserved since then. How could it have come there? As the probable truth flashed on my mind I started up, and seizing, read it. Yes! my suspicions were correct—here at last was what I had been waiting and longing for—a written message from my father. I need not transcribe it. It is sufficient to say that it was as affectionate as my heart could wish, as convincing as my mind could desire, and that I prized it as a voice from heaven. I perceived then what had occurred. I had been entranced, and this wonderful message from the so-called dead had been produced through my own agency whilst in that condition. I rose and staggered to my bedroom, feeling very much like a drunken man, but happier than I can express, with joy that at last I had found the bridge of communication that unites sphere to sphere, and makes all the children of the Eternal Father, from the first spirit he breathed into a mortal frame to the last he shall ever create, into one family, separated

only by the prison bars that shut *our* spirits in until the time for their deliverance.

"From that evening I made rapid progress. I left off all communication with the unseen world excepting through my pen, and it was a common occurrence for me to find I had been entranced three and four times a week. It became almost a habit with me, especially when my nerves were powerfully moved or excited.

"I have been told since that this was very injurious to my health; but I had no one to advise me then, and it is of little consequence now.

"I had always been fond of music, and very sensitive to the effects of it; but had never learnt to play any instrument, nor did I call myself a musician. I kept a piano and harmonium in my room, however, just to amuse myself with when no one was by to listen to me; and it was not long before I was informed that if I would give myself up to it, I should be moved to play under inspiration better than I could do by any amount of practice. I told them they might do what they liked with me; and I believe I was often entranced when at the instrument, though what happened then I am, of course, unable on my own authority to relate. They keep up the practice in some measure, however, to this day; and, although I am seldom totally unconscious, my friends constantly inform me how 'delightfully and splendidly' I have been playing, when I have not the least remembrance of it myself; for which reason I always refuse to play in public.

"Having cultivated the writing and musical mediumship for about a year, I commenced to see the influences that guided me. Never shall I forget the first moment that I stood face to face with a spirit! It was past midnight—I had been sitting all the evening as usual by myself, and began to think it was time I retired to rest. I had ascended the first half of the staircase, when— * * * * *

"These tiresome trances! I do not mind how often I am affected by them when alone; but it is too bad that I should frighten her. I had taken the opportunity of her absence yesterday afternoon to write up my diary. It was a lovely day, and she had gone for a walk in the avenue. I drew my table to the window, and sat writing there.

"Why I should have been influenced on that occasion I am not aware; but when I

came to myself I was lying on the floor. I always know when I wake from a trance—it is quite different from waking from sleep. I guessed at once what had occurred, and gazed round in my bewildered fashion before rising. Something detained me. I looked up; it was Lady Valence, and I was supported by her arms. She was kneeling on the floor by my side bending over me. Her face was deadly pale.

"'Don't get up,' she said, in an agitated voice. 'You had better lie still till you are stronger.'

"'It is nothing. I hope I have not frightened you, Everil.'

"'How can I help being frightened? I came in from my walk to find you lying on the ground unconscious; have you fainted?'

"'I suppose so. The day is sultry. But I must be tiring you,' I answered, though it was very pleasant to feel those soft firm arms beneath my head.

"'No, I am not tired; only it alarms me to see you ill. May I send for a doctor?'

"'Certainly not! These attacks are very common with me. I'm afraid you must get used to finding me lying on the floor.'

"'But he might prevent recurrences.'

"'I assure you he would have no power to do so. I know perfectly well from what they proceed, and I feel none the worse—thank you.' Saying which, I rose to my feet, and threw myself rather blindly on the sofa. She stood by the table twisting about her parasol, and looking uncertain what she should do next.

"'Everil!'

"'Yes.'

"'Don't blame me for bringing this discomfort on you. I warned you it must be.'

"'I do not blame you; only—why not have a doctor?'

"'It would be useless, my dear, and it would worry me.'

"It is the first time I have ever addressed her by an endearing appellation. Not that I have felt disinclined to do so; but her manners have been too formal and distant to encourage such familiarity on my part. But she did not resent it even by a look. Perhaps she did not notice it; for, as she gazed thoughtfully across the table and out of the open window, I saw that tears were standing in her eyes.

"Nothing short of a great alarm would make Everil cry—or, at least, from what I have seen of her, I should think so."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

BY GUSSIE M. WHITMAN.

"GEORGIE, do stop that tiresome practising! I am completely out of sorts this afternoon, so you must put that new song aside, and do your prettiest to restore me to good humor!"

Georgina Truman whirled herself round on the music stool, and gave her disconsolate sister Christine a stare of perfect astonishment; at which unsympathetic action Miss Christine flung herself upon the sofa, and endeavored to shed a few tears.

Georgie laughed lightly, seemingly regardless of her sister's real or fancied grief.

"Well, indeed, if this isn't the very essence of sentimentalism! A fair young damsel *en dishabille* in a dainty white wrapper, hair all unbound, falling over her slender shoulders, throwing herself in an agony of tears upon a sofa, and all because after said young lady has been attempting to make an indelible impression upon the heart of a certain young and distinguished physician, he has evinced an utter disregard of all her aforesaid endeavors, and positively *will not* call!" And Georgie's plump little form shook with merriment.

At these words Christine rose from her reclining position, and exclaiming, "You know it is no such thing; and really, sister, you are very unkind!" walked to the door, with an air intended to show that her dignity had received a mortal wound.

Georgie jumped—she scarcely ever walked—to her sister's side, and wound her arms about her neck.

"Now, Chrissy darling, don't look so terribly offended! You know I was only teasing you. How could I help it, when I knew just what ailed you? You know yourself it's so, now don't you?" peeping, with her merry eyes of clear brown, into Christine's tearful ones of the same shade.

"O," she answered, flushing faintly, "I just feel sort of done up, if you can understand me. Mamma has been giving me one of her lectures, and papa *will not* give me the money I want for my dress, and—and it is provoking, and I'd as lief you should know it as not, that Dr. Farwell has

not called, when we have invited him here, and showed him every possible attention. I wouldn't care so much about it if I didn't feel sure I knew the reason. Don't you think Florrie Wyman artful, Georgie? that demure little pink-and-white creature, with such light blue eyes! Just to think of his being so attentive to *her*! I can't understand why every stranger is so attracted towards her, when we look and act just as well as she!" Christine drew up her tall slender form, and flung back her hair with a haughty toss of her head.

"Why, Florrie's a splendid girl! I don't wonder Dr. Farwell was charmed with her. For pity's sake, don't get jealous, Chris! Now rumor saith the doctor is engaged to a young lady in his native country; so even if Florrie did not engross all his attentions, it would be of no use for you to try and make a conquest. Chris Truman!" Georgie screamed, "he's coming now."

"Christine! Georgie!" cried a shrill voice from the dining-room, "Dr. Farwell is coming, and you must be ready to receive him. I'm coming in when I get ready. Look your best, Christine."

Georgie sat down convulsed with laughter. Christine, glowing like a rose, was flying up stairs two steps at a time, and the doctor was at the gate. Georgie glanced at the large mirror over the mantel, and decided to stand her ground in her white pique and blue basque. She gave her short wavy black hair a bit of a fling back from her low white forehead, and ran to answer the doctor's rap with a very determined mouth, while her eyes were fairly twinkling. She ushered him into the drawing-room, talked and laughed, played and sang, and did her utmost to make the time fly quickly while those elaborate toilets were being made.

Mrs. Truman entered soon, tall, slim and talkative. She wore a gay poplin, a lace cape over her shoulders, and a point lace collar, fastened with a diamond pin—an heirloom—which flashed as she crossed the room to greet her visitor. A rather odd woman, her neighbors said, always complaining of nervousness, and grieving

over her lot and her trials. If anything occurred to ruffle her by no means saintly temper, she evinced her displeasure by retiring to the seclusion of her own room, where she sulked for a fortnight or so, according to the extent of the offence. Her husband, poor man, often received her nervous harangues and tantalizing speeches on such occasions, always bearing them so patiently that, really, it was wonderful how he could be possessed of so much endurance. She could be all politeness and smiles when she chose, if she was queer and disagreeable at times; and Dr. Farwell was being pleasantly entertained by mother and daughter, when the graceful Christine made her appearance, with hair arranged *a-la-mode*, and dress elegant and stylish. She performed her most brilliant waltzes and polkas, and held her head most loftily, and gave the doctor melting glances out of her brown orbs, and talked and smiled, and showed her white teeth most delightfully, yet felt secretly chagrined to think the handsome gentleman took it all so coolly, and sat as if reading her with his sharp bluish-gray eyes. Georgie was longing to get by herself and have a good laugh, they *did* look and act so!

"Dr. Farwell, you perceive I was right when I told you my sister was the chief musician," said she, while Christine's taper fingers flew over the keys. "I can only play a few simple songs by ear. I never can go through the tedious routine of learning to play scientifically!"

"I am fond of those songs you were singing as well as of brilliant performances, Miss Truman. Your friend Miss Wyman improvises charming little accompaniments, does she not?"

Georgie's eyes beamed.

"Yes, she really does; and she sings sweet pathetic little pieces just like her dear little self!" she said, with enthusiasm.

The doctor's blue eyes met Georgie's with a glance which told of his perfect agreement with her in her opinion of Miss Wyman.

Christine heard it at the piano, and gave her head a haughtier toss, and flourished her fingers more airily still; and when the doctor had gone, and the sisters were alone, she said, with vexation in voice, 'look and manner:

"It's too bad, Georgie! I believe he's desperately in love with Florrie Wyman,

and mamma will be so vexed if he should marry her! I'm sure, she's as plain as can be, now isn't she?"

"Why, I don't think she is. But you know we have never agreed on that subject. I think she's a charming little girl; and if I didn't know you were set on making a conquest, I'd do anything to influence him in Florrie's favor."

"O yes! as if you hadn't begun already! I do wish you wouldn't speak to him, or any one, of her when I am present. I really don't like it. I can't help it if it is selfish!"

"How foolish, sister, for you to feel so! If he should love Florrie he never would have you, and there are others in the world beside him. I don't think he's anything extraordinary, I'm sure. Did you ever see such a bushy head as he has?"

Christine's face was crimson, and her eyes flashed as she replied:

"I liked Dr. Farwell the first time I saw him, and I don't think he is altogether indifferent to me; and I *must* improve this opportunity of getting a husband, to please mamma, if nothing else. As for the fact of there being other young gentlemen in Merton, or anywhere, I don't care to marry anybody who comes along—any of these little, beardless, insignificant fellows that walk our streets! You might!"

Georgie colored, and answered playfully:

"I don't care a pin for what you say or mean, Christine. I think Guy Newton is just as good and lovable as Dr. Farwell, if he isn't as tall and as handsome. He has not a head like a mop, anyway! Why do you not buy him a dozen bottles or so of hair-dressing, Chris?"

"Stop your nonsense, Georgie! You know mamma never will be willing for you to have Guy, neither will papa; so you may as well give him up."

"That's what I *wont* do!" rejoined determined Georgie.

Dr. Farwell, the young physician who was an object of so much interest to Miss Christine, had come that summer to the busy little town of Danbury, about two miles from the village of Merton, where Mr. Truman resided. He had just graduated at Edinburgh, and, with a clerical friend of his, was travelling in search of a suitable place in which to practise his profession. Danbury seemed to be just the place, and he had resolved to establish

himself there. He had become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Truman at a social gathering, and had been invited to take tea at their residence, before any one else in Merton had taken the trouble to invite him; so the Trumans considered him almost as their own especial property. If Mrs. Truman had nervous headache, or little Miss Jane a sore finger, or the wee Kate a scalded hand, recourse was had at once to Dr. Farwell for remedies, or a professional visit. So, after our hero's call at the paternal residence, he found himself a sort of indispensable requisite to the family. The eldest scion of the house of Truman had long been prepossessed in favor of the medical profession; so here was a fine opening. Dr. Farwell offered to give the youth private instruction at his office in Danbury, so that after a year he would be able to enter college. Everything seemed favorable for Christine's hopes; the fair winds of fortune and maternal and paternal influence seemed likely to waft the maiden on to the glorious haven of matrimony; so she thought to herself. Alas for human expectations!

The sweet little Florrie Wyman, who was such a bone of contention between the sisters, was a young lady residing with a maiden aunt at some distance from their home. This good aunt, when the bustling season of middle life had gone, and age came quietly on, had wearied of living alone in her snug little dwelling, with its well-stocked shop and trim garden behind; so she went in search of some one to cheer her declining days, and found that one in the person of her niece Florrie, whose pleasant country home was thirty miles distant. At the time my story commences she had been with her for seven years, tending the store, helping Aunt Charity make currant jelly and plum preserves, washing, scrubbing, ironing, starching and sewing, singing cheerily all the while, as if she had not left her dear old home in the country, where were her parents, and brothers and only sister, to live with an old lady, who, with all her kindness and goodness of heart, had also many peculiarities such as belong to a certain age of female existence in the state of single blessedness, and which peculiarities often made Florrie's life wearisome, and made the tears come to her sweet blue eyes. She had met Dr. Farwell at a friend's house in Danbury,

where the Trumans had made his acquaintance, and had noticed his preference for her society; but in her simple guileless heart she never thought of falling in love with the handsome doctor, especially while Christine Truman was giving her such glances out of her large brown flashing eyes, as if she would annihilate her.

She went on with her household duties, and tried to please Aunt Charity as well as she possibly could, and resolved not to put herself in the way to receive Dr. Farwell's attentions at any time, that she might not incur the wrath of Miss Truman. She saw him quite often at church, sitting in Mr. Truman's pew with papa and tall mamma Truman, white-haired Charlie Truman, the young follower of St. Esculapius, and the Misses Truman, all radiant in their Sunday attire, and smiles like sunshine. Sometimes the doctor's eye turned to the pew where sat the lovely girl, with her white hat shading her fair brow, and her blue eyes would suddenly meet his, and the sweet rose-bloom would tinge the delicate fairness of the rounded cheek, and the witching orbs would drop beneath his admiring gaze. O Christine! if you had seen it all you would have read the death warrant of your fond aspirations then and there.

Winter came with snow-wreaths, and ice-chains, and chilling storm-winds, and the worthy doctor still continued to practise at Danbury. He seemed to be a general favorite with the inhabitants of the town and the regions round about, and altogether his affairs were in a very flourishing condition. Young Charles Truman was making remarkable progress in his studies, and Christine thought she was doing the same in gaining the doctor's affections. He came so often to see them, and was so sociable, and agreeable, and kind! Mamma Truman went to Danbury shopping very often with her stylish equipage, and her eldest daughter by her side. How kindly she smiled when she met Dr. Farwell, and how pressing her invitations to call at any time and see them, and dine, or take tea, in fact, to "make himself quite at home," as he was so far away from his own home; they would always be delighted to have his company, etc., etc., and how could he resist the affable dame?

The old year sighed, and groaned, and moaned, and went out at last, and the

beauteous joyous January morning dawned, and the icicles glittered, and the snow sparkled, and Florrie Wyman awoke with a light and happy heart, donned her neat dress of blue and brown plaid, pinned her simple tatted collar about her neck, combed her light hair smoothly, and wound a ribbon round it, previous to going down to prepare Aunt Charity's coffee. Down the dark staircase, out into the small dim kitchen, lighting the fire in the cooking-stove, filling the kettle, setting the round table for two, in and out she flew, cutting bread, tripping down cellar for preserves—was there ever such a sweet merry sparkling sunbeam anywhere, within or without, as was that dutiful cheerful niece of that good maiden Aunt Charity? Down came that worthy personage, slightly limping as she walked; for many years ago she had been thrown from a sleigh, and received a severe injury which resulted in a slight lameness. Perhaps if this had not been she might have enjoyed the pleasure of a home not as lonely as hers had been for many years. She had toiled hard, early and late, and had gained quite a competency. Her life was somewhat sunnier now than ever, for light tripping feet took the many steps which she had been obliged to take, and a fair young face behind the counter in the little store attracted many more thither than were wont to go. Florrie was so cheery, and merry, and obliging, people said. Aunt Charity went to the mirror in the corner, and looked in, and gave her black lace cap, with its bows of purple velvet, a twitch and a jerk, more from the force of habit than from any other reason; she never passed that glass in the corner of the kitchen without looking in.

Florrie came out from the parlor, where she had been lighting a fire in the "Franklin," and greeted auntie most heartily and lovingly, and received as hearty and loving a greeting in return. She had a small gift, a pair of comfortable muffatees, for the good lady; and Aunt Charity had a pretty gold brooch for her niece, which was an unexpected gift to Florrie.

Aunt Charity got her Bible and seated herself in the old-fashioned rocking-chair by the window, where the glorious morning light poured in; and after their short yet fervent devotions were over, they enjoyed their bountiful meal together. As it was a holiday, there was not much to be

done in Miss Dutton's dwelling on that New Year's Day; so Florrie hurried to clear away breakfast, and sit with auntie in the cheerful parlor, knitting her beaded mats for the fair which was to be held the next summer, and in which Aunt Charity took a great interest.

The village of Merton was alive withurchins in their Sunday attire, crowding the street corners, shouting, and enjoying their fire-crackers and torpedoes; indeed, there seemed to be little else going on. The practice of New Year's calls had not been universally established in Merton; some, indeed, of the most fashionable observed the custom; but the principal attraction of New Year's Day was the giving of large family parties by all who could possibly do so. So, as the dinner hour drew near, numbers of people, decked in gala attire, might have been seen wending their way, baby-carriage and all the accompaniments, to the hospitable dwellings wherein they hoped to regale themselves with the good things of this life.

The Trumans were astir this bright and beautiful day, for they had been invited to the house of Mr. Truman's brother to spend the day in festivity; and the feminine head of the family meant to accept the invitation for herself, husband, hopeful son and youngest cherubs, but the Misses Christine and Georgie received a bit of sage maternal advice the day before, to the effect that "they ought to remain at home, and keep up a good fire in the drawing-room grate, for surely Dr. Farwell would call; he had been accustomed to city practices, and if he cared anything for one of them, which she was sure he did, he would certainly be there next day."

"Isn't this splendid!" exclaimed Georgie, when the time had come, and the rest of the family had gone, leaving the sisters alone. "I'm going to enjoy this rocking-chair and fire, now, I assure you!" And she drew the chair close to the grate. "Isn't it a relief to get the children off once in a while? I don't like the idea of staying at home all day a bit, though. Come, let's go out and have a nice walk. We can do as we like here in this place, and I'm dying to show my new Robroy plaid."

"If the doctor should call early, we might; but we must not go till he comes; mamma would be enraged."

"And you most dreadfully disappointed if he should come in our absence, and find his charming Christine did not care enough about him to wait for his coming. Ah me!"

"I don't believe he's a bit more acquainted with Florrie Wyman than he was when he came here last summer, and met her at Mrs. Baker's; do you, Georgie?"

"No, I think not. She scarcely ever goes out anywhere, and I don't think she has met him since, except at church. I have seen them exchange glances once in a while there."

"Georgie Truman, hold your tongue! You know as well as I do that a person as highly educated and as intellectual as Dr. Farwell, has no desire to become acquainted with a person so far beneath him as that little rustic, old-maidish ignoramus, Florrie Wyman. He'll surely call to-day, and perhaps he may propose!"

Christine was standing by her sister's side, looking into the gilded mirror above her. Her tall slender form was arrayed in a rich robe of crimson, falling to the floor in a sweeping train. Soft white lace encircled her delicate throat and wrists; a small gold chain was her only ornament; her hair was arranged in the all-prevailing *chignon*, with a crimson velvet bow among the puffs and waves falling over her forehead. Her eyes were bright beneath their long brown lashes, and her cheeks were rosy with her glowing thoughts.

Georgie looked up at her and thought her a pretty picture standing there so stately, and proud, and queenly. All the surroundings of the sisters bespoke comfort and luxury. Lace curtains with gilt mouldings, adorned the windows, where hung handsome bead baskets filled with rare grasses. A marble-topped centre-table stood in the middle of the room, bearing an elegant lamp and an abundance of ornaments, as likewise did the extensive "what-not" and the broad mantel; for Mrs. Truman was remarkable for her extreme love of profuse decoration, and filled every niche and corner with busts, vases or pictures. The oil paintings on the walls were the work of Christine and her sister, as also the waxen lilies that bloomed beneath their glass shades, on each corner of the mantel.

Christine paced the tapestry carpet impatiently, ever and anon glancing out of the window as if expecting some one.

They were really two wonderful girls, those sisters. Though they could well afford it, the Trumans kept no servants, and the baking, cooking, pickling, preserving, house work and dressmaking were done by the busy hands of Christine and Georgie, sometimes assisted by their nervous mamma, who was oftener engaged in musing over her own woes and feelings, mental and physical, than in affairs pertaining to domestic economy.

"Why, Georgie!" cried Chrissie suddenly, as hearing the sound of bells she went to the window and looked down the street; "here's Guy Newton with a horse and sleigh, and he's stopping at our gate! He must mean to take you driving. What will mamma say! Will you go?"

"Go? of course I will!" exclaimed Georgie, jumping up, her face aflame with blushes. "Now doesn't he look handsome, Chris, almost as *distingue* as Dr. Farwell!"

She ran to the door to welcome him, and bidding him wait in the drawing-room—where Christine was icy and reserved to the highest degree—she put on her Robroy and velvet hat with snowy plume, and scarlet buds, and appeared, radiant and exuberant, ready for a drive over the glistening roads.

Mamma and papa Truman looked out at sound of bells, and saw their truant Georgina whirled away in a sleigh by the side of the forbidden Mr. Newton, and looked piqued, and then concluded not to say anything, like wise parents. If only Christine could marry Dr. Farwell, let Georgie go as her inclination led her; but they must have one married well, which meant position, wealth, refinement, intellectual enjoyment, all the outside show and glitter of this life which Guy Newton had it not in his power to bestow upon Georgie.

Aunt Charity was resting on the stuffed lounge in the parlor, after knitting busily on a tidy which was to grace the "fair" table next summer in company with the work of Florrie's fair hands, which were fashioning pretty articles as she sat by the window, neat and smiling, in a blue merino and white ruffle fastened with her morning's gift, while a shining blue rosette adorned her smooth light bands of brown hair. The narrow wooden sidewalk ran close by the window, and frequently the sound of cheery voices and rippling laughter made her push aside the crimson curtains, and look out to see who were so merry and gay outside.

How comfortable was that snug parlor with its blazing "Franklin" fire, its great easy rocking-chairs and tiny cabinet organ in the corner, which gave forth its sweetest sounds at the touch of Florrie's small fingers at the holy twilight hour, when Aunt Charity sat by the fire, musing in her chair, and the shadows flickered on the white walls so grotesquely!

"I suppose Dr. Farwell will call at Mr. Truman's to-day," said Aunt Charity, after a long silence. "He seems very attentive to Christine; that is, whenever I've seen them together."

"Aunt, there's a sleigh at the door!" And Florrie peeped out behind the curtain again. "Why, auntie, it's Dr. Farwell, I do declare! What can he be coming here for?" And she pulled out her needles in her trepidation, and catching up yarn, beads and all in a tremendous snarl, hurried with them to the table, and fairly went round and round, as the great brass knocker went rat-tat-tat, while Aunt Charity lay shaking with laughter!

"You must go, auntie, you certainly must!" And Florrie in distress ran from the room to get cool and calm.

So auntie got up, and gave her cap a twitch as was her wont, and welcomed the Dr. Farwell of Christine Truman's expectations, who inquired for her niece; and upon her entering, all serene and charming, evinced his extreme pleasure at meeting her, by word, look and manner, and made a remarkably long call. Prepossessing and agreeable as he was, he quite won the heart of Miss Dutton; of her susceptible niece I will say nothing at present, save that if blushes are any indication of affection of the heart, hers must have been a desperate case indeed, certainly requiring medical aid!

"Well, sister Chrissy! did you run to the window when you heard the sleigh coming, thinking 'twas the doctor? O sister, sister! your anticipations are doomed never to be realized, for Dr. Farwell's sleigh and pony were at Miss Charity Dutton's door as we came by, and he just came out a little while ago, and went down the Danbury road again!"

Christine threw down the album at which she had been looking, and said indignantly, her cheeks blazing, "It's too bad! I declare I *will not* go out a step to-day; I'll sit and sulk it through! That little insig-

nificant chit of a thing! And we have done so much for him, too! I'll tell papa to employ another doctor at once!"

"O Chris! don't be foolish! Haven't I had a royal time to-day! The sleighing is just splendid, and O, we passed Uncle John's, and I saw mamma's face at the window, and nodded and smiled as gayly as I could. I felt just as if I didn't care a bit for anybody—sort of independent and saucy;" and Georgie rushed up stairs singing.

"Hallo, sis! I guess you're blue this afternoon;" said Charlie Truman, coming in and throwing open the piano. He was tall and verdant-looking, with extremely light hair, and pale thin face, unadorned as yet by any hirsute appendages. He sat on the music-stool as if afraid of the piano, and reached out his long arms, and flourished his large hands over the keys as if he imagined himself a most extraordinary performer.

"Farwell was up to call on Miss Wyman, wasn't he? Queer he did, any way! Guess you're sulky about it, aren't you, eh?"

"Charlie, *can't* you keep still! I'm tired of hearing the piano, and your tongue, too!" The fair face was positively scowling.

"Well, Miss Truman, I desire to make a most profuse apology for my unintentional interruption of your afternoon's peace and quietness," rattled the doctor elect, in his short rapid tones, "and by your leave, most woe-begone damsel, I shall now retire to my *sanctum sanctorum*." And the door shut after him with a slam.

The sulks were obliged to depart after a time, for everything went on the same in the village of Merten, and in the town of Danbury, too, in spite of Mrs. Truman's indignation at the dereliction of the doctor. They met him as often as ever during the winter and spring; once or twice he honored them with a visit, sometimes professionally, for Mrs. Truman still abounded in ailments, and wearied him with the grievous catalogue. Still he seemed no nearer falling in love with the fair Chrissy, although it was evident she was extremely fond of him. Florrie had not met him except at church; and the Trumans, at least all excepting Georgie, imagined he could not be particularly interested in that direction, or he would be more marked in his attentions to Miss Wyman.

When sunny June came with summer

splendors again, the young people of Merton had a picnic about twelve miles from the village, near a small lake.

The day before it took place Florrie received a note from Dr. Farwell requesting that she would accompany him to the picnic next morning. She answered it immediately, telling him of her aunt's indisposition, which required her constant presence and attention at home; otherwise, she would be delighted to accept his invitation. The doctor then invited Christine Truman, who, well pleased, would not lose the opportunity of being seen driving with the handsome gentleman in his stylish carriage; all blissfully ignorant of the fact that she was only there because the object of his choice could not be, and that all the time he was longing for the society of the sweet little maiden, who was such a contrast to the stately miss beside him.

"I'm sure, mamma!" she said afterward, when she knew of it, "I wouldn't have gone one step if I had known he invited Flo Wyman first!"

Fragrant June soon slips into melting August, and this sultry month brought the day for the annual fair of the society to which Aunt Charity belonged, and for whose welfare she labored. Who so active, and bustling, and energetic as she, on this particular morning? Up betimes, and hard at work, getting her wares together to be conveyed to the huge tent erected in a field near by, where were congregated dozens of the fair sex, arranging tables, and running hither and thither in search of something they knew not what.

Florrie was tired and uncommonly sober, auntie was evincing her possession of the peculiarities of her fraternity, and our little heroine had much ado to keep her temper unruffled; and she wished heartily that there were no such things as fairs. After everything was settled, and spread out, and arranged to Miss Dutton's supreme satisfaction, Florrie must array herself in becoming costume, and take her stand behind auntie's table and not leave it upon any condition. How her poor feet ached, and her head, too! and her face was so flushed, and she felt ready to fly, while across the room behind their mamma's table were the Truman maidens, so delightfully cool-looking in their snowy muslins trimmed with blue lace.

The young doctor from Danbury saun-

tered in during the evening, when the place was a-glitter with lamps, and all was gay like some fairyland. Mrs. Truman put on an extra smile when she saw his face in the doorway; she had been watching for his appearance all the time—and the blue lace trembled, and the muslins fluttered, and a certain heart almost beat aloud, but the gentleman walked straight past without noticing the fluttering at all, and went over to Miss Dutton's stand, where tired Floy was selling five cent emery bags to little rosy-cheeked girls, and two dollar lamp-mats to swains who desired to make presents to their sweethearts standing by them so demurely. Florrie's hand trembled in his as he greeted her, and when he asked in a low voice if she could leave for a short walk, she felt as though the room suddenly went round.

Auntie Dutton soon pounced upon a poor unlucky mortal to take the place of her niece behind the table, and the pair went out under the glittering evening sky, and enjoyed a walk and a pleasant talk together, much to the chagrin of certain feminine creatures, but to the sweet delight of Charity Dutton, who, loving Floy as her own self, rejoiced to see her sought after by one so good and noble as Dr. Farwell.

Well, the blessed September came, and the aforesaid society determined to have a great picnic on an island some distance down the river. All were to meet at the church, from thence to walk down to the water, where boats were in readiness to convey them to their destination. As Georgie Truman was walking with her sister, she turned and saw Florrie Wyman standing alone as if waiting for some one. She ran back, and said, "Come, Floy, aren't you going with us?"

"I'm waiting for some one I have invited," replied Florrie. "I don't want to go till I know whether they're coming or not!"

"Whether *he's* coming or not, you mean! Of course he'll come, dear! Look, Florrie, isn't that he on the river in a canoe! O Floy, Floy! Come, he won't know where you are!"

And sure enough 'twas he, come with a little canoe after Miss Wyman, to take her to the island picnic! He stepped lightly on shore, and spying the object of his search among the smiling lasses gathered there, went straight up to her and said:

"Miss Wyman, will you trust yourself in my little canoe? I think it quite safe."

And Florrie, looking up into his kind and loving eyes, felt all her timidity vanish, and allowed him to help her down the bank into the canoe, in which he had arranged a comfortable seat for her. Away they went over the sparkling blue water, and Christine saw them, and became morose and silent; and Georgie saw them, too, and was glad for Florrie, and was happy as a lark—for was not Guy Newton by her side in the boat?

So Chrissie leaned over and played with the cool water, and looked at no one, and said nothing, but experienced envious, jealous feelings arising in her heart towards her friend Florrie.

Everybody was certain upon that day that Dr. Farwell and Florrie Wyman would make a match, if they never were so inclined before. He hovered round her wherever she went, like a guardian angel, and who could help it! So pure, and sweet, and good as she was!

Before the rest of the picnickers returned, the tiny canoe with its interesting freight was seen skimming the calm waves, paddled skillfully by its owner, and soon the bank was gained again, and in the deepening twilight they walked homeward. Florrie's arm trembled in his, and her heart beat strangely, for had not her companion intimated that day more plainly than ever that she was the one of his choice? And now he says with voice full of emotion:

"Miss Wyman, Florrie, you are dearer to me than all the world, and I want you to be my little wife!"

"Dr. Farwell, I thought—that—you were engaged!" she answered, falteringly.

"Never. That was only rumor, darling. Look up and say you will be mine alone!"

"Yours alone!" answered the sweet, low, trustful tones, and Harold Farwell pressed a long kiss upon the lips of his betrothed.

"I am going home next week to remain a month," said he, as they approached Miss Dutton's abode. "It is now about a year since I came away, and I shall indulge in a short vacation. This is the happiest night of my life, and you have made it so. Do you know that I knew of you before I came to Merton?"

"No, indeed! How could you hear of me, pray?" answered she, wonderingly.

"O, my friend Mr. Leigh, who came with me had heard of your sterling worth. He had seen you when he was here before, and he charged me not to lose my heart; but I did not obey his charges, and I don't think he will be very much displeased with his old chum for not doing so."

"Auntie and I are going on a journey to-morrow morning, if nothing prevents. I am intending to visit my old home for a few weeks, and auntie is going very much further, to visit some relatives of hers."

"Indeed! then I shall pass through Deerfield on my way home. I wish you would go with me as my wife, dearest Florrie!" said he, suddenly and earnestly.

"No, no! I cannot! Why, auntie doesn't even know of our engagement! She will not, cannot lose me so soon, poor dear auntie!" And she was wiping away the tears that would come at the thought of leaving lonely Aunt Charity in her still home.

That good lady was both astonished and delighted when her niece told her all, kneeling beside her that evening. Of Dr. Farwell's proposal to be married ere his departure she said naught, for auntie was crying now to think of their inevitable separation. All the brightly glowing dreams of her girlhood came up before her, and the loving words to which she had listened so trustingly in the sweet long ago, and which bright things had turned to cold deadness and blackness, as far as the love for one mortal above all others was concerned.

Next morning the old stagecoach stopped at the door for its two passengers, and Florrie left Merton far behind, and saw the green fields and wooded hills of her own dear country home, where she had roamed in childhood with her beloved sister, now gone to a home of her own. Auntie bade her farewell, giving her many charges and messages, bidding her be ready to return when she called for her on her way back.

How blissfully the time passed! How glad she was to meet all the kind friends she remembered so well, and who loved her so dearly! They could not feel envious toward the fair girl who showed by voice, manner, dress and conversation that she had been accustomed to better society and more refinement than they or their daughters. She was so gentle, and modest, and unaffected, they could not help admiring and loving her!

Clasped close to her mother's breast, she told her of her engagement to the doctor, and received her kindly expressions of love and interest in all that pertained to her daughter's happiness and welfare.

The next week the worthy inhabitants of Deerfield were astonished to see the doctor's conveyance at John Wyman's door, and its tall occupant knocking thereat. Soon it was known throughout the village that Floy Wyman's beau had come, and great was the excitement consequent upon the event.

Dr. Farwell introduced himself to Mr. and Mrs. Wyman, and quite won their hearts by his agreeable manner. Florrie was visiting at the minister's house not far away, and on his inquiring for her, they directed him thither. The good pastor and his worthy helpmeet were no strangers to Harold Farwell, who had met them in Danbury, and they were delighted to meet him, especially as they knew of the relation existing between him and their beloved Florrie.

As the loving pair, radiant with joy at meeting each other again, sat in the minister's little parlor alone, the doctor said:

"It is my wish that we be married before I go any further; I am anxious to take my bride home with me to my mother's house when I return. Say, will you go?"

Florrie, with her head on her shoulder, looked up quickly and answered:

"Harold, I cannot go now; auntie would be so displeased, and really I cannot!"

"Florrie, who has the most right to hinder your going, your grand-aunt or your father and mother? Surely, if they are not opposed to so speedy a marriage, you need not fear her displeasure. If they are willing, will you consent?"

"But you know Aunt Charity has done everything for me, and treated me as if I were her daughter. Indeed, you really must not urge me to such a step, for I positively cannot consent!" And she spoke in tones of real distress, while her cheeks glowed and her eyes filled with tears!

"Promise me you will be mine at once, if your parents consent, Florrie darling!" said he, persistently.

"Well, then I promise, for I am certain they will never agree to it," answered Florrie, firmly.

Next morning she was in her mother's chamber bright and early, beseeching her not to listen to the doctor's proposal, should

he mention it to her. "Father is so easy and pliable, I know he would say nothing against it; but, mother, I entreat you to be firmly opposed to it, for you know how auntie would feel! I know she would want me to be married at her house, and I cannot consent, even if I lose Harold's love! Say, mother dear, you never will be willing!"

"I never will be willing!" And Florrie went out and waited for the doctor's coming with a relieved heart.

So, though he pleaded and remonstrated with the determined mother, she was immovable, and the young man was compelled to go homeward alone, leaving it to the pleasure of Aunt Charity as to when the wedding should take place.

The weeks of Florrie's stay in the country sped quickly away, as likewise those of the doctor's visit; and the little dwelling in Merton was alive again with Miss Dutton's shrill voice and Florrie's musical laughter. Dr. Farwell returned the very next day, and his pony and carriage might often have been seen at the good lady's door; for a most earnest courtship had begun, which was to end in a gay wedding at the beginning of the New Year. Auntie was well pleased to find that her niece would not leave her as suddenly as the doctor wished, and determined to give her an elegant outfit, and a grand supper on the bridal night.

And what of the stately Christine, and her statelier mother meanwhile? Mrs. Truman could not believe her own ears when she heard that the doctor had chosen Florrie, in preference to her daughter.

"If he could only know as much about the Wymans as I do, he never would have chosen a wife from among them!" she said to her lady friends. "After we have treated him as a son, and done so much for him, it shows his character as not being much of a gentleman to requite us so. And Christine liked him so! It's a real shame!" And she was fairly ill, and kept her room for a fortnight afterward, while Christine went around the house like an injured heroine of romance, white, silent and lofty.

Georgie laughed, and played, and sang, to cheer the evil spirit away, but had to bear many a javelin thrust which she could not escape.

But a cordial came for the damsel's

grief in the shape of a young college chum of the delinquent doctor, one of the same profession, who was sent for by the said doctor to take his place in Danbury during his absence. Charles Truman soon became intimate with the young man, and invited him to the paternal mansion, where he made himself quite at home, and seemed more likely to be smitten with the charms of the graceful Christine than his worthy chum Farwell. Could you believe that a wounded heart, and one which had been so terribly lacerated as hers had been, could heal so easily and so rapidly? Yet so it was; for ere a month had elapsed Dr. Raymond and Christine Truman were engaged, with the gracious consent of the heads of the family, despite the fact of his being a stranger to them and every one else. Georgie wondered at her sister's infatuation, and remonstrated with her, but Chrissie was proof against shafts of sisterly advice.

"You don't know who he may be; some reckless good-for-nothing fellow, who may soon cease to care for you, if, indeed, he does have any affection for you now. And they say he is a terrible flirt among the young ladies of Danbury."

"Well, I'm sure no one knew anything of Dr. Farwell's antecedents or previous character. Who knows but what he may be some worthless adventurer? I'm sure, every one was ready to devour him, and even the saintly Charity Dutton was delighted to think he wanted Florrie."

"O Chrissie! there were several in Danbury who knew Dr. Farwell's family, and that he was a worthy young man; and his conduct during the time he has been there proves him to be a most estimable person. But I don't like Dr. Raymond's looks and manners, and I can't think of having him for a brother-in-law. Why, sister dear, how can you think of going away with an entire stranger, and leaving your family, when we are all so comfortable and happy here together?"

"Georgie, do be still! I'm not afraid to trust Gerald, for I know he loves me; and you need not scold me for wanting to go away and see the world. I'm certain if all were as smooth as it might be, you would marry Guy Newton to-morrow, and leave your home."

Georgie blushed, and answered, quietly:

"I think Guy Newton a different person

altogether from Gerald Raymond, or I never would marry him."

"Well, I shall marry Gerald, anyway! It may not be very soon, for he must get his practice established somewhere before we get married. But I shall show the world that I can make as good a doctor's wife as Flo Wyman!" And the thin red lips set themselves firmly together.

The time came for her lover's departure, and with many vows of eternal constancy, and expressions of tenderest affection, and promises to write very, very often until the time should come for him to return and claim her as his own, Gerald Raymond parted from his sobbing Christine, and sailed away, accompanied by young Truman, who was going to college in charge of the doctor.

Christine would not call upon Miss Wyman when she returned from Deerfield, though Georgina was as kind and loving as ever to her friend, in whose good fortune she rejoiced. Dear unselfish Georgie! How affectionate she was, and how thoughtful of others! She never sat down and brooded over her trials and difficulties, but aimed at being a blessing to those around her, and living for something beside herself.

The bridal night drew near, and Aunt Charity was in such a flurry! You would have thought she was the one who contemplated marriage, instead of the calm quietly-moving Florrie, who was so undisturbed and collected in her various employments. And when the time arrived, and loving hands arrayed her in her bridal dress of simple muslin, and arranged the misty veil, and placed the orange wreath upon her pure brow, was there ever so sweet and lovely a bride in all Merton before?

Poor Miss Charity made odd faces while trying to keep back the tears as she bustled around the rooms, up stairs and down, as if scarcely knowing what she was doing. Everything she could do had been done by her for her loving niece, and beneath all grief at the thought of losing her pleasant companionship, she felt complacent and satisfied, knowing that a loving and noble heart would henceforth have Florrie in its keeping.

Georgie Truman was the bridesmaid, and Guy Newton was the doctor's attendant, and both were joyous and smiling. Ere

they went down to the drawing-room, where the numerous guests were gathering, Guy whispered to the radiant Georgie, who was fluttering about in her white robes:

"Do you know we will be married to-night, darling?"

"Married to-night! nonsense, Guy!" And the little black-haired damsel looked as if she thought her lover had lost his senses.

"I am in earnest, Georgie," said he; and he drew her to the window recess. "My house is all ready. Mother and the girls know about it. I've been planning it ever since I knew you were to be Florrie's bridesmaid, and I the groomsman. Your father is perfectly willing, and it will be such a surprise to every one! The doctor and Florrie do not imagine such a thing."

Bewildered Georgie felt as if in a dream, and could scarcely speak.

"Don't look so amazed, darling. Get on your laughing face again. I haven't told you anything so very dreadful, have I?"

"It is so sudden and unexpected," murmured Georgie, "I cannot realize it at all!"

"Compose yourself, dearest!" he whispered, when Aunt Charity came up to inform them that the time for the ceremony had fully come, and the guests were evincing signs of impatience.

All eyes were riveted to the bridal party as they came in and took their places before the clergyman, who only, beside the father of the trembling yet calm little maiden, knew of the double marriage about to be solemnized. The knot was speedily tied between the tall doctor and the fair Florrie, and, ere time was afforded for congratulations, the clergyman proceeded forthwith to join Mr. Guy Newton and Miss Georgina Truman in the holy bands of matrimony, to the great surprise of every one present.

"Did you know it, Mr. Truman?" every one asked of the smiling *paterfamilias*, who had accepted the invitation to the wedding, but whose indignant spouse refused to grace the occasion with her presence.

"Of course I did! and I'm glad of it, too!" answered he, as he made his way towards the newly-married couples to offer his congratulatory expressions.

"Such a novel wedding!" every one said. And all passed off so smoothly, too! Rarely were there two such lovely brides;

and if Guy Newton was not as tall and *distingue* as the stately Dr. Farwell, he was good and true-looking, and Georgie was proud of him, and was so happy and lovely that every one admired her quite as much as they did Florrie.

At last quiet came again to the abode of Charity Dutton, and the lonely lady shed many tears at the parting hour, and groaned to think of the weary hours she must pass without the society of her dear Florrie, who had gone to her Danbury home to be a radiant sunbeam in the dwelling of her devoted and beloved husband.

The weeks rolled by, and Christine Truman had heard not a word from her absent lover who had promised so faithfully to write to her while away. Young Truman had written often, always mentioning that he had not seen Dr. Raymond, or heard a word from him since he parted with him at the hotel, on his arrival in the city. Christine's pride was much wounded at the thought of being deserted in that way, but she resolved that no one should know the feelings of her heart by her appearance or words. So, as the time passed on, and no tidings came from the recreant doctor, she grew statelier, and loftier, and paler, and that was all the difference any one could perceive in her; though it began to be whispered among her friends and acquaintances that she would see or hear no more of Gerald Raymond. Mrs. Truman was remarkably quiet on the subject; indeed, she thought it best to be reticent with regard to it, which was certainly the best course for her to take.

"Harold," said the doctor's wife to her husband one day, as they were sitting in the little dining-room, he busily writing, and she working away with her crochet-needle, "did you know that Gerald Raymond was engaged to Christine Truman?"

"Why, yes, dear!" answered the doctor, looking up from his writing. "Did I never tell you about it? I got a letter from him about a fortnight ago, in which he confessed his pranks and misdemeanors while filling my place in Danbury. He confesses to having entered into an engagement with several young ladies here, and mentions Christine Truman as being a 'pretty proud little girl, and hopes she is not heart-broken!'"

"The wretched, worthless flirt! How

can he act so? Do you know I found a letter one day that must have dropped from his pocket while here? 'Twas from a young lady in New York to whom he was evidently engaged, in which she upbraided him for not having informed her of his whereabouts ere that time, and in which she desired to know if he still cared for her, and also assured him of her changeless love for him. Poor Christine! I do really pity her. I suppose she felt sure of getting a doctor when he came, along, if she did lose the chance of getting you." And Florrie laughed a low musical laugh.

"It's a good thing she never married him, dear. I know all about him and his family; and Miss Truman is one of those persons who will not give way to grief, and make herself ridiculous. She has too much pride and love for herself to do that."

Christine did, nevertheless, grieve in secret over her broken idols; and there was no Georgie near her to bring the smiles back to her face, and her irascible mamma was not very expert at cheering one up. So she grew thin, and morose, and reserved at home, though in company she endeavored to appear to as good advantage as possible, for was not her younger sister married, and she loverless?

She was sitting by the front window of her sister's home one pleasant afternoon, gazing out on the passers-by, when her attention was attracted to a young man who was entering a store opposite. He was about the medium height, slender and graceful in movement and air. His hair was glossy black, as well as his whiskers and trim mustache. Glittering studs adorned his wrists and immaculate shirt-front, and he had the most charming white teeth; so she perceived as he turned to speak to a person near the door.

"Who can that be?" she said to Georgie, who just then came into the room.

"Why, Chris! you haven't lost your heart again," laughed Georgie; then added, soberly, "I've never said scarcely anything to you about Dr. Raymond, knowing your feelings, but I am glad you never married him, sister. He did turn out to be a worthless vagabond, as I told you I felt sure he would, though I knew nothing of him."

Christie turned very pale, and looked out of the window again.

"Well, I really am anxious to know who that stranger is. I'm certain he's a perfect gentleman, just by the looks of him; and one doesn't see many gentlemen nowadays, in Merton, especially!" And Christine strained her eyes to see if she could make out the form of the graceful unknown among the crowd that thronged the store. Presently he came out and passed the window, looking up with a surprised glance of admiration at the fair face which grew rosy in an instant, and withdrew behind the curtain.

The stranger was a dentist, a Dr. Wayne, from Germany, it was said. He had opened an office not far from Mr. Newton's, and intended remaining in Merton for some time. The young ladies of the village quite lionized the new-comer, and Christine Truman was not behind the others in gaining the smiles and compliments of the slender gentleman. Mrs. Truman welcomed him to her parlors when she gave a party, and was all smiling and entertaining, for did not her ancestors come from Germany? So she talked, and scarcely gave him an opportunity of casting a sly glance of admiration towards Miss Christine, who sat quite prepared for a flirtation, having on her most languishing air, and her most becoming attire.

Now certain very discreditable rumors began to be afloat concerning this same Dr. Wayne, and he fell into disfavor with the belles of Merton, with the exception of Miss Truman, who stood up for him valiantly whenever his character was assailed, to the intense amusement of her feminine friends.

Chrissie had a certain old bachelor uncle whom we have never mentioned before, who was the owner of a marvellous structure yeapt a dwelling-house whose wings, and turrets, and balconies were the wonder of all Merton. Now said uncle had had his ears saluted with the news that Dr. Wayne had remarked that "'twas quite likely that Mr. Aaron Truman would leave his house and property to his niece Christine, as there was no danger of his ever occupying it himself." This remark savored quite strongly—to Mr. Aaron—of a penniless adventurer desirous of marrying for money; and he sounded his brother with regard to his prospective son-in-law, receiving his expression of strong antipathy towards the dandified dentist with supreme satisfaction.

"He shall never have my consent to marry Christine, that I am determined upon!" said the old gentleman. "I don't care if the women do talk, and cry, and scold, and stay in their rooms a month! I was fooled once, and I'll see if I'll be again!" And Aaron winked and nodded approvingly at his brother's decision.

So one evening—the occasion of a grand tea-meeting in Merton—when Mr. Truman saw his daughter leave the hall for a walk, in company with the dentist, his wrath suddenly began to rise alarmingly, and he hastened to his domicile, that, like Tam O'Shanter's spouse, he might "nurse his wrath to keep it warm." His worthy wife had disappeared, so he sat down, and, giving the fire a vigorous poking, awaited the coming of his eldest daughter, whose conduct had so displeased him. Surely he heard voices at the gate, he thought, after waiting at least two hours. He would stop their conversation pretty quickly; and the door was flung open, and a thundering voice exclaimed:

"Christine Truman, come into the house!"

The startled damsel obeyed her father's peremptory summons immediately, leaving the object of her affections in a somewhat alarmed state of mind, as he hastened down the street. She walked in slowly, and entered the parlor, where her paternal relative was seated upright in his chair, as if fixed with some desperate resolve.

"Christine, were you walking with that Wayne this evening?"

"Yes sir," she answered quietly, as she seated herself on the sofa, and unpinned her shawl, letting it fall round her graceful form, while her cheeks burned and glowed. "What objections do you have to my walking with the young gentleman, father?"

"I don't want my daughter to be seen in the company of that young scoundrel, and I positively forbid your doing so again. Do you hear me, and will you obey me?"

He rose and stood before the trembling girl, and looked straight into her large eyes, which fixed themselves steadily on his face as she replied, coolly and calmly:

"I am engaged to that young scoundrel, as you term him, father, and I consider myself capable by this time of judging who is a fit companion for me; so I don't wish to hear anything more on that subject!"

And she rose, opened the door, and went out and up to her chamber, leaving the astonished "parent" staring wildly after his retreating daughter, and wondering if she were demented.

At last he found his voice, and going out into the hall, called after her:

"If you marry that fellow you need never darken my doors again. But you never shall marry him!"

In spite of the expression of paternal indignation which startled Christine, she contrived to meet the elegant doctor next day, and informed him of what had taken place.

"I am going to remove to Danbury soon. We will keep quiet until I am gone, then I will write and tell you of my plans. O, if we could but make our escape to my native land!" sighed the lovelorn swain. And Chrissie thought how very romantic it would be.

"Where were you yesterday, sister?" asked Mrs. Newton of Christine, one Monday afternoon, when she was paying her a short visit.

"O, mamma and I went to Danbury to attend divine service at the Episcopal church. Didn't you see us? We were not far ahead of you as you came down the street."

"Now, Chrissie, tell me what you went there for. Was it not to meet a certain perfumed and bewhiskered arrangement who calls himself a doctor, but who, I believe, is no more a doctor than I am. Are you crazy, Christine Truman?"

"Not a bit, Georgina Newton! It's very strange that you don't consider your elder sister competent to decide for herself."

"You are so blind, Christine! I don't know what will become of you, I'm sure!"

"Pray attend to your own affairs, and, like a good sister, don't interfere with mine!" was Christine's answer.

"Mamma!" exclaimed little Jane Truman, running down to the dining-room one morning, about three or four weeks after the conversation between the sisters, "I can't find Christine anywhere. She isn't in the closet, and she isn't up garret; and I guess a big giant must have come and carried her off, like the girl in my new story-book."

The heads of the family having become a little alarmed at the non-appearance of their daughter at the breakfast-table, had

sent little Jane to call her sister; and now her announcement filled them with wonder and fear. The house was searched from top to bottom, but no Christine could be found. Her wardrobe had vanished likewise, and all her choicest belongings. A tiny note was found on her toilet by little Jane, addressed to her mother, in which she declared that "she meant to elope with her lover, as her father was so determined against the match. Perhaps at some future time, if he were willing, she would darken his doors; though now she was about to start for a far-distant land with the man who, in a few hours, would be her husband, and in whom she placed the fullest confidence."

Poor Mrs. Truman was quite upset by this sudden event. She bitterly upbraided her husband as the cause of it, telling him that by his harshness he had driven his child from her home and family. But he was inexorable, and even avowed his intention of not going in search of Christine, though her mother entreated, and scolded, and stormed.

"I shall have nothing more to do with her; let her alone."

So our heroine, who had made her escape in the darkness of the night, assisted by her gallant lover, was allowed to depart from her native shores as Mrs. Dr. Wayne,

going somewhere, she scarcely knew whither.

When the young Dr. Truman came back to his home, in the full glory of a most marvellously high shirt collar, and a prodigious amount of blue and white necktie; hair still white, and lean face still whiskerless, though there were the slightest possible suspicions of a faint mustache promising to be quite invisible, and air and manner reminding one of one's grandfather, he found his stately sister had, in her extreme fondness for the title M. D., gone off with an unknown adventurer, no one knew whither.

Years afterward, when Christine had learned by bitter experience that fair promises and fine appearances are not to be always implicitly trusted, when the proud spirit had been tamed by the rough usage of this world, and the garb of widowhood clothed her bowed form, she came back, sorrowful and saddened, to her aged parents and still loving sisters, who, rejoicing over the returned wanderer, sought to make her life a happy one; and in the quiet noon of middle life she found a true, manly and noble heart willing to help her over the thorny ways of earth, and of whose worthiness she strove, by her unselfishness and by earnest strivings after a better life, to make herself worthy.

MORTALITY TO IMMORTALITY.

BY FRANK ARBER BROWN.

Hast thou no pity? Wilt thou leave me here
 Low-lying? Ah! dost thou not mark the tear
 That bitter anguish for my cruel fate
 Wrings from my closing eyes? 'Tis late, so late,
 The night advances, and its shades increase;
 While, nearing fast its end, my little lease
 Of being blessed with thee shall soon be run.
 Then hear me as I faintly call, O come
 And whisper hope, one soothing word to me,
 My life, my all, my fair sweet mystery!
 Invisible, and yet I feel thee near,
 Invisible, yet dear, O doubly dear!
 Must we then part? Lo, all these years have we
 Bound up in each been perfect unity;
 And yet, methinks, at times thou'st left me here,
 Soaring above to some mysterious sphere
 Which I might never reach; yet when I missed
 Thy presence, I would mourn till thou hadst kissed
 Me into happiness with thee again,

And eased the burden of my lonely pain.
 But now that I grow old, methinks, my love,
 Thou listest to some sweeter voice above.
 Who callest unto thee, O tell me, sweet?
 Who is more dear than I, whom thou wouldst greet?
 Who is more true than I have been to thee?
 Who hath more charms than thou hast found in me?
 Thou leavest me! alas, thou wilt not stay.
 All, all is fled! no more will sunny day
 Fill me with joy, and warm me with delight,
 Nor silver moon speak happiness at night;
 No more will winter with its snow and frost
 Teach me to mourn the summer that I lost;
 No more will music greet my ravished ear,
 Nor sorrow bring a sympathizing tear;
 No more will laughter cheer me with its ring,
 Nor kisses hint the happiness they bring;
 No more will love inspire my feeble frame,
 Nor glances tell the raptures of its flame;
 And thus the joys and ills which once were mine
 At length surrender to the tyrant Time.
 Then, fair sweet soul, if thou must leave me here,
 Grant me the parting tribute of a tear;
 And, as thou soarest o'er my silent home,
 Give me, old friend, the farewell of a moan.

Wales, England, 1875.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

THERE is scarcely to be found in history so curious a contrast of civilized manners and customs as between the Chinese and the European.

In Europe itself nation differs from nation rather by shades and degrees than by contrast. The French affect onions, the Spanish garlic, and the Welshmen leeks; offspring of the same family differing only in pungency. Other nations, such as Arabs, Turks, Persians, etc., etc., offer no similitude in their habits, and have little in common with ours. But the Chinese run in a sort of parallel of violent opposites. As an example, the European has decided that ministers of religion should wear a costume, and that it should be black. Chinese also agree that their priests shall wear a distinctive habit, but it must be bright yellow. Europeans signify their mourning for their dead by putting on black raiments; Chinese lament their ancestors by donning garments of white. The offices of chamber-maid, cook, laundress, dress-maker, and, in fact, all servants' labor

where we employ women, are fulfilled by men; whereas sailors are for the most part women; and almost everything else might be traced as following the rule of contrariety. In nothing is this more exemplified than in the ceremonials attending death and burial. Like ourselves, the Chinese make the one mighty fact of death of stringent importance, but the inevitable act of dying they regard as of little moment. The consequent funeral operations outvie our own absurdities in that line to a pitch which, to our mind, approaches lunacy; and, pluming ourselves greatly upon our superior enlightenment, we are apt to overlook that it is little more than contrast. They believe, like Christians, in the resurrection of the body, and they hold that belief in so determined a manner that they absolutely take more precautions for the preservation of the body when dead than when alive; and the money and care lavished upon the inanimate clay, bones or dust, is frequently the result of the deprivation of the living. Many a Chinese will

expend his last farthing and go supperless to his mat rather than not light the evening joss-candle upon his little altar in honor of his defunct relatives. In the method of the ceremonial of dying they differ *in toto* from us. Whereas we feel it incumbent to surround a deathbed with weeping friends and relatives, lawyers, doctors and parson, the Chinese most ruthlessly abandon their dying, determinedly thrust them from their beds, drag them from their houses into the nearest open space they can find, where they have to expire alone as best they may, friends and neighbors keeping discreetly aloof until the last breath has been drawn. Thus an invalid can scarcely obtain admission into any house for fear he might die before he could be ejected again. Women in the hour of their direst need are often driven to some outside shed or back slum alone. No wonder that dead babes are so often found.

A curious and comical incident occurred at a European friend's where I was stopping. Hearing that there was a poor old sick woman living out in the forest alone, my friend hired a man and wagon to have her brought into the town, where she could be attended to. The driver declared he knew the place and the old woman well, and set out with his wagon well lined with paddi-straw. Evening brought the return of the vehicle, but no invalid therein.

"Why, where is the old woman?" exclaimed my friend, angrily. "These con-founded coolies are such idiots. Where is the old woman?"

"Yah, master," exclaimed the driver, holding up his hands deprecatingly. "Old piecee woman! muchee sick! wantshee makee die!"

"Very likely; but that was exactly the reason I sent you to bring her in."

"Ha yah!" screamed the Chinaman, in utter despair at such an argument. "Wantshee makee die in my wagon! no can do, putshee on the road; makee die there; can do."

"Why, you brute!" cried my friend, "give me the whip." And he jumped into the wagon and drove off, leaving the owner wringing his hands and his tail in anguish. And a Chinaman's sorrow is of the most ludicrous kind. He bellows, and blubbers, and contorts himself, making the most grotesque grimaces, which rather affect the

risible than the lachrymal sympathies. Our driver's tribulation arose from the idea that should the old woman chance to die in his cart, it would be forever ruined and polluted, and it was his only means of livelihood; nevertheless, he would have sacrificed it under the superstitious fear of the evil which would attend him had such an event taken place. Fortunately, the old woman was brought in alive, and with care recovered, I believe.

The dying old woman and the bereaved coolie were merely a threatened and small calamity in comparison with the dismay and discomfiture in our establishment which took place when the cook died. Old Aapong was a most trustworthy and careful servant, and could cook a very fair European dinner. My only prejudice against him arose from a suspicion—nay, a conviction—that he killed the fowls by scalding them to death. It is customary to kill several chickens in every establishment each day for currie, etc., and it would be a lengthy operation to pluck the birds, so that they are supposed to be strangled, and then dipped into boiling water until the feathers drop off. But my impression is that the strangling is considered a work of supererogation, as the boiling water would assuredly kill them, and the Chinaman no doubt reasons like the Irishman, and thinks, "What is the good of killing him twice?" On this particular morning Aapong came into the parlor to take some orders about game which he was to purchase from the boats coming from the north of China. He was a wary old purveyor, and always kept on the right side of extravagance. Sometimes game was very dear, and at others very cheap, and he had repeatedly put the question, "How much mississee give for game?" and I had left it to his discretion.

Barely had time elapsed for him to have reached his kitchen when our door was violently flung open, and in tumbled half a dozen servants screaming with terrified gestures, "Mississee! mississee! Aapong have makee die in the cook-house!" I sprang to my feet and ran across the yard into the kitchen. There, stretched on his back, lay poor Aapong, motionless as in sleep. I thought he was in a fit, and called for the servants to help to raise him and administer to his revival. Not one moved an inch, or by abuse or entreaty could be

induced to come near him. They stood resolutely aloof, deprecating with voice and long spider-like fingers my meddling with the corpse, and lamenting that he had not got out into the yard to die instead of dropping down in the kitchen. The calamity appeared to be, not his death, but his demise in the cook-house. In spite of my utmost unassisted efforts there came no motion in the body, no quiver of the eyelids, no pulsation through the veins; the vital spark had indeed fled, and Aapong was gathered to his ancestors. He had left behind him a scene of confusion, muddle and dismay indescribable. The scene was powerfully serio-comic.

Like all Chinese affairs, this incident was a jumble of the horrible and the absurd. The sublime or the pathetic are never prominent. There lay the corpse, with nothing of the awesomeness of death about it, just with the expression upon his funny square face which it wore a few minutes ago when he was inquiring what he should pay for the game. Around were the whole household assembled, expressing in their quaint grotesque manner their disappointment and astonishment, and discovering with wonderful fertility the various complications and misfortunes of the case. Who was to move the body? suggested one. What a pity he had not stepped into the yard, said another. Who was to cook the dinner? It was a sad thing he had not waited to die until after dinner! Here the cook's boy stole away and hid himself, lest he should be required to go into the kitchen to prepare the dinner in the same room with the dead cook. Who was to get his coffin? and they lamented his want of prudence in not procuring his own coffin, as many Chinese do. Who was his nearest relative? They discussed that point with great vehemence, jerking and twisting of their bodies, and digging the air with their long forklike nails. It seemed to me it would be quite dangerous to go within reach of them. If he was interfered with by any one, they said, except his nearest relative, he would certainly haunt that audacious intruder, and perhaps torment him during the rest of his life. The servants, one and all, entreated, conjured me not to touch him; and I believe they resolved never to set foot in that kitchen again.

At this period of affairs the cook's boy

having, I presume, peeped from his hiding, beheld his new badjon thrown over the face of the deceased. I had wished to cover the face, and this cloth had fallen first to my hand. He uttered a yowl which startled us all, and went into hysterical lamentations. It was no relief that I took it off again. The article was ruined, and must be burnt. But still above all rose the pressing difficulty about the dinner—for whatever happens, people must dine. Finally, I cancelled their obligations on that point by saying we would dine out, which relieved them extremely, as they all resolved to rush out of the house directly my back was turned, and leave Aapong in solitary possession. One suggested that he should immediately go and search for the nearest relative, without whom the funeral ceremonies could not commence; others begged off on various pretexts. It was in vain I sent out to hire coolies to come and remove the body to a more suitable position. The news had flown like wildfire. They scampered off in the opposite direction, or declared they were engaged. A few of the servants lingered out of respect for my presence, much wondering what spell bound me to stay near the dead while they were being drawn irresistibly in the opposite direction. This feeling does not arise from fear of death or the awe which this inscrutable phase of history inspires in us. The Chinese are almost indifferent to the phenomenon of dissolution, and frequently compass their own end when life becomes wearisome. A wife sometimes elects to follow her husband on the starlit road of death; and parents will destroy their offspring in times of famine and great distress rather than allow them to suffer. Still more remarkable is the custom of selling their lives in order that they may purchase the superior advantage of obsequies, which are considered to insure the body in safety for the future resurrection.

A wealthy man condemned to death will arrange with his jailor to buy him a substitute for a certain sum of money to be spent upon the poor wretch's interment and preservation of his body. Should he have parents, so much is usually paid to them in compensation for their son's life. Chinamen invariably help to support their parents; filial respect and devotion is the great Chinese virtue and religious precept,

in which they rarely fall. Regarding death as inevitable, he makes the best of a bad bargain, and cunningly and comically gets *paid for dying*. The wholesale destruction of life in this country is greatly the result of indifference. Hence the massacre of Europeans, so terrible to us, seems to them a matter of little moment, and they cannot comprehend why we should make such a fuss about it. They regard our indignant protestation very much as we might treat our irate neighbor whose dog we had shot.

"Well, well, be pacified! if it was such a favorite, I am sorry, but it is only a dog, and there are plenty more. How much do you want to be paid for it?" "You Americans think so much of a life," argues the Chinese; "have you not plenty of people at home?" Nor do they in the least estimate the devotion of the Sisters of Charity, who go about seeking to save souls by the preservation of infant life. If the child has been born under an evil star, as they think, and is doomed to misery through bodily ailment or stress of circumstances, they think that the sooner death comes to their relief the better. In cases of mere want of food the Chinese woman will bring her babe and lay it at the door of the Sister's hospital, as in any other country, knowing it will be taken in and cared for. The wanton destruction of infants I believe to be greatly exaggerated and misunderstood, and even where the destruction of life has been an ascertained fact it would appear to be less the effect of cruelty than of the small account made of death—failing to regard that event as a calamity or the worst of misfortunes, as we do. I particularly noticed that Chinese women were as fond of their children as any other mothers, and were remarkable for their tenderness and patience as nurses. In the lower classes it is quite common to see a woman tolling with a baby tied on to her back, and it is the regular custom to nurse the child very much longer than in Europe—two years or more; but with their peculiar notions about death they prefer to lose the child rather than see it suffer. Death in China is awarded as the punishment for the most trivial offences, and frequently for none at all, except being in somebody's way.

A story was told me as a fact, that during the visit of one of our royal princes a theft was committed of a chain or watch

belonging to the royal guest. The unfortunate attendant was caught with the property upon him, and, without further ceremony, his head was chopped off. The mandarin in attendance immediately announced the tidings to the prince as a little delicate attention, showing how devoted he was in his service. To his astonishment the prince expressed his great regret that the man's head had been taken off. "Your highness," cried the obsequious mandarin, bowing to the ground, "it shall immediately be put on again!" so little did he understand that the regret was for the life taken, and not the severed hand.

In times of insurrection or famine the mowing down of human life is like corn-stalks at harvest time, appalling to European ideas. I must confess to a nervous shuddering when I stood upon the execution ground at Canton—a narrow lane or potter's field—where so many hundreds had been butchered *per diem* during weeks together, the executioner requiring the aid of two smiths to sharpen his swords, for many of the wretched victims were not allowed to be destroyed at one fell swoop, but sentenced to be "hacked to pieces" by twenty to fifty blows. I was informed by a European who had travelled much and seen most of the frightful side of life, that witnessing Chinese executions was more than his iron nerves could stand; and in some of the details which he was narrating I was obliged to beg him to desist. And yet he said there was nothing solemn about it, and the spectators looked on amused. It was the horrible and the grotesque combined.

To return from this digression to our special dilemma. We reached home just in time to see the servants who had to be in attendance make a precipitous rush in at the gate: and subsequently, when I signified my intention of retiring to rest, they accomplished quite as hasty an exit, so that I knew that I was alone in the place with poor Aapong. As I passed up to my room I looked out at the open veranda; the moon was shining brightly, as a Chinese moon seems to feel it incumbent upon her to shine, for she is regularly feted and made much of; but now her beams fell full upon the cook-house, which is always divided from the main building by a square or yard, and in that detachment all the domestics have their rooms. But not a liv-

ing individual was within. The silvery light fell on the livid quaint face of Aapong, still bearing the inquiring expression of "How much mississee give for the game?" I could not turn my eyes away from its anxious questioning, and I felt that sleep was out of the possible until dawn, when the servants would come stealing in. The following day a sufficiently near relative appeared, a coffin was brought, and our ex-cook, duly inducted into all the wearables he possessed, including six badjous and unmentionables, was placed, or I should say crammed, therein. All his valuables and property were put along with him, but his purse being considered too scanty, a number of paper coins, made to represent real ones, an innocent forgery upon the next world, were added, so as to make a handsome display of wealth, just as a lady supplements her real diamonds with paste. Chinese pickled ducks, a living white cock, tea and samchoo were taken out to the grave. A number of howlers and wailers were brought in, but in consideration for my feelings they constrained their lamentations and praise of Aapong to a *sotto voce* until they got to some distance.

Our last difficulty arose as to the manner of getting the defunct out of the house, as it is considered most inauspicious to bring a corpse through a doorway, and when a person dies in a house it is usual to erect a scaffolding outside the window, from whence the coffin slides down. Unfortunately, all the windows of the servants' quarters were upon the yard, from whence there was no exit except through the house. We naturally objected to allow the drawing-room windows to be made the medium of transit of Aapong into the regions of bliss, therefore with an infinity of precautions he was carried out *via* the door. We had much difficulty in procuring a new cook to occupy his place, and then only by sacrificing the kitchen and turning it into a lumber room. No great matter, for the Chinese cook over a few embers in small earthenware pots, each dish having a little fire of its own. The cook sets up his apparatus anywhere in a few minutes. Even this compromise did not satisfy the cook's boy, who labored under the painful conviction that Aapong, having been taken out by the door, would assuredly, on some moonlight night, be seen reentering by it,

and having just received his wages he absconded, abandoning the defiled badjou, and was heard of no more.

Not less contrasting with ours are their mortuary processions and mausoleums. The former, like all Chinese marches, are a heterogeneous gathering of incongruous objects. Ragged, semi-clad coolies staggering along without order or precision, bearing the most singular burdens; the dead person with the white fowl fluttering ahead, trays with baked meats, perhaps a whole pig, and ducks, heaps of paper money in baskets, clothes, shoes, both real and made of paper, trays of cakes, umbrellas, fans, etc. The friends, carried in chairs, wrapped in white cloths, only their eyes and nose appearing, look like so many corpses going to their own funerals; and it would be too tedious to enumerate the objects which do go to a Chinese interment. The general effect is comic rather than solemn, lively rather than sad, disorderly rather than methodical. Their sepulchres differ from ours in form and size. Whilst on the one hand our tombs, graves, monuments, etc., are formed in angles, squares and oblongs, the Chinese last resting-places are built in curves, semicircles, horseshoes. Whilst we usually consider that eight feet by four of earth is enough for any one when he is dead, the Chinese needs a freehold of an acre or two for his post-mortem habitation, which is built into a series of round yards, horseshoe chambers, according to his rank and wealth.

A stranger finding himself outside Canton walls, and following one of the pathways, for there are no roads, as there is nothing but coolie traffic, would be perfectly mystified as to the probable use of the six or eight miles of buildings which he sees glittering white in the sunshine on the side of the mountain. They could scarcely be fortifications, for they are the wrong way about; neither could they be houses, for they present the remarkable difference that Chinese houses are all outside and no inside; these are all inside and no outside, being built on the slope of the hill. The masonry is very solid, and a great deal of marble is used, so that the general effect is very curious. Whilst we are fond of shrouding our graveyards with weeping willow, cypress and the crapelike tilitia, and selecting damp shady spots, the Celestials are most fastidious in their

choice of a *locale*. It must be a bright sunny site, where no shadow ever falls, which rises up so as to catch the first kiss of Aurora, and the breath of some zephyr blowing from a certain quarter. They have a regular professional testor, or seer, whose business it is to search out these specially favored spots for a dead Chinaman's abode. When any great mandarin is to be the occupant, months frequently elapse before a sufficiently salubrious position can be fixed upon. We often used to meet these species of wizards wandering over the hills, or standing stock-still until some inspiration visited them, or probing the earth with a wand like mineral-seekers for ore.

One of the most striking and interesting parts of this lugubrious subject is the death cities inhabited by the dead only. They are usually situated a few miles from the living ones, and have no parallel that I know of anywhere. I shall essay to convey an idea of the one outside of Canton, which I visited in company of a friend thoroughly versed in Chinese matters. We set out in chairs, or rather oblong boxes with a seat in, borne on the shoulders of two or four coolies, who trip away with their burden at a sort of trot. It was a bright beautiful morning, the weather being just sufficiently cool to be enjoyable. As I have remarked, there are no roads around Canton, and no need for any, as there are neither carriages nor horses. Thus the pathway is only made wide enough for one foot-passenger. Chinese always walk like Red Indians, in single file. Sometimes this track is a mere ridge between two paddi-fields lying under water, sometimes skirting the side of the hill, or on the border of one of the innumerable streams of water which intersect Canton like a tangle of silver braid; but every scrap of land is cultivated to its utmost capacity. It is laid out principally in kitchen-gardens, well kept, neat and flourishing. It has often been a subject of speculation to me, who could possibly eat all the cabbages which I saw growing. I believe there are more cabbages consumed in Canton than in New York; for although the population is probably about the same, I do not suppose that every one in New York habitually and inevitably eats cabbage, whereas in Canton I believe it is the rule without exception; but even the cabbages are in direct opposition to ours, they grow *long* instead of round. It

was quite a refreshing sight, all these flourishing gardens, with the patient industrious laborers weeding and watering—the latter in the most primitive fashion. The waterman carried two buckets slung on a pole across his shoulders with wickerwork tops, and by jerking himself first on one foot, and then on the other, he contrived to slop out the water pretty equally on either side as he walked along. Strings of coolies, all with poles across their shoulders, were carrying baskets laden with green ginger, cabbages, onions and turnips, which persistently grow *long* instead of round, spinach, and a great variety of herbs and vegetables unknown in this country. They all moved respectfully into the ditch to allow us to pass, with a polite salutation or the pleasant wish that our grandmothers might live forever. Traversing this smiling pasture for some miles, we came in sight of a fortified walled city with a moat around, over which was a drawbridge. The yell by which our coolies announced our arrival and desire to have the bridge lowered and gate opened, sounded weird and hollow, and the echo from within sepulchral. It startled a number of white cranes, shrouded in the sombre foliage which overhung the dank and dismal moat, and who seemed to regard with amazement the advent of two *living* creatures into the city of the dead. The gate was opened and a plank put down by a thing as near a skeleton as I should think could be found to perform such necessary and useful labor. I have no experience of living skeletons in America. I have heard of persons said to be “only a bag of bones;” but in China any one desirous of studying anatomy might do so with great facility, especially upon the habitual opium-smokers. Our coolies declined to enter the gate, so we stepped across the plank alone, and entered the city of death. The skeleton guardian vanished as soon as he had performed his office, and we walked in.

It presented at first sight the appearance of any other Chinese city, with the exception of the dead silence, dearth of movement, and a sort of atmosphere which felt vapid and stagnant. There were the same narrow streets paved with the cobblestones, the same quaint little square houses with the elaborate screen in the doorway instead of a door, the little latticed venetian window frames whence the Chinese woman

satisfies her curiosity as to what is going on in the outer world. But here no eyes peeped through, no figures glided in and out from behind the screen, no pattering feet of bearer coolies smoothed the cobblestones, no cry of vendor of fruit and fish broke the dull monotony. The streets intersected each other and ran in crooked zigzags, as most Chinese streets do. Here and there were patches of garden ground planted with cadaverous sapless flowers, looking as though they had been struck with paralysis. A few dwarfed shrubs stood languidly up, seeming as though they could not put forth more than one leaf in a century. There was no hum of insects or flies, not even the ubiquitous mosquito. Not so much as a rat ran across the silent streets, which we traversed for some time, experiencing with terrible acuteness the jar of our own footfall.

My companion suggested that we should enter one of the houses; we therefore stepped behind the screen, and found ourselves in an ordinary Chinese parlor or receiving room, furnished with the usual black ebony chair and teapoys, with the quaint gaudy pictures lacking perspective, which one might fancy are hung in sheer perversity perpendicularly instead of horizontally, commencing at the ceiling and extending to the floor in a narrow strip, the figures appearing on various stages as upon a ladder.

At one end of the room was the altar, which adorns the principal apartment of every Chinese house, sustaining some ferocious-looking joss, which represents either saint or demigod. On either side were brass urns containing smouldering incense, and in the front cups of tea and samshoo. I do not know if the tea was hot. I did not taste it, for if it is ill to step in dead men's shoes, it must be worse to drink dead men's tea! In the centre of the room was a bulky article which looked like an ottoman or divan covered with a quilted silk counterpane or mastoyd, such as is used on Chinese beds, and it might have passed for one of those most uncomfortable articles of furniture. But it was hollow, and within it lay the inhabitant of the dwelling, sleeping his last long sleep; nevermore to rise; nevermore to sip his tea or samshoo, though it waited there prepared for him; nevermore to sit on his ebony chairs; never to light any more joss-stick to his ancestors, but

have them lit for him by his posterity. There were other chambers in the house similarly furnished, except that the mastoyd was thrown back, and displayed an empty coffin, which lay ready lined with sandal-wood, its owner not being yet dead. The veranda was furnished with the usual green porcelain seats and vases in which seemed to stagnate the bloodless flowers.

We stole softly out into the street, chilled and painfully, yet not mournfully impressed. We went into the next door; that house was "To Let Unfurnished." A third was rich in gilding and vermilion, and mirrors reflected and glittered through the rooms. The ebony and ivory furniture was most beautifully carved. The tea and samshoo cup were of exquisite egg-shell china; *objets de vertu* lay about on the altar emblazoned with jewels. The bed was covered with a magnificent crimson velvet quilt, richly embroidered in gold and seed pearls, with a deep bullion fringe worth its weight in gold. Under the quilt lay a high mandarin, who had amassed an enormous fortune by the simple process of chopping off the heads of all such as he discovered to be possessed of money. His method was simplicity in itself. He would first seek a small quarrel, cast the owner of the wealth into prison, take possession of the property in the name of the crown *pendente lite*. After wasting in prison for a year or so the prisoner would be adjudged to lose half his property. He would probably resist, for a Chinese hates to have his money taken from him above all things. You may beat him, starve him, punish him in any way, but if you stop his wages he goes into despair, and howls to makes himself heard a mile off. Thus, refusing to pay, the unfortunate moneyed man is sent back to prison, and ere long is found guilty enough to merit death; his property forfeited to the imperial descendant of the sun, first, however, passing through the sticky fingers of the mandarin. The one who lay stretched before us under the crimson and gold mastoyd was said to have been quite an adept in this nefarious system of plundering his victims by compassing their death — literally "bleeding them." Who knows but perhaps we have got this painful expression from the Chinese?

I was informed that he had immense wealth with him in his coffin, and was adorned with all his jewels and costly man-

darlin dress. The coffin or state-bed on which he lay had cost one thousand pounds. The outer one was of ebony, beautifully inlaid with gold, silver, ivory and mother-of-pearl. The inner one was of the famous ironwood, from Borneo or Burmah, considered more invulnerable than metal, as it neither rusts nor decays, and defies the white ant. Within that there was a sandalwood shell lined with velvet, the body being highly spiced to preserve it. The furniture of the house might well exceed a thousand pounds. The altar-cloth and hangings were of rich embroidered silk with a profusion of gold fringe, and the lattice *filigree* which the Chinese are so fond of introducing everywhere, was gilt and vermillion. The floor was inlaid marble. Such was the gorgeous house the Mandarin Shang Yung had raised for himself on the bones of his victims to live in when he was dead, if I may be excused the bull.

There is a very common reflection made in America as regards misers amassing wealth. "Ah, well, he cannot take it with him." Not so in China, for he does take it with him, at least part of the way, and is more particular about his *entourage* when dead than when living; whether they have some notion of remunerating old Charon to supply a better craft, or to bribe the officials of purgatory; for the Chinese believe fully in that expiatory region, and, no doubt, shrewdly guess that the authorities there might be susceptible to filthy lucre, as they have found them to be in China proper. Also, according to the thrifty view they take of most things, they might consider that it was safer to buy themselves out of purgatory than to leave the money with priests or relatives for that purpose, as some Christians have thought meet to do. For instance, Ferdinand and Isabella, having, it might be assumed, a deep-rooted conviction of their own wickedness, left a large fortune to endow a chapel, where mass was to be said every day *a perpetuite* for the benefit of their souls in purgatory. But the Chinese are curiously prosaic and matter-of-fact in all their dealings, and in none more so than their arrangements as to their future state.

Recurring to the death city, my readers must not suppose that it was a large cemetery like that of New Orleans, built above ground, where the dead are placed in monuments erected for the purpose, and for the

reason that the Mississippi is constantly overflowing and would wash any underground grave away. This cemetery also presents a curious *ensemble* of miniature villas and tiny churches, for many families have mass said in their mausoleums once a year upon All Souls' festival, the corpses ranged around on shelves forming the congregation. Some of the monuments are several stories high; all detached, with beautiful gardens around them. This is really a cemetery, a graveyard above ground; whereas the Chinese death city is nothing of the kind. The dead are not interred, and never intended to be. They are merely lodgers *pro tem.*, in a sort of luxurious *morgue*, until their own final resting-place shall have been decided upon by the professional diviner, or that it shall be convenient to remove them to their own homes and ancestral funeral pyres. The grand Chinese idea is that the whole family should be gathered together in death for generations and generations; and they carry it out practically further than any other people. Though, strange to say, the Americans—the newest nation—have actually adopted this old-world idea, and though of course they have no remote ancestors to lie beside, yet they object to be buried in the place where they die. Being a strangely gregarious people when alive, they seem indisposed to rest when dead, and the travelling about of corpses is a unique feature in the manners and customs of the United States.

The death city near Canton was said to contain several thousand inhabitants. The houses were rented by the year or month. There were some very old inhabitants, judging from the dilapidated appearance of the furniture and drapery. In one house there was a large family, one coffin in each room, and the father and mother in the grand chamber.

They were all waiting to go to Peking, their native city, waiting until the then head of the family, holding a government appointment, should be recalled. Wandering about in this oddly dreary place, which was neither mirth nor woe, the painful stillness and the heavy atmosphere being the only elements which inspired awe, my nerves, nevertheless, received a sudden shock, when, just as I was examining the decorations of an apparently new visitor, speaking in whispers and raising the mas-

toyd, a shrill shriek made me start, drop the mastoyd, and clutch my companion by the arm, and for a minute I could scarcely control my fright. He laughed, for it was only the crowing of a cock; but I declare St. Peter was never more startled. Thus, when the nerves, like an instrument, are tuned to a certain pitch, a sudden contrast creates a jar and breaks the string. I had become so in unison with silence that even a rooster had the power to terrify me. But this was proof that the corpse was a fresh one, as the white cock, without a colored feather, which accompanies the coffin is usually left there when the body merely goes into lodgings. If really interred, I believe he is killed and eaten. In another portion of the city we saw several of them, though I think they were past crowing. Some of the interior walls of the houses were decorated with portraits supposed to represent the defunct; on the toilet tables were the brass basins used for ablutions; and in one, where there was a portrait of a lady, who must have been a Chinese beauty, there was a large pot of red paint and another of white, which the Chinese use unsparingly; by the side of that lay her jade comb, and silver pins, and the gum which is used to stiffen the hair. Something in this amalgamation of life in death recalled to me a similar day spent in the dead cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, where the ladies' toilet stood just as she had left it centuries ago; the bread seemed still baking in the ovens; and although the bodies had been removed as soon as found to the museum, yet the evidence of their presence seemed so fresh that they might have left but yesterday.

We quitted the city, nothing loth. We seemed to breathe more freely when fairly outside the pent air of the death city. The skeleton was hovering about the entrance gate, with a view to coppers, for if he could not eat he certainly required to smoke opium, which was in truth the secret of his extreme leanness; and surely he might be excused if, whilst his living bones were doomed to remain in this dreary sepulchre, he should endeavor to transport his spirit into blissful dreamland by means of the opium pipe. Again we startled the lonely heron steadfastly regarding the dark green moat, no doubt in solemn contemplation of some knotty problem of heron life. We backed ourselves between the poles into our

boxes, like horses into the shafts of a cart, were hoisted on to the shoulders of our coolies, and departed.

We did not return the same way we had come, through the flower-beds and gardens, but, making a detour, we resolved to take all the horrors on the same day, and visit the grave-ground of the rebels. This is a piece of dreary waste land, without boundary or any sign to suggest the land of horror which it really is. For the very earth has been saturated with human gore, the very soil is composed of human flesh, and the rucks and heaps that look so arid and unsightly are mounds of human bones. It was here that the bleeding bodies of the rebels, butchered upon the execution-ground before alluded to, were carried to be buried. Finally, the ground became so full that there was no earth left to cover them; yet they were still cast down in heaps for the vultures to serve as undertakers to, at least as regarded the flesh. Rebellion being the greatest crime a Chinese can commit, it is punished in the severest manner, not only in this world, as they think, but in the next, by not allowing him a proper burial. Cutting off the head on earth is a trivial mishap in comparison with depriving him of it in purgatory. In a representation of that mythical Botany Bay, I observed a number of headless figures. They had been decapitated, and a boundless gulf placed between their capital and their trunk. They had been waiting in Limbo for centuries to recover this essential part of a man. Thus these poor rebels, having revolted against the supreme head and regal descendant of the sun, were to be punished for time and eternity; for there can be no resurrection of the body without its head. Directly the executioner had severed it from the body, the latter was thrust into a wooden box, slung over the coolies' shoulders, and carried to this field, a real *Aceldama*, the blood dripping the whole way, marking the path to the field of blood. One hundred thousand are said to have manured that horrible piece of ground, so dry and arid, and for months and months it was impossible for the living to pass that way. And yet, in spite of this atrocious punishment, the Chinese are the most turbulent nation under the sun, at home or abroad.

We returned home sad and weary with this long day, spent under the shadow of death on the dark side of humanity.



MADemoisELLE SYLPHINA :

— OR, —

THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER that cry of terror, and the one look into that evil face, Dely knew nothing more. She was so exhausted with excitement and suffering that this sudden transition from hope to despair—from the hope of having found a friend and rescuer, to the certainty that she was in the clutches of that dreadful man, who seemed to her nothing less than a demon—was too much for her to bear; unconsciousness mercifully came to her relief.

When she came to herself it was to see, not that evil face, but the friendly jolly face of her friend the Snake Swallower, bending over her!

She looked around her, shuddering through all her frame.

"No, mein shild, do not be afear! He shall not touch you. He is in de ditch, and he haf all he can do to come to himself, at all, and den he shall haf vun big boomp on his head!" said the Dutchman, in a tone of mild exultation. "I haf been sorry to gif it to him, for I am vat you call vun peaceable man, but he haf oplige me to."

"You wont let him have me? O, you wont let him have me, will you?" said Dely, imploringly.

"No, mein shild, not if you like it not, for I tink you are vun goot little vun, and him I like his looks not mooch. Vat is he to you, and vy will he carry you away with him, my tear?—and how do you come so far from home?"

Dely poured forth all her sad little story, hurriedly and brokenly, but it seemed to touch the good Dutchman's heart; and when at the end she said, with piteous entreaty:

"Don't carry me back there! I shall die if you do! If you will only take me home with you I will not be a trouble to you! I will work, O, so hard! I can do a great many things! And I would try so hard to keep you from being sorry for it!" he said, with something that sounded very much like tears in his great gruff voice:

"Tear shild, you shall come with me! Do you tink I vill gif you back to him? Vas it for dat I knock him down, and get myself put perhaps in de chail? Surely

they are vun lot of thieves and rascals in dis place to let a leetle shild be so persecute and abuse! I haf left some things at de tavern in de village, and I vas on de way to go after them; but first I shall put you on my horse, before me, and carry you to ze tavern in Ornesville, where there are goot ladies who shall be kind to you."

"And you will hide me, so that man cannot get me? or Mrs. Robinson, or anybody?" said Dely, anxiously.

"You may trust me, my tear! I will hide you from them all! They shall be treat no better than him," nodding in the direction of Dely's fallen enemy, "if they try to get you!"

He sat Dely on horseback, mounted behind her, and turned the horse's head in the direction of Ornesville, whence he had come.

The village of Ornesville was eight miles from Still River, and to Dely the ride seemed endless. It seemed to her that by this time the whole of Still River must be aroused and pursuing her. And the man—who had come upon her so suddenly and so silently that her belief in his supernatural character was strengthened—he had received, according to her friend's account, no more serious injury than a "big boom on his head." Surely he would not be hindered by that from pursuing her when he recovered his consciousness!

But her fears were not realized. They reached the tavern at Ornesville in perfect safety.

Ornesville was not a much larger village than Still River, but summer boarders sometimes came there, and its hotel was a much more pretentious one than Still River could boast; and to Dely's eyes it was very grand indeed. A cheerful light streamed from the windows, and a sound of mirth and good cheer became audible as they drew near.

Dely's companion led her into the parlor, which was full of people—a greater number, probably, than the hotel had ever before sheltered in the whole course of its existence.

Dely's friend had told her that the members of the circus company were there—all save a few who had stayed at Still River, and were to come over in the morning—and Dely was very much surprised to find the room filled with very ordinary-looking people. She did not realize that circus

performers were not always dressed in tights, and gauze, and spangles; she had expected to see as gay an assemblage as she saw within the ring at the tent at Still River. Though she was still oppressed with a fear that her pursuers might yet reach Ornesville and seize her from the hands of her friend the kind-hearted Dutchman, and was also very shy in the presence of so many strangers, she still looked eagerly around for the beautiful dancer, Mademoiselle Coryphee, who had so enchanted her. She would surely be able to recognize her by her wealth of blonde ringlets, she thought. But there were no blonde ringlets there. After looking around the room, however, Dely became reassured. It was the circus company. For seated on the horsehair sofa—the only article of furniture in the room which was large enough to afford her a seat—with a very red face, and fanning herself vigorously with a fan which corresponded to herself in proportions, sat the Fat Lady!—the veritable Fat Lady. There was no mistaking her, though she was dressed, not in the beautiful orange-colored silk which she had worn at the circus, but in a very rusty black alpaca skirt and a cambric waist which had had no very recent acquaintance with the laundry. It was almost as much of a shock to Dely as it would have been to see a queen without a crown on her head.

A chorus of exclamations and inquiries greeted the Snake Swallower when he entered the room leading Dely. He made no answer, but took off Dely's sunbonnet, and drew her forward into the light.

"O, the bea-u-tiful little creature!" cried a young woman who had been reclining gracefully in a rocking-chair. "Where did you find her, Mr. Lamm?" She sprang up, clasped her hands together as if enraptured, and rolled her eyes upward in a manner that rather alarmed Dely, because it reminded her of old Mrs. Giddings who was subject to fits. "Her tresses are like spun gold, and her eyes—O, what ge-lor-ious midnight orbs!"

"O Sarah Junkins, don't be such a fool!" said, very tartly, a young woman who seemed to be carrying on a lively flirtation with a very red-haired young man. "I wonder if there is anything in the world that you can't gush over! Yesterday you said that one of Mr. Lamm's horrid snakes

was 'a bea-u-tiful creature,' and to-day that the big elephant was 'a dear little thing?'

"She is a sweet impulsive creature," said the Fat Lady, with a reproachful glance at the tart young woman. "Some people have so much more soul than others! I can sympathize with her, for I, myself—though you might not think it—I am all soul!"

The tart young lady tittered audibly, and so did her admirer, but a young man who sat on the arm of the Fat Lady's sofa put his hand on his heart, and, bowing very low, said:

"I am sure it is very easy to see that, my dear Miss Brown!"

By this time almost everybody in the room had asked who Dely was, or where she had been found, and the good Dutchman told her story with so much pathos that everybody except, perhaps, the tart young lady, who made it a point never to agree with Miss Sarah Junkins, and her admirer, who felt bound to share her opinions—felt a great deal of pity for and interest in Dely.

"Heartless monsters! Adorable little angel! how can there be wretches so vile as to ill treat thee?" said Miss Junkins, with little save the whites of her eyes visible.

"She's a horrid little ragamuffin! I should know she came out of the poor-house. She looks like an ugly little thing, too. I dare say they only served her right. As for her beauty, she's as thin as a rail; and I never did admire towheads! Sarah Junkins would look less like a fright when she performs if she wouldn't wear that tow-colored wig! She'd look better, even, in her own hair, though she hasn't a dozen spears of it." This was the tart young lady.

"O Envy, what a demon thou art!" cried Miss Junkins, with a tragical gesture. "Come to me arms, beaucheous child! I will protect thee from the sneers of envy, and, together, we will defy the storms of adversity! O Mr. Lamm, I feel *such* a yearning towards her! You will not tear us asunder?"

"Bless me! is she setting her cap at Mr. Lamm, now?" said the tart young woman, in an audible whisper.

"Mr. Pennant," said the Fat Lady, "the child is beautiful; that we can all see,

though, unfortunately, some are not as keenly appreciative as others. For myself—though you might not think it—I adore beauty!"

"I am sure," began the gentleman on the sofa-arm, with his hand placed against his heart, but the Fat Lady went grandly on without noticing the interruption.

"And, Mr. Pennant, you have long sought for an Infant Phenomenon as the one thing necessary to make our troupe complete and unrivalled—a child that should combine beauty and grace with talent. Who can tell but what Fate, in the person of our noble and distinguished friend Mr. Lamm, may now have sent her to you!"

(Feeble attempt at applause from the young man on the sofa-arm, instantly checked by the open scorn of the tart young lady, and the unsympathetic looks of the others.)

A middle-aged, very thin lady in the corner, who had hitherto been too closely absorbed in a book to pay much attention to the conversation, remarked with great stateliness:

"Miss Brown, we all recognize your goodness of heart, but allow me to remark that your sanguine disposition often misleads you. We all know that talent is by no means so common a thing as your words imply. As you do not pretend to be gifted yourself, of course you cannot judge of others. I see no reason to suppose that this child possesses that rare and Heaven-sent gift!"

"O pshaw! What a lot of fine words!" said the tart young woman. "Sis, do you know how to do anything?"

"O yes'm," said Dely, eagerly. "I can wash dishes, and sweep, and dust, and scrub floors, and—"

"Gracious goodness, child, I don't mean that kind of thing! Can you sing?" she interrupted.

"Yes'm, a little, and O, I can dance!" said Dely, suddenly remembering that her accomplishment would be likely to be better appreciated here than it was by Mrs. Robinson.

"Dance? can you? who taught you?" said two or three voices at once.

"I—I don't know who taught me," said Dely, confusedly. "Either I must have known how when I was born, or somebody taught me when I was very little."

"Knew how when she was born!—why, she's a perfect little idiot!" said the tart young lady.

"Hush, my dear Miss McFadden, if you please," said the thin lady. "When I said that talent was rare I by no means meant to imply that it never was found to exist under unpromising circumstances. To me the child's expression sounds not unlike the outburst of conscious genius!"

"La sakes! I do hate to hear folks talk as if they had swallowed a dictionary!" said the tart young lady (whom perhaps we had better call Miss McFadden, since we know her name), with great contempt. "Will you dance for us, sis?"

She said it rather sarcastically, as if she did not expect her request to be complied with.

But Dely was delighted at the thought of displaying once again her accomplishment so long forgotten and so strangely restored. She forgot all her shyness, and began at once, with the same grace and abandon that she had shown on the village green. It was the same dance that she had danced then, and it involved a very difficult step, and a "twirl" that would have done credit to a professional ballet-dancer.

Surprise and admiration kept everybody in the room—even the voluble and enthusiastic Miss Junkins—perfectly silent until Dely had finished. Then a chorus of exclamations burst forth; even Mr. Pennant, the proprietor of the circus, who had a very cold and critical expression when she began, looked very much surprised.

"Ah! I was right!—it is genius. I am always the first to recognize it!" said the thin lady, with quiet triumph.

"She's a regular stunner!" said Miss McFadden, forced into admiration against her will. "But what an awful little liar! Of course she knows how she learned to do it!"

Miss Junkins was speechless with ecstasy. She had rolled up her eyes so that there seemed to be danger of their never coming down again, and sunk back in her rocking-chair as if in a swoon.

The Fat Lady arose, assisted by the admiring young man who sat on the arm of her sofa, and said, with a majestic wave of her fan:

"Mr. Pennant, behold your Infant Phenomenon!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE next day Dely was unable to leave her bed. She was not ill, but only exhausted from excitement and nervous terror. She was delivered into Miss Junkins's care, and shared her room, that young lady declaring that she should be heart-broken if separated from the "beaucheous child." She was very kind to her, and Dely liked her very much, but she could not help feeling very much disappointed to know that she and Mademoiselle Coryphee were one and the same. For Mademoiselle Coryphee was so beautiful, and Miss Junkins, though she was so kind, was not at all pretty. She had a very large coarse mouth, and a great many freckles, almost no forehead at all, and coarse black hair that did not look at all nicely kept. Dely wondered so much how she made herself look so differently!—until she saw her make her toilet for the afternoon performance, and then she decided that she should never think Mademoiselle Coryphee was beautiful again, for she should always remember that she was paint, and powder, and false hair, with only Miss Junkins beneath them!

Dely would have been very contented and happy that day if it had not been for a lurking terror of again falling into the hands of that dreadful man. She knew that she was with kind friends who would do all that they could to protect her, but she had a fancy that he had more than natural power, and might mysteriously "spirit" her away at any moment. And if he could not get her, might he not take his revenge upon Johnny? But she comforted herself by remembering that Johnny had a friend who would protect him in Squire Johnson.

They were to leave Ornesville the day after the performance for a town twenty miles distant. There they were to stay a week, and the proprietor was to see how readily Dely could learn various feats, to see whether she would really do for an "Infant Phenomenon." O, how fervently Dely hoped she would succeed in pleasing him! She saw that her other accomplishments, sweeping, scrubbing, etc., would be of no service to her new friends, and she did want so much to be of use! She did not want good Mr. Lamm to take care of her for nothing. And then to dance and perform in a circus seemed to her the

most beautiful and delightful thing in the world to do. She scarcely dared to hope that such good fortune would come to her.

The day passed, and nobody came from Still River in pursuit of her.

Mr. Lamm said that night:

"I haf expect to haf trouble with mein friend that I haf left in de ditch. Heshall haf come to himself by dis time, surely. It is posseeble he haf not know who I am."

"Perhaps he has seen you swallow the snakes, and is afraid you will serve him the same way," said Miss McFadden. And her admirer, the red-haired young man, laughed loudly at her wit.

"Bah! He should make me seek!" said the Dutchman, with a grimace. "I swallow him nevalr!"

Dely felt more secure, however, when they were fairly on the way to Sheldon, their next stopping-place—twenty-eight miles was such a long ways off!

A part of the circus troupe went in the stage, and the others in carriages. Dely was given a place on the back seat of a large covered travelling-carriage, between the Fat Lady and Miss Junkins, and she went away from Ornesville very much squeezed, but very happy.

Sheldon was a large town. It seemed to Dely like cities of which she had read; she had a vague recollection, too, of having seen a place like it, and she tried very hard to remember how it looked, and where it was, as she often tried to remember what her life was before she was a little pauper in Still River poorhouse.

She confided her recollections timidly to Miss Junkins, thinking, perhaps, she might help her to remember.

"Me sweet child! I discovered at the first glance that you were of noble lineage!" cried Miss Junkins, embracing her. "O, how sweetly romantic if she should prove to be a princess in disguise!"

Miss McFadden sniffed contemptuously from the front seat.

"Wouldn't it be just as sweetly romantic to you for her to be Mr. Lamm's adopted daughter?" she said, with even more than her usual tartness.

Dely noticed that Miss Junkins colored high at this thrust, but she could not at all understand why she should.

The hotel at Sheldon was a very grand

affair, indeed, but there were so many people, and they all stared so curiously at every member of the circus troupe, that Dely was very much afraid of being recognized by some one as the little pauper from Still River.

But as nobody did recognize her, and she saw no familiar face, her fears were soon allayed.

There was to be no performance until the afternoon of the next day, and in the morning, before she attended to her own circus toilet, Miss Junkins dressed Dely in as much of her own old finery as could be made to fit her, preparatory to her trial exhibition before Mr. Pennant and Signor Bonaldi, a professor of dancing and gymnastics connected with the troupe.

Dely was very nervous, and afraid she should fail, though she was sure that she could learn all sorts of dances if that was all they required of her; but "Infant Phenomenon" sounded very grand—though she had not the least idea what the big word meant—and Miss Junkins had told her that she would be expected to learn to leap through hoops, as she had seen her do at the circus, and to ride standing on the ponies' backs. That sounded rather dreadful, but Dely was not at all timid, and she was willing to attempt anything that they asked of her, if she could only become a member of the troupe. Mr. Pennant directed that she should go to the tent when they all went for rehearsal, and Dely was very glad that she was to have Mr. Lamm and Miss Junkins with her, for she was a little afraid of Mr. Pennant and Signor Bonaldi, and she felt so strange, so unlike herself with Miss Junkins's white gauze tunic on, and a wand in her hand, and a wreath of artificial roses on her head! She was sure she could dance much better in her old calico dress; but Miss Junkins went into ecstasies over her appearance, and the Fat Lady said she looked "sweetly."

After all, it was not very much that she had to do. Mr. Pennant told her to dance the same dance that she had done at Ornesville, because Signor Bonaldi had not been present then, and Signor Bonaldi cried "Bravo!" very heartily. Then they made her dance with Miss Junkins, who, of course, was transformed into *Mademoiselle Coryphee*, and she learned very readily. They made her ride around the ring

once or twice, sitting on a Shetland pony's back, and she was not at all afraid.

When Miss McFadden's red-haired admirer—who, Dely discovered, was "Monsieur Dumaresq, the Unrivalled Athlete, whose Astounding Feats have been the Wonder of Both Hemispheres"—stood on the shoulders of another "Athlete," and then lifted her to his own shoulders, she did not quite like it, but she gave no sign of fear. And she went back to the hotel

almost wild with happiness, for Mr. Pennant had decided that she was to dance at the very next performance, and she was to be regularly announced in the bills as "Mademoiselle Sylphina"—Signor Bonaldi had suggested that as a suitable name, because she was so slender and graceful—"the Infant Phenomenon of Pennant's Great American and European Circus Company."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ADVENTURES OF A GOLDFINCH.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

It was summer-time in England, and the fields and forests were clothed in their brightest green. Thousands of pretty wild-flowers decked the meadows and hedges, or blossomed in the shade of the woods, and the air was full of the sweet gay songs of the happy birds rejoicing in the warmth and sunshine, or sporting among the leafy bowers. And of all the merry company of wild musicians, not one was merrier or more active than a certain little goldfinch that was flying about in the soft summer air, feasting on seeds and on berries, and warbling his own song with the rest. He was a very pretty creature, with his bright red chin and forehead, white cheeks and velvety cap, rich brown shawl, and yellow, and white, and black wings. He flashed in and out among the trees and shrubs, as free as the air he breathed, and never dreaming that any other fate was in store for him. His little soul was full of the joy of the present, and he looked around with his bright black eyes and thought—"What a nice world this is to be sure, and how happy I am! I see the nicest place to build a nest, where it would never be noticed under the green leaves, and if I can only persuade that pretty little lady-bird over yonder to join me, we can set up housekeeping right away, and enjoy ourselves as well as Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale in their bower, or that saucy Mr. Black-cap and his wife. They've been singing love-songs all the morning, and I'm not going to be left behind." And with that the little fellow began to warble more sweetly than ever, telling the story of his hopes and fears in tender tones to the object of his affections.

But alas, for the vision of a snug little nest under the drooping boughs, wherein sometime the parent birds might watch with anxious care and pride the rapid growth of their tiny nestlings, until, with tender untried wings, they should attempt their first flight from the downy shelter builded with so much skill for their reception! That very night a boy came to the wood carrying in his hands a dish containing something which he strewed upon the ground and twigs as he went, and over which he scattered crumbs and seeds such as the birds liked. There was some fluttering among the branches, and many bright but sleepy eyes watched the boy's movements while their owners wondered what it all meant. Among these inquisitive birds was our little goldfinch.

"Those seeds," he thought, "look very nice, and I would like to make a good meal of them. But I'm not going down now, while that great creature is there—O no! I'm not so foolish as that! Something might happen to me. It's best to be cautious;" and he set his head knowingly on one side, and looked as if he were admiring his own wisdom. "But early in the morning I'll be awake and have a good breakfast out of them," and with this wise thought he tucked his head snugly under his wing, and in a moment or two was fast asleep on the bough, with the leaves rustling around him for a lullaby, and the blue sky overhead, lighted by countless stars, and a round silver moon whose clear radiance made the night seem almost like day, so bright was it. Poor little goldfinch! that was his last night in the forest, and those

were his last hours of freedom. But he slept sweetly on, to wake at the first light of dawn. Giving himself a slight shake, and collecting his senses, he suddenly remembered his resolve of the night before, and flew down to the ground to enjoy the feast spread out to win his attention. But alas! the treacherous substance on which the boy had scattered the seeds held him fast in its sticky clutches, and he found himself entrapped, with many others of his tribe. In vain they struggled to escape; the most of them were held fast, and among the number caught and caged was our own wise little goldfinch, who had thought himself a match for man's artful inventions, and thus fell an early victim to a simple plan.

The same boy who had strewn the bird-lime about, came and put all the birds he had caught into one great cage, and carried them to his home, talking to them all the while very kindly. But the very sound of his voice, no matter what he said, was terrifying to the birds, and they fluttered, and struggled, and beat against the bars in their vain attempts to get out, ruffling their pretty feathers and sometimes breaking them off.

Our little goldfinch, as you may suppose, was very much frightened and distressed at the loss of his liberty, and the sight of so many strange things; but after the first terrible shock had worn off, he did not refuse to eat the seeds that were provided for him, or to drink the water which he found near him. He was unhappy and shy, but being naturally very cheerful, and disposed to make the best of things, he behaved far better than some of his companions in captivity. He did not, however, remain long where he was first taken. He and his comrades were quickly sold to a dealer in birds by the boy who had captured them, and each bird was put in a little willow cage, in which were two perches, a little crib for seeds, and an earthen mug for water. They were then placed side by side, so many cages in a row, and so many deep, and thus fastened together for transportation across the sea to America. So, you see, our goldfinch bade fair to become a travelled bird.

The winds were favorable and the weather good during the voyage, and our goldfinch, together with his friends, got along very well for a little wild bird. Every day he, with the others, was given fresh water

and had his seed-box filled. He and the two birds on each side by him sympathized with each other, and declared that they wondered what could possibly happen next; but as for singing, they were sure they could not think of such a thing; and a terribly homesick feeling would come over them all, as they remembered the woods and the fields where so little time ago they had been flying about as happy as the day was long. At such times they felt very wild and miserable, and would tire themselves all out trying to get through the bars of their little cages. But this could not last always, and our goldfinch would at last settle down to eating his seeds, as the only consolation left him. So he did not grow thin, or lose the gloss off from his beautiful feathers, and his eyes shone as bright as ever when he and his companions landed in this country.

Here he was carried to a bird store where there were hundreds of other birds from all parts of the world, some of them exquisitely beautiful, and others more remarkable for their powers of song. When they were all singing he thought that he had never been in such a hubbub in his life, and finding that no attention was given him in the general clamor, he gained courage to join his own voice with the rest, though not so unnoticed as he thought, for his owner saw the cheerful attempt, and felt that he could recommend him to a purchaser, and thus give him a home among kind friends. He also became well acquainted with his next neighbors, and altogether was much happier than might have been expected.

Now in one of the New England towns there was a young lady, or a little girl, as you may choose to call her, who had some beautiful singing canaries which she loved very dearly. She was something of an invalid, not being strong enough to go out much and amuse herself in gay society as many others could, so that she thought all the more of those pleasures which she could enjoy at home. If the day were ever so dark and dreary, or she were feeling ever so ill, she could always have her birds to amuse her with their pretty cunning ways and delight her by their beauty and songs; and, indeed, they were esteemed the dearest of pets by all the household. But she was not satisfied with canaries only, and after considering what other bird she should prefer to own, she finally decided that she

wanted a goldfinch to keep her canaries company.

One morning our little hero was taken from his place among the other birds, greatly to his surprise, and something very stiff, and rustling, and brown, was wrapped all about his cage, shutting out nearly all the light, and almost terrifying him out of his senses. Plenty of seeds were given him, however, and he was in no real danger. Then he felt himself jolted along among strange sounds, then lifted and set down somewhere, and then in motion again with a great noise like an immense scream. How long he travelled thus in the dark he couldn't guess, but really it was only a few hours. Then he was lifted again and jolted away for a few minutes, when he again felt himself carried along by some one, heard a girl's voice exclaim with pleasure, a snipping of the cords that fastened the outside wrapper, and behold! he was in the light again, and the same girl's voice was praising his beauty, while he was only wishing that he could fly away off where nobody

could ever catch him again in all his life. Very soon he saw what he took for a chance to escape, and rushed through an opening which proved to be only the door to another and a larger cage, fitted up with everything a goldfinch could want, in the shape of perches and eatables. He was then hung up in a pleasant window, and soon settled down on his perch for the night, but did not go to sleep till after his new owners had left the room, so frightened was he at his strange surroundings. But the next day he was less shy, and tasted of the good things provided for him. In a few days he began to sing, and from that time, he improved rapidly, becoming very tame and delighting the heart of his mistress, as well as all the household, by his cunning tricks and cheerful ways—Better than all that—he is happy; and his little heart no longer pines for the green fields and leafy bowers of his English home, for he has forgotten them, and not only enjoys life, but makes those around him glad, like the little missionary of God that he is.

THE MODEL FIGHTER.

THE little peddler-boy Jimmy, who was so well known in our village as an honest lad, must have been somewhat acquainted with the art of keeping the heart-strings pure. I will tell you a story or two about him, and then you can judge for yourselves; for Xenobia would not use the "judgment" of the boys and girls without their leave, any sooner than she would any other of their valuable private property.

One day, Jimmy went to a neighboring village, to sell some wares. Pins, needles, tape, cord, buttons, soap, matches, braid—indeed, I am not merchant enough to carry in my brain the long list of articles which he carried in his basket. Jimmy's brains and arms both must have been pretty strong, for he carried a regular "notion merchant's store!"

With this varied stock, one day, he stepped out of the cars, whistling from a spirit of peace with all men, when up came a rude boy, and "just for mischief," as he said, gave the well-laden basket a sudden knock. A way went all the goods and chattels, to the four winds, and to the ground! Now where is the boy to be found who

would not have been at least a little vexed at such a provocation? Jimmy's temper was pretty quick, and his blood instantly boiled at this deliberate piece of wickedness.

"Look out, old fellow!" said he, on the spur of the moment; and he almost obeyed the impulse to strike. But he recollected himself, or rather he recollected his duty to his God and to his neighbor. Instantly his whole manner changed. A smile took the place of the angry frown, and he said, quietly, "I don't believe you meant that."

"Yes, I did, too," said the tantalizing boy.

"O well, never mind," said Jim; "I'll be your friend, though; I guess we won't quarrel just yet."

"Hallo! there's a saint for you!" bawled out the rude boy, at the top of his voice.

Jimmy did not wish particularly to have his "saintliness" thus proclaimed upon the public streets; but he knew it was better Christian policy to place a guard at the door of his mouth. So, almost biting his lips, and lifting his heart in prayer to God, he stopped to gather up his scattered stock in trade. His spirit was soon tranquil, and he went on his way.

A gentleman and his wife had noticed, from a window of their house, across the street, the whole performance. Said he to the lady, "My dear, call the boy in, and buy from him all the cotton, and pins, etc., which you will want for the next six months." So Master Jim was relieved of his load in a much more agreeable mode than before. And, you see, his forbearance had its reward. Does not virtue always carry its own reward? Use your own judgment now, and answer.

Two weeks after, Jimmy had another trial with the same boy. The fellow must have been what is called a "bully." That is the name which suits his character, at any rate, and so we will adopt it for him, although rather inelegant. Worcester's big Dictionary describes him finely, in giving a definition of the word: "A noisy, blustering, overbearing fellow, known more for empty threats and insolence, than for courage, and disposed to provoke quarrels."

Going along through the same village, though rather in its outskirts, Bully jumped over a fence, and, without any warning, gave Jimmy a blow upon the side of the head, exclaiming:

"Ha, ha, sir! You are the saint what's afraid to fight!"

Jimmy knew him instantly, and, setting down his basket, stood back, saying:

"No sir—I am not afraid; but I had a great deal rather not. Still I can do it. I would much rather be a friend to you."

"I'm no friend to saints; so take that!" said Bully, dealing a no very gentle blow,

and this time given with his doubled fist.

Now Jimmy was no coward, and not lacking in physical strength, either. So he just seized Bully by the collar, and, extending his right foot, tripped up the feet of his antagonist, laying him low upon the ground. There he held him tightly for a minute or two. Bully was completely in Jimmy's power, unable to move a limb. He screamed out, "Let me go! let me go!" But Jimmy sat, a monument of victory, utterly unmoved. He saw that his captive was not in a condition for self-government, so he had no notion yet to "let him go." Full five minutes he sat there, patient and self-respectful, his own spirit entirely tranquil, and his heart full of love to the vanquished boy. And there he meant to sit until Bully's spirit was somewhat subdued. At last the poor boy begged to be released.

"Promise me first," said Jimmy, "that you will strike no more boys in the street?"

"I'll promise," said Bully.

"Mind, now—you really mean it, do you?" said Jimmy.

"Yes, I'll promise true," said Bully.

"And promise to remember that I'm your friend, and don't want to fight you?"

"Yes," said Bully.

So he was allowed to rise; and he went on his way, a somewhat wiser fellow than he was before. Religion does not take true manly spirit from a boy. It makes him much more manly, for it helps him to curb his temper, and act with cool deliberation. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1878, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

Address **THOMES & TALBOT**, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to January Puzzles.

1. Kalamazoo. 2. Music, Indigo, Law, Trap, Olive, Niger. MILTON; COWPER.
3. "Ruthven's Puzzle Page" in BALLOU'S MONTHLY. 4. Carrot. 5. Hemlock. 6. Part-ridge. 7. Ant-eater. 8. Idyl, Dray, Yarn, Lynx. 9. Dover, Oder. 10. Andes, sane.
11. C-Ora; T-Rap; T-Ape. 12. Lean, lea.
13. Forget, forge.

14. A
 A W E
 A N K L E
 A W K W A R D
 E L A T E
 E R E
 D

(For the first answer to the following we will send a copy of J. F. Smith's "Virgin Queen.")

34.—*Prize Acrostic.*

The initials name a historian, and the finals a poet. An uncomfortable vessel to sail in; A Scotch word; A young lady the less you have to do with the better; A woman entitled to the first place in this or any other age. "BEAU K."

35.—*Cross-Word Enigma.*

The 1st is in zinc, but not in tin;
The 2d is in bolt, but not in pin;
The 3d is in nice, but not in good;
The 4th is in cloak, but not in hood;
The 5th is in coal, but not in wood;
The 6th is in State, but not in Maine;
The 7th is in road, but not in lane;
The 8th is in fourth, but not in third;
The whole is the name of a bird.

RUTHVEN.

Syncopated Blanks.

36. The — dogs made a — upon us, and it was hard work to get — of them.
37. He held two — in the — of his hands.
38. There is a vast difference between a — and a —.
39. A — has — my dress.

CYRIL DEANE.

40.—*Diamond Puzzle.*

A consonant; a covering for the head, reversed; ways; a gipsy chief; one of the United States; a foolish fancy; slight; a feminine name; a vowel. "BEAU K."

Additions.

41. Add a letter to coaxing, and make cleansing.
42. Another letter to possessing, and make paring.
43. Another letter to falling behind, and make ridiculing.
44. Another letter to warming, and make defrauding.
45. The same letter to reclining, and make purifying. _____ WILSON.

43.—*Numerical Enigma.*

The answer contains 19 letters, and is the name of a popular author.

The 15, 8, 17, 6, 12, is a flower.

The 19, 3, 14, 10, 12, is a tree.

The 18, 2, 9, 1, is a child.

The 16, 5, 12, is a fish.

The 7, 11, 13, 4, is to shine.

ED. WYNNIE.

Decapitations.

47. Behead cunning, and leave a float; again, and leave astern.
48. The act of setting out, and leave acid; again, and leave skill.
49. To shun, and leave to fly; again, and leave a point of land; once more, and leave to imitate. J. H., & M. A. G.

50.—*Transposed Syncopation.*

Syncopate a city in Maine; then transpose, and form a house for beasts.

ITALIAN BOY.

Curtailments.

51. Curtail a portion, and leave of equal value; again, and leave a relative.
52. A place of rest, and leave to throw.

CYRIL DEANE.

Anagrams.

53. Clean attic cat.
54. I curl toes again.
55. In a critical faint I go.

"BEAU K."

Answers Next Month.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

ANCIENT WEAPONS.—An exhibition of ancient and modern weapons has been opened at Birmingham. They date from the fourteenth century. Among them is a breech-loading air-gun, made by Nook, an Englishman, somewhere about 1360, which has seven barrels, all of which explode with one blow of the hammer. There is also a beautiful breech-loader, bearing the name of *Aquafresca Borgia*, 1694. There are many exquisite breech-loading pistols of ancient dates, with ingenious mechanism, and the first attempt at the revolving principle, in the shape of a double-barrelled gun, the barrels turning on a pivot. Many of the guns have reservoirs in the stock for ammunition. One curiosity is a single-barrelled gun to hold two charges. One charge was rammed home, and several wads inserted, after which the second charge was placed in the barrel. The top charge was exploded by a hammer about a third of the way up the barrel, and a hammer at the breech then discharges the second.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON—was noticed during a recent balloon ascent by two experienced French aeronauts of thorough scientific attainments, M. Tissandier and M. De Fonvielle. They were able to hear voices from below, and remarks that indicated that the persons in the balloon were visible to the speakers, although at the time a cloud obscured the surface of the earth from the view of the aeronauts themselves. This occurrence is explained by the hypothesis that a cloud may be transparent and opaque at the same time, according as it is viewed in different directions.

FIGHTING FISH.—Fish fights may become fashionable, as the French authorities, in importing for culture many varieties of Chinese and Japan fish, have secured some of the fighting sort from Annam. In that country fish matches are arranged as follows: They select two combatants of a dark color and put them into

separate glass bottles, which they then place close together. The fish immediately begin to watch each other; their hues change; they become black; the tails and fins grow phosphorescent, and the eyes sparkle with peculiar lustre. They soon rush toward each other, but are stopped by the bottles. When their rage is at its highest they are liberated and placed in the same reservoir, and a furious combat takes place, until one, being defeated, seeks safety in flight, again changing its tint to whitish gray.

OUR ABORIGINES.—Six great families of nations are recognized among the aboriginal inhabitants of the region lying west of the Rocky Mountains, and in a book recently published more than 700 tribes are specifically mentioned, without including long lists of tribes of whom nothing more than the name appears to be known, and which may be mythical, or described under some other designation. Lying along the Arctic coast are the Hyperboreans; between the fifty-fifth and forty-second parallels are the Columbians, after whom come the Californian and Great Basin Indians, the New Mexicans, the wild tribes of Mexico, and finally the wild tribes of Central America.

THE OCTOPUS AND THE RATS.—The aquarium of the Zoological Station at Naples was, last autumn, attacked by a great number of rats, which not only did considerable mischief to the woodwork, but even caught and devoured a number of the animals kept in the tanks. In an attack on an octopus, however, one of these depredators got by far the worst of the battle, as next morning nothing remained of the four-footed gourmand but the bones and a part of the skin. Though this achievement cannot be compared to the exploits related by M. Victor Hugo, it is interesting as showing that even in captivity a healthy cuttle-fish is well able to take care of itself.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CREAM FOR FILLING.—One cup of flour, two cups of sugar, one quart of milk, four eggs. Heat the milk, and when scalding hot, add the eggs, sugar and flour, well beaten together, stirring as the mixture is slowly poured in. Flavor to suit yourself when the custard is cool. Make an opening in one side of the cake, and put in the cream with a spoon, taking care to put in enough. Be sure that the cakes are thoroughly baked, yet not scorched. This will make about fifty cakes. A quarter of the recipe given makes ten or a dozen cakes.

FLOATING ISLAND.—One quart of milk sweetened; whites of six eggs; wine to the taste; half pound of pulverized sugar for the island; a little currant jelly. Beat the eggs and add the sugar by degrees, and as much currant jelly as will make it a fine pink. Pour the milk in a glass bowl; with a tablespoon place the island on it in heaps tastefully arranged.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sugar; four eggs; one-half cupful of water; two cupfuls of flour; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; one-half teaspoonful of soda. Beat the sugar and yolks and half the water until very light, then add the remainder of the water, flour and soda, etc.; when well beaten, add the whites of the eggs, and put immediately into the oven; bake one hour in not too hot an oven.

CREAM CAKES.—One pint of water, one cup and a half of butter, four cups of sifted flour, eight eggs. Boil the water and butter. Stir in the flour slowly while boiling. Boil one minute, and when the dough is cool, add the eggs, which have previously been well beaten. Drop in shapely tablespoonfuls upon a buttered tin; bake in a quick oven.

MINUTE LOAF CAKE.—One and a half cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of tartar, one of soda; nutmeg.

WAFFLES.—Beat the yolks of four eggs, add two and three-quarters pints of sweet milk, and quarter of a teaspoonful of salt;

add enough sifted flour to make a stiff batter; beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, and stir in lightly the last thing before baking; bake in waffle-irons; serve hot, and eat with butter and syrup. If but two eggs are used, add one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder to the flour.

TO MAKE PEPPER VINEGAR.—Take six large red peppers, slit them up, and boil them in three pints of strong vinegar down to one quart. Strain it, and bottle for use. It will keep for years.

TO BOIL RICE, CAROLINA FASHION.—To one pint of rice put one quart of water. Cover closely and boil rapidly. When done each grain will be distinct, well swelled, and very white. Twenty minutes are sufficient for the whole process. Rice should always be picked over carefully, false grains removed, and cooked in a stewpan clean to nicety.

BAKING POWDER.—Eight ounces of bicarbonate of soda, seven ounces tartaric acid, six ounces carbonate of magnesia, six ounces powdered starch. Mix thoroughly and put through a fine sieve.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—To make cottage cheese take nice clabbered milk, not too sour, heat, but do not scald it; pour into a bag of thin cloth and drain; when it is drained enough, sprinkle with salt and pepper: mash fine; thin to a batter with sweet cream, and it is ready for the table.

TO REMOVE INK FROM A CARPET.—Make a paste of arsenic and water, apply it, wash off and put on more. After three or four applications the ink will disappear.

COLDS.—A hot lemonade is one of the best remedies in the world for a cold. It acts promptly and effectively, and has no unpleasant after effects. One lemon properly squeezed, cut in slices, put with sugar, and covered with a half pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself on the following day. This remedy will ward off an attack of the chills and fever if used promptly.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

"Dear me," said a good old lady who was unable to keep up with her work, "I shall be glad when I get into eternity, so as to have plenty of time for everything."

A man who had a very small wife being asked why he chose one so small, said that he had heard it said that among evil things choose the least.

As the cold weather approaches the old maids and widows are becoming more spruce, frisky and tidy than ever. They are putting in for the "tidal wave."

How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife over a bridge? One is water in the pitcher, and the other pitch her in the water.

The gallant secretary of a life insurance company being in command of a platoon during the late unpleasantness at New Orleans, struck up the gun of one of his men about to fire on a staff officer, with the exclamation, "Hold! don't shoot at him; we've got a policy on him."

An amiable citizen of Burlington called to see another who was dangerously ill. Attracted by a festive pair of boots in the room of the invalid, the visitor tried them on, when, turning to the sick with much sympathy, he remarked, "Supposing the worst to happen, I'll take these boots."

A gentleman just from Wilcox, Ga., asked an old veteran of that country if there were any candidates travelling around that portion of the State. "Well, stranger, to tell you the truth, I've got a bee-tree leaning over the public road, and I've been trying to cut it for weeks, but I am afraid of killing a candidate with it," was the reply.

A Western editor receiving an invitation to take tea with a lady friend, accepted. While at the table the lady observed that he had no spoon for his cup. "Is it possible," said she, "that I forgot to give you a

spoon? I could not have made such a mistake." "I have no spoon, madam," said the editor, rising from his seat, "and if you don't believe it, you may search me."

And when that blushing San Francisco bride showed the check for \$1,000,000 to her husband, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, with intense fervor, "And even this shall not separate us!"

Recently the local paper at Grass Valley said, "The prettiest girl in Grass Valley doesn't carry herself straight enough when promenading." For a week after all the Grass Valley girls stalked about like so many ramrods; and every girl said, "That horrid paper! Ma, don't I walk straight?"

A Lewiston clergyman was in charge of the household baby during the temporary absence of his wife, a few days ago, and was called upon by a young couple who desired to be married. With the baby in his arms, the parson tied the important knot. It is safe to say that the bridegroom was a fellow of pluck.

A lady teacher inquired of the members of a class of juveniles if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year old was raised, and promptly came the answer, "Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard."

A man had better have a millstone tied to his neck and be cast into the sea, than to promise to marry a Texas girl and then refuse. The whole country turns out to hunt him, and he is generally left to grow up with the tree.

A father at Dubuque makes his children address him as follows: "Most respected and revered father, I'll take another 'tater.'"

A lecturer on education for others, solemnly said to an audience, "Parents, you have children; or, if you have not, your daughters may have."

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF
BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
*The Best, the Cheapest, and the most Interesting Publication of the kind
in the World.*

AND
THE AMERICAN UNION,
The Largest and Oldest Literary Weekly Paper in the Country.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS! BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS!

Six Handsome Chromos Given to Subscribers.

REMEMBER TO SEND THE MONEY TO PREPAY POSTAGE. IT MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

The publishers of **BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE**—the cheapest and most interesting publication of the kind in the country—and **THE AMERICAN UNION**—the largest and oldest weekly journal in the United States—respectfully announce to their friends and patrons, which extend to every State in the Union, that for the year 1875 they will give as Premiums to subscribers some of the most elegant Chromos ever produced in this country. They were prepared expressly for our establishment, and can be obtained from no other parties. The names of these elegant and artistic Chromos are:

SUNRISE.
SUNSET.
MORNING GLORIES.
LILIES OF THE VALLEY.
THE BETROTHED.
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Many of our last year's subscribers have written to us in favor of our giving as Premiums "MORNING GLORIES," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," "THE BETROTHED," and "THE POWER OF MUSIC," so that they can this year have the companion pictures of last year. For this reason we have retained them on our list, but "SUNRISE" and

"SUNSET" are entirely new, and will be found fully equal to anything ever issued from this or any other office.

These Chromos are printed in oil, in many colors, and are wonderful for their beautiful and great originality.

PREMIUMS FOR BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!

As a great inducement to Clubs, we offer the following liberal terms:—For a Club of FIVE copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$7.50, and a copy gratis to the person who gets up the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" or "SUNSET" (which are entirely new), or the Premiums which we offered last year, "MORNING GLORIES" or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

TEN copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$13.00, and a copy gratis to the person who obtains the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

Be sure and name which picture you prefer. Also send *ten cents* for each subscriber to prepay postage. Or five cents for six months.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.—Single subscriptions \$1.50 each (and ten cents for postage), and either of the Chromos, "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," as the subscriber may elect; and be sure and name the Chromo you want in your letter.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE AND THE AMERICAN UNION.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE and **THE AMERICAN UNION** combined for \$3.75; and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY." Or **BALLOU'S** and **THE UNION** for \$3.50, without the Chromos, and ten cents postage for **BALLOU'S**, and fifteen cents for the **UNION**, in addition. Or for \$4.00 we will send **THE AMERICAN UNION**, and **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** and all four of the Chromos, "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or we will send either two of the above, and "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED."

PREMIUMS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.—We will send **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year for \$2.50, and also give every subscriber the two Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or either "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED," just which the subscriber may prefer, and fifteen cents additional for postage, or eight cents for six months.

This is a splendid offer, and should be taken advantage of by thousands who wish to adorn their homes with beautiful pictures.

CLUBS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

For \$15.00 we will send six copies of **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year, and a copy of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** to the person who gets up the Club, and also to each member of the Club the Chromos "SUN-

RISE" and "SUNSET," or "THE BETROTHED," or "THE POWER OF MUSIC." The subscriber must state which of these last beautiful Chromos is desired, and it will be immediately forwarded; or "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" will be sent, if preferred.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Be sure and send money by a post-office order, a registered letter, or by check on New York or Boston. We are not responsible for money lost on its way to us through the mails. Post-office orders are safe and cheap.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Subscribers can commence at any time, and not wait for their subscriptions to expire. Let them roll in their names as early as possible.

A VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—LET ALL HEED IT.

By a new law of Congress, publishers are compelled to prepay all postage on Magazines and Newspapers; consequently all subscribers will please forward with their subscriptions for **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** the sum of **TEN CENTS**, in addition to their regular subscriptions. This will save to each subscriber *two cents*, the usual postage having been twelve cents per annum. *Let every one remember this, for it is very important to us that it should be understood and acted on, as we can't afford to prepay postage unless it is refunded to us.*

The Postage on **THE AMERICAN UNION** will be, as near as we can calculate, **FIFTEEN CENTS**, a saving of *five cents*; and this must be sent with the subscription, as we are compelled to prepay the postage at the Boston office. Pray do not forget this important information when you send in your subscriptions. Eight cents for six months.

Be careful in writing, to give State, County and Post-Office for each subscriber; and also to designate the name of the getter-up of the club.

Address **THOMES & TALBOT,**
86 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



WIFE—who brought a fortune—"If you married me for my beauty, why don't you take me to some place where it can be admired?"



DESPAIRING LOVER—"Dear Lucretia, again refuse to be mine, and I'll blow out my brains."
LUCRETIA—"O, do wait until I bring my thimble to catch them."



ASSURANCE—"I have called, sir, at my earliest convenience in response to your advertisement for a young man of refined address and taste in the ladies' department of your establishment."

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI.—No. 4.

APRIL, 1875.

WHOLE No. 244.

VERONA.



The ancient and interesting Italian city of Verona is remarkable both for the natural beauty of its surroundings, and for the wonderful strength of its fortifications, in the construction of which all the ingenuity of modern art has been exercised. It has also been rendered famous by being the scene of the tragical love story of Romeo and Juliet, immortalized by the genius of Shakspeare, and dear to the hearts of countless admirers. It was in "fair Verona" that the witty Mercutio gave his exquisite description of the wonder-working powers of Queen Mab, that Capulet and Montague defied each other, that Romeo raved of Juliet's beauty, and Juliet mused at her window on Romeo's perfections. There the Veronese show what they claim

is the tomb of Juliet, and go so far as to fix the date of her death, which they assert occurred in 1303.

The city stands on a plain at the foot of the hills which lie at the base of the Tyrolese mountains, where they join the plains of Lombardy, and is seventy-two miles distant from Venice, by railway. It is situated on both sides of the river Adige, by which it is divided into two unequal parts connected by four stone bridges. It forms with Mantua, Peschiera and Legnago, the famous Italian quadrilateral. The town itself has a fine appearance, and the landscape around it is one of remarkable beauty. Many of the streets are narrow and dirty, but some, more particularly the Corso, and the one which leads from the Mantua gate,

are wide and well kept. The city is surrounded by extensive fortifications, and entered by five gates. It has been considered a place of strength since it was surrounded with walls by the Emperor Gallienus, 265 A. D. and its modern defences are among the most extraordinary works of military engineering in Europe. After passing into the hands of the Austrians in 1815, it was greatly strengthened; and since 1849, every effort has been made to render it impregnable.

The cathedral of Verona is conspicuous among its churches for its age and the beauty of its ornamentation. It is supposed to have been erected before the time of Charlemagne, and to have received extensive repairs in the first half of the twelfth century. It has a handsome porch, which is adorned with many fine sculptures, among them the statues of the celebrated paladins, Roland and Oliver. The more modern parts of the edifice are exceedingly rich, and it contains several valuable paintings, among them a famous Assumption by Titian; there is also a sepulchral monument of Julius Apollonius and his wife Attica Valeria, and the tomb of Pope Lucius III. The other churches are about forty in number, many of them beautiful specimens of gothic architecture, and containing fine paintings and other treasures of art. The church of San Zenone, built between 1158, and 1178, on the site of an earlier one, is an interesting example of the architecture of the middle ages, and has undergone but little change internally.

There are yet remaining in Verona, several magnificent specimens of Roman architecture, the chief of which is the amphitheatre, occupying one side of the Piazza Bra, and built, it is supposed, between the years 81 and 117 A. D. It is of elliptical form; the lesser diameter of the building is 404 feet, that of the arena 146 feet; and the building is said to have been 120 feet high. It is supposed that an audience of 22,000 people may have been accommodated within its walls. In common with many other edifices in the city, it is constructed of Verona marble, which gives it a very handsome appearance.

The Porta dei Borsari, and the Arco de Leoni, are fine Roman gateways, both dating back to the time of the Roman emperors. Among the many interesting edifices in Verona, we may mention the palaces of Canossa and Guasta Verza, both built by

San Micheli; the palace *della gran guardia* in the Piazza Bra; that of Ridolfi; the palaces in the Piazza dei Signori, one of which has a square tower three hundred feet high; the superb palace *dell consiglio*, built after a design of Sansovino, but with additions by Fra Giocondo, the commentator of Vitruvius, its front adorned with bronze and marble statues of celebrated natives of Verona, among them Catullus, Pliny the younger, etc.; and the *palazzo pubblico* opposite the amphitheatre.

The library of the chapter of Verona contains upwards of 12,000 volumes, and a large number of MSS., some of which are of great antiquity. It was in this library that Petrarch discovered Cicero's epistles *Ad Familiares*. The picture gallery includes about four hundred paintings, among them a Transfiguration by Titian, and a full length portrait and a Deposition by Paul Veronese.

The city has a lyceum, a gymnasium, a school of painting, a female college, a clerical seminary, an academy of agriculture and commerce, theatres, hospitals, etc. It has a population of about sixty thousand.

The date of the foundation of Verona is unknown, but history affirms that a colony was established there by Julius Cæsar, and that under the rule of the Romans, it became one of the most flourishing cities in the north of Italy. When the power of the Roman emperors began to decrease, it shared the fate of its sister cities, and was invaded by the Goths, whose great leader, Theodoric, made it the capital of his empire. It was captured by Charlemagne in 774, and the conqueror made it the residence of his son, King Pepin, but it afterwards became a free city. The Montagues who were Ghibellines, here lived in perpetual and deadly enmity with the Capulets, who were Guelphs, and hence, as is well known to us all, arose the sad and tragical story of Romeo and Juliet.

In 1405 Verona was annexed to Venice, and enjoyed peace till the invasion of Italy by the French in 1796, when it was captured, and ceded to Austria the following year, but added to the kingdom of Italy in 1805. The ramparts and bastions which had been constructed in the early part of the sixteenth century were totally destroyed at the peace of Luneville in 1801; but the gates were spared, and one of them, the Porta del Palio has been termed a "miracle of architecture."

THE CONFIDANTE.

BY ALICE FITZGERALD.



"'TIS THE OLD, OLD TALE."

A letter, Lucy? for me to read?

Ah, telltale blushes, what secret now?

I am but teasing. There, never heed.

Nor blur with furrows that little brow.

Yes, as I thought. 'Tis the old, old tale;

He loves you; dreams of you night and day;

With hope he brightens, with dread turns pale.

Truths, dear sister, or babblings gray.

Love lives forever, if heartborn—real;
 But fades like the roses I've now just clipped,
 When told by one who your peace would steal,
 Then flit to some blossom as honey-lipped.

To you each word here is truth's own mint;
 To me, once cheated, there's room for doubt;
 You, sister, could give him your love sans stint—
 What? tears and trembling? a dawning pout?

Well, darling, believe then, and cynic thought
 Shall fade away in your love's sweet sun;
 He is not worldly, nor fashion-taught;
 I would not darken new light begun.

His words are manly; an honest ring
 Sounds in each sentence. Ah! Lucy, live
 Long in the love that can never wing,
 • Whilst I—well, yes—I have yet to give.

THE PARROT TRIBE.

The Psittacidae, or Parrots, form a very interesting family in the bird creation, both on account of the extreme beauty of their plumage, and the power which some of them possess to articulate words. A bird that will talk, and seem at times to have almost human understanding of the meaning of the sentences it repeats, is a never-failing source of amusement in the family circle. It is continually acquiring new expressions, and the long life of such pets, when they receive proper treatment, renders them all the more valuable.

We give on page 309 a fine representation of the great white cockatoo, which is a most magnificent bird, and is a native of the Moluccas. Its length is seventeen inches; the plumage is white, with some small patches of sulphur-color. The crest on the head is five inches long, and can be raised or depressed at the bird's pleasure. This cockatoo is distinguished for its gentleness, becoming very tame in captivity, and for this reason, and its beauty, it is highly prized, though it learns to speak with difficulty.

A still larger specimen than the above is the Great Red-Crested Cockatoo, which is white with a rosy tinge. It has a very large crest, and is a remarkably beautiful bird, of a gentle disposition. It will imitate the prating of hens, or the crowing of chanticleer, flapping its wings as it does so. Among the other varieties, all of them of

great beauty, the Bank's cockatoo is considered at once the most rare and elegant, and is consequently the most costly. Its length is from twenty-two to thirty inches; its prevailing color black. The feathers on the breast are edged with yellow, and there are yellow stripes passing the whole length of the bird underneath. The crest is spotted with yellow, and the tail feathers are marked with crimson and orange. This variety is found in the Australian forests.

The manner in which the natives of Australia kill these exquisite birds, whose flesh they find quite palatable, is curious, and is described by an Australian traveller as follows: "Perhaps as fine a sight as can be seen in the whole circle of native sports is the killing cockatoos with the *kiley* or *boomerang*. A native perceives a large flight of cockatoos in a forest which encircles a lagoon; the expanse of water affords an open clear space above it, unencumbered with trees, but which raise their gigantic forms all around, more vigorous in their growth from the damp soil in which they flourish. In their leafy summits sit a countless number of cockatoos, screaming and flying from tree to tree, as they make their arrangements for a night's sound sleep. The native throws aside his cloak, so that he may not have even this slight covering to impede his motions, draws his *kiley* from his belt, and, with a noiseless elastic step, approaches the la-

goon, creeping from tree to tree, and from bush to bush, and disturbing the birds as little as possible. Their sentinels, however, take the alarm; the cockatoos furthest from the water fly to the trees near its edge, and thus they keep concentrating their force as the native advances. They are aware that danger is at hand, but are ignorant of its nature. At length the pursuer almost reaches the edge of the water, and the scared cockatoos, with wild cries, spring into the air; at the same instant the

But the wily savage has not yet done with them. He avails himself of the extraordinary attachment which these birds have for one another, and fastening a wounded one to a tree, so that its cries may induce its companions to return, he watches his opportunity, by throwing his kiley or spear, to add another bird or two to the booty he has already obtained." Such is the hard fate of these exquisite birds at the hands of savages.

Our second illustration, on page 310,



THE GREAT WHITE COCKATOO.

native raises his right hand high over his shoulder, and, bounding forward with his utmost speed, to give impetus to his blow, the kiley quits his hand as if it would strike the water; but when it has almost touched the unruffled surface of the lake, it spins upward with inconceivable velocity, and with the strangest contortions. In vain the terrified cockatoos try to avoid it; it sweeps wildly and uncertainly through the air—and so eccentric are its motions, that it requires but a small stretch of the imagination to fancy it endowed with life—and with fell swoops in rapid pursuit of the devoted birds, some of whom are almost certain to be brought screaming to the earth.

gives a very good idea of the characteristics of the long-billed parrot, which forms a connecting link between the parrots and cockatoos. This bird is fifteen inches long. Its prevailing color is a deep red, mingled with yellow, brown and olive. It has a harsh voice, which has been compared to the bark of a dog, and lives upon fruits and leaves. It is a native of Australia and Norfolk Island.

One of the most well-known varieties of the parrot tribe is the common gray parrot, which has a short scarlet tail. It is very intelligent, learns to speak easily, and evidently wishes to imitate the sounds it hears. It has a remarkable memory, and

there is an account of one that could repeat the Apostle's Creed from beginning to end without a mistake. This achievement caused it to be purchased by a cardinal, who gave for it a hundred crowns. The species is found in Guinea and its vicinity.

The large and splendid Macaws that inhabit the unexplored depths of the South American forests are not so docile in their disposition, or so graceful in their movements, as many others of their tribe, but none excel them in magnificence of plu-

ually recurring. In their native forests they form a splendid spectacle, their gorgeous colors being then accompanied with all the ease and grace of motion that freedom alone can give. In South America are found the Macaws; in India and its islands the Lories in their scarlet robes; in Australia the Cockatoos and broad-tailed Parrakeets, some specimens of which are called Love-Birds. The latter are much smaller than the other varieties, and unite to elegance of form and plumage a very



PHILLIPS'S ISLAND PARROT.

mage. The prevailing color of the red and blue macaw is a beautiful scarlet, diversified by spots and shades of blue, green, yellow and light brown. It will learn a few words, and will come at its master's call, but it has some vicious habits. The great green macaw, however, which is two feet four inches long, and nearly all grass-green in hue, is represented as being tame, obedient, affectionate, and a good talker; but it is a rare species.

The parrots are all tropical birds, their peculiarities being such as fit them for life in those countries where a perpetual summer reigns, and where the supply of their favorite food of fruits and seeds is contin-

uously recurring; but their capacity for talking is small, and they are usually kept in cages for their beauty.

The one species of parrot native in the United States is the Carolina Parrot, which is a beautiful bird, and when captured becomes very tame and sociable. These parrots are very social in their habits, always flying in large flocks and alighting in companies. They show a great deal of attachment for each other, and nestle close together when they roost, for which they choose the inside of a hollow tree. Their curious manner of passing the night is thus described by Audubon: "Their roosting-place is in hollow trees, and the holes

excavated by the larger species of Woodpeckers, as far as these can be filled by them. At dusk a flock of Parrakeets may be seen alighting against the trunk of a sycamore, or any other tree where a considerable excavation exists within it. Immediately below the entrance the birds all cling to the bark, and crawl into the hole to pass the night. When such a hole does not prove sufficient to hold the whole flock, those around the entrance hook themselves on by the tip of the upper mandible, and thus remain for the night. I have frequently seen them in such positions by means of a glass, and am satisfied the bill is the only support in such cases."

The same writer says in regard to the flight of the Carolina parrot, "Their flight is rapid, straight and continued through the forests, or over fields and rivers, and is accompanied by inclinations of the body, which enable the observer to see alternately their upper and under parts. They deviate from a direct course only when impediments occur, such as trunks of trees or houses, in which case they glance aside in a very graceful manner, as much as may be necessary. A general cry is kept up by the party, and it is seldom that one of these birds is on the wing for ever so short a space without uttering its cry. On reaching a spot which affords a supply of food, instead of alighting at once, as many birds do, the Parrakeets take a good survey of the neighborhood, passing over it in circles of great extent, first above the trees, and gradually lowering, until they almost touch the ground, when, suddenly reascending, they all settle in the tree that bears the fruit of which they are in quest."

Wilson gives the following illustration of the affection these parrots show for members of the flock in misfortune: "At Big Bone Lick, thirty miles above the mouth of the Kentucky River, I saw them in great numbers. They came screaming through the woods in the morning, about an hour after sunrise, to drink the salt water, of which they, as well as the pigeons, are remarkably fond. When they alighted on the ground, it appeared at a distance as if covered with a carpet of the richest green, orange and yellow; they afterward settled in one body on a neighboring tree, which stood detached from any other, covering almost every twig of it, and the sun shining strongly on their gay and glossy plumage, produced a very beautiful and splendid appearance. Here I had an opportunity of observing some very particular traits of their character; having shot down a number, some of which were only wounded, the whole flock swept repeatedly around their prostrate companions, and again settled on a low tree, within twenty yards of the spot where I stood. At each successive discharge, though showers of them fell, yet the affection of the survivors seemed rather to increase; for after a few circuits around the place, they again alighted near me, looking down on their slaughtered companions with such manifest symptoms of sympathy and concern as entirely disarmed me."

Parrots select the hollows of decayed trees as places wherein to deposit and hatch their eggs, not making any nest, but laying their eggs, which vary from two to five or six in number, according to the species, upon the bare rotten wood.

THE WHALE FISHERY.

The perils encountered by whaling vessels and their crews while on their voyages, have often been written upon and graphically pictured, but it may be questioned if those who remain upon the land, and who have no near and dear ones engaged in the dangerous business, ever really comprehend the hardships and hairbreadth escapes to which the sailor becomes inured. The first of the trials of a whaling voyage, both to those who go and to those who stay, is its length. This, of course, in a measure

depends upon the circumstances affecting the good fortunes of the voyagers, but even when they are favored with good weather and fine success in securing whales, the absence from home must stretch over a period of many months. A whaling vessel is generally fitted out for a cruise of four years, and if it returns with its cargo of oil in forty months, the voyage is considered remarkably quick. In other instances, the exhausted stores of the ship are recruited at some port around Cape Horn, and al-

most five years elapse before the storm-tried bark reappears in the harbor from which it first sailed.

The feelings of relatives and friends on the sailing of a whaler and on its return, may be more easily imagined than expressed in words. Such partings must almost equal the bitterness of death itself, since the ready imagination of those left behind must picture the many dangers to be met with, and waken the terror of fearful love for the safety of those exposed to them. Said one sea-captain, "Of forty-nine years of seafaring life, I have passed but seven on the land."

The wife of a captain of a whaling vessel stated to a friend that she had been married eleven years, and on counting the days since her marriage that her husband had spent at home, she found that they amounted to only three hundred and sixty. When asked how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage she replied, "One hundred, of which he only received six." The rule is to write, and send by any ship that can be heard from as sailing from any port for the Pacific Ocean; but the chances are small indeed that the two ships will meet on that "wide waste of waters," and sometimes a ship returns without any on board having heard from home during the entire voyage. When this is the case, with what an anxious heart must the long-absent sailor watch the boat leaving the wharf, and rapidly nearing the ship bringing to him tidings of weal or woe! How much may transpire even in a few weeks; and he has been away long weary months and years! Perhaps, as he walks the deck, pale and agitated with contending emotions, a friend meets him with a cheery smile, and utters the welcome words—"All well at home." Or, as is too often the case, he may advance with saddened countenance, and force his reluctant lips to break the mournful news that wife, or child, or even both, are dead.

On the other side, there is the same agitation and anxiety on the part of those who have remained at home. Let us suppose that on a pleasant sunny morning the fact that a Cape Horn ship has appeared on the horizon is announced by telegraph. At the news the stars and stripes are unfurled from the flagstaff, and a current of emotion sweeps through the town. All who have friends engaged in whaling, are hoping it

may be the ship in which they are most interested, and all expect as least to receive news from those on the distant ocean. The captain's wife prepares to meet her husband, while her heart continually shrinks at the question thought will suggest—"Is he alive?" It may be that he whom she expects soon gladdens her with his presence, but alas! it may be that she waits only to learn of his death from sickness or danger. These scenes are of constant recurrence, and it needs no help from fiction or imagination, to invest the whale-fishery with pathetic interest.

The actual dangers connected with whaling have been too often described by those acquainted with the subject to require many examples here. The following description of a catastrophe at sea illustrates the perils of the undertaking very forcibly. "A boat had been lowered to take a whale. They had plunged the harpoon into the huge monster, and he rushed with them at railroad speed, out of sight of the ship. Suddenly a fog began to rise, and envelop the ship, and to spread over the whole expanse of the ocean. It was impossible to see any object at the distance of the ship's length. And there was an open whale-boat, with six men in it, perhaps fifteen miles from the ship, with food and water for but a few hours' consumption, and utterly bewildered by the dense fog.

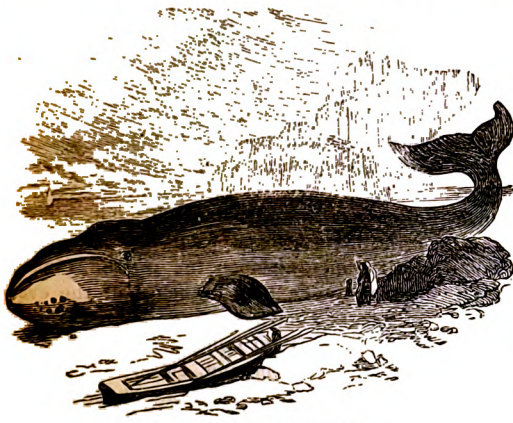
"The darkness of night soon came on. The wind began to rise, the billows to swell. Every effort was made by firing guns and showing lights to attract the lost boat. The long hours of night rolled away, a stormy morning dawned, and still no boat appeared. For several days they sailed in circles around the spot, but in vain. The boat was either dashed by the whale, or swamped by the billows of the stormy night; or, as it floated, day after day, upon the wide expanse of the Pacific, one after another of the crew, emaciated with thirst and famine, dropped down and died."

Yet, in comparison with the numbers engaged in the whale fishery and its attendant perils, the number of fatal accidents is remarkably few. It is an easy thing for a whale to destroy a boat with one lash of his enormous flukes, and so send its occupants to the bottom; or, he needs but to close his jaws upon it once to crush it to a shapeless mass of fragments.

If neither of these devices occur to him, he may dart downward to come up perpendicularly with lightning-like rapidity, striking the boat with his head and tossing it high in the air, spilling its luckless inmates out upon the sea, to drown or be picked up by other boats. But all these terrors do not prevent the prosecution of whaling, or render the numbers few of those who are willing to face them. Perhaps the prospect of a competence in the future, if successful, is the tempting thought that lures the sailor to engage in the labors and perils of the whale fishery.

Turning from the whaling scenes of the Pacific, we will glance at the same occupation as carried on in the northern latitudes

have different cruising-grounds, some little distance apart. The Indian whaling-gear consists of harpoons, lines, inflated seal-skins, and wooden or bone spears. The harpoon is often made of a piece of the iron hoop of an ale cask, cut with a chisel into the shape of a harpoon blade, two barbs fashioned from the tips of deer-horns being affixed to this blade with gum. Close to the harpoon the line is of deer sinews. To this the main line is attached, which is generally made of cedar twigs laid together as thick as a three-inch rope. Large inflated skins are fastened to this line about twelve feet from the harpoon. The weapon itself is then tied slightly to a yew handle ten feet long.



A STRANDED WHALE.

by the savage *Ahts* of Vancouver's Island. The stranded whale represented in the engraving given above, has evidently fallen a victim to their skill, but had rushed away in his death-agony from his tormentors, only to be cast upon shore by the tide.

A whale-chase is an affair of some importance among the *Ahts*, and they make great preparations for the whaling season, which begins about the end of May or June, and is considered almost a sacred time. The honor of using the harpoon is enjoyed by only a few in the tribe, who inherit the privilege, although it may sometimes be acquired by merit.

The harpooner selects eight or nine men for his crew, who for several moons go through with a strict ordeal of preparation for service. "When the whales approach the coast the fishermen are out all day, let the wind blow high or not. The canoes

"On getting close the harpooner, from the bow of his canoe, throws his harpoon at the whale with full force. As soon as the barb enters, the fastening of the wooden handle being but slight, breaks, and becomes detached from the line. The natives raise a yell, and the whale dives quickly, but the seal-skins impede his progress. Very long lengths of line are kept in the canoes, and sometimes the lines from several canoes are joined. On the reappearance of the whale on the surface he is attacked from the nearest canoes; and thus, finally, forty or fifty large buoys are attached to his body. He struggles violently for a time, and beats

and lashes the water in all directions, until, weakened by loss of blood, and fatigued by his exertions, he ceases to struggle, and the natives despatch him with their short spears. The whale is then taken in tow by the whole fleet of canoes, the crews yelling and singing, and keeping time with their paddles.

"Sometimes, after being harpooned, the whale escapes, and takes ropes, harpoons, sealskins, and everything with him. Should he die from his wounds, and be found by another tribe at sea, or on shore within the territorial limits of the finders, the instruments are returned to the losers, with a large piece of fish as a present, though disputes sometimes arise between tribes on the finding of dead whales near the undefined boundaries, which result in serious quarrels, leading to the suspension of all intercourse, and a threatened war."

DISINHERITED!

—OR,—

THE MYSTERY OF THE HEADLANDS.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PAUL LENNOX, when on the gravelled walk beneath Essica's window, he called to the wolf-mastiffs on the terrace, and they refused to answer to that call, ground his fine teeth in a spasm of savage rage. In all the months he had been at Brandt, he had never made a friend, neither in stable, kennel nor servants' hall. This fact, to say the least, was significant.

He crossed the lawn moodily. The air was thick and damp, but full of summer perfumes. I doubt if Mr. Lennox did not find a certain pleasure in the sudden darkness that was closing up the day. There is something rebukeful always in God's blue sky and sunshine, to the heart that is harboring a dark or evil deed.

He walked with a quick uneven step. The broad paths were quite deserted—a dead hush reigned everywhere among the rank rich shrubbery. Now and then a bird fluttered in some thicket, or the drone of the tide rose up from the rocky shore, but that was all. He crossed an old stile overhung with roses and jasmine, and beloved of Miss Glendening in previous days, and skirting a mossy wall beyond, emerged at last to the point, where a year before an old tumble-down porter's lodge had stood, with empty casements facing the sea. But the spirit of renovation had been there, and the desolate old ruin had disappeared. In its place a stone Triton stood, flinging from a curved shell showers of liquid crystals into a stone basin beneath, and some young sycamores planted at the edge of the fountain whispered weirdly in the wind.

Paul Lennox passed the Triton by, never deigning it a glance. The path swerved

abruptly here, and beyond its final bend he beheld his destination—the most singular, perhaps, that one could have imagined. It was a small enclosure, circled round with clumps of evergreens, through which a shaft of Italian marble rose white and solemn towards the sky—the grave of Mrs. Brandt. With a footstep that lagged almost unconsciously, Lennox approached the iron gateway opening into the place. It stood ajar. He bent down, and looked closely at the walk beneath. There was a print of fresh footsteps on its damp gravel. Half crouching upon the ground, himself hidden by the long branches of the evergreens, and one hand clutching hard on the iron railing, Paul Lennox peered through.

It was a low mound, closely shaven—no bud or blossom there, but the long star-grasses waving at the corners of the enclosure. The shaft of marble at the head of the grave had a name and a date, and nothing more. Verily, she slept the good sleep alone and forgotten.

Forgotten? Flung down at the foot of the grave, Paul Lennox saw a wreath of fresh *immortelles*, and kneeling there with uncovered head, a figure tall and bearded, the face turned towards his own—a handsome face, but thinner and sterner than when he had last looked upon it—with streaks of gray in the rich hair, and deep far-seeing eyes—the face of one, in short, who had tasted of life's bitterness, and fought its hard fights—Guy Renshaw.

Like a wild creature watching its prey, Lennox sank down lower and lower behind the evergreens, glaring out from their ambush on that solitary and unconscious figure, with a look in his eyes such as no

mortal ever wears but once. In it was mirrored the last turning-point of human destiny, the dark and final surrender of a soul to evil.

He lay there a long time, sometimes half erect, sometimes face downward in the grass; but always with one hand clasped hard over something which he carried in his breast. Finally Renshaw rose up from the grave. The night had begun to fall then. He cast one long yearning look around—the exile and alien—then crushing his hat over his brow, turned slowly and walked away.

At the first clang of the iron gate, Lennox started up also, white, almost breathless. Already that swift figure was fast disappearing in the mist and shrubbery. Toward Brandt House? Ah no! but the narrow road winding away to the shore below. With a bound Paul Lennox cleared the low railing and followed in pursuit.

The road lay gray and lonely, shut in by the mist. Guy Renshaw, absorbed in his own thoughts, followed its turnings mechanically, never looking back. Now and then a footfall echoed behind him on the soft soil, but without exciting either interest or attention. He had forgotten the bitter Present in the bright alluring Past. Ah, if we could but cease to love when we had ceased to hope! if the madness of passion could but find an antidote in its own despair! But no! all else may depart, yet Love must live forever; and the hardest of all earthly lessons ever learned by these weak human hearts of ours is to forget.

He thought of her with a wild and intense longing, as he might have thought of the dead; and dead indeed, she was to him. He thought of her dark eyes, of her red lips, of her beautiful hair—goaded himself over and over again with a thousand vain sweet memories. Wife of Paul Lennox she might be, and happy or miserable, she dared not question which, but he had loved her once, and to men like Guy Renshaw, to love once is to love forever.

It was dark when he reached the inn of the Three Petrels. Tea was awaiting for him in Mistress Moll's little sitting-room, and Mistress Moll herself stood in the porch, peering anxiously through the mist.

"Humph! so you have come at last, young master?" she cried, sharply; "and where is that other man that was crossing the shore with you?"

Renshaw started.

"There was no other."

"But there was," answered Mistress Moll, tartly. "I saw him at your back in a lifting of the mist not a moment ago. Some fisherman going down to the cove. Well, come in, young master, come in!"

Renshaw drank his tea in the homely parlor of the inn that night, lingering long over the board, while the brown burly fishermen gathered as usual in Mistress Moll's barroom and under the eaves outside to gossip the evening away. Presently Renshaw rose up and stepping out into the porch, lighted a cigar. The mists were slowly breaking. The lamp of the light-house on the point shone like a Cyclop's eye, and already the silver ring of the watery young moon peered out above the poplar tree to the west. A hand was laid on Renshaw's arm. He turned and saw Mistress Moll Darke wrinkling her dark face above his shoulder.

"Bide here young master," she said; "never leave the inn to-night."

He smiled.

"Mistress Darke, I am but going, for courtesy's sake, to smoke this cigar upon the shore."

She gripped him passionately by the sleeve.

"Nay nay, not to the shore! You have been on a bad road to-day—the road to Brandt. It bodes you no good."

"I have been to my mother's grave," he answered, calmly, drawing his cloak about him; "can that bode me evil?"

She fell back wavering and uncertain, and in the meantime, Guy Renshaw had walked off down the narrow path leading to the sands.

The tide was rolling in against the foot of the rocks—he could see the white surf-lines flashing ghostlike in the darkness. With his hands crossed behind him, his head upon his breast, Renshaw went pacing back and forth across the slippery shingles.

Never had the song of that sea seemed so mournful and so solemn. It was like a dirge. Renshaw listened in a sort of dreamy fascination. His cigar burned slowly out to ashes, and the tip of the mournful moon sank further and further westward, till it rested on the rim of the low horizon. He had left Time for an hour, and touched upon an Eternity.

He might never tread that shore again—

who could tell? This visit to the Headlands had been to him a sort of fatality, impossible to resist. It was a farewell visit, too. He had come to look his last upon the places that had known him—upon all the old pleasant and familiar things. On the morrow he would go abroad, to return, perhaps, years hence, or—never.

With these thoughts uppermost in his mind Renshaw paused in his walk at last, and leaning against a jagged rock, looked off upon the far reach of sea.

"What a sobbing surf!" he thought; "and how strangely mournful this night seems."

Suddenly a fragment of the rock against which he leaned, dislodged somewhere from above, rolled down with a crash, and fell upon the wet sand below. Renshaw started and looked up.

There was a smothered oath; a breath hissing hot through furious teeth, swept his cheek; and in that last moment, there flashed confusedly on his sight a couchant figure outlined against the darkness above him; then something steely and bright swooped suddenly downward in the last light of the sinking moon; and Guy Renshaw without a groan or cry, had fallen face downwards upon the sands.

* * * * *

Half an hour after the lighthouse lamp still shone, the stars were out thick and luminous, and the white waves still broke sadly on the shore. Then there arose a sound as of flying footsteps near by, and something came flying and panting along the beach like a wild doe when hounds are on her track. A woman's figure clad in gray from head to foot, with a face whiter than the surf-lines.

O tender pitiful night! hide her and shelter her. O swift feet—flying whither?—your path is barred now, for yonder a dead man lies in the way! Some drowned sailor, perhaps, gone upon the voyage from whence there is no return. Let us see.

A tiny bauble lay upon the sands at the stark feet of the lady. She stooped and picked it up. It was a dagger with a silver hilt, rough with emeralds, and clotted and streaked with blood. At the sight all her panting labored breath grew still. Quick as thought she had cast herself down by the body, and lifted his head, and turned to the starlight his still white face. Then a cry, so wild, so terrible, that the very sea

might have fled affrighted from it, rung over the rocks, and that gray figure had raised the heavy head to her knee, and lifted her fair hands above it, and stretched them piteously to heaven. It was *Essica*.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THOMAS! Curse you, get up!"

The old hostler, lying asleep on a bundle of hay on the floor of the stable, with his lantern burning dimly beside him, felt the sharp kick of a heavy boot, and starting up, saw Mr. Paul Lennox, somewhat dishevelled about his dress, glowering savagely down at him.

"Saddle your fastest horse!" he cried; "and be quick about it, too, if you do not want me to kill you!"

"Sir!" stammered the poor bewildered hostler, "it is nearly midnight."

"Midnight or morning, bring out that horse, or it will be the last night you will ever see!"

Surly and muttering, the man started into the stables.

"The upstart—the dirty tyrant, to threaten me, and I been at Brandt this twenty year!"

Mr. Lennox was stamping furiously in the stable-door, the cold sweat standing in drops upon his face. Thomas saddled and bridled the horse, and led him forth.

He was a beautiful creature—a fiery, large-eyed roan, with an arching neck and long slender limbs. The old hostler patted him fondly and regretfully.

"He was Mr. Renshaw's horse," he said, "and powerful fond of his master. You'll have to be a bit careful, sir—he's flighty, but there aint a fleetier in all the country round."

Lennox leaped into the saddle with a smothered oath.

"Don't wait for me," he said, "I shall not return to-night;" and dashed off like an arrow down the avenue.

Well, the deed was done, and revenge was glutted! He looked off to the hamlet lights, and thought of a patch of bloody sand under the rocks there. Perhaps they had found him already; perhaps they would not find him until morning, when the fishermen came trooping down the shore to unmoor their boats. By that time he would be beyond pursuit.

How fast the horse flew on, and what a magnificent thorough-bred he was! So he had been fond of his master? Lennox laughed in his throat.

"Was it cowardly?" he said; "I do not know. I might have given him a chance for his life; but all's fair in love and war, and this savors a little of both."

Then he thought of Essica; but, somehow, there was something in the thought that made him put it hurriedly by; he turned, instead, to the road he was traversing. It led from the hamlet, and not towards it. It was new to him—he had chosen it quite unconsciously, but the horse took to it in gallant style, and never had iron-clad hoofs rung faster on the rough soil. They were still skirting the sea, with its ragged cliffs and hoarse pursuing moan; but the things around him had grown strange and unfamiliar, for they were passing many and many a mile beyond Brandt.

"Better to be Abel than Cain," yes, a thousand times better. Flying on through the night, like the Wild Huntsman himself, some like thought might have crossed Paul Lennox's brain; but not for long, I trow, for this man was, and had been all his life, as cruel and relentless as the grave.

Detection! That was the fear before him now—the goad that urged him onward. Could the horse but last, he thought, to carry him through the night, by morning he should be so far distant from the scene of the crime, that further escape would be but a matter of leisure.

Suddenly, and in the full maturing of this plan, the horse in question stumbled and fell. The road had broken abruptly into a rough and narrow way, curving about the cliffs like a ribbon, and part of it engulfed already by the full tide. He must have missed the right track somewhere behind, Lennox thought, or the horse, perhaps, had led him wrong. Half stunned by his fall, he disengaged himself from the saddle, and rising up, loosened the girths, and taking the bridle-rein in his hand, coaxed and urged the animal to his feet again.

There he stood, not a rod distant from the verge of the cliffs, bruised and trembling, and eye to eye with his rider. Pale with rage, Lennox essayed to lead him forward in vain! Some demon had entered

suddenly into the creature. With a toss of his superb head, he reared upon his haunches, and then plunged, dragging his rider nearly to the ground. His large eyes were dilated; his flanks quivering; the blood dripped under the cruel bit where it cut into the flesh. Lennox struck him mercilessly again and yet again.

"Do you scent your master's blood?" he laughed. "I have heard of such things. Come, come! this will not do."

Still the horse snorted wildly and tossed his head. The large eyes, almost human in their misery, kept their strained and frightened look; the foam, too, had started out on his shining hide. But he stirred not. Lennox stood with the bridle over his arm, gazing gloomily down at the sea. Something like despair was tugging for the first time at that bold bad heart of his. What was to be done? Bah! he had conquered the master—could he not quell the beast? With a cruel word on his lips, Lennox leaped into the saddle again.

"By heaven! you *shall* go on!" he cried, plunging his rowels deep into the horse's quivering flanks. "I have you now!"

Yes, but not a rod distant, sloping straight downward, yawned the edge of the cliffs, black and bald in the night. Goaded into madness, the horse fell back again upon his haunches, and then reared once in the air, and then—leaped forward. He struggled fiercely to hold him back—to fling himself to earth again. Too late—too late, even for brute instinct to prevail. One instant hanging on that narrow verge, Paul Lennox saw the sea before, and the sky above, and the night around. Only one instant; and then where horse and rider had been, nothing was left but blank darkness and the very stillness of death.

CHAPTER IX.

A low sunshiny room, with whitewashed walls; a window at the foot of the bed hung with a muslin curtain, through whose parted folds one could see some rippling poplar leaves, touched with gold along their shining edges. A delicious floor, scrubbed to spotless whiteness; at the head of the bed a stand, with some vials upon it, and a bottle of wine, and a glass filled with asters and cardinal flowers; and sitting at the window abovementioned,

Mistress Moll Darke, alert of eye and nimble of finger, mending nets in the sun.

Autumn, surely, it must be, by those poplar leaves and asters, and that sunshine, hazy and faint upon the floor. A door opened softly down the length of the room, and a woman came in.

Moll Darke did not need to turn from her work to know who was there. The sweeping black dress and noiseless step she could never mistake.

Miss Glendenning, with her hat in her hand, advanced to the foot of the bed.

"How is he?" she whispered.

Mistress Darke jerked her head to one side.

"You can see for yourself," she replied.

Miss Glendenning bent and took up a shadowy hand lying upon the snow-white counterpane, then, like one in fear and trembling, slowly her eyes sought the face above it. Ah, what a thin white face it was, worn and sharpened by weeks and weeks of pain, and fever, and delirium! One would have hardly recognized Guy Renshaw in the worn and wasted figure lying so still among Mistress Darke's white pillows.

His head was turned from the light—he was sleeping quietly. Through his half-parted lips the breath came and went as regularly as a child's. Miss Glendenning laid his thin hand gently down.

"He is better," she said, sighing.

"Yes," answered Mistress Darke.

Miss Glendenning drew the black shawl around her shoulders.

"I shall not come again," she said; "he will live, and I am going away from Brandt."

"Going away?"

Moll Darke lifted her brows and looked at her curiously.

"Yes," cried Miss Glendenning, with a quick passionate gesture, "and where the things of this world can reach me no more. Do not tell him when he recovers how I have been here in secret, or how I have watched over him. Promise me!"

"I promise," said Moll, laconically.

Miss Glendenning turned to go; then turned back suddenly, and sinking down beside the bed, took Renshaw's hand again, and covered it wildly with her kisses and her tears.

"I have loved him—loved him—loved him for years!" she moaned; "had he but

returned that love, I might have been a better woman. God forgive me the one wrong I have done him! God be praised that he will be happy yet!"

Mistress Moll Darke looked on in stolid amaze.

"Humph! and this is why you go away?" she said.

"No, not for this alone. My life has been a failure, a mistake. Perhaps there is time left to right it, yet—who knows? I will make the venture, at least. Farewell."

She swept away from the bedside, across the streak of sunshine on the floor, her head bent, her arms fallen at her side.

"Farewell!" she repeated, sadly, from the threshold; then the black dress disappeared, the door closed, and on Guy Renshaw's face Miss Glendenning had looked her last forever.

A long slanting bar of sunset light, purple and amber mingled, lay on the white-washed wall, when Moll Darke, dropping her needle and meshblock, rose up from the window. Advancing on tiptoe to the footboard of the bed, she peered cautiously over, and met a pair of languid dark eyes fixed upon her earnestly. Mr. Renshaw had awakened from his sleep.

"Where am I?" he asked, faintly.

"Hush—do not talk. You're at the inn."

"How long have I been ill?"

She frowned, and laid her finger on her lip.

"For weeks—it is autumn now. You have been very sick. Hush!"

Vainly his eyes pleaded—she was relentless; he drank the draught she held to his lips, and turning from her, fell into a deep untroubled sleep.

He asked no questions of her the next day, nor the next, although he was stronger and better. Perhaps as Memory began to assert her power, there was little need for him to question any one.

Lying in that cheery room, full of hazy sunshine, with the voice of the sea, and the rustle of the poplar leaves, and the croning of Moll Darke's old songs about him, he had plenty of leisure to think out the matter by himself, and undisturbed. However, on the third day, Moll was summoned to his side again.

"Where did that blade strike me?" he asked, dreamily.

"In the side and in the breast."

"And he—where is he now?"

She lowered her dark forehead.

"Can you bear to know?"

"I can, indeed."

"God forgive him!—he is in his grave!" she said.

Renshaw's eyes filled slowly up with blank amaze. He did not speak for a long time. Finally he resumed:

"How—when did it happen?"

"Weeks ago. He was thrown from his horse over the cliffs. It was on the night when you were wounded."

His face contracted in a spasm of pain.

"And Essica?" he murmured.

Moll's forehead lowered again.

"She's at Brandt, young master, and much broken in health and spirits, I hear. I've not seen her since the night when she came flying in, like mad, to tell us that you lay dead on yonder shore. Ah, and a woeful night it was!"

"She?" cried Renshaw.

"It was she who found you, and it might be said it was she who saved your life. Leastwise, you'd have died upon the sands afore morning light."

"Essica—how could it have been Essica?" he cried; "how came she there?"

"The child was clean daft," answered the old woman; "she was running away from Brandt."

Pale as his cheek was, a fiery red flush crept slowly into it, and something like a moan burst from his lips.

"Poor child! poor little girl!"

"There!" cried Mistress Moll, grimly, "you have talked enough—no more to-day. She doesn't come here, let me tell you, but the servants do, and there's been loads of fruits, and jellies, and flowers sent from Brandt. Now, young master, go to sleep."

The subject was not renewed between them for many long days after. Renshaw was sufficiently convalescent then to walk about his cheery little chamber, or sit in Moll Darke's seat at the one window, feeling the while in all his exhausted veins health, and strength, and manhood creeping back again.

Pleasant it was to sit in that lovely autumn weather, looking off toward Brandt, watching the blue sea curling up the rocks, and the fishing-boats dotting the broad bay. He had come back to life from the very valley and shadow of death. The old

world seemed to have grown younger and better. There was a joy unspeakable in breathing the free air of heaven, and gazing upon earth and sky once more.

Coming suddenly behind him one day while he sat in his old place, Mistress Moll whipped something from her bosom, and dropped it into his lap. It was a roll of papers, tied with a slip of ribbon.

"'Twas sent from Brandt," explained Mistress Moll, "more than a week ago; but the surgeon bade me keep it from you. I am told to say that Miss Glendenning sends kindly greeting with it, and begs to be forgiven for withholding it wrongfully, when it should have been yours at your mother's death."

She was gone in a moment, and before Renshaw could recover from his surprise. He took up the papers, and loosing the ribbon, saw, as one in a dream might see, that it was the handwriting of his dead and buried mother which lay before him; and with the solemn sea whispering in his ear, and the stately walls of Brandt shining afar in the distance, Guy Renshaw began to read this record of a life:

"Before your eyes shall rest upon these pages, I shall be no more; and when you know, as know you will, that the estates of Brandt have fallen to a stranger by the request of your thrice-wretched mother—that you, in short, are disinherited, turn, I pray you, to this sad story, and do not hate her—do not curse her, even though it has fallen upon you to reap the wages of her suffering and her sin.

* * * * *

"I was a petted, proud and beautiful belle when I married your father, Guy, and, withal, a mere child in years. I did not love him—he was older than I, and the marriage was not of my seeking. Happy with me he never was. Two years after your birth he died, leaving you to the entire guardianship of his own family—ah! he loved you too fondly to trust you with me! and the tie betwixt us was thus sundered even at that early day. Had it not been for this unhappy circumstance you and I might have loved each other better, my child.

"For six years I remained a widow, plunging anew into fashionable life, and regaining again the old dominion which I had lost over men's hearts—yea, and women's too. It was then that I first met

Colonel Brandt—a dark, haughty young aristocrat, enormously wealthy, and the handsomest gallant of his day. Blood more fierce, and hot, and cruel than that in his veins never flowed; and yet it was reserved for me, as a part of my unhappy destiny, to love that man, wild and reckless as he was, with all the intensity of a life that can never know but one such blossoming.

“Why tell the story here? Six months after marriage the new toy had ceased to please—he had tired of me, and, as a disappointed and resentful woman, I first entered into the shadows of this place. Better, far better if foot of mine had never crossed its threshold! There was a fatality attending even the first hour of my coming. We had a guest at dinner that day—the agent of Colonel Brandt’s estates—a young lawyer then but little known to the world—Paul Lennox. How thoroughly I disliked the man even at that first interview! How quick I was to recognize the antagonism between us from the very beginning! He sat at the table that day watching me with those close cruel eyes of his, and laughing as he said:

“‘You must take care of this husband of yours, Mrs. Brandt; he is a wild fellow, and much given, I hear, to donning new loves before he has duffed old ones. I assure you, there are hidden beauties around Brandt of which you have no idea.’

“And here Colonel Brandt interposed, with a face grown thunderous, and for the remainder of the meal he spoke little, ate nothing, and ended by quarrelling with Lennox fiercely over the wine.

“I was walking in the garden that night, when I encountered Paul Lennox again.

“‘Would you see a charming picture?’ he asked, with his finger on his lip; ‘then, I pray you, come with me.’

“He led me up to the mossy wall, and bade me crouch down and look beyond it. What did I see? Only an old ruined porter’s lodge, not a rod distant among some trees, and walking in their shadow a pair of fond and foolish lovers, talking in the low and tender tones that lovers talk in. For the girl—so lovely a face I had never before seen; it was like an old Greek antique, shining out of magnificent golden hair, and sad as Niobe. When you look on Essica Darke’s face, you will know, better than I can tell, what her mother was

like fifteen years ago. In the man, tall, dark and aristocratic, holding this beautiful creature to him as only a lover holds his beloved, I beheld—my husband!

“Do not think there was any scene. I retreated quickly with Paul Lennox, leaving them there together. It was my first day at Brandt, Guy—do you wonder now that I hate the place? and who, think you, was this rival of mine? A wild fisher-girl—a nameless waif of the coast, saved from the wreck of some foreign bark that had gone down one night upon the bar. A homeless, friendless child, with nothing in the world to hold his dark jealous heart by except her marble face and golden hair.

“‘He loves her!’ said Paul Lennox, gnashing his teeth, and opening to my gaze that moment his own heart; ‘and but for him she might have been my wife long ago! She has chosen his love to mine—well, much joy may it bring her! Lady of Brandt, one hair of her golden head is dearer to your loyal lord than your whole body. You see that pretty gardener’s cottage down yonder across the fields? She is living there, and—there is a child.’

“I thought I should have died! What passed in my heart that night words of mine can never tell. I had loved him, you know, as I had never loved before, as I should never love again.

“‘Do not mistake,’ Paul Lennox said, darkly, ‘that child of Christine’s will be heir to these estates. If Brandt dies to-morrow, he will leave you but a pittance—I have seen his will.’

“I was an injured, suffering and revengeful woman, and from that hour the fate of Christine and her child was sealed. That Paul Lennox had loved the girl madly there is no doubt. With all his heart and soul, I think, he entered into the work of her destruction. Night after night, week after week, did he haunt that pretty gardener’s cottage across the fields. He had left Brandt, after a fierce scene with the colonel, and gone down to the little inn kept upon the shore by a young gipsy woman—Moll Darke. From the inn he wrote ardent letters and despatched lover’s offerings to the girl, each and all of which were intercepted by Brandt. Daily I watched his dark and jealous face grow darker and more jealous—he had never ceased to love her, as far as that fierce selfish nature of his was capable of loving.

Good heaven! how I longed to spring upon him like a tiger-cat when he has sat at my side, thinking, I know, of her white face, and tear the treacherous heart of his from his breast!"

The first paper ended here. The next were leaves from a diary, old and discolored:

"June 10th.—I saw the child to-day—it has its mother's face. How dare she trust her dainty treasure so near the claws of such a wild thing as I have become? Another visit from Paul Lennox. I hate and fear the man, yet he can serve me, and I tolerate him. Will this plan of ours succeed? Will my husband indeed cast this girl off if he thinks her faithless? 'Tis an infamous plot! Why do I yield to it? Why? Have I not been wronged? Then will I wrong in turn. Love has slipped me by, and all earthly peace with it; but these estates of Brandt—in spite of this Christine—in spite of her child, these, at least, shall yet be mine."

"June 15th.—Colonel Brandt left for New York this noon. Our farewell was very cold. Does he suspect I have discovered his hidden beauty, and did he kiss his child, I wonder, before going? He will never look upon her face again. Lennox is still at the inn. He will take charge of the child—it must be carried from the country altogether. Sometimes I have my doubts of him. Is he had enough to kill it, I wonder? Pshaw! He would not dare."

"July 1st.—What a terrible ominous night! There is not a breath of air stirring. The west looks as if it had been smeared in blood. How strangely nervous I am! Lennox said to me to-day, 'if the child is left upon the shore at a certain point, by midnight the tide will carry her off! His anonymous note to Colonel Brandt will bring him, I am sure, to-night. The message to Christine was sent at sunset. If Brandt returns to find her at their old tryst with Lennox, he will—he must repudiate her utterly. The poor unsuspecting child, how easily she has fallen into this trap! What! am I pitying this hated rival of mine—the pretty doll that has come between me and the only man I ever loved? Hark! I hear the tramp of a horse's hoofs. Lennox has just passed my window—he must be at the porter's lodge by this time! Yes, it is Brandt!"

20

Renshaw took up the next paper.

"It was Brandt, indeed, Guy, coming in silence and in stealth to prove the truth of the note that had been written him. I watched him in the darkness creeping like a snake along the path to the lonely porter's lodge—I knew that she was waiting there, and Paul Lennox, likewise, and that my revenge had come. Yet, God forgive me, dark and cruel as he was, I never thought he would kill her. I never thought that when Paul Lennox swore to her faithlessness, that the oath of a liar and a villain would cost the poor innocent child her life. It might lead him to spurn her, perhaps to cast her off forever, but, no, no! not to kill her!"

"The deed was done in that old porter's lodge. Haggard and wild, Paul Lennox burst in upon me, with the child in his arms.

"He has killed her!" he cried. "My God! and she was his wife!"

"What do you mean?" I said, sight and sense reeling.

"I mean that there was a secret marriage betwixt them two years ago. He has never acknowledged her, the purse-proud aristocrat! You are the wronged one, and not she, and I—I have had my revenge!"

"The child? I cried.

"Let it go with the mother!" he answered; then the room reeled around me, and I knew no more.

"I lay fainting, sinking, dying of fever for weeks after that dreadful night. I saw Colonel Brandt but once again. It was one day when I knelt beside him, weak and shuddering, and heard the marriage service read again. He never asked for the child, nor sought to know its fate; and six months after he had fallen in a duel with Paul Lennox in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

"Three years ago, for the first time since that dreadful tragedy, I encountered Paul Lennox again. He came to me, insolent, threatening. The child, he assured me, was not dead. He had never intended to kill her. She had grown up in the hamlet inn as the granddaughter of that gipsy Moll Darke, in whose charge he had placed her on the night of her mother's murder. She was the heiress of Brandt, and he had already wedded her—a mere child—in secret. Great heaven! it was for that fate

that he had spared her! Better far if she had shared her mother's grave!

"My death, he knows, cannot be far distant; he haunts me continually. By the last will of Colonel Brandt, all his earthly possessions were bequeathed to me, and Paul Lennox offers me only this alternative—to disinherit my son, and restore the estates to the child of Christine by will, or to brave the disgrace and shame of an utter exposure, through which they must ultimately be wrested from you by the strong arm of the law. He has shown me to-day the proofs of Colonel Brandt's first marriage. It is all that I can do to expiate my part in that terrible crime, and thank God that the child was spared! I have looked upon her face—it is like her mother's. Guy, forgive me, forgive me! I have sinned, but I have suffered. I disinherit you only to right a woeful wrong."

That was all; the papers went fluttering out of Renshaw's fallen and nerveless hand. All the darkness and the mystery swept away at last! The story of that dead sailor, the shadows over Essica Darke's life, the one wrong of his own made clear to him indeed! and with a strange mingling of joy and sorrow, of hope and despair, Guy Renshaw covered his face with his hands, and, strong man as he was, in heart and soul, at least, wept like a child.

* * * * *

A patch of sunlight was sifting through the evergreens, across the grave of Mrs. Brandt. Autumn had deepened into winter, and Winter had sifted his white snows on the shore, and Spring had come again, with her daisies and her bluebirds, and a thousand bright and beautiful things. The modest star-grasses had begun to blossom around the low mound; solemn and white shone the marble shaft in the sunset. Presently the little gate swung back, a sound of footsteps echoed on the gravelled walk, and some one came into the enclosure.

A young girl, in deepest black, with

great lonesome eyes and a pale chastened face. She came up to the grave, and slipping a wreath of English violets from her wrist, laid it upon the marble shaft. Then, suddenly, out of the shadow of that shaft arose another figure, tall, bronzed and bearded, who advanced and stood beside her near the grave.

"Essica!"

"Guy!"

"Have you forgiven her?"

Her eyes filled slowly.

"The dead—ah yes!"

Guy Renshaw bent and pressed his lips to those other lips, red and quivering.

"Essica, I have come for you!" he said.

They knelt together beside that grave, their hands clasped, her head upon his breast, her eyes o'er-filled with sweet delicious tears.

O Love! triumphant over wrong and sorrow—sweetest balm that ever grew in Gilead, through much pain and travail two lives in thee are made perfect at last!

* * * * *

Among the holy sisterhood of a certain convent in the good city of Montreal there is to-day a nun, tall and angular, with a pale face and yellowish downcast eyes. The superior calls her Sister Magdalene. Once she was Edith Glendenning.

Have the rigid austerities of that life of hers indeed availed? Does she remember no more the things of this world—its poor vanities, its perishing idols? Is the heart of the woman dead within her? Alas! who may know?

One atom of dust cannot be missed. The busy world goes on. There are happy children's voices ringing to-day through the halls of Brandt—ay, and sunshine there and summer weather; and the dark and sorrowful past is forgotten, and down in that little fishing-hamlet among the headlands, Mistress Moll Darke has been laid to sleep with her fathers, and the inn of the "Three Petrels" has passed away.

So one thing cometh and another goeth, even like the tides upon the shore.

MYRICK'S SHANTY.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

A HEAVY snowstorm had been falling all day, and the hilly forest road, poor enough at best, had become by nightfall nearly impassable. So thought at least the horses of the mail and accommodation stagecoach, plying between two of the principal towns in Wisconsin; and when, after struggling up one side of a long hill, and down the other, their driver allowed them to rest for a moment at the foot of a still harder one, they unanimously declined to move a single step. In vain the driver swore, whipped and coaxed. Neither blandishments nor severity was of the least avail, and finally the off leader settled the matter, by lying down in the snow with a resolute air, and absolutely refusing to be got up again on any terms.

The driver whose name was Peters, or, if you prefer it, Topsy Bill—for he was as well known by one title as the other—looked for a few moments at the prostrate leader, gave him a hearty kick by way of a parting salute, and came to thrust his head in at the coach door. The passengers were but three in number, comprising a handsome middle-aged gentleman, with a particularly resolute and energetic face, and wearing a splendid fur travelling-cloak, a second gentleman, much younger than the first, handsome, also, but open to a charge of effeminacy from those who looked only at the careful elegance of his dress, or the whiteness of his gloved hands; and a remarkably pretty girl, who seemed to be upon very close and affectionate terms with the younger gentleman, while the elder one was a stranger to both.

Topsy Bill looked slowly from one to the other of his three passengers, finishing with the elder gentleman.

"Got stuck, cap'n," said he.

"Eh! Stuck in the snow, d'ye mean?" asked he of the fur cloak, rather sharply; for he had been asleep, and did not like to be roused.

"Reckon. Sam's down, and the old boy himself couldn't get him up. Clean tuckered out."

"Well, what's to be done?" asked the gentleman, after a little pause of dismay.

"Reck'n we'll have to foot it to Myrick's shanty, 'bout a half-mile further on. 'Spose we can stop there to-night, though 'tain't a public house."

"Half a mile!" murmured the young lady, looking at her companion.

"That will never do. This young lady can't walk half a mile through the snow, driver," expostulated that gentleman, rather angrily.

"She might ride one of the hosses, if she can stick on 'thout a saddle, and you can have another," replied Peters, reflectively.

"How will that do, Helen?" asked the first speaker, rather doubtfully, as he turned to the lady.

"O, very well for us, Arthur, but this other gentleman and the driver—how will they manage?"

"Thank you, madam; but I shall not object to walking, nor, I dare say, will the driver. Since we are companions in misfortune, allow me to introduce myself as John Rugby, of Cincinnati. It is agreeable to know how to address one's fellow-travellers, especially in such a strait as the present."

"Certainly, Mr. Rugby," replied the young man, at whom the speaker had looked in mentioning his name. "Allow me to return the compliment. This young lady is Miss Forbes, and my own name is Wingate."

Mr. Rugby bowed, as did Miss Forbes, and Topsy Bill, who had looked on with open-mouthed admiration at the little ceremonial, muttered:

"When gentlefolks meets, compliments passes. Well," continued he aloud, "I reckon you'd better come and help me get the critters ready for a mount. We'll get snowed up where we be, if we don't look out."

The suggestion was a startling one, and both gentlemen, leaping from the coach, struggled through the soft snow, to the spot where Peters was rapidly unharnessing the horses, who, with drooping heads and heaving sides, stood patient and forlorn. As for Sam, that unfortunate animal lay where he had fallen, and already half covered with

snow, seemed quite incapable of rising.

"The gal had better ride Nancy. She's the quietest of the lot; and you can take Sally," remarked Peters to Mr. Wingate, who, repressing his disgust at the profane mention of his divinity, nodded assent, and went to speak to Miss Forbes, while Mr. Rugby, wading round to the back of the coach, busied himself with unstrapping his trunk.

"What you want o' that, cap'n?" shouted Peters. "You can't carry it along, and it's safe enough here."

"I want something out of it, my man," returned Mr. Rugby, quietly, and proceeded to unstrap and unlock the trunk, while Peters and Wingate, leading Nancy close to the door of the stagecoach, placed the young lady upon the back of the patient animal.

"Can you ride so, Helen?" asked Wingate, tenderly.

"Yes—quite well. Are you ready?" asked the girl, shyly glancing around, to see if the pressure of the hand accompanying the question had been noticed.

"All ready." And Mr. Wingate sprang lightly to the back of the other horse, while Peters busied himself with putting the harnesses and robes inside of the coach, and leaving everything as secure as possible.

"Come, cap'n," cried he, when all was ready.

"Coming." And from behind the coach appeared Mr. Rugby, carrying in one hand a little flat red trunk or box.

"Got something val'y'ble there, I reckon," remarked Topsy Bill, whose free expression of opinion was never checked by any excessive regard to his own business as distinguished from that of other people.

Mr. Rugby made no answer to this, but, passing by the driver who stood holding the bridle of the third horse, he stopped beside poor prostrate Sam, who seemed to have resigned himself to lie where he had fallen, until the night and the increasing cold should settle his fate.

"I will ride this horse," said Mr. Rugby.

"You might as well talk about riding the rail-fence, mister," exclaimed Peters, impatiently. "You get on this critter, and go along with the other folks, and I'll see to him. Reckon I'll get him up, if I skin him for't."

"There's no need of that, my man. Horses are to be managed better. Get on

the horse you hold, and lead the way yourself. Sam and I will follow."

"All right, cap'n, if you say so; but you'll have to foot it, I tell you now—and as for the hoss, if you can't get him along, leave him, and I'll go back for him."

With these words, Topsy Bill climbed up the side of the animal he had been holding, and led the way down the road, followed by the young gentleman and lady, who had been for some moments absorbed in a whispered conversation, accompanied by anxious looks along the snowy road, in the direction whence they had come.

Left alone, Mr. Rugby proceeded to clear the snow from the head and nostrils of the exhausted horse, and then to pour a small quantity of brandy down his throat from a handsome travelling-flask. The effect was instantaneous, and, with the addition of a few kind and encouraging words and gentle manipulations, soon restored so much strength and courage to the spirit of the exhausted and somewhat perverse creature, that he struggled feebly to his feet, and neighing inquiringly, looked about him.

"Yes, they've gone on, Sam, and we will, make the best of our way after them," said Mr. Rugby, dexterously arranging the dragging harness, and then, with one hand upon the horse's mane, leading him quietly on, while Sam, with another neigh of approval and consent, rubbed his shaggy head upon the shoulder of his guide.

"That wont do, my coat any good; but if it helps you, all right, my friend," replied Mr. Rugby. And horse and man proceeded with the most amicable understanding, in the direction taken by their companions, whom they overtook, just as the driver, still seated upon his raw-boned steed, was kicking at the door of a low rambling loghouse, standing somewhat back from the road, in a clearing of about an acre.

"Ah! Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Wingate, as his guide approached.

"Thank you. Is this Myrick's?"

"So Peters says. Rather a hard-looking place—especially for a lady," replied the young man, in a lower tone.

"Yes; but better than the snowy road, or the stagecoach without horses," returned Rugby, cheerfully, smiling, as he spoke, at the young girl, whose rueful face and quivering lips showed but too plainly her opinion of the situation.

"And better, Helen, than what we have

left behind us," murmured Wingate, close at her ear.

A faint blush tinged the girl's cheek, and she smiled into her lover's face.

"Dog gone it—can't you open some time, you old witch?" grumbled Topsy Bill, bestowing another kick upon the door, with whose fastenings the fumbling hand of some one inside was busy. As he spoke, the wooden latch was raised, and Bill, waiting for no further ceremony, pushed in, nearly upsetting an old woman, who had been about to open the door.

"What's the matter there, Ma'am Myrick? Couldn't you let a fellow in out of the cold sooner than all that?" expostulated Peters.

The old woman stared at him a moment, and then fixed her disagreeable black eyes upon each member of the party in turn, before she asked:

"Well, Bill Peters, what's your will, now the door is open?"

"Where's your son, old woman? Aint he about?" demanded Peters, still trying to push open the door, which the old woman obstinately held half shut.

"What you want of him?" persisted she.

"Why, we've got to stop here to-night, all hands of us, hosses and all, and I want Joe to show me where to put the critters," said Peters, doggedly.

"Well, you can't, then. We've got company, and can't 'commode you, nohow," retorted the hag, spitefully.

"There aint no can't about it. I tell you I'm going to stay here, and so's these folks."

The old woman seemed disposed to continue to oppose this determination, but before she could speak, found herself rudely thrust aside by the very person for whom Peters was inquiring.

"What's all this row about, Bill Peters?" asked the new-comer, sulkily, while his bloodshot eyes rolled from one to the other of his guests with greedy and curious glances.

"Why, my cattle have gi'n out; the old wagon's stuck in the drift, and you've got to keep us to-night, any way. You'll get paid, never fear for that—we aint beggars nor thieves."

"Yes, we will pay handsomely for the accommodation, and really cannot get further," interposed Mr. Wingate.

The man still hesitated, but Mr. Rugby, who had hitherto not spoken, stepped for-

ward, and saying, pleasantly, "Of course you cannot refuse us, when you know that to do so is the same as to take our lives," he walked quietly by the surly host, followed by his two companions, while Joe, with a sulky scowl upon his face, but no further expression of unwillingness, stepped out, and helped Peters to put the horses under such rude shelter as was to be found in the cowshed of the establishment.

Returning to the shanty, when this was effected, Peters found his passengers seated about the hearth, where the old woman was already frying some pork, and a kettle of potatoes bubbled over the fire. At the further corner of the room, behind a little table, where some half-emptied mugs and a scattered pack of cards showed the nature of their late employment, sat a couple of ill-looking fellows, their hats dragged low over their eyes, and their whole appearance unsavory and dubious in the extreme.

"Ho! There's the company," muttered Peters, recalling the old woman's statement when he first applied for admission, and glancing somewhat doubtfully at the two fellows, who, never looking up or allowing their faces to be fully visible, remained in whispered conversation.

Dragging another table from its place against the wall, the old woman now served her supper by pouring the slices of pork, with the fat which they had been fried in, into a deep tin pan, which she placed in the middle of the table. The potatoes, still in their jackets, were dished in another pan, and a quantity of cold Indian bannock produced from the closet, and laid upon the board. By way of nectar to this ambrosia, Mrs. Myrick next poured the liquid contained in a battered coffee-pot into some tin cups, and sulkily announced:

"The vittles is ready. You ken set up, folks."

The travellers, cold, weary and hungry, found themselves well inclined to comply with even so uninviting an invitation, and, drawing to the table the stools and benches wherewith they had been accommodated, managed, with the exception of Miss Forbes, to make a hearty, if not a very palatable supper. The old woman, crouching upon the hearth, refreshed herself, after her labors, with a short black pipe, whose fumes soon added themselves to the other unsavory odors of the place, while her son rejoining his associates, made a

third in the mysterious conversation for a while, and then retired with them to the shed.

"Be them fellows going to stop here to-night?" asked Peters of the old woman, as they disappeared.

"Reck'n."

"Who be they, any way?" pursued the driver.

"They're traders. Dunno their names."

"Traders! And what they trading for with you and Joe, grandma?" asked Peters, contemptuously.

"'Taint none of my business, and I dunno as it's none o' yourn. If 'tis, you kin ask Joe," replied the woman, yet more ungraciously.

"Thank'y, thank'y, gran'ma'am, but there's no 'casion to ask any one. I see plain enough a'ready—it's manners you've been trading in. Sold yourn at a good price, I hope?"

To this the old woman vouchsafed no reply, except a contemptuous grunt, and Mr. Rugby, interposing with some questions about the horses, diverted the driver's attention, and put a stop to the altercation.

Supper over, and the table removed, the little party drew close to the hearth, which Dame Myrick had made some pretence of sweeping, and upon which Peters had quietly piled the whole supply of wood, thrown into a corner near at hand, to serve as a reserve for the evening.

"Reck'n you'd better fetch in some more, now you've done that," grumbled the old woman. And the driver, with a good-natured "All right, gran'ma'am," went out, and returned after some moments, with an armful of wood, and a very grave countenance. No one was, however, at leisure to notice this latter phenomenon, all eyes and ears being bent upon Mr. Rugby, who was narrating an experience of his own upon the steppes of Siberia, where he had been attacked and pursued by wolves, narrowly escaping with life.

This story naturally elicited a similar one from Mr. Wingate, who had read of, if he had not seen, adventures as marvellous as those of his fellow-traveller. Next, Peters, who had somewhat recovered his equanimity, gave the exciting story of a bear-hunt of the previous winter, occurring in the very woods where they were now detained, and finally, Miss Forbes, at the request of her lover, told the history of a burglary

upon her father's premises, where she and her younger sister, personating their father and brother, who chanced to be from home, had successfully driven away the robbers, and rescued the booty already packed up, and ready to be carried away.

In the midst of this story, the door opened stealthily, to admit Joe, who, skulking into a corner near the old woman, sat down and listened attentively to the story, his gloomy eyes meantime wandering over the faces and figures of the strangers in a curiously eager and speculative manner.

"Whar's them fellars?" asked Peters, in a low voice, while Miss Forbes paused for a moment to take breath.

"Gone on to Stillwater. Their mates come along with a pung, and took 'em up," muttered Joe.

The driver eyed him leisurely for a moment, but made no answer, beyond a significant "Humph!" and then, folding his arms across his breast, and tilting his chair until his broad shoulders rested against the wall, plunged into a reverie of apparently much perplexity and annoyance.

The story of the burglary over, a lively conversation followed, lasting for about an hour, and then Miss Forbes, pulling out her watch, exclaimed:

"Dear me! Five o'clock. Why, my watch has stopped. What is it by you, Arthur?"

Mr. Wingate produced his watch, an elegant French article, nearly as showy and fanciful as Miss Forbes's little Genevan *bijou*.

"Why, I say nine o'clock, but it must be later. My watch is, I grieve to say, rather unreliable. How is it by you, Mr. Rugby?"

"Just half past nine," replied that gentleman, showing the dial of a solid English chronometer, whose plain but rich case was the very least of its merits.

As the three watches returned to their pockets, Peters, without moving his head, turned his eyes upon Joe, who sat nearly abreast of him. The face of the backwoodsman had changed as if by magic, its usual sulky indifference giving way to an expression of greedy ferocity and covetousness, more like that of an animal contemplating a forbidden feast, than anything in human form that even Bill Peters had ever seen before. Slightly turning his head, the stage-driver carried on his scrutiny to the face of the old woman crouching in an an-

gle of the hearth, and even his hardy cheek turned pale, as he caught the feline glance of her glittering black eyes, and the cruel working of her thin lips. He still was watching her furtively, when Miss Forbes, turning with a smile, said:

"And now, if you please, Mrs. Myrick, I will retire. Where can you put me?"

"You kin have my bedroom, right in there; and the two men kin have Joe's, up in the loft," replied the woman, with more alacrity than she had yet shown. "Peters, you kin bunk down here on the floor, 'long o' him, can't ye?"

"Reckon," replied the driver, dryly.

"Come along this way miss," continued the woman, in whose manner a sort of anxious haste had suddenly replaced the sulky stolidity of her previous demeanor, and, as she lighted a tallow candle at the fire, Peters noticed that her hand trembled, so that she could hardly manage it.

"Now, then, miss," repeated she, as she rose to her feet, and, with a gay good-night to her companions, Miss Forbes followed the woman into a small bedroom, or rather closet, adjoining the kitchen, and only large enough to contain the frowzy bed, a large chest, and a clumsy stool.

"I've put some sheets on the bed for ye," remarked the dame, setting the candlestick upon the chest, near the head of the bed. "I sleep in betwixt the blankets myself, but I reckoned nice folks like you 'ould want sheets."

"Thank you. Yes, I prefer them, decidedly," replied Miss Forbes, repressing a smile. "But where will you sleep?"

"O, there's a bunk out in the kitchen, that I kin crawl inter. Joe and Peters are going to stretch down before the fire, and your men'll go up in the loft."

"I'm sorry to turn you out in this way, and I hope you will be comfortable in the bunk," said Miss Forbes, graciously, inwardly wondering what sort of a thing a bunk might be, and waiting to be left alone before beginning to undress.

But Mother Myrick had fixed her glittering eyes upon the bunch of *breloques* dangling from the young lady's watch-chain, and now approached her skinny hand to grasp them, exclaiming:

"My! What pootty things! Be they all solid goold?"

"O yes!" replied Miss Forbes, coldly and decidedly, withdrawing from the advanc-

ing hand. "I will bid you good-night, now, Mrs. Myrick, as I am very tired, and should like to get to sleep as soon as possible."

"I don't see what henders you then," muttered the old woman, insolently; but nevertheless obeying the hint so openly administered, and shuffling out of the room without further remark.

Left alone, Miss Forbes's first care was to secure the door, as far as this could be done, by thrusting a bit of wood into the staple above the latch; her next, to look at the window, which, stifling though the air might become, she was glad to find securely nailed into the casing. The room contained neither closet nor chimney, so that there seemed absolutely no possibility of entering it, except by the door, and Miss Forbes, once more examining the simple fastenings she had applied, concluded it safe.

"I did not know I could be so cowardly," murmured she, looking once more around her little cell, and then examining the bed, which, in spite of Mrs. Myrick's boasted care, seemed so uninviting that the young lady determined not to undress, but simply loosening her clothes, and wrapping herself in the comforter, to lie upon the outside of the bed until morning.

These arrangements were just effected, and the light extinguished, when the creaking of the ladder staircase, and the sound of steps overhead, suggested to Helen that the gentlemen were retiring to the loft, where she had heard that they would sleep. This supposition was presently verified by the sound of their voices in murmured conversation, and the young girl, with a considerable sense of relief from her nervous apprehensions, in discovering that protection was so near at hand, in case she should wish to summon it, composed herself to sleep, her latest waking consciousness being of murmuring voices in the next room, which, as her ears became dulled by approaching slumber, seemed to die gradually into the distance, until they mingled with the fantastic visions of a delicious sleep.

But although these voices had appeared to Miss Forbes to die gradually away, they were in reality as active an hour after she had fallen asleep, as at that moment, for Bill Peters, the driver, when invited to stretch himself upon a blanket before the fire, had declared that he was never more wakeful in his life, and should very probably remain so all night, offering at the same

time to relinquish the blanket and the position to Joe, whom he politely begged not to remain awake a moment on his account.

But Joe, muttering some reply intended to be civil and hospitable, produced from a cupboard a short black bottle, with some sugar and spoons, and hanging the tea-kettle again upon the fire, dragged the table to the hearth, and seated himself beside it. The kettle hummed drowsily for a few moments; then, as if suddenly taking a determination to be jolly, and make a night of it, began to sing merrily, and finally to boil over, with a tremendous sputter of steam, flying ashes, and clattering iron lid, showing at least a disposition to do its own share toward the general entertainment. Joe Myrick swung the black crane forward, poured a quantity of rum into each of the two cracked mugs he had set ready, mingled it well with sugar, and then, slightly tilting the jolly tea-kettle, infused an amount of boiling water, sufficient to bring the mixture to an agreeable temperature.

This done, he glanced at the driver, who had been watching these preparations with an air of stolid resolution, which proved how great was the temptation he was decided to resist.

"Come and take a drink, wont ye, Peters?" urged Joe, with a show of good fellowship somewhat incongruous with his general demeanor.

"No. No, I thank'y, Joe. I reckon I'll get along jist as well without it, for once," replied Peters, wiping his mouth upon the sleeve of his coat.

Joe raised the mug to his mouth, and took a long draught, then set it down, smacking his lips.

"Good liquor that, any way," said he. "Them fellers that was here when you first come," continued he, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "trade a little over the line into Canada, and it was from them I got it. I don't mind telling you, Bill, but in course it's to be kept dark; and like enough I could get you a gallon or two of the same sort, if you wanted it."

Peters hesitated. This explanation of the presence of the two ruffians in the shanty, and their obvious desire for concealment, was, to be sure, a very rational one, and he knew a good deal of smuggling went on over this lonely and unguarded frontier. Myrick's shanty would be a safe and out-of-the way depository for the run goods, and

Myrick himself a very appropriate agent. Added to this, the fumes from the second mug of toddy, which Joe was carefully compounding, came curling into the very nostrils, involuntarily spread to catch them, and Topsy Bill had tasted no liquor since noon that day. Two proverbs pithily condense the history of the next two hours:

"The woman (or man) who deliberates, is lost;" and, "It is only the first step which is difficult."

Two hours later, while Helen Forbes dreamed the roseate visions of a young girl who loves, while her lover and his companion slept the sleep of weary men, while, from the filthy trough where she lay, the black eyes of the old woman blinked and glittered like those of a snake awaiting the moment to spring at the foe it dreads and hates, while Joe, upon whose brutish temperament no amount of alcohol could work any perceptible change, sat stolid and sullen, staring back at her, Topsy Bill lay between them, upon the floor, snoring in his drunken sleep.

These sounds it might have been, or the shadow of coming evil it might have been, or the torch of her guardian angel it might have been; but certain it is, that just at this moment Helen Forbes awoke suddenly, with a strange chill of horror thrilling her heart, and a cry upon her lips, which, happily for her, never went beyond them. Starting up, the young girl stared wildly about her for a moment, then remembered where she was, and tried to reason herself again to quiet, but searched, meantime, with eyes and ears, for any possible cause of apprehension, while her throbbing heart and trembling limbs announced their readiness to help, in any panic that might be suggested, at the shortest possible notice.

But the eyes, after a rapid survey of the gloomy cell, found nothing more fearful than an outlined parallelogram of light at one side of the room, proving at once that the door was there situated, and that the room beyond was still lighted. The ears added to this information, that in that were a number of persons talking in a low voice, and another asleep, and snoring loudly. These circumstances, although by no means frightful in themselves, appeared to Miss Forbes at least suspicious, and, cautiously stepping from the bed, she crept to the door, and listened intently. The speaker was the old woman, and she said:

"Carry him out to the shed, I tell you, boys. Maybe there'll be a fight, and if he wakes there'll be one more to settle."

"O, he's fast enough, old woman," returned a gruff voice, accompanied by the sound of a kick upon some unresisting substance, and a subdued laugh.

"Topsy Bill couldn't stand out against the liquor, though he set out he was going to," added still another strange voice; and the sound of several feet, carrying a heavy burden, became audible, and a draught of fresh air through the house showed that the outside door had been opened.

Her apprehensions now roused to the utmost, Helen sought anxiously for a crevice wide enough to give her a view of what was passing without, and presently succeeded in finding one, just in time to see the house door open again, to admit Joe Myrick, followed by the two ruffianly fellows whose departure in the first part of the evening had been announced.

"There, old lady," said one of these, "we've laid him into the very nest where Jake and I have been keeping ourselves warm this two hours back. Thought Joe wasn't never coming."

"Had to wait to get Topsy Bill drunk. He smelt a rat, I reckon; and anyway, what's we going to do with him in the morning?" demanded Joe.

"He needn't never see no morning," muttered the man called Jake.

"There aint no trouble about that, sence we've made up our minds not to run over this road again, and sence Joe's concluded to go 'long with us. All we've got to do is to crook our claws on the plunder the quickest sort o' fashion, get the old pung out from behind the shed, and, sence our own critter has gone lame, just tackle on them four stage hosses. We'll put 'em along, if Peters couldn't, I'll warrant ye. Then we three'll pile in, and the old woman kin go ter sleep agin. She wont know nothing about it in the morning, o' course; and though there'll like enough be a fuss, they can't touch her. As for us, we'll be in Queen Victory's country 'fore morning, and by next week be aboard a British steamer. What that chap's got in his little red chest 'll more nor pay the passage, I am thinking."

"That's so," chimed in Jake. "He wouldn't be so precious on't if it warn't walyble."

"The closes in his trunk warn't much, anyway," pursued the first. "The other chap's wor twice as good."

"All the better for you," growled Jake, discontentedly.

"Didn't you have the same chance as I did, you fool?" exclaimed his companion, angrily. "You picked the rich fellow's trunk because you thought 'twould be the fattest, and now you're disapp'inted, you want to growl."

"I got the gal's," chuckled Joe Myrick, drawing a box from his pocket, which Helen easily recognized as her own jewel-casket; "and I reckon there's enough here to buy me as many new breeches as I shall want for the rest of my life."

"Halloo! Let's see what's inside, Joe," exclaimed the others, crowding round, while Myrick, thrusting the edge of a chisel under the lid, paused in the act of prying it off.

"Honor bright, now, mates!" exclaimed he. "This is my lot, and none o' yourn, rec'lect."

"All right, Joe, honor bright," assented the other thieves, while the old woman's shrivelled lips worked with a strange eagerness, and her rheumy old eyes lighted like the blue lights above a new-made grave.

Helen cautiously drew back from the door, and, pressing both hands upon her forehead, strove to control her faltering senses, and to decide upon some course of action, before action should be too late. That it was the design of these ruffians to rob, and perhaps to murder them all, she could no longer doubt; and even were Mr. Rugby and Arthur Wingate fully alive to their danger, there were but two against three, without counting the hag, whose will for mischief was evidently as good as that of her more dangerous accomplices. But, sleeping and unarmed, as she supposed her friends to be, their peril darkened to almost certain doom, and for a moment the young girl abandoned herself to despair. Only for a moment, however; in the next, with clenched hands and knitted brow, she was searching for the means of relief, which she had suddenly determined must and should be found. She must warn the sleepers, and that at once, for, as she felt quite certain, nothing but the examination of the jewel-box deferred for a few moments the operations of the robbers.

But how? She had already satisfied herself that there was but one entrance to, consequently but one exit from, the room, and that through the very door behind which she was for the moment protected. No other! In the darkness the young girl groped her way around the room, feeling of the walls, and trying the little window, even attempting to raise one of the rough planks of the floor, thinking she might perhaps crawl out from under the house, and even at the risk of discovery, rouse the sleepers by throwing pebbles against the window of the loft.

The floor planks were secure, but, by a sudden connection of ideas, Helen remembered that while Mr. Rugby and his companion were moving about their room, she had noticed that a board in the floor, directly above her head, was loose, and, as one of them stepped upon it, tilted, so that she had expected it to fall.

A sudden determination entered the young girl's mind, and with noiseless rapidity she groped for the rude bench, planted it upon the bed, and, mounting upon it, found herself unable to stand upright, her shoulders coming upon a level with the floor above, while her head remained bent upon her breast. Clinging to the naked timber with one hand, with the other she pressed upon the planks above, and, to her great joy, felt one of them yield to the pressure. Placing herself directly beneath it, and exerting her whole strength, she soon succeeded in raising the end of the plank sufficiently to move it aside, and to thrust her head through the opening. The loft was dark and silent as a tomb, but, while Helen hesitated, a maidenly impulse checking the energy hitherto controlling her, she distinguished the creak of footsteps upon the staircase, and at the same time something like the sound of a ladder placed against the side of the house from without. The robbers were preparing two modes of attack, and the next moment a cautious hand tried the latch of her own door. Helen hesitated no longer, but called, softly:

"Arthur! Arthur!" And again, "O Arthur, do wake!"

The regular breathing of the sleepers alone answered her, unless the sound of a cautious hand groping at the window could be called an answer. The result had become but a trial of speed between herself

and the robbers, and Helen, with a final and convulsive effort, threw herself forward and upward, and, she scarcely knew how, succeeded in her wild attempt, and stood breathless and exhausted in the silent chamber. Rushing across the room, she reached the bed, and wildly beating with icy hands upon the faces of the sleepers, sobbed:

"Wake! O wake—for God's sake!"

"What? Who is it? What's this?" exclaimed Wingate, starting up, while from beyond him resounded the ominous click of a pistol.

"It is I! It is Helen, Arthur. Don't fire at me, Mr. Rugby. They are coming to rob and murder you—there are three of them. Hark! Hear the window."

In effect, the window, cautiously raised and lowered again at this moment, gave startling corroboration to her words.

"Hush!" whispered Rugby. "Wingate, are you armed?"

"Yes. Helen, hide behind the bed," said the young man, in the same tone; and at this moment the window was again lifted, and simultaneously the trap door, opening at the top of the stairs, was quietly raised, admitting not only the burly figure of Joe Myrick, but a faint light from the fire below, by whose help the travellers distinguished the figure of another man climbing in at the window.

"Fire?" whispered Wingate, inquiringly.

"No—wait," returned Rugby; and the next instant his voice rang through the loft, clear and stern:

"Halt, there! What do you want?"

The ruffians, taken by surprise, shrank back for a moment, but, reassured by numbers, and the conviction that their victims were unprepared for a contest, the fellow called Jake answered, truculently:

"Want your money and your walybles. Want that ere pocket-trunk o' yourn. Give us them, and we'll let you off; but if you don't, we'll make quick work of the hull kit."

"Unless you quit the room this moment, and leave us and ours undisturbed till morning, I will shoot you like a dog," replied Rugby, with a cold decision, more appalling than the other's ferocity.

Jake hesitated, but his companion, who had silently followed him into the window, now as silently rushed forward, brandishing a knife, and fearlessly precipitating

himself upon the speaker, who sprang from the bed to receive him, firing his pistol as he did so, and shouting:

"Fire, Wingate! Take the other."

Wingate, without waiting the order, had already pressed the trigger of his pistol, and Jake, uttering a fearful cry of rage and pain, rolled snarling like a wounded beast at his feet. At the same moment Joe Myrick, springing forward, swinging an axe above his head, aimed a blow at the skull of the young man, which must have cleft it to the chin had he not sprung nimbly aside; at the same moment discharging the second barrel of his revolver in the face of his assailant, who only escaped the ball by stumbling forward with the impetus of his own blow. The next moment he had seized Wingate in his brawny arms, expecting to dash him to the ground with ease; but under the elegant proportions of the young man were hidden more of native power and trained skill than would have sufficed for the discomfiture of half a dozen awkward clowns like the one he now handled, and Joe Myrick presently rolled upon the floor, stunned and helpless. His victor, pausing one instant to regain his breath, was turning to aid his friend, who, sitting upon the edge of the bed, silently attempted to stanch the blood flowing from an ugly cut in his arm, while his late assailant lay dead at his feet; when, with a piercing shriek, Helen Forbes, darting from the corner where she had crunched in silent terror, flew past him, to throw her arms about the stooping and malign figure of the old woman, who had crept unobserved upon the scene, just as her son fell dead, as she supposed, and who, snatching a knife from the floor, was about to revenge him, by plunging it into the back of Arthur Wingate.

The knife fell, but not as the fury had intended. Turning suddenly, as she rushed past him, the young man saw the blow—saw it fall upon the devoted heart offered to save his own, and could but interpose in time to prevent Helen from falling at his feet.

"O my darling! My darling!" cried he, straining her wildly to his breast; and then, turning with fury upon the exultant hag, cried, with tears of rage springing to his eyes, "O, if you were not a woman, and old, I would kill you inch by inch."

"But at least she shall do no more mis-

chief at present," exclaimed Rugby, snatching the blood-stained handkerchief from his arm, and with it, in spite of her struggles, securely binding the old woman's arms behind her back, finishing by securing her to the bedpost.

At this moment a violent knocking was heard below, but no one had time or thought to attend to it. Wingate, hanging over the lifeless figure of his betrothed, wept like a child, while Mr. Rugby, hastily unlocking the little red trunk which had caused so much disaster and bloodshed, took from it a vial and held it to her face. The pungent odor of ammonia filled the room, and Rugby calmly said:

"Courage, Wingate. I am a surgeon of some skill. I do not think she is dead; and if she is not, I will cure her. Bring her down stairs—or, stay, let me do so, while you bring my box. It contains my instruments, which the fools mistook for treasures, as indeed they are, being a special set brought by me from London last month."

While speaking he raised the young girl tenderly in his arms, and bore her down the ladder. As his feet appeared below the floor of the loft, the knocking, which had become almost furious, ceased suddenly, and a voice exclaimed:

"Well, good people, I did not expect to raise you at all. Why, what on earth is this?"

"A wounded woman, sir. Please burst open that door. There is a bed beyond it."

The stranger, a white-haired, red-faced old man, with the air of one more used to command than to obey, stared a moment at the quiet speaker, and then, as his eye fell upon the figure drooping from his arms, turned to comply with the order. One kick of his sturdy foot decided the matter of the frail fastening, and, as the latch flew from its hold, the door opened wide, allowing Doctor Rugby to pass through, and to lay his charge upon the bed.

"Bring that candle, if you please, sir; and, Wingate, let me have the trunk," directed the doctor, cool and dominant as a general upon the battlefield he is sure of conquering.

"What! Why, who is this? Wingate! But Helen! This is not Helen?" And the old gentleman, suddenly roused from his astonishment and his indignation, snatched a candle from the table, and

rushing into the bedroom, held it close to the deadly face of the young girl. "My God! It is Helen! My child, my child!" And, as the doctor caught the candle from his hand, the old man sank upon the bed in a fit of hysterical tears.

Wingate, in his turn, stood like one petrified, his eyes fixed now upon the figure of the young girl, now upon that of the old man.

"Mr. Forbes!" gasped he, at length. "But how came he here?"

"Young man," interposed the stern voice of the surgeon, "do you wish this woman to recover?"

"God knows how ardently," was the reply.

"Then remember that agitation as she is recovering will kill her. If this is her father, take him away, and induce him to keep quiet, if possible. Then return to help me. Every moment has a chance of life—too many lost are fatal."

The cool clear tones of the surgeon carried conviction, and Wingate, controlling himself by a powerful effort, soon succeeded in persuading the almost exhausted father to accompany him to the outer room, and was soon able to leave him comparatively quiet, while he returned to assist the surgeon, who was already able to inform him that the young girl's wound, though deep, was not necessarily mortal.

"And now," said the surgeon, an hour later, "we may leave Mr. Forbes beside his daughter for a few moments, and go to attend to those fellows above stairs. They will give me some fine practice in pistol wounds, at least."

But Doctor Rugby was doomed to disappointment. With the exception of the dead body of the nameless ruffian whom he had killed, and the old woman writhing and swearing in her bonds, the loft was empty. Jake and Joe had escaped together, and, as was presently discovered, had stolen the horse and sleigh left standing at the door by Mr. Forbes's driver, while he crept into the house to see what was going on.

"Never mind—let them go. They will neither of them be likely to forget to-night, or care to come in our way again," said the doctor, philosophically. "Let us release this wretched old woman, and in the morning some one shall put this body into a hole in the snow. I suppose it wouldn't

do for me to dissect him. And now, Wingate, tell me, in two words, who you all are, and what you are about."

"Helen will live, you say."

"Yes, I tell you."

"In two words, then, she is the only child of the old man who sits beside her, and who is a wealthy and retired Indian merchant of New York. I am a poor devil of a lawyer, settled in a little town of Minnesota. I loved Helen, and she loved me, before I went West, and when I returned for her last autumn she was ready to go back with me; but her father said no—he had a better match for her. So we ran away, and he, I suppose, ran after us. I only wish we had waited to marry first, for then he could not separate us. I fancy he will try it now, but he will find it a difficult matter. Helen is true steel under her highbred airs."

"He shan't separate you, nor try to. I won't let him," said Doctor Rugby, quietly, as he turned to reenter the house.

When Topsy Bill awoke next morning, to find himself lying among his horses in the shed, his astonishment was both loud and profane; nor was it in any whit lessened when, on entering the house, he was informed of the incidents of the night. But none of his auditors were prepared for the burst of penitence and good resolution into which this astonishment finally subsided.

"'Twas all my fault!" asseverated he. "I knew the scoundrels was hatch'n up mischief, and if I'd kept myself sober—But it is a lesson—a dog goned good lesson; and may I be—(something very bad)—if another drop of the cussed stuff ever runs over my tongue again."

We should not omit to mention that this hasty resolution was sacredly and persistently kept, until, in his hale old age, to have called Mr. William Peters Topsy Bill would have been to commit at once a stupidity and an insolence.

The authorities, such as were to be found, chose to take but little notice of the catastrophe at Myrick's shanty, except by removing the old woman to the almshouse, where she soon after died.

Helen Forbes, far too ill to be moved, did not, however suffer, either for attention or comforts, in her lonely hospital, being assiduously cared for by her father, her lover and her skillful physician, and supplied by almost daily expresses with

every luxury love could suggest or money procure, even to an accomplished city nurse.

"Is there anything, doctor—anything more that I can do for her, or get for her?" asked the father, almost daily, until at last the surgeon answered:

"Yes. Tell her she may marry Wingate, and send for a parson to tie the knot. Then we'll all go on for Minnesota again."

"Shall I? Would it make her really happier than anything else on earth?" asked the old man, musingly.

"Take my word for it," said Doctor Rugby, with wise sententiousness.

"I will," answered the father, in the same tone. And before the week was out Mr. and Mrs. Wingate, Mr. Forbes and Doctor Rugby left Myrick's shanty—the three former in their own carriage, the latter riding Sam, whom he had purchased of the stage proprietor as his own particular steed.

What next?

Go to Minnesota and see.

ORIGIN OF THE MAIDEN-HAIR FERN.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY E. M. ADAMS.

Long ago, in the days of our fathers,
Before the white man came
To rob us of our birthright,
Our hunting-grounds to claim,
Lived the Indian maiden Winona,
Firstborn of a chieftain proud,
And ne'er was a child of the forest
With such matchless grace endowed.
Fleet of foot as the hunted roebuck,
And beautiful as the day
When the flush of a summer morning
Into noontide melts away.
Her eyes like twin stars glowing,
Her hair down to her feet
In dusky ripples flowing,
Her lips so full and sweet.
Brave warriors wooed the maiden,
They wooed, but could not win,
For the secret of her heart's love
Her lips kept fast within.
Yet one her heart had chosen,
Although she said him nay;
To herself fondly whispering,
"He will come another day."
He, disheartened, thinking only
Of the cruel word she said,
Knowing not that oft a woman,
Saying "Nay," means "Yea," instead,
Left her presence, striding fiercely
Through the forest's deepening gloom,
Going swift, and going surely,
All unconscious, to his doom.
Ask the winds, that they may tell ye,
Ask the clouds that wept above,
What the fate of noblest warrior
Ever sought a maiden's love.
East Boston, April, 1874.

For no more came brave Inula
To the wigwams on the plain;
Nevermore did friend or foeman
Look upon his face again.
And Winona, waiting, watching,
Till her soul grew sick with fear,
Sought him vainly through the forest
All the long and weary year.
Sought him weeping; crying ever,
"O my love, come back to me!"
But the stormwind only answered
Through the pine trees, mournfully.
So it was, worn out with sorrow,
Faint with hunger, grief and pain,
In the wilderness she perished,
By her love undying slain.
Winter came, and came the springtime,
With the south wind, perfume-laden,
And her kindred, going northward,
Found the deathbed of the maiden.
Yet the only signs to show them
That her resting-place was there
Were her jewels, earth-encrusted,
And a growth so strangely fair
Where her graceful head had rested,
That the swarthy warriors said
'Twas Winona's farewell token
From the dwellings of the dead.
Stems so slender, graceful leaflets
All a-quiver in the breeze,
Speaking in a mystic language
To the group beneath the trees.
So they called it, in remembrance
Of Winona, "Maiden's Hair;"
Saying, "Naught in all the forest
Is there half so sweet and fair."

A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY CORA CHESTER.

"Who would not, in Life's dreary waste,
Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
An interval of joy?"

I WAS born in poverty. I do not mean the respectable poverty that closes up its brick house and lives in the rear during the warm months, turns old dresses and wears dyed silks, but grinding miserable want.

I had not, like most heroines, "known better days." My mother, a hard-working seamstress, had died at my birth, and my father—well, I do not like to recall my early life spent with him. Even now, as I sit here in the bloom of a late autumn, the old memories of stinging blows and senseless rages bring the indignant blood to my face. I was not as patient with him as I should have been, I suppose. I might, perhaps, have made home a dearer spot to us both; but I was a bitter headstrong girl then, with no sweet past to dream over and make me better, and no bright future to encourage and sustain.

All was blackness, whether I looked backward or forward, and I had not yet learned to look upward. Yet surely a dark back room of a tenement house, fireless and cheerless, could not lure a man from the warmth and hilarity of a corner grogshop.

One night I fell asleep, in the chill of a frosty winter evening, and seemed to see father threatened with some terrible peril. I awoke, all of a shiver, and seizing my ragged shawl and hood from their nail, ran out into the snowy street to the corner store.

His face was not in its customary place behind the cracked tobacco-stained stove, and to my inquiries the men only returned careless replies.

"He had gone with Jim Blake, nigh on to an hour ago, towards the dock. Them two didn't pal together for nothink." There was an ugly job on hand, my informant, a man half stupid over his cups, felt sure.

I was used to the streets and darkness, and it didn't take me long to get to the dock. Jim Blake, of all the bad men father knew, and their number was legion, was

the worst. I felt my suspicions of coming evil grow into certainties as I stood beneath the black clouds and felt the first snowflakes, the forerunner of a storm, against my face.

I thought I saw something moving near a woodpile, and I crouched in the shadow of a building, to watch further developments. I was not mistaken. The figure, that of a man, left its resting-place, and paced back and forth, directly in front of me.

I held my breath as he carelessly struck a match and let the light fall in my dark corner. I shrank further back, and drew a breath of relief as he lazily lighted a cigar. The blaze of the match revealed the face of a man, evidently in the higher walks of life, a strong handsome face, with a wearied expression upon his highbred features, and a cynical curve of the thin lips, half hidden by a tawny mustache. The eyes dark and fierce, but capable of unutterable tenderness—this I learned later—redeemed the almost effeminate delicacy of his face.

All this I noticed in that brief instant, and then he passed aimlessly on towards the river. Presently I heard voices so close to me that I shivered with fear of detection, and clung to the damp walls of an old building for protection.

"Aint ye ready to strike?"

"Hush—soft! he may be armed. These darned bloated aristocrats always carries a settler about 'em. Best to let it go. Maybe he haint got the swag about him."

"*Maybe he haint.* Where's your eyes? Look at that ere sparkler on his bosom—a clear thousand, to say nothink of the ticker and wallet. Take my word for it, he's a rum one as gets his living out of innocent men like me and you. Here he comes again. Be ready to bag the game. Steady—"

A sudden giddiness came over me with the words. I strove to scream, but my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth. I heard a struggle, a stifled shriek, then, with one desperate effort, I flung myself forward between the deadly assassin and his victim.

A muttered imprecation from behind, then some one had hold of me, and I felt cold steel against my bosom.

"It's a woman. D—n me! I can't."

"D—ye for your chicken heart. I've finished my fine gentleman. Choke the gal, or we'll have the perlice on us."

A hairy face pressed close to mine, searching it in the darkness. I felt a dreadful sensation of strangling, then a wall broke the silence.

"My God, Jim, it's my own gal!"

A tall stalwart figure arose suddenly as if from the dead at Jim Blake's side. One blow of a heavy walking-stick felled the villain to the earth, and then I saw the muzzle of a bright weapon pointed at my father's head. Again did I throw myself in front of the stranger.

"Don't do it, sir. He's my father. I saved your life—spare his!"

"Poor child! then I will not give him the punishment he so richly deserves. He can go in peace. As for you, call upon me at any time, and I will help you. Try to lead a better life, give up the streets, and seek honest employment."

I tried to stutter out that I was honest, if poor, but he was gone. I knew what he had taken me for, and the indignant blood made my face fiery red in the frosty air.

Mechanically I placed the card he had handed me in my pocket, and then roused father from his half-maudlin paroxysm of terror.

"He wont peach on us, father, he said so. Come home, or we'll have the police on us. Come, it is bitter cold."

"We can't leave Jim. Give us a lift, my gal, and take him home."

I felt as if I was staining my hands with blood, but I stifled my feelings, and helped father drag the heavy form through the dark streets, to the cellar where he lived with his drunken wife.

Then I led father quickly past the tempting baize doors of the grogshop, and half pushed him up the broken stairs to our poor rooms.

There was a blank in my life after that. In spite of tears and entreaties, father still haunted the corner store, and day after day passed away when I heard only the weary click, click of the sewing-machine, and father's moans and snores as he slept his drunken sleep in the corner.

One starry June night there came a

change. I only remember the sudden ghastly sight of disfigured still-loved features, as I fell fainting upon my parent's mangled body. The event was chronicled in the daily papers as "Another Row in the Sixth Ward—Fatal Results to one of the Combatants."

I only knew that it left me orphaned and lonely, with nothing to work or live for. In spite of the past, he was my father, the only tie that bound me to the vast earth. He had been my constant care and charge, and without him I daily lost my interest in life.

I awoke one burning July morning, to find a kind Irish neighbor watching over me, who gave me the startling assurance that "it was nigh onto a month since I'd knowed anybody, and I was weak as a baby, and just as silly; and I must lay still and quiet, or the docther wouldn't answer for it."

The doctor, a kind-hearted man, came daily to see me, but shook his head as I turned from the food offered me with all an invalid's disgust of greasy broth and weak tea.

"It wont do. There is no desire for life here. The girl will die; she needs change of scene and food. Have you no friends, little girl?"

His kind manner and the question were too much for me in my weak condition. I tried to speak, but the effort ended in a storm of tears.

The doctor went to the window and blew his nose with great vigor, started for the door, and left without another word.

The next day my few clothes were packed by his direction, in a small trunk, and I was half carried down stairs and placed in his buggy. What a drive that was, out of slums and alleys into leafy boulevards and broad avenues, until we reached the fairy region of the Park! There we stopped before a large stone house, and the doctor was met upon the threshold of the dwelling by a motherly-looking old lady in black alpaca.

"You see, Mrs. Hall, I have brought my protege, as I threatened."

"That's right, doctor. I have plenty of spare time, and will do as I promised. Poor child! how pale she is." Then, in an audible whisper, "No danger of her dying on my hands? The folks might hear of it, you know."

"No danger, no danger at all, madam. Your excellent society and plenty of good food are all she needs. You are sure the folks wouldn't object to this?"

"La, sir, I has my own liberty here, and my master is not one of the stingy sort. He allows me a companion for the summer, and I know of no one I'd sooner favor than a friend of yours."

"Thanks, Mrs. Hall. I'll speak about it to Mr. Atherton myself when I'm down to the Branch next week. I will see you rewarded also."

"I am sure I don't wish pay, sir, when I think of your past kindness. I haven't forgotten your services for my rheumatic fever last winter, when you wouldn't take a cent. I said to the cook then, says I—"

"Hush—don't mention it, Mrs. Hall. Good-day. I'll call to-morrow and see my patient."

All this was said in a darkened oak-lined library, where I lay upon an easy lounge, with closed eyes and tired brain. I only half realized that I was in an apartment and mansion of rare magnificence, but I was too weary to feel curiosity respecting my surroundings.

Later, I learned from garrulous Mrs. Hall, during cool mornings spent in the airy apartments facing the Park, that the owner of the house, a gentleman of extreme wealth, was spending the summer at the Branch, not to return until September, and that she, in the meantime, had full charge of the house and its appointments, and had also undertaken the direction of the few servants left in the almost-deserted mansion. She professed herself delighted with my society, for, to use her own words, "She was getting lonesome-like, and felt spooky of nights."

How strange this luxury seemed to me, after the poverty of my past life! the soft Axminster carpets, vast mirrors, luxurious upholstery, and rare works of art. How bitterly I mourned, as I realized my own miserable ignorance amid the numberless choice volumes lining the walls of Mr. Atherton's library!

One warm Sunday evening, while Mrs. Hall was taking her usual after-dinner nap, I stole down in the darkness to the large open windows of the drawing-room, there to watch listlessly the little life apparent in the streets below. I noted with idle interest a flirtation going on in the next

area between a smart chambermaid and a stern guardian of the law. How different my life had been from this serving-girl—how void of the little joys which creep into even the lives of the lower classes, as they are called. I felt such an alien, such a creature without a place in the wide world, that, overcome by a sense of my own loneliness, I leaned my head upon my hands, and gave way to my tears. Suddenly a strain of sweetest music broke the silence. It seemed to me a voice from God, chiding me for daring to doubt for even an instant his tender love and protection. Had he not wonderfully cared for me so far, and would he be likely to forsake me now?

I forgot to wonder at the nearness of the music, and only listened as a deep rich voice joined the chords, and the words of a simple hymn fell upon the air. It was music that I could understand, and almost unconsciously I hummed over the last words. A voice close to my side startled me.

"So you like my poor music? I am glad."

I started, to see in the room, quite close to my chair, the figure of a man, and arose with a nervous movement to depart.

"Pray be seated, Miss Freyer, I beg. I was thoughtless to come in unannounced. Allow me to introduce myself as Winthrop Atherton, at your service. I have already heard of you from Dr. Bently, and assure you of the pleasure I feel in welcoming you here. We shall be friends, I feel sure."

The voice, so courteously and graciously, gave me sudden self-possession. I took the hand extended to me in token of friendship.

"Thank you, Mr. Atherton, for your confidence in me. I am deeply grateful for this temporary home, and hope my stay has not seemed very intrusive to you. Believe me, I have been tempted many times to leave. It has seemed of late as if I must get back my strength, so that I could be at work again. Besides, these rich things—"

I paused, not knowing how to continue. I felt I might wound him should I speak my mind.

"Go on, child," he said, kindly; "what effect did you fear 'these rich things'?"—with a comical mimicry of my manner—"would have upon your morals?"

"Now you are making fun of me, sir."

But I feared work would seem harder and more distasteful to me after the fairy life here, besides awakening ambitious dreams that it will be hard to silence when I get back."

I shuddered involuntarily, remembered suddenly that I was addressing an almost utter stranger, and turned to leave the room. Mr. Atherton followed me out into the lighted hall, and gave me a pleasant good-night as I turned upon the long stairs.

Where had I seen that kingly figure and haughty face before? I tried to think, in vain.

When I knelt beside my little bed that night, something dropped from between the leaves of my Bible. It was an old card, and on it were the words—

"WINTHROP ATHERTON, BANKER,
"No. — Broadway, New York."

This was the key to the mystery. I was under the roof of the man my father had all but murdered that winter night; had been dependent upon him for my daily bread for nearly a month.

How I hated him during those first days when I felt a sickening feeling of dependence under his roof, and yet realized my utter inability to leave until my health and strength should return to me! I resented it that a man should possess a delicacy and refinement that I, in my fairest days, had only dreamed of. I admired him, and yet would not allow myself to be friendly. I felt a sense of pain, and a desire for a nobler and better existence, as I watched him day after day bending over some book in the library, or penning articles for some favorite magazine.

I taught myself sullen indifference and stolid aversion when I was with him, but only seemed to amuse him by my avoidance of his presence. One morning he stopped me on my way up stairs.

"Miss Freyer, can you spare me a few moments? I wish your opinion of this article."

I smiled satirically. As if I could understand or appreciate his feelings! It was only his kindness that prompted him to address me as an equal, I said to myself with bitterness in my heart.

"You overrate my powers, sir. I fear I would not prove a competent critic. Let me pass, please. Mrs. Hall is waiting for me."

"Allow me to be the judge of your abilities," fixing his laughing blue eyes full upon me. "Why do you avoid me so, Miss Freyer? We are like strangers under the same roof. Do you value my friendship so little?"

"Our positions are too far apart to talk of friendship, Mr. Atherton."

I forced myself to meet his gaze, but my cheeks flushed at what I read in his.

"Our positions? What do you mean? Nonsense! In this republican country such notions are absurd, child. The gulf is not impassable which separates us."

"O Mr. Atherton, I must speak upon a subject that has long troubled me. I think you misunderstand my position here. Our lives and thoughts are very far apart; the gulf that separates us very wide. I am not even a friend of Mrs. Hall, as you seem to imagine. I am a poor friendless girl, that, but for Dr. Bently's and your kindness, would now be dependent upon public charity."

"My kindness has nothing to do with it, nor have you been dependent upon me. Your face often wears a familiar look, and in vain have I striven to recall when and where I first met you."

He scanned my features long and earnestly, then a light of recognition beamed in his eyes.

"It is the face of the woman to whom I owe my life. All I could do, Elizabeth Freyer, would never repay you. You saved me from two villains that winter night."

"One was my father. Do not call him so, sir. He was drunk, and not himself, or he would never have done it."

"Poor child! He has deserted you, then, and you are all alone."

"He never deserted me!" I exclaimed, passionately. Then, with a burst of tears, "He is dead!"

"Forgive me, little one! I never guessed the truth. The past has bound us together. Tell me what you dislike me for, and let me try to please you."

I could not resist the frank winning smile and outstretched hand, and again we sealed the compact of a firm friendship for the future.

Why did I linger during those summer days in Winthrop Atherton's presence? Why did I allow soft persuasions and friendly words to get the better of my woman's nature, which urged me to throw off

my indolence and be up and doing? I know not. I only know that then, all unconsciously, I had found heaven in his presence, drew strength from his kindly eyes, and daily grew in health, as he brought rare exotics from the conservatory, loaded my plate with delicacies and rare fruits, and read aloud long mornings in the library from poet and historian hitherto unknown to me.

Good Mrs. Hall always played propriety upon these occasions, and formed one of the happy trio that gathered around the little round table in the almost deserted dining-room.

Mr. Atherton laughingly declared that we were playing country, and would have nothing but country dishes upon our table—golden pats of butter, luscious berries, Dutch cheese, delicate custards and bowls of cream. Then we had doughnuts, turnovers, flapjacks, and other old-fashioned dishes, all to suit the master's whim, who appeared to become a boy again in his enjoyment of life, and zest in the silly nothings which made up our days. Silly nothings to him, I say, but to me, hitherto starved in the beautiful things of this life, they seemed the Alpha and Omega of existence.

Surely I was living a dreamlife during those burning August days; those quiet mornings and moonlit evenings were like nothing I had ever known before—they could not be of the earth earthy.

He found me alone one morning, ready to start for a walk.

"Where away, Miss Freyer? Upon some mission of mercy?"

"No sir. I was going to the Park for a stroll. I have grown very selfish of late."

"To the Park! O, may I go, too?" Then, seeing the pleasure in my eyes I could not conceal, "You like to have me with you. Would it always be so, or, like other women, do you require constant change and excitement? You are so different from the girls I have met, Elizabeth."

He seemed to dwell upon my plain name. Never had it found favor in my eyes before.

"The sweetest woman ere drew breath
Is my dear wife Elizabeth,"

he paraphrased. "Could you be my dear wife, Lizzie? Dare I hope for the disinterested fond love of a noble true girl? Tell me, little one."

I could not answer. We had reached the Park, and he led me to a rustic seat.

Why dwell upon those moments? I proved no wiser or stronger than any other woman in love, and, in spite of the vast social gulf which I knew separated us, I listened to his tender words, and gave him the promise which he professed made him happy for life.

That was my heaven, and it lasted just one week.

Never had I doubted him for one instant since that morning when I gave him my love, with a mad worship which amounted almost to idolatry. I would willingly have died for him; and I often wondered why he had chosen me—me, a poor lowborn girl for his wife, among all the fine ladies he knew.

I say I had never doubted his truth. I loved him so entirely myself that I thought the very intensity of my love must of necessity win for me a return.

I was building airy castles of our future one morning, when Mrs. Hall entered the room, all flushed with haste.

"My lands! if this aint sudden, though. I am all frustrated-like, she gave me such a turn."

"What is the matter?"

I came down from my airy castles, and tried to affect an interest in her everyday affairs.

"Matter enough, to be sure. Miss Atherton's come home from the Branch, all unexpected, and Mr. Winthrop he let her in. The master looks as pale and scared-like as possible. He seemed dreadfully put out that she should come home, and has been urging her to finish the season at Saratog. They had awful high words, as they always does, and she has got the hysterics now. O dear, dear!"

"Is she the sister of the master of the house?"

"Sister? Why, it's his wife, Miss Freyer. The Lord knows, I wish she wasn't, and he too, I guess. Such a haughty, hateful lady as she is, awfully highstrung. I fear she'll give you your walking papers. She doesn't know you've been here, and I've kept quiet to please Mr. Winthrop."

She had kept quiet to please Mr. Winthrop? I turned faint and sick, and tore the collar from my throat with both hands. I felt that I should strangle, and staggered to the open window for air.

He was in the street below, taking wraps and bags from the carriage. A fashionably dressed lady joined him, and said something in a high tone. He answered nothing, but there was a hard look upon his face I had never seen there before, as he took her by the arm and almost forced her up the steps.

His wife? And what was I? I, who had so readily given him my heart? I had been his dupe, to while away the idle hours of an idle summer. I was poor and friendless, and a proper person to amuse his lordship during his fashionable wife's absence at the Branch.

It was bitterly hard to bear. I had loved with my whole nature, and I was too untrained and untaught to rise above my pain. I waited until Mrs. Hall passed from the room, then packing my few things in my trunk, without a tear, I took shawl and hat, and stole quietly down stairs. I met Phoebe the chambermaid in the hall.

"Phoebe, I hear your mistress has returned, and Mrs. Hall no longer needs me. Can some one be spared to carry my trunk?"

Jim, Mr. Atherton's colored valet, volunteered his services, with the ready goodnature of his race.

I passed out of the vast house, into the streets, and sought refuge in a third-class boarding-house.

After that I grew hardened and desperate, and finally went back to my old lodgings and old life.

Of all beings I was most miserable. I might have known I was never meant for such as he, I told myself again and again with bitter self-contempt. He had crossed the gulf between us, and now, having recrossed it, it could never again be bridged over.

I tried to sweep away all vestige of the past, and turned my face resolutely against my lost happiness.

Once when I caught sight of him in the street, the dead past seemed to bloom again, and the happiness of those days awoke.

Stinging tears blinded me as I groped my way back to my miserable lodgings, and threw myself weeping upon my poor bed.

A rap at the door roused me in the midst of a paroxysm of tears. I hastily wiped my eyes, and opened the door. Then I hid

my face in my hands, and fell into the nearest chair.

"Lizzie, darling, I have found you, after these weary months of waiting. Why did you leave me alone and friendless? Why did you wrong me so?"

"Alone and friendless!" I cried, with a bitter laugh. I did not dare to look up and see his changed wasted face and sad eyes, or I felt every resolution would melt away. "Do you dare to accuse me of wronging you—you who have cursed my life, and almost made me mad? O, why did I not die that bitter winter night! Why was life spared to me, when I do not want it, and pray for death?"

He did not answer me in words. He knelt down on the bare floor beside me, and tried to raise my head with gentle force.

"Why do you wish for death, Lizzie? Is the love—the love, remember—you have often said would never fail me, entirely gone? What have I done that I should be hated by the only woman I have ever loved?"

I arose from my chair, and looked into his eyes, I declared to myself, for the last time.

"Where is your wife, Winthrop Atherton? Is she dead, that you dare to address me thus?"

"I have no wife, Lizzie, if she be not in this room."

"What then has become of Mrs. Atherton, under whose roof you dared to make love to me last summer? I was your dupe; but, thank God, I have crushed my heart and escaped. I must not listen to you longer. It may amuse you, but it will condemn me in the eyes of the world!"

He looked at me with wide-opened eyes, but did not approach me again. He paced the floor two or three times.

"I think I see it, Lizzie," he said, at length, pausing just in front of my chair. "I was careless never to have explained my true position to you before; but I never dreamed you could have misconstrued it. I am not the master of that house, Lizzie. It belongs to my elder brother Ralph. I was but a guest there, like yourself. Mrs. Atherton is far from being a good wife and mother. Her little ones are trained in fashionable boarding-schools, God help them, and her husband leads a life few men would envy. To be sure, he has his

wife's large wealth, added to half of my father's property, but I should vastly prefer a cottage with one I love. Look up, Lizzie, and tell me the old love is still mine. Tell me you trust and care for me a little. If you knew how I have hungered for a sight of your dear face all these weeks!"

It was all over then, the misery of my past, and the man I still loved better than my own life had been true through all. I need not now train myself to hate him. It was no sin to listen to the music of his voice, and dream of the happy days when

I should be all in all to him, as he was already to me.

The western sunlight streamed from behind the clouds into my attic room, and beautified the bare floor and poor furniture, as we sat there together.

Years have passed since, and those days seem now far, far distant; but I doubt if I can ever taste again the bliss of that evening spent amidst poverty and squallor, though now surrounded by the beauties and refinements of a home glorified by the love of a good husband.

ALONG THE ROAD.

BY C. NYE C.

Tripping along, with footsteps light,
The little ones go, all robed in white,
Over the road which all must tread,
From downy crib to grassy bed.

Apart I watch, beside a hill,
Them travel on with glee, until
Between the leaves, all fresh and fair,
Are thickly found the thorns of care.

Where roses once their perfume shed,
Whose scattered leaves, now brown and
dead,
The dimpled hands can tempt no more
To linger oft their sweetness o'er—

Now slowly tread the little feet
O'er well-worn sod, and glances meet
My loving glance at last, in prayer
For wayside buds without the care.

Ah, little ones, with voices sweet,
Your pleadings oft my ear may greet
Ere autumn fruits of fairest mould
Those dimpled hands of yours may hold.

A summer sun's Promethean fire,
With noontide blaze, may light a pyre

Brooklyn, Dec., 1874.

In brain and heart, before thy prayer
May bring the buds without the care.

I, who have walked the path you tread,
Have seen it scattered with my dead,
As thickly strewn as autumn leaves,
Before I gained the golden sheaves.

Now, neath green branches on the hill
Where tempered winds say "Peace, be
still!"

At last my load of care I see,
Like golden fruits upon life's tree.

And you, who'll sigh beneath your load
While travelling o'er my backward road,
Each day shall find the grace to bear,
In answer to your childish prayer.

No lisping tone or cry shall fall
By Him unheard; for when you call,
Across life's harp in minor tones,
"Have mercy, Lord!" the music moans.

Then while I bind my scattered sheaves,
And you tread o'er your dying leaves,
My little ones, be this your prayer,
"O Father, give us *grace to bear!*"

STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

BY PROF. SERANOS D. PATRIE.

THE Maxwells, in days bygone, were the most powerful family in the western part of the Scottish Border. One of them, Lord John Maxwell, was through royal favor, created Earl of Nithsdale in 1585. He was a bold and audacious man, overbearing and unruly, and for a time was the torment of the whole south of Scotland. His successors were less marked in character. If they were more peaceful, it was because the scope for feudal broils and political confusion had been vastly diminished by the union of the crowns. Attached to the Stewart dynasty, they were steady royalists, for which predilection they suffered forfeiture of title and estates in the person of William, the fifth earl. This young nobleman, having proceeded to St. Germain to do homage to James II., there fell in love with Lady Winifred Herbert, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Powis. His devoted affection met with a favorable response. The two were married in 1609; the young earl carrying away his bride to his mansion of Terregles, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

Settling down at this fair scene—noted for its fair gardens—the Countess of Nithsdale had a family of five children, three of whom died in infancy, leaving a son, Lord William Maxwell, and a daughter, Lady Anne. With these surviving children she was living peacefully, expecting no overturn in affairs, when the madly conceived and badly conducted rebellion of 1715 broke out under the Earl of Mar. Lord Nithsdale joined the insurgents; and was taken prisoner at Preston, along with Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, Nairn, Charles Murray, and many other persons of note, all of whom were forthwith conveyed to London. They were introduced into the city in a kind of triumphal procession, which was much less dishonorable to the unfortunate sufferers, than to the mean minds who pandered to the passions of the mob by plauding such an ignoble triumph. When the prisoners had reached Barnet, they were all plioned with cords like the vilest criminals. At Highgate they were met by a

strong detachment of horse-grenadiers and foot-guards—halters were put upon their horses, and each man's horse was led by a private soldier, and their ears were stunned by the drums of their escort beating a triumphal march, and by the shouts of the multitude, who loaded them with every kind of scurrilous abuse and insult. In this manner they were led through the streets of the city, and divided among the four principal prisons, the noblemen being secured in the Tower.

They were not long suffered to remain in uncertainty regarding their fate. On the 9th of February, 1716, they were tried by the House of Lords on a charge of armed rebellion. They could only plead guilty, and throw themselves on the royal clemency. They were condemned to death, and their execution as traitors was appointed to take place on Tower Hill, on Wednesday the 24th of the month. In compliance with an opinion expressed by the House of Lords, the king commuted the punishment so far as concerned Carnwath and Widdrington. As regards Lords Derwentwater, Kenmure and Nithsdale, the law was left to take its course.

During the insurrection, the Countess of Nithsdale remained quietly with her two children at Terregles; but on learning that her husband had surrendered, and was a prisoner, she resolved, at whatever risk, to join him. The season was the dead of winter, travelling was difficult, an infant daughter had to be taken charge of, and some family papers were to be secured. In the exigency, the countess buried the papers in a corner of the gardens, and committed her child to the care of her sister-in-law. This lady, known in her young days as Lady Mary Maxwell, was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Nithsdale, and had married Charles fourth Earl of Traquair. Having made such arrangements as were possible in the circumstances, the Countess of Nithsdale set out on horseback, attended by her faithful maid, Cecilia Evans. Thus she travelled as far as York, where she procured a seat in the stagecoach, and was obliged to leave Evans to continue the jour-

ney on horseback. After all, the coach was of little use. On arriving at Grantham, it could get no further on account of a snow-storm. The countess, writing from Stamford to Lady Traquair, says, "The snow is so deep it is impossible it [the coach] should stir without some change of weather; upon which I have again hired horses, and shall go the rest of the journey on horseback to London, though the snow is so deep that our horses yesterday were in several places almost buried in it. . . . To-morrow, I shall set forward again. Such a journey, I believe, was scarce ever made, considering the weather, by a woman. But an earnest desire compasses a great deal with God's help. If I meet my dear Lord Will, and am so happy as to be able to serve him, I shall think all my trouble well repaid. . . . I think myself fortunate in having complied with your kind desire of leaving my little girl with you. Had I her with me, she would have been in her grave by this time, with the excessive cold."

Animated by an heroic ardor and self-devotion, the countess endured a degree of suffering to which many succumbed; she at length reached London in safety, but so overcome with fatigue and exposure, that she lay several days in bed. Her first endeavor was to procure admittance to the Tower; and this, after some difficulty, and under certain restrictions, she obtained. It was a joyful, but also a melancholy meeting with her husband. Only a few days were to elapse before the execution, and if not saved by an interposition of the royal authority, the fate of the earl was to all appearance sealed. The countess, of course, spared no pains in making an appeal for mercy. She went to St. James's Palace, had an interview with the king, to whom on bended knee she presented her petition. Not much to the credit of George I., he turned from her, while in an agony of feeling she clung to the skirts of his coat, and on her knees was dragged along a passage, until she fell back fainting. It was a miserable scene. The petition dropped to the ground in the struggle, and was unavailing.

The attempt was discouraging, but hope had not altogether vanished. There were certain proceedings in the House of Lords which offered a chance of the sentence being remitted. The conclusion at which the House arrived was practically this; that the king should exercise the prerogative of

mercy only to those who would voluntarily give such information as would be serviceable to the government. In short, pardon was to be granted to none but informers. Hopes could no longer be entertained. Lord Nithsdale would disdain to be an informer. His lady could not wish him to be so, even to save his life. There was now nothing left to evade the execution save an attempt at escape. Pondering on all the circumstances, the heroic countess could fall on no plan likely to be more successful than that of smuggling the earl out of the Tower in women's clothes. It was an ingeniously conceived project, and entered upon with, till then, a matchless degree of skill and resolution. There was little time to lose. In two days the execution was to take place.

Resolved to carry out her plan, the countess, as a first step, rushed to the Tower, and, referring to the proceedings in the House of Lords, gayly remarked to the soldiers on guard that there were good news, and that the sentence of the prisoners would soon be remitted. She further gave them money to drink the health of the king and the peers. Her object was to put them in good humor and lessen their vigilance, and she did so without raising any suspicions of a trick being contemplated. The earl was judiciously kept in ignorance regarding the scheme devised for his escape; much, as the countess thought, depending on the perfect secrecy with which it should be carried out. Besides, from all we can learn, Lord Nithsdale was not particularly brilliant nor reserved in character, and we might say that he presented the far from unusual instance of a somewhat dull and selfish husband united to a clever and wholly unselfish wife. That a very high sense of duty and affection animated the countess in this extraordinary effort, cannot be doubted. Until our own times, when Madame Lavalette resorted successfully to the scheme of effecting her husband's escape from execution, there was no case at all to compare with the wifely devotedness of the Countess of Nithsdale.

The manner in which she accomplished her object, has, in a general way, long been known. It is only now, however, that we learn the particulars in all their minute fidelity from the "*Book of Caerlaverock*," a work in two large quarto volumes, printed for private circulation, consisting of a col-

lection of family papers, edited by W. Fraser, an eminent Scottish antiquary and genealogist. Among the mass of letters contained in this remarkable work, is one written by Lady Nithsdale to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, detailing the circumstances of the escape, and for the first time copied without any attempt at smoothing asperities of language. What we have now to say, therefore, is very much a condensation of this interesting document, which is still happily preserved in the library at Terregles.

In her enterprise, the countess did not trust entirely to herself. She found it expedient to seek the assistance of Mrs. Mills, at whose house she lodged, and also Mrs. Morgan, a friend of her maid, Evans. On the morning, next before the intended execution, she said to Mrs. Mills, confidentially, "Finding now there is no further room for hope of my lord's pardon, no longer time than this night, I am resolved to endeavor his escape. I have provided all that is requisite for it, and I hope you will not refuse to come along with me to the end that he may pass for you. Nay, more, I must beg you will come immediately, because we are full late." Thus besought, and having no time for consideration, or for raising objections to the scheme, she consented to render the assistance required of her; a sense of pity overcoming any apprehension in being concerned in aiding the escape of a convicted traitor. So much being settled, the countess turned to Mrs. Morgan, and requested her to put under her own riding-hood another which she had provided. All these now stepped into a coach Evans had brought to the door. They drove to the Tower, and fearing that her two companions might retract, the countess took care to keep up an incessant talk until they arrived at their destination.

Having got within the Tower, the coach was dismissed, and the critical part of the drama commenced. As only one person could be allowed to accompany her on her visit, the countess left Mrs. Mills in the vestibule, and took Mrs. Morgan up stairs to the earl's apartment, talking to her, in a tone to be overheard, as to the probability of a pardon being granted, on presenting a petition which she had with her. When within the chamber, Mrs. Morgan divested herself of the spare hood, and was dismissed with the request, "Pray, do me the

kindness to send my maid to me that I may be dressed, else I shall be too late with my petition." Mrs. Mills, who represented the maid, speedily entered the room, holding, as previously arranged, a handkerchief to her face, as if to conceal her tears; by which manœuvre the guards did not see her countenance. Now took place a rapid but ingeniously executed transformation. There being no time for the earl to have his long beard shaved off, it was daubed over with some white paint, the cheeks were tinged with rouge, and some yellow coloring put on his dark eyebrows. He also tried on Mrs. Mills's riding-hood, or more properly cloak, which on going out would effectually shroud his person. It was no part of the countess's design to leave Mrs. Mills in the apartment, after the departure of the earl, for she could not tell what might be the vengeance of the government on finding that the prisoner had escaped. She now, therefore, dismissed Mrs. Mills, speaking to her so loudly as to be heard by the guards in the ante-room, "Dear Mrs. Catherine, I must beg you to go in all haste and look for my woman, for she certainly does not know what o'clock it is, and has forgotten the petition I am to give, which, should I miss, is irreparable, having but this one night; let her make all haste she can possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Everybody within hearing, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to be full of compassion; and the sentinel officiously opened the door.

"When I had seen Mrs. Mills out," proceeds the countess in her narrative, "I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. When I had given the last touches to his disguise, dressing him in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out, leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the

doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs, I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. Evans and Mr. Mills having found a place of security, they conducted my lord to it.

"In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for that night; and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles, that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower, and I flattered myself I should bring favorable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs, and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. Mack-

enzie had been waiting to carry my petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was.

"Having discharged the coach, I went in a sedan-chair to the house of the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses, and to whom I confided the joyful intelligence of his lordship's escape. When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. I learned that his lordship was in the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house, and I went thither. The woman had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs. Mills came, and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach-and-six was to go down to Dover, to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Mitchell (the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that wind could not have served better if his passengers had been fleeing for their lives; little thinking it to be really the case. Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him; which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master.

"For my part, I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury Lane, where I remained till I was assured of my lord's safe arrival on the continent. With regard to myself, it was decided by government, that if I remained concealed, no further search should be made; but that if I appeared either in England or Scotland, I

should be secured. But that was not sufficient for me, unless I could submit to expose my son to beggary." The countess concludes her interesting relation by mentioning that she went to Scotland to secure the family papers, and having effected this object, she returned to London, and made a strong appeal on her own and her son's behalf to George I. This petition was treated with indignity; and she was advised by her friends to leave the kingdom. The countess accordingly went abroad, and joined her exiled husband at Lille.

Until the appearance of the "*Book of Caerlaverock*," little was known of the career of the countess after her brilliant exploit. It is now learned from her letters, that she suffered much and thanklessly for a husband who was undeserving of her. He was, in fact, a senseless spendthrift, recklessly squandering his slender means, even to the extent of depriving his wife of the comforts which were unquestionably her due. Yet she speaks modestly of what she endured on his account, and of what was equally painful, the want of sympathy from the court of St. Germain, for the sake of which the Nithsdale family had been ruined. Writing to Lady Traquair from Paris in 1717, she speaks of the failure of an application to procure from court some appointment for the earl. "My next business," she adds, "was to see what I could get to live on, that we might take our resolutions where to go accordingly. But all I could get was a hundred livres [four pounds sterling] a month to maintain me in everything—meat, drink, fire, candle, washing, clothes, lodging, servants' wages; in fine, all manner of necessaries. My husband has two hundred livres a month, but considering his way of managing, it was impossible to live upon it. . . . For let me do what I will, he cannot be brought to submit to live according to what he has; and when I endeavored to persuade him to keep in compass, he attributed my advice to my grudging him everything, which stopped my mouth, since I am sure that I would [give] my heart's blood if it could do him any service. . . . It was neither in gaming, company, nor much drinking, that it was spent, but in having the nicest of meat and wine; and all the service I could do was to see he was not cheated in buying it. . . . I, having no hopes of getting anything out of England, am forced to go to the place where

my son is, to endeavor to live, the child and me, upon what I told you. All my satisfaction is, that at least my husband has twice as much to maintain himself as I have, so I hope when he sees there is no resource, as, indeed, there is not, having sold all, even to the necessary little plate I took so much pains to bring over, he will live accordingly, which will be some comfort to me, though I have the mortification to be from him, which, after we met again, I hoped never to have separated; but God's will be done, and I submit to this cross, as many others have had in this world."

By way of attempting to mend his circumstances, the earl went to the court of the Chevalier at Urbino. Here, he received so poor a welcome, and encountered so many mortifications, that he had reason to regret what he had endured for the cause of the Stewarts. Meanwhile, his wife, in her lonely desertèdness, was experiencing the sharpest privations of poverty, and but for kindly succor from Lady Traquair, she would have been reduced to absolute want. As for the earl, he inconsiderately borrowed money he could not hope to repay, and drew bills on Lord Traquair, trusting merely to his lordship's generosity for their acceptance. Skirmishing with difficulties, the Countess of Nithsdale had something consolatory in the marriage of her daughter, Lady Anne, with Lord Bellew, an Irish nobleman, in 1731. About the same period, her son John, Lord Maxwell, was married to his cousin, Lady Catherine Stuart, daughter of Lord and Lady Traquair. Another agreeable event was in store. Lord Maxwell successfully established his claim in virtue of an entail to Terregles and the other family estates, notwithstanding his father's forfeiture. At the death of the earl, which took place at Rome in 1744, he entered fully into possession of the property. In his recovered prosperity, Lord Maxwell did not forget his mother. He persuaded her to accept an annuity of two hundred pounds; and we have a striking proof of her unselfishness in the fact, that during her life she set apart a hundred a year to pay her husband's debts. This noble-minded woman died in 1740—her memory being embalmed in the brightest annals of female heroism and devotedness. The Maxwells never recovered the title of Earl of Nithsdale, and the family in the direct line became extinct.

THE THREE FORTUNES.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

THREE young girls sat together at the close of a summer day, each one occupied for the moment with her "own sweet thoughts." Sitting thus, with idle hands and silent lips—albeit the silence was something quite unusual for two pairs of the latter, at least—I will describe them. Very unlike each other they were, yet all the firmest of friends.

First, and tallest, and oldest, was Ada Monckton, a slender blonde, whose delicate cheek wore a soft flush like the heart of a blush rose; not regularly beautiful, and perhaps a trifle too cool, seemingly, there was yet a charm in her deep blue eyes and soft voice that few could entirely resist. Her rather thin clear-cut lips were vividly scarlet, and whether they wore a sweet smile, or curled with ridicule, the expression was equally noticeable. Her hair, of the real yellow hue, was arranged in the height of fashion, with a mass of soft waves above her forehead. As she sat in a low easy-chair, with her long shapely hands crossed in her lap, she was evidently dreaming a daydream, for a pleased smile dimpled her cheeks, and a lovely light softened her bright eyes. Although her early years were spent in the midst of luxury, she was at this time an orphan, without fortune, and a governess in a wealthy family who had known her in prosperity, and with whom she was treated as an equal more than as a dependant.

The second member of the trio, Minna Chester, was a gay bewitching little brunette, with hair of the proverbial "raven's wing," and eyes decidedly black, which could flash in anger or sparkle with mirth. Her features were perfect, her form was very small, and her ways were birdlike for their quickness. She sat by the window, tapping the sill with her plump taper fingers, and watching the flight of a humming-bird among the flowers in the garden below. Evidently she was not of the thoughtful order, and would not remain quiet and silent long.

At another window, with one fair cheek resting in a pink-palmed hand, sat the third and youngest of the party. Marian Warner

united in her face some characteristics of both blonde and brunette, for her long curling hair was of the lightest golden brown, while her large eyes were dark as those of famous Italian beauties, and, with their almost equally dark lashes and brows, formed a striking contrast to her pure pale complexion and light hair. Unlike her companions, no rosy flush mantled on her cheek, and her face was colorless except for the scarlet of her full beautiful lips; yet it was not the pallor of ill health, and in hours of excitement she could boast a bloom as bright as it was rare. The loose sleeves of her dress, of some thin black texture, falling back, revealed round white arms, and her hands were in keeping with the rest of her dainty *personelle*. Jewels flashed on her fingers, throat and wrists, but a single half-opened rose nestled among her bright curls, and its companion was tucked into her belt. Marian Warner was twenty-one; a beauty and an heiress; deeply loved by some few friends, regarded with indifference by many (aside from her suitors), and something of a puzzle to all with whom she associated. Extremely reserved except with the "chosen few," Marian might have been considered unfeeling and emotionless, had not her eloquent countenance often betrayed the interest and animation she did not choose to express in words. But no one could look into those wonderful dark eyes, changing with every feeling, now sparkling with mirth, now glowing with earnest thought, or softening to tenderness, without realizing that her nature was both deep and passionate. She could not conceal the sensitive quiver of her lips, or the rich color that would often rise to her cheeks, and light up her glorious eyes till her beauty seemed almost too great for reality. Such was the girl who sat looking out upon the cloudless summer sky, while she sang the words of an old song half unconsciously. Suddenly she changed the tune and words, and sang in her rich full tones:

"There is a future! O, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part,

'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, *up there*, 'tis heart to heart!"

"Do you believe it?" she asked, all her dreaminess gone, turning to her two friends, of whom Minna, as might have been expected, was the first to answer.

"Believe what? How you do burst in upon one's meditations!" returned the lively girl.

Ada merely looked the same question.

"The idea of 'Lorena' that I just sang, that if we are separated on earth we shall meet and know each other in heaven. I'd give a great deal to know that it is true."

"Why, I never thought," replied Minna, wonderingly. "None of my friends ever died—at least no very dear ones—and so I suppose I haven't cared much—"

"I don't believe it," said Ada, in her decided way. "It seems to me that we shall be all alike, one just as dear as another, in heaven. We shall be so perfect that we shall be above earthly affections."

"*Could* we ever be above loving and being loved, I wonder?" said Marian, thoughtfully. "When I am the best I am the most affectionate, and I can't imagine myself not caring for those few whom I do really love. No, Ada, I shall not agree with you, and will take the idea of the song in full faith. It is a beautiful and comforting thought."

"What a solemn discussion!" cried Minna. "You are trying to pry into the future too much. Why don't you confine yourselves to this world, and ask to have your fortunes told? Don't look as though I am the most irreverent child in existence, Ada, and I'll gratify you with a peep into futurity, if you only have faith enough to believe in it."

"What do you mean?" asked Ada, in some astonishment, accustomed as she was to Minna's freaks.

"Just what I say. I will tell our fortunes." And she took up a small book that lay on the table. It was a little annual devoted to flowers and their language. Each page contained the name of a flower, its language, and a stanza or stanzas descriptive of it. "Now give me a sheet of paper—or I'll help myself," taking it from Marian's writing-desk.

Seating herself, Minna commenced to make figures on the white surface, from one to the entire number of pages that

the book contained. Then turning it over, so that only the blank side was visible, she explained:

"Now, you see, you are to take a pin and prick without looking, and the number you get will direct to a corresponding page and sentiment, from which you can judge what your character or fortune will be. You try first, Ada." And she extended the paper to her more dignified friend.

"What a funny girl you are, Minna!" said Ada. "I don't believe in telling fortunes, but for once I'll gratify you." And she laughingly pierced the paper. On turning it over the number of the page proved to be the one devoted to the dahlia, signifying "elegance and dignity."

"Just the one for you, *ma chérie*," said Minna, as she read the lines:

"It is worth much in this dull world of strife
And foolish vanity, to meet a heart
Serene and beautiful like thine!
Thy form hath elegance that indicates
The beautiful refinement of thy thoughts;
And there is dignity in thy firm step,
That speaks a soul superior to the thrall
Of petty vanity and lowborn pride."

"Nothing could be better. Now, Marian."

Marian indolently took the paper held out to her, and pricking it, handed it back to Minna, who cried out:

"O you naughty girl! couldn't you find a better one than that? Thirty-five—'A heart left to desolation.' How pathetic!" And in a melo-dramatic tone she read:

"The long lone Future! It hath no gay dream,
For naught can make it beautiful but thee;
Hope plants no garlands by life's shadowy stream,
Nor are there blossoms on life's frost-hued tree,
And Fame, she may bring wreaths; I heed them
not;
By all the world I pray to be forgot."

Marian's lip curled as she replied:

"If I were not so very heart-whole, it might touch me." And yet her eyes grew sad, as though she felt a presentiment that such a wail might come from her lips some day.

"Now for my own humble self, hoping somebody is dying to get me, and this will be an expression of his romantic attachment. I don't see why I shouldn't be gratified with a little sentiment, as well as you two angelic creatures."

Ada looked at Minna's number—the flower was "Corn," its language "Riches."

"If thou'lt be mine, bright gems shall deck
Thy snowy arms and breast,
And pearls shall cluster round thy neck,
And on thy forehead rest."

"O, how delightful!" exclaimed Minna. "I shouldn't have the least objection to all these beautiful possessions. Don't be envious, girls," she added, graciously. "I shall remember you in my prosperity, you may be sure."

"Thanks," returned Ada, with mock humility. "We appreciate your kindness, I assure you, and look forward with impatience to the reflected glory that will be ours as friends of yours. You will perhaps then appreciate my 'elegance and dignity,' and together we'll try to bind up Marian's broken heart. Poor Marian!" she laughed, turning to the object of her commiseration, "how melancholy she looks already!"

Marian's eyes flashed with more feeling than the subject seemed to demand, and she began, without speaking, to write rapidly on a scrap of a paper. Silence reigned for a moment, and then Marian, with flushed cheeks, said, "Here is my answer:

"Away with your omens, their voice is untrue,
And why should one always be forced to be blue?
Here is life's glowing chalice pressed close to my
lip,

And in trembling and dread must I constantly sip?
No! my heart shall not yield to a fate so unkind
While the roses of Friendship for me are entwined."

The astonishment that at first rendered her two listeners speechless, broke forth in exclamations. It was not wholly that Marian had answered in rhyme, when they were unaware that she had ever written in verse, but they both felt that there was an undercurrent of deep feeling apparently uncalled for by so trivial a subject.

"Marian! Marian! you never told us you could write poetry!" they both cried in a breath. "You witch! you can do anything."

"I never dignified it by the name of poetry," smiled Marian, her composure and cheerfulness at once restored, as she tore the small MS. into bits which she scattered down from the window. "Come, girls, what do you say to a ride down to the lake? It is just cool enough to be pleasant, and Bess can be brought around in a few minutes."

"Ah, delightful!" exclaimed Minna,

clapping her hands, while the less demonstrative Ada smiled her pleasure at the proposition. "And let us visit the garden while we are waiting."

Accordingly the three descended to the garden, which was bright with all the blooms of summer, and the sound of their happy young voices and soft laughter floated on the air, reaching the ear of a stranger who was leisurely riding past the grounds. He glanced with a languid sort of curiosity in the direction of the voices, and saw what he mentally characterized as the Three Graces. Minna, in her careless glee, had caught her thin dress in the thorns of a large rosebush, and in comic dismay called to her companions to come to the rescue. So she stood with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, while Marian and Ada hastened up the path, arm in arm, unaware of the spectator, whose admiring glance grew brighter as it rested on Marian.

There is a singular power in the gaze of the human eye, and Marian, unconscious of an observer, yet involuntarily raised her eyes, to meet so intent a look that her own lids drooped quickly in momentary confusion. When she looked up again she only saw the figure of the traveller receding in the distance.

"Why, what is the matter, Marian?" asked Minna, in an injured tone. "Very kind of you, I am sure, to stand there and leave me to the mercy of this merciless thornbush. See, my poor dress will be likely to be torn in a hundred pieces. I was chasing the loveliest great butterfly you ever saw, and didn't mind where he led me, the deceitful creature!"

But Marian was by this time busily engaged in disentangling Minna from her thorny neighbor, with a heightened color and trembling fingers. Just as the two girls had succeeded in releasing Minna, uninjured in dress or person, the carriage was driven to the door, and soon the three young ladies were enjoying all the pleasure of a ride through scenes of country beauty.

The air was soft, the sky was fair,
And summer smiled so sweetly there
That earth seemed really paradise
To youthful hearts and youthful eyes.
The squirrel sprang along the wall,
They heard the merry blackbird's call—
A bobolink had many a trill,
To show his operatic skill.

They heard the murmur of a stream,
And saw its rippling surface gleam
Where sunbeams changed it into gold—
Those glorious alchemists of old!
The wild flowers blossomed fair and free,
But loveliest were flowers three,
That, strange to say, could speak and smile,
And practise many a pretty wile.
One was a lily, tall and fair,
And one a rich carnation glowed;
But where in all the earth or air
Were charms like Marian's bestowed?
Her lips were like two rosebuds full,
Her eyes were wells of starry light,
And on her cheeks might fancy cull
The roses red, the roses white.
'Twas not the form whose perfect grace
Made "motion only harmony;"
'Twas not the sweetly witching face
With features very fair to see:
Her soft low voice in sweetness rang.
A pleasure to the listening ear,
As if the silvery accents sang
Of love most sweet, and hope most dear.

The ride was delightful, so all the girls averred, as they came slowly home in the soft summer twilight. Marian was to drive her two visitors to their homes, which were situated further on, and so they drove past her own door, and Ada and Minna were each deposited safely at their respective abodes, with the usual amount of girlish leave-taking, which was viewed with rueful visage by Minna's tall dark-eyed brother, who looked as if he would willingly have appropriated some of it to himself, as the dewy lips of Minna and Marian met affectionately. Declining all invitations to enter the house, and accept of an escort home later in the evening, Marian drove away at a brisk pace, while handsome Dick Chester leaned carelessly against the open gate, and watched her out of sight.

It was not every one who would have treated Mr. Richard Chester with as much careless coolness as he received at Marian Warner's hands, and not from any one else would he have borne it so patiently. But "Queen Marian," as he often called her to himself, had reigned over his heart for a long time, and he knew it. Perhaps she knew it, too; the probabilities are that she did, but if so, she was not an over-gracious monarch, being decidedly chary of her smiles. Yet Dick was not without hope, for if she was somewhat cool to him, she was frigid to his rivals, of whom there were many, caught by the glitter of the lady's wealth, by her singular beauty, and by the sweetness of character which showed itself,

spite of repression, in a thousand unconscious ways.

Therefore, as he slowly sauntered up the walk to the veranda that June eve, he stroked his silken brown mustachios with as composed an air as usual, and was as ready as ever to amuse himself at Minna's expense, in a superlatively good-humored way, which rendered him all the more provoking. It was so easy to ruffle pretty Minna's temper, that he found it an irresistible temptation, like most brothers.

"So, Minna," said he, as he went up the steps, to find his sister seated on the veranda, with a pet kitten in her lap, "you have been separated from your darling Pinknose all day long! How could you endure it? Did Marian have a Pinknose with which to console your aching heart during the long hours of separation?"

"O," returned Minna, with a defiant curl of the lip, "don't you trouble yourself, sir. We had more important subjects to think of than kittens!"

"O! ah! Really? Is it possible that you ventured to decide in so short a time whether to wear your hair in high braids or low curls? Rash girl! beware of the impetuosity of youth!"

"Now, Dick, you are trying to provoke me, but you can't, you know," retorted Minna, with a suspicious sparkle in her bright eyes, nevertheless, for she always resented her brother's favorite insinuation that she never thought of anything deeper than fashion. "I can see that you are dying to find out how we spent the day, but I shall not tell you. One thing I'll say, I've found out something about Marian Warner that I never suspected before, and you couldn't guess what it is if you were to guess all night."

Minna was quick-sighted enough to understand that anything in reference to Marian roused Dick's interest, veil that interest as he might beneath assumed indifference; and now, sure of having dealt a telling shot, she rose, as if to go into the house, gently placing the kitten on the veranda floor. But this did not accord with Mr. Dick Chester's wishes, and he caught up the unoffending kitten with so rude a touch that a plaintive mew made Minna rush to the rescue.

"You unfeeling creature! Give him back to me!"

"O, Pinknose is well enough," serenely

returned Dick, holding the unfortunate pet, that evidently thought its last days had come, dangling in the air, just beyond Minna's reach. "See what an expressive countenance he has, and I'm sure his voice is improving. He'll be equal to giving us a serenade soon."

"Serenade! he'll die; you'll choke him to death. Now, *dear* Dick, put him down, there's a good boy, and I'll tell you something nice—about Marian, too."

"O, just as you choose," said Dick, coolly, tossing the kitten toward her. "I don't want Pinknose any more—he isn't amusing—not half so amusing as you are, Minna," he added, half caressingly, half teasingly, as he twisted one of her curls the wrong way.

"Thank you for the compliment. I am surprised that your lordship should esteem me higher than a cat," said Minna, in high disdain; but meeting Dick's comically beseeching look as he said, "There, Minna, I'll never attempt to flatter you again," she burst into a merry laugh, in which he joined.

Then followed an animated account of the manner in which she had spent the day, including her "fortune-telling," and she related with *empressement* how Marian had answered her "fortune" in verse.

"Now, did you ever once suppose that Marian could write poetry, Dick?"

"Well," said Dick, who bore the disclosure with provoking calmness, "I should have thought she could if she tried."

"O, it's all very well for you to pretend that, but I tell you that she felt what she wrote, and it's my opinion that Marian Warner has had some love affair, cold as she always seems to be in that respect. You know she was a year in Europe, and who knows but she lost her heart there to some fascinating foreigner? O, don't I wish she would tell me all about it!"

"I dare say," said Dick, sarcastically; "and if your supposition were true, you might wish so till you were gray, for Marian isn't one of those girls who tell all they know, and a great deal more."

"Well, we'll see," ejaculated Minna, rising to go into the house, conscious that she had said something to tease Dick, and half glad, half sorry.

Dick consoled himself for his sister's absence with a cigar, though it did not have a very soothing effect, to judge from

his clouded face; and as he at last rose and stood looking down the walk, a moment before going in, he muttered to himself, "I wonder if Min is right!"

Ada Monckton sat long by her window, overlooking a rose-laden garden, that night, and her thoughts were not pleasant ones, to judge from the frown that occasionally knit her fair brows, and the stern pressure of her lips, as if she would repress some too vehement exclamation. The moonlight, shining down upon her face, gave it a ghostly whiteness; and in those fiery eyes and passion-convulsed features one would hardly have recognized the calm and stately girl who never did an *outré* thing, and who was supposed to have no very passionate feelings. One sentence alone escaped her lips as she turned from the outside loveliness. It was this:

"And he thinks only of *her*!"

Marian Warner dreamed strange dreams that night, of ice-capped mountains towering to the sky, of mountain torrents and Alpine precipices, varied by rare views of Roman palaces and the sunlit bay of Naples. She saw herself standing on the brink of a precipice, dizzy, and ready to fall, when a strong arm drew her away, and she sank back unconscious, to awake with a stranger's face bending over her, and to find herself supported by the same strong arm that had been her salvation. A mellow voice said, in accents of emotion:

"*Grace a Dieu! je n'étais pas trop tard.*"

She awoke with that voice still ringing in her ears, and saw the morning sunshine peering through the closed blinds, smelled the perfume of roses on the air, and heard the jubilant songs of birds. Involuntarily she rubbed her eyes, as if to convince herself that she had been dreaming, and as the memory of her vision returned, a smile like veritable sunshine lit up her face, to be succeeded by an expression of sadness and doubt.

The summer months passed away with their train of incidents, and I cannot better tell those which had an influence on the fortunes of Ada, Marian and Minna than by quoting from Ada's journal, kept with her usual exactness. The first entry to be given is dated a week from the day whose events have already been described.

June 24.—Went to the picnic yesterday

at London Grove with the family. The day was delightful, just warm enough, and the party large. Marian was there, looking as bewitching as usual, and equally, as usual, surrounded by her masculine admirers. Richard Chester seemed to be the favorite, if such a name can be given to one who is merely the recipient of ordinary civility. To the others she did not trouble herself to attend beyond the requirements of common politeness. "Dick," as she calls him, is evidently her slave. What is that girl's charm? I know she is beautiful, but so are others, and she is rather grave than gay. Sometimes I think her coldness and hauteur only make her more captivating in the eyes of men, but still it would not be so with another. Minna says she is a witch.

By the way, Minna was there, and came up to me leaning on the arm of a fine-looking gentleman, whom she introduced as Mr. Standish, of New York; and I heard from others that he is a millionaire. He seemed quite smitten with little Min's bright saucy ways, and monopolized her all he could.

As for me, what matters it? Am I not a poor governess, only admitted to society through the good-nature of my friends? Yet once Ada Monckton's smile was esteemed as highly as that of many another. I was not happy yesterday—why should I be? But no one knew it except myself, for my face does not often betray me. I was not slighted—O no! even the governess has her admirers, and young Harry Reynolds was only too happy to devote himself to me. When we happened to be alone a few minutes, I had all I could do to keep him from proposing on the spot. Bah! what do I want of a boy like that? Yet he is convenient sometimes, and it pleases me mightily to see his purse-proud mother and sisters wince at his open preference and attention. It is as good as a play to see their frantic endeavors to keep him away from me, when at one glance of mine he is at my side. However, if they did but know it, they are safe, for I do not want the poor little fellow. Yet I do believe he loves me truly, and there are few that do. Why can't I return his liking, and not be reaching out for what another scorns to take? Shame on you, Ada Monckton!

July 30.—Have spent the day with Mar-

ian. She is going to give a party next week, and of course I am invited to go and witness her triumphs. If she were not so kind, I'm afraid I should hate her. She stabbed me unconsciously to-day. "Be sure to dress and look your prettiest," said she, "for Dick Chester will be there, and, do you know, I have set my heart on making you like him and he you? You are well suited to each other every way. Now don't smile that incredulous smile of yours, Ada, for you have only to thoroughly know Dick to be conscious of his worth."

"Humph!" said I, "begging your pardon, I think Mr. Richard Chester would prefer making his own choice, and so would I. If I am not very much mistaken, he has long ago selected his divinity."

"No," said she, earnestly; "he may think he has, but it is only fancy."

"O wise among women!" said I, laughing; "how marvellously well you read a young man's heart. Can you read your own with the same wonderful skill? You may think that your own heart is free, but it is all fancy."

To my surprise, she blushed deeply, and turned away to hide her momentary embarrassment. She is a singular girl, and I cannot fathom her motives; for if she loves Chester herself, why does she not accept him? And, stranger still, why does she suggest him to me? Here is a mystery, and to its development I devote myself, for I consider that I have quite a genius for discovery.

August 8.—Marian's party was quite a brilliant affair. All the beauty and fashion, etc., etc., were there from miles around, but the beautiful young hostess was undisputably the reigning star, and really, viewing her with an unprejudiced eye, I could not wonder that masculine hearts were not proof against her many charms. An unwonted color tinged her cheeks, her great dark eyes shone with a splendor I have rarely seen rivalled, and the pensive air habitual to her now and then gave place to an archness which was perfectly bewitching. Her dress was in her usual exquisite taste, of pure filmy white, with clusters of Alpine violets for ornament. She has a wonderful fondness for those flowers.

Richard Chester came and stood by my side, and we exchanged a few common-places; but his eyes followed Marian with

a world of admiring love in them. I trust that my smile was all the sweeter for the bitterness in my heart as I said:

"Our friend Marian is very bewitching to-night."

"Yes," was the reply vouchsafed, with another glance at his divinity, who stood the centre of an animated group.

"It might seem strange to an uninitiated observer," I continued, led by an unaccountable impulse, "that our fair Marian has not long before this given her hand to some one of her admirers; but Marian does not show her heart, except to a very few."

"You speak enigmas," he returned, with an uneasy smile. "What explanation can there be, except that she is as yet 'heart-whole and fancy free?'"

"O, I meant nothing," I replied; "I only alluded to the rumor that Marian lost her heart while she was abroad, and, after all, I dare say it was only a flying bit of gossip without the least foundation. I ought not to have mentioned it, and should not if I had not supposed it had reached your ears. I meant no harm, and only thought it an easy explanation of Marian's general coldness and indifference."

"As you say," he returned, gravely, "it would be a satisfactory explanation, if true. You need not regret having mentioned it, for I shall not repeat it."

At this moment Harry Reynolds came up to claim my hand for the next dance, and Richard Chester was soon talking gayly with a lively girl from the South who is visiting the Homers.

The night was very warm, and I felt tired and *distract*; so after a while I dismissed Harry and strolled into the conservatory alone. Near the entrance was a great mirror which reflected the beautiful scene and repeated the loveliness of the place. I stood for a moment looking steadily at my own reflection, and saw a tall and graceful figure enveloped in azure drapery, and surmounted by a face which seemed to me—and I am not vain—at least attractive. But the eyes were scornful; the mouth was hard and drawn. "This," I said to myself bitterly, "is proud Ada Monckton, who has condescended to love where she is not loved, who has given her heart to a man who does not even see it as it lies at his feet, but unconsciously treads upon it, unmindful of its anguish!"

I clenched my hands while my own

eyes returned to me my self-contempt. Just then, as if to reprove me for my fierce feelings, a soft white arm was thrown caressingly over my shoulders—a radiant young face appeared close to mine—and a sweet soft voice said laughingly in my ear—"What, Ada, dear, are you grown so vain that you stand entranced by your own lovely image? I shall call you Narcissa. But I never did see you look as well as you do to-night, and I want you to give us your presence, you naughty girl! Mr. Richard Chester is standing, looking on with the most dissatisfied countenance, and I am persuaded that it is because you have not treated him well;" and Marian shook her head at me reprovingly.

Her caresses stung me.

"Never speak of Richard Chester to me again!" I exclaimed, with an outburst of passion that must have seemed strange, as I turned abruptly and rejoined the company.

During the rest of my stay I was gayer than usual, and smiled so brightly upon Harry that the foolish fellow was in the seventh heaven of delight. What if he does suffer by-and-by, do I not suffer, too?

Minna was bright and pretty as ever, and evidently had a devoted admirer in the millionaire Mr. Standish, and both parties seemed equally pleased. At last I gladly said good-night to Marian and her *chaperone* aunt Mrs. Gilverstone. So passed the party, but I am no less determined than before to fathom Marian's mystery, for mystery I am convinced there is.

Sept. 30.—The days since I last wrote in these pages have passed as days usually pass in the country, and my pupils have been neither more nor less troublesome than customary. I saw Marian yesterday, and she told me that she and her aunt and the Chesters will all go to town some time next month. As we are all going soon we shall meet them there, as usual, for the winter gayeties, in which I shall not, of course, engage much, being not an heiress, but a governess. Still, some few crumbs will probably fall to my share through the good-nature of those who do not forget that I was once a rich man's daughter.

Oct. 10.—The din of the city is around me again. My two little charges, Rose and Florence, have gone to the theatre with Mrs. Cumberly, so my time is my own. Minna Chester has just left me to digest the

scraps of fashionable gossip she regaled me with. Marian is in the city, she says, and she declares that her brother Dick is growing utterly unlike himself, and pretty Minna shook her head with a comical attempt at melancholy, as she told of his moodiness and singularity. She says she once thought he cared for Marian, but that he now avoids her, and, indeed, all society, and rails at womankind generally. Minna herself is fairly brimming over with animation and high spirits, and showed me, with a very becoming blush and sparkle, a great diamond on her first finger—the engagement ring from Mr. Standish. She says she is happy, and that her betrothed is a model of devotedness and generosity.

Among other items Minna told me that there is great interest in fashionable circles in regard to a certain French count who is rich, handsome and single. Consequently, there is quite a flutter of excitement among managing mammas and marriageable daughters, regarding the advent into American society of *Monsieur le Comte De Longueville*, who is so evidently, in vulgar parlance, a "great catch." I have been amused by all this sprightly talk of Minna's, though there remains the old pang which it humbles me to feel. Richard Chester grows misanthropic because Marian Warner is beyond his reach. Is there, then, no other woman in the world but one? Fool that I am to ask the question, when my own heart sets me so bad an example! But I have struggled and do struggle against it, and I have for my one sweet morsel of consolation—"No one knows!"—and to a proud spirit like mine that is much. I have fought with my own worst impulses; I have called to mind Marian's goodness, her unfailing kindness, her generous friendship which has outlived poverty and obscurity; and I have exorcised the fierce spirit of envy and jealousy that once wrung my heart. I have learned in the conflict that the pangs of unrequited love are easier to bear than the painful tumult of an angry and revengeful spirit. Let life wear what aspect it may for me, I will endeavor to keep my soul *sans peur et sans reproche*. I hear the gay voices of Florence and Rose, and will write no more to-day.

Nov. 2.—Marian came in a few minutes this morning to ask me to drive with her. My time not being especially occupied, I assented, as Mrs. Cumberly had taken her

two little girls out in her own carriage. The spirited greys sprang forward at a pace which exhilarated me. The day has been unusually warm and beautiful, even for an Indian summer day, and Central Park was gay with an ever-moving throng.

We avoided the most crowded avenues, and rolled along in the luxurious carriage, enjoying the scene to the utmost. We often saw mutual acquaintances, and as often Marian bowed to some one I did not know. Among the latter class I noticed a slender dark-eyed man of perhaps thirty, who had an unmistakably foreign air, and whose bow had more grace in it than is generally attained to by our own countrymen. I noticed his look of deferential admiration and the rising color on Marian's cheeks, and inquired:

"Who is that foreign-looking gentleman, Marian?"

"That is Count De Longueville," she replied, "the chief society lion at present. What do you think of him?"

"I cannot say with so brief a glance at him. I think, however, that he is an admirer of my friend Marian," I returned, laughingly.

"Did you have a chance to notice his eyes?" she asked, without paying any attention to my last suggestion. "It seems to me that they have a singular power, and when he fixes them on me, I feel as I should think a bird might feel when a snake is charming it. And yet I have only met him a few times. When I do meet him his attention is more noticed by me than by any one else, I believe, on account of that indescribable feeling. Ada," she said with a little shiver, "do you believe that one person's will can ever be allowed to conquer another's if such control is struggled against?"

"My dear Marian!" I exclaimed, in thorough astonishment, for she spoke with a vehemence as unusual as it was impressive, "what strange ideas! and from you, who are so cool and calm generally!"

"I know it," she returned, with a faint smile; "you cannot understand it any more than any one else would, but I preferred to speak of it to you, rather than any other of my friends. Minna is too flighty, and Aunt Gilverstone too practical. It distresses me," she added, looking at me with an expression of real affright in her large dark eyes. "It may seem foolish, utterly

irrational, to you, but that man's eyes seem to haunt me, and I dread to go into society for fear I shall meet him. It makes no difference whether he is talking to me or stands at the furthest end of the room, I seem to do everything as if in a spell, and at times it seems as if he actually commands me to approach him, and in spite of myself I make some excuse and go toward him. Judge how mortifying this is to me, when those around me may say that I try to attract his attention. As I said before, I have not met him many times when obliged to converse with him, but he seems to be everywhere present, and as you see, I could not ride out this morning, even, without encountering him. He frequents all places of public amusement or private entertainment, being so much sought after on account of his title and wealth, and what they call his handsome person; and Aunt Gilverstone is already surprised by my reluctance to go to places which were once my delight. I can't tell her the real reason, for she would consider me crazy, and she has even gone so far as to tell me that she should be glad to see me a countess; to which I retorted with so much temper that she subsided in tears behind her handkerchief, while I begged her pardon and commanded her never to mention the subject to me again, all in the same breath. I was very near another ebullition when she said:

"Well, of course you will do as you please, Marian, but I'm sure you don't seem to avoid the count when you are in his society;" but I stifled my anger, and left the room. The worst of it was, Ada, that what she said was apparently true, though much against my will. I am all the time afraid that this strange influence may go still further, and that I may commit myself yet more unmistakably. What can I do?"

I sat speechless during this strange confession, and as I noted Marian's earnestness, I could not doubt her entire sincerity; but I thought that her imagination had run away with her reason, so I answered:

"It is very singular that you should have such an impression. If the count wishes to win your preference, why doesn't he openly show it, instead of exercising this power of his, which makes me think of stories I have read about mesmerists? Are you sure you do not fancy things different from what they are? It does not seem

credible that any gentleman would use such power, if he had it, to annoy a lady."

"As for my fancy, Ada," said she, earnestly, "I assure you that I do not *imagine* anything, for I should never have thought of such a thing if I had not been compelled to do so by my feelings; and the count knows, if he understands me, that any attentions of his beyond mere conventionalities would be quickly rejected, if I should have my own will. It is true no gentleman would exercise such a hateful power, and if he were a king I would say the same. I see you do not know what to say or think, but I am determined to resist always. I have thought my will tolerably strong, and when you are by my side I feel as if I could repel anything, and I am sure my confidence is safe with you."

"Certainly," I replied, "and you must not be influenced too much by all this. If the count is a second Mesmer, he will never be allowed to gain undue control over you so long as you are brave and strong, believe me."

This seemed to encourage her somewhat, and during the rest of the drive she conversed cheerfully on different subjects. Since I came home I have found it impossible to banish thoughts of this fancy of Marian's—for I can call it nothing else—from my mind. If it were any other girl I should wonder less, but Marian—so calm, so self-possessed, so little a novice in society! The whole idea seems so absurd that I am fearful almost for her sanity.

Dec. 5.—Mrs. Cumberly held a reception last evening, and insisted upon my going into the drawing-room, as she said there would be some people there whom it would interest me to see; so I found a quiet corner and ensconced myself therein to see rather than to be seen. Marian was among the earliest arrivals, and came in with a bright smile, and in unusually high spirits, I thought. Not long after Count De Longueville was ushered in, and my interest in the scene and actors began to deepen, for I thought here was an opportunity to see for myself whether he really exercised any power over Marian or not. I observed the Frenchman closely, and saw that he bore himself well, the only fault that I could find with his manner being that it was a trifle too obsequious for a gentleman of his rank and pretensions. His brilliant and intensely black eyes roved from object to

object with sidelong glances that spoke to me of deception, and when for a moment I encountered that serpent-like gaze, I felt thrilled by an unaccountable repulsion and dislike. There must have been a corresponding expression on my face, for he looked first surprised and then angry, though his display of these emotions was but momentary, and his face at once resumed its former look of smiling complacency. When his eyes fell upon Marian, a gleam of evil triumph seemed to light up his features. I looked at her and saw that her sunny smile had given place to a look of forced gayety, while one hand nervously closed and unclosed in the folds of her dress. Knowing her as thoroughly as I do, it was evident to me that she was no longer enjoying herself.

Making his way among the guests, everywhere greeted with sweet smiles and soft glances from the ladies, the count reached a table not far from me, which was loaded with a rare collection of curiosities. Here he took his stand with the air of a connoisseur. Apparently absorbed in the inspection of the different articles interesting either from beauty, workmanship, or singularity, he continued to shoot forth those singular sidelong glances which I had noticed before; but my attention was soon centred on Marian, whose air of constraint increased, as if she were endeavoring to preserve her usual demeanor while enduring a severe mental struggle. Finally her face became of a marble-like pallor, and addressing some casual remark to the gentleman with whom she was conversing she slowly and mechanically advanced toward the table before which the count was standing, looking, as she moved, like a beautiful animated statue, and with a strange helpless look in her large eyes. If I was surprised, I was also indignant, and determined that the count should not be gratified by the approach of my friend, for it was evident to me, unbeliever as I have been, that Marian was acting against her inclinations. Advancing from my corner, I drew near to her just before she reached the table, saying, laughingly:

"I saw you coming, and so came to meet you."

Such a look of delighted relief as shone upon me then from her eyes, I have never seen. A flush rose to her cheeks, her face brightened, and Marian was "herself again." "I thank you, Ada," she said

softly, but meaningly, as we turned away, and I was too triumphant to mind the look of hatred which the count bestowed upon me.

No explanation were needed between Marian and me, and I was happy to see that the count's spell was broken for the entire evening, he departing at an early hour.

Just after this little scene the Chesters entered. Minna soon came fluttering up to me, and said in a low tone:

"Do look at Dick! See what a bored expression! That is the way he acts, wherever he goes, and he's no better than a stick! I declare, I would like to shake him, and see if I couldn't put life into him. I'm going to make him come and talk to you;" and she was off before I could say a word, returning with Dick, who did indeed look "bored." However, he talked very pleasantly, and spoke of the grand fancy dress ball which Mrs. Cumberly is to give.

Richard Chester has indeed changed; but yet, in spite of his listlessness and apparent want of interest, I never felt a keener sense of enjoyment in his society than last evening, and I have not been happier in months than I am to-day, although it would be impossible for me to give any reason for my happiness. I actually look forward to the ball with a thrill of anticipation, which is very foolish, though pleasant.

A few days after the date of the last extract from Ada's journal, the three friends met at the home of Marian, and were soon deeply occupied with the question of costumes for the masked ball at which all three expected to be present, for Ada had not resisted Mrs. Cumberly's kind command to prepare to enjoy the anticipated brilliant affair. Finally, Minna decided with her friends' approval to appear in the character of an Italian flower-girl, coquettishly attired. Marian, after much discussion, was advised to dress as a Spanish senorita, Minna declaring that in such a costume she would be "perfectly bewildering."

"Now, Ada, what will *you* wear?" demanded Minna. "You seem more interested for us than for yourself."

"It doesn't matter much," responded Ada, with rather a sad smile, "but I think I'll take the part of a dignified dame, of

the time of the Revolution. I happen to possess a silk of that period, and it will be economical for me to take the character."

"O, the very thing!" exclaimed Minna, in delight, and Marian added her voice in favor of the idea. "It will just suit your style, Ada," she said.

"I wonder now," cried gay Minna, "what costume Count De Longueville will wear. Whatever it is, I shall know him, for he will be likely to haunt Marian, if he can penetrate her disguise. Ada, do you know that Marian is a countess in prospect, if she will only accept the title?"

"Do not talk on that subject, I beg, Minna," hastily returned Marian. "Count De Longueville is nothing to me, and never will be."

"Well, Marian, I won't say any more at present, but there's many a girl who envies you the impression you have evidently made. Anyway, I hope you won't be a countess, for then you would leave us for another country—and I don't exactly fancy the count myself. He smirks too much."

With this the subject was dropped, but Ada noticed that the look of anxiety she had lately seen on Marian's face deepened into something like fear and loathing.

The eventful night of the ball was cold and clear, and the elegant rooms of Mrs. Cumberly were like a scene of enchantment, so beautifully were they decorated, and so fancifully attired was the motley throng which filled them. Among the crowd we are only interested in those of whom we already know.

That grave bearded Turk with the dignified air, could he stand unmasked, would prove to be none other than brown-eyed Dick Chester; that gentleman of the time of Charles I., who so well enacts his character, is Mr. Standish, Minna's betrothed; and a dashing Italian brigand is no less a personage than the Count De Longueville. Mrs. Cumberly herself wore the dress of a court lady, and no more graceful figures among the ladies could be seen than a certain fascinating Spanish senorita, an American beauty of the time of Washington, and a bewitching, bright-eyed Italian flower-girl. There was many a jest and much disguising of voices, but finally the Turk seemed to be particularly attracted by the American belle of old times, and the Italian brigand was about to address the sen-

orita, when he was unexpectedly forestalled by a remarkably distinguished-looking general of the French army, who, to the brigand's great annoyance, secured the lady's hand for the dance, and led her forth with an air of pride.

"Ha, ha," laughed a mocking voice in the ear of the brigand, "better fortune next time, my countryman;" and with a backward mischievous glance the Italian flower-girl moved away on the arm of a modern Beau Brummel.

A muttered curse, scarce-breathed, but fully thought, was the only response, as a truly piratic expression gleamed from the dark eyes fixed on the graceful motions of the senorita and her partner.

The rooms were very warm, and at length the Turk and his companion strolled from the crowd, and, on reaching a distant alcove whose curtains effectually shielded them from view, the Turk seemed to forget his dignity, and the lady her stately courtesy, for they engaged in conversation that savored more of the present than of the past.

"Miss Monckton," said the gentleman, "I presume you have fathomed my disguise before this."

"Yes," was the reply, "I have recognized Mr. Chester. It is needless, I see, for me to ask you a similar question."

Then there was a silence which was, perhaps, somewhat embarrassing to both parties, and which was broken by an observation from the lady, on the beauty of the costumes, and on the excellent manner in which most of them were sustained. But this was evidently surface talk, and finally the gentleman, with an air of courage lent by desperation, said:

"Miss Monckton, we do not always know our own hearts. One may sometimes be dazzled by a diamond, but, after all, I like pearls best. But tell me," he added, enigmatically, "what is a man to do if he can have neither pearl nor diamond?"

"How can I tell?" replied Ada. "One can live without either, I suppose."

"No," he returned, "every man must have his treasures, and there is one crowning jewel more precious than all the rest, without which he is 'poor indeed.' May I tell you a short story?"

Receiving a bow of assent, he continued:

"There were once placed in a certain window, side by side, a diamond without a flaw, and an exquisite pearl, which attracted the admiration of many. Among the gazers was a man who appreciated the beauty of both. One day, as he stood contemplating the jewels, a ray of sunshine penetrated to the heart of the diamond, and the trembling fire of the gem seemed to pierce the bosom of the observer, who at once became infatuated with the diamond. He thought of nothing else, dreamed of nothing else, and ceased to look at any other object, his greatest desire being to possess the glorious jewel. But the gem was not like others which shine for all alike, and to no one could it be given but to him in whose presence it should glow with a rare and unwonted splendor in the gloomiest day. The man of whom I have spoken saw with unspeakable regret that he did not possess this magical power, and at last he began to acknowledge to himself that all his devotion was in vain, and to resolve that he would remove his eyes from the unattainable object upon which alone they had been riveted so long. As he looked away his glance fell upon the pearl, which shone with a mild and exceedingly beautiful lustre, grateful to eyes that the blaze of the diamond had tried. 'Here,' he thought, 'is indeed the gem of all others for me;' and a longing, even greater than he had felt for the diamond, entered his soul, for he knew that the pearl would give peace and happiness, and the love he cherished for it was really stronger than the wild passion he had before harbored. But he thought, 'How can I ever hope to win the pearl? It must despise me, and disbelieve all my protestations, for has it not reposed in its place all the time that I have worshipped the diamond, and beheld my infatuation? Will it not scorn the idea of such an owner?' So he became misanthropic and miserable, until at length he resolved to ask for the pearl, and know his fate. Do you think he could hope under such circumstances?"

"I think," replied the lady, with a mischievous glance, "that it would be very hard for the poor man to lose both; but perhaps there might be a carbuncle near at hand on which he could bestow his affection."

"Ada!" exclaimed Chester, reproachfully; and then, seeing no signs of a

haughty repulse in his companion's bearing, he probably gained courage, for the result of the whole was an engagement between Ada Monckton and Richard Chester.

The alcove seemed destined to be the scene of more than one confidential interview, for a little while after it had been deserted by Ada and Chester, two other figures approached it; the one an Italian brigand, the other a Spanish senorita. The gentleman was talking earnestly in French, and fixing his eyes upon his companion, he asked her to be seated. The request was complied with mechanically, as if the one addressed had no choice but to obey, though her eyes roved imploringly around, as if in search of some friendly interposition. But the two were quite alone, and she was left to listen to the impassioned suit of the man beside her. As he at length paused, she replied, with great effort, and in almost inaudible tones:

"I do not wish to pain you, Count De Longueville, and I appreciate the honor you offer me; but it can never be as you wish. I will never—"

Her voice died away in a whisper as she encountered the intense baleful gaze of her suitor; and though she tried to rise, at a motion of his she sank back helplessly, feeling as if will and resistance were paralyzed.

"Be not too hasty," he said, in a voice low, but exceedingly distinct, so distinct, indeed, that it caught the ear of a man in the attire of a French general, who was slowly approaching, and who started as he heard the accents. The next words seemed to have still greater effect upon him. They were these:

"It is not often that a count of the house of Longueville pleads in vain, and never was one more in earnest than I am, *ma belle Americaine*. I will not accept your decision as final, but will venture to predict that you will yet be the wife of Henri de Longueville. And now, surely you will not refuse me so slight a favor as a walk through the rooms with me?"

Under the steady commanding fire of those serpent-like eyes, Marian, for it was she, arose, glad of the prospect of release from such an unwelcome company; and as the two walked away, they were followed by an unsuspected listener. The eyes of the count did not turn from his companion's face, and she walked on as in a dream

dimly conscious of a crowd of people, of lights and of motion, and was only partially aroused by the opening of the hall door, and a sweep of fresh air which gave her a little strength, so that she murmured brokenly:

"I will not go with you—I hate you! O, is there no one to save me?" as she caught sight of a carriage drawn up before the steps, toward which her companion strove to drag her. But at the first murmured word a tall form sprang forward, and a determined voice said:

"Scoundrell! unhand the lady!"

The count started, and turned to face the intruder.

"Fool! what do you mean? Can I not attend my wife to her carriage without being insulted by your insolent interference?"

"Talk not such lies to me!" was the stern reply. "When the maskers unmask, Francois Duroyer, if you will stay, we will settle our scores; otherwise, some other time not far away. The sea does often give up the *living*. Fair lady," then he added, bowing low, "may I have the honor to escort you to your friends again?"

With a sigh of relief that was almost a sob, Marian took the proffered arm of the stranger, while her tormentor, with a fearful imprecation, sprang down the steps and entered the carriage, which rolled rapidly away.

Freed from the terrible spell which had bound her, Marian began to murmur her thanks to her unknown benefactor, in whose protection she felt so perfectly safe and reassured. He, on his part, disavowed any claims to her gratitude, saying that he was well aware of the villany of which her former companion was capable, and that a just retribution would soon overtake him. These words seemed somewhat mysterious to Marian, but she had no time to ask for an explanation, as they were now on the way to the supper-room, where the merry maskers were to appear divested of their masks. Naturally it may be supposed that both the French general and the Spanish senorita felt some curiosity to see each other. But when the masks were removed, and Marian's beautiful orbs met the blue ones of the handsome man who stood by her side, there seemed to be an unaccountable amount of emotion on each side; and a keen observer would have said that the

two had met before, and that the recognition was mutual.

"*La belle Americaine!*" exclaimed the gentleman, bowing, as if to a queen; while Marian said, hurriedly:

"It was you who saved my life!"

The supper progressed, the gay company returned to the *salons*, and all was as a dream to Marian, who was only recalled to the reality of the present when her hostess approached and exclaimed:

"Ah, count, I am pleased to see that you have repented of your determination not to unmask. Miss Warner, allow me to present the *real* Count De Longueville, whose rightful place in society has so long been usurped by an impostor."

Marian acknowledged the introduction with an ill-concealed surprise, which did not diminish the easy grace of the gentleman, who said, smilingly:

"I see that Miss Warner is amazed, and I fear that she will henceforth lose all faith in supposed representatives of the French nobility. I unmasked, but should not have done so if my treacherous servant Francois Duroyer had not already left the house to my knowledge; for I would not risk the possibility of marring your delightful entertainment by an unpleasant scene."

"Ah, well," returned Mrs. Cumberly, "I am only too thankful that we are undeceived, and I hope the fellow will be severely punished. I see that Miss Warner is filled with pardonable curiosity, which you have it in your power to satisfy." And the lady passed on to greet others of her guests.

"My story," said the count—for such was his true title—"is rather long for a ballroom, but yet it may be summed up in a few words, I think. I started for America with a confidential servant named Francois Duroyer, who possessed extraordinary mesmeric powers, and was first brought to my notice on that account, but whom I afterward liked for his seeming fidelity. During a storm our vessel became a wreck, and Francois and I, by some mischance, embarked in different boats, and we soon became widely separated. All the boats, except the one in which my valet had embarked, were reported lost, with their crews, but by a wonderful providence I was saved. I was ill for some time, and the rude people who had rescued me from death by exposure, nursed me into health.

My letters of introduction, drafts on banks, etc., were entrusted to my servant's care, and it seems that he believed me dead, and conceived the wild idea of personating me in society, though he must eventually have been found out. I was personally acquainted with our ambassador at Washington, and immediately went to him on my recovery, and then heard that some person was imposing himself upon New York society in my name. I was soon persuaded that it must be my valet, and resolved to confront him; but he has doubtless recognized my voice to-night, and may escape. His punishment, or lack of it, however, is nothing to me in comparison with the pleasure I experience at beholding the face which has so long been impressed upon my memory, and which was the guiding star that led me to this country."

"I have often wished I could tell you," faltered Marian, "of my gratitude—"

"The gratitude is mine," interrupted the count, "to Providence, for kindly permitting me to be of use to you. What I did was no more than common humanity; but your friends should not have allowed you to be so careless, for the mountain ravines of Switzerland are very treacherous."

Then, as the music floated dreamily out, Marian yielded her hand to her courtly and debonair companion, and many an eye followed them through the dance; while the answers given by Mrs. Cumberly to questions as to the gentleman's identity did not diminish the interest; but at the close of the dance the handsome stranger disappeared.

Never had there been such an evening for Marian, and never would there be again. Mechanically she answered her aunt's many questions, and listened with unheeding ears to her exclamations of amazement at the story she had heard concerning the real and spurious Count De Longueville. Marian was existing in a new world, in which she saw but one face, heard but one voice, a face and voice which she had often before imagined, but which now had come to be a blissful reality in her life.

Ada Monckton was as happy that night as her friend Marian, in a different way; the grief that had sat "heavy on her heart" so long had taken to itself wings,

and in its place there came a bright bird of hope which charmed her soul with its sweet songs of the future; for had not her king chosen her, though she came to him dowerless, except for the priceless treasure of a warm and loving heart?

Francois Duroyer, who had so unblushingly assumed the name and rôle of his master, and who had hoped to gain the hand and fortune of one of New York's fairest belles, at first by persuasion, and then by force, fled in the night from his elegant rooms at a fashionable hotel, and not a trace of him was discovered. It is to be hoped that he was thereafter content to present himself in his true character, much improved by the lesson he had received by the thwarting of his schemes. The published account of the false count was read with avidity, especially by those who had met him, and were likely to encounter the real nobleman; the affair became a nine days' wonder, and then ceased to be spoken of except on rare occasions. The *bona fide* count proved to be a much more quiet and unpretentious personage than his aspiring valet; and, much to the disgust of many a fair *demoiselle* of American upper-tendom, it was soon evident that he had neither eyes nor ears for any face and voice save those pertaining to *La belle Marian*. I may be pardoned for having recourse to Ada's journal again, since what remains to be told of the three friends can be better related by her frank pen than otherwise.

March 3.—Have spent part of the day with Marian, and she has told me of her engagement to Count De Longueville. Marian has now gained the only charm that could have enhanced her beauty, for the shade of reserve which sometimes made her seem almost cold has given place to the light of joy. Her path looks very fair, and I pray that all its promises may be realized. She is much pleased with my own engagement to Richard Chester, and says she always thought we could make each other's happiness. Whatever I may have thought in the past, I cannot now doubt her sincerity.

As I was looking over some sketches of Marian's, I noticed one which particularly struck my fancy. It was evidently a Swiss view, with the Alps towering in the background, the scene itself being among the mountains. A young girl, strangely like

Marian, had approached dangerously near a precipice, and was saved from certain death by the outstretched arm of a man in whose noble form and features I seemed to recognize Count De Longueville. As Marian saw me looking at the drawing, she glanced over my shoulder and said:

"Would you like to hear the history of that, Ada?"

Of course I was curious, and she told me that the sketch was executed by the count, and that it represented their first meeting.

"He saved my life," she said; "and when my friends came up he gave me into their charge, and turned away before we had scarcely a chance to thank him, and we did not see him again or ascertain his name. He has since told me that he was summoned away immediately by news of the serious illness of his father. He says," she added, with a blush, "that he never forgot me, that he learned I was an American, and that he cherished a hope that he might meet me in this country."

So this is the romantic explanation of all that has puzzled me in times past, of all Marian's coldness and singular emotion!

Elmside, June 20.—Once more in the country, where everything is so beautiful at this time, and to-morrow is my wedding-day. It was my wish to be married quietly at Elmside in the lovely summer-time. Dick says he is contented to let me have my way in that, and everything else, although he says I am becoming quite a tyrant, at which Minna declares she is glad somebody can manage him. Need I say that I am happy—happier far than I ever expected to be?

Marian was married in May in the city, and a very grand wedding it was. She protested at having so little time, but Count De Longueville was anxious to take his lovely bride to France with him, and we all watched the vessel tearfully out of sight that bore our beautiful Marian to her foreign home. Surely never was there more lovely countess, or prouder husband. As we stood waving our handkerchiefs in response to hers, I mentally repeated Hood's exquisite lines:

"O saw ye not fair Ines?

She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

"Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

"Farewell, farewell, fair Ines.
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!"

As we turned away, Richard whispered, "He has his diamond, but I have my pearl." And looking in his earnest eyes, I felt no fear that I should not be first in my husband's heart. The last cloud disappeared from my horizon when, a few days after Marian's departure, while driving in the Park, I met Harry Reynolds, my quondam lover, riding with pretty Laura Adams, she all smiles, and he all devotion. Evidently I have not inflicted any lasting misery in that quarter. Minna declares in her pretty positive way, that she is in no hurry to give up her liberty, and decidedly refuses to be married before next fall, though Mr. Standish would have been glad to have had their wedding take place on the same day with ours. I suspect a quiet wedding is not exactly to gay Minna's taste.

And now the night comes softly on, and my heart is filled with a great sense of thankfulness, because once upon a time I struggled with the two fiends envy and jealousy, and drove them from me; for had I not done so my cup of happiness would not have been free from the bitterness of self-reproach.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"DO YOU SUPPOSE I BELIEVE IN SUCH NONSENSE?"

CASTLE VALENCE is refurnished and redecored from basement to attic (always excepting the library, which the earl has given strict orders shall remain untouched), but the Dublin upholsterer has had too much good taste to alter the character of its fittings, and it still looks dark and gloomy in the eyes of its new mistress. She is introduced to it on a September evening, after a long and fatiguing journey, and the frowning walls of granite, with their feudal accessories of moat and drawbridge (which Lord Valence takes a pride in preserving) strike on her senses unfavorably. It is certainly a great contrast to the home she has left behind. Norman House is essentially modern. Its large plate-glass windows let in floods of light; its couches and divans are all of the latest fashion; the stands of flowers, the lace curtains, the gilding and coloring with which it is ornamented, serve to infuse an amount of life, and brightness, and cheerfulness about the place which Everil will look for in vain in Castle Valence. The tenants, who, notwithstanding his studious habits and complete ignorance of agriculture, love their young lord for his kind heart and gentle manner, have met the bride and bridegroom at the nearest town, and, with many shouts and much kicking up of dust from their horses' feet into their benefactors' faces, brought them home in style. At another moment Everil would have been amused and excited by this proof of popularity. She would have laughed at the energy of the little bare-footed Irish children who ran by the side of her carriage all the way, and sympathized with the expressions of kindness and good-will which emanated from every mouth; for she stands in the position of landlord herself, and knows how sweet it is to feel one's effort for the comfort of others have been appreciated. But to-day she can only feel that she is coming home, that the transitory distraction caused by

travelling in new scenes is over, and she must begin the world as Lady Valence. Fatigue has kept her silent for some hours past, and silence has induced thought, and thought has made her melancholy.

It is almost a pleasure to be fatigued and silent in the presence of one we love; it is so sweet to be able to brood over our happiness and to feel at peace; but silence is not golden when memory brings pain.

"There is the castle," exclaims Valence, as a turn in the drive brings the old building full in view. "What do you think of it, Everil?"

"It is very grand—much grander than I expected; but those narrow windows must make the rooms very dark. How old it looks. What is its date?"

"Sixteenth century."

"Quite feudal. It reminds one of James's novels. Have you many ghosts there?"

She asks the question jestingly, of course, and is surprised at the change that passes over her husband's countenance.

"Ghosts! How should I know? What made you think of such a thing? I hope you will not take any absurd fancies of that kind into your head, Everil."

"Why, you talk quite seriously. Do you suppose for a moment that I believe in such nonsense? You are very much mistaken. I am neither a fool nor a lunatic, but I give you leave to call me both when I credit such folly as the appearance of spirits."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," he answers, with a strange expression on his face; but before they have time for any further discussion on the subject the carriage has dashed over the drawbridge, and drawn up at the portcullised door.

Here the tenantry, mounted and otherwise, disperse to seek the refreshment provided for them; and Lady Valence, being led into a vast hall with a groined roof, the walls of which are covered with armor and the floor with skins, finds herself in the embrace of Agatha West.

"Such a happy occasion," murmurs the peachy-faced widow, as she anoints Everil's

cheek with kisses. "Everything to turn out just as we wished. It is *too* much. And my dear Valence"—turning to him—"how are you? Ah! not looking quite the thing, I am afraid. You are much thinner than when you went away."

"Let us talk of something pleasanter than my personal appearance, please," interposes Valence, hastily. "Everil is exceedingly tired, and I want to show her to her room."

"Now, my dear Valence, you will do nothing of the sort. If she is tired, what must *you* be? I dare say you have been up to all kinds of imprudence abroad, but now that you have come home again, I shall have to keep you in order. I will go up stairs with Everil, and you must sit down and rest yourself."

The earl makes some objection, but is overruled. The countess says nothing, but she moves slowly away in the direction of the staircase, and the widow follows her to the suite of apartments that has been prepared for her reception.

"Well, darling, and how have you enjoyed yourself?" is her first question, as soon as they find themselves alone.

"Quite as well as I expected to do."

"I hope dear Valence has not caused you any uneasiness?"

"In what way?"

"Well, by being ill, you know. His poor dear head is so weak at times, and he has such queer rambling fancies, that strangers don't understand him. But you must never be alarmed, my dear. If he should ever talk or act in a manner that seems incomprehensible to you, just tell me, and I will set him to rights again."

Lady Valence is either indifferent to Mrs. West's speech, or she does not like the tone of it.

"I am not easily alarmed, Agatha, and if Valence became ill I should consider the doctor the proper person to attend to him."

"Ah! there are some cases in which a doctor can be of no use."

"Then I think you would be less. But I shall make no further change in my dress to-night. Suppose we go down stairs."

"One moment, darling! Have you heard from home lately?"

"I found a letter from Alice waiting me in town yesterday."

"And they were all well?"

"She did not say anything to the contrary. Why?"

"No news of any sort?"

"None that would interest you."

"Ah! well; it doesn't signify, perhaps."

"What doesn't signify? Why cannot you speak out, Agatha? I hate innuendoes."

"But perhaps I oughtn't to mention it to you; and if you were like other women I shouldn't; but you are so strong, dear, and so brave; and you promised to be a friend to him—"

"What are you driving at?" demands Lady Valence; but as she puts the question she turns her face away.

"I had a letter last week from Lady Russell, about—you know whom?"

"Maurice Staunton, you mean?"

"Of course, dear (but what a wonderful woman you are to mention him so calmly). And I'm sure you'll be sorry to hear he's been very ill, poor fellow!"

"*Very ill!*" Her lip trembles slightly as she echoes the words.

"Very ill—so his sister says—with a kind of nervous fever, and has been obliged to get sick leave from his regiment for change of air."

"He is not coming here!" cries Everil, quickly.

"O no, dear, I hope not! But I know they have Irish connections in the neighborhood; and I thought it as well to prepare you, *in case*— But you wouldn't mind meeting him again; would you, Everil?"

"I should have a very decided objection to meeting him again. I desire, as I told you at Norman House, never to hear the subject of my past intimacy with him mentioned between us."

"But this is nonsense, my dear Everil. You are married. What harm can the poor boy do you now? And how can you be a friend to him so long as you are afraid to meet?"

"I am not afraid," says the countess, drawing herself up proudly; "but the notion is not pleasant to me. And, therefore, Agatha, I must beg, if you hear Captain Staunton has any intention of calling at Castle Valence, you will put your veto on it."

The widow shrugs her shoulders.

"It must be as you wish, of course, dear; but I can't say I understand your

motive; and, to say the least, it will look suspicious to every one who knows how intimate you were with him in your own house. Added to which, it is not very Christian, in my eyes, to draw a man on to a certain point, and then refuse even to see him or to speak to him, as if he had done some wrong."

"We will discuss the subject no more at present," replies Lady Valence, with kindling eyes. Her first impression was that she ought not under any circumstances to renew her intercourse so soon with Captain Staunton; but she thinks now that she must not decide till she has given the subject mature consideration, and made sure that her resolution does not proceed from the effects of wounded vanity.

"Perhaps it would be as well not," says Agatha; "but you will think over it, I am certain, and see the sense of what I say. We mustn't draw down any ill-natured remarks upon ourselves," she continues, confidentially, as she slips her arm through that of the countess. "That would never do; would it?"

* * * * *

When Lord Valence informed his wife that he wished his sister-in-law to continue to reside at Castle Valence, Everil, at once, fell in with his views upon the subject. She did not entirely trust Agatha, and many things in her conduct both puzzled and annoyed her—but she liked her society, and thought it would be a great source of comfort in her new home. She did not calculate on the widow having resided at the castle for so many years as to have come to be regarded almost as its mistress, nor did she imagine Mrs. West had sufficient assurance to think she could remain there after the earl's marriage in any light but that of a guest. But she has not returned home many days before she finds her presence a restraint and a nuisance. Not that she attempts to interfere with any of the countess's orders or arrangements—Agatha is far too clever to show anything like open fight. On the contrary, she is so diffident about offering advice, and so afraid that she is in the way, that her very humility disarms her antagonist at the moment she most wishes to use a weapon against her. She and her child are treated as members of the household; they always have been, and it is Everil's wish they always should be; the rooms, the attend-

ants, the grounds, the horses and carriages, are as much at their command as they are at her own; and had it ended here she would have been satisfied. But one thing Agatha will not give up, and that is her constant attendance on her brother-in-law. She is always with him, and even the earl's hints and remonstrances, unless they verge on absolute commands, cannot drive her away. Seek him at what hour of the day she will, Everil never finds him alone; and though her proud heart denies that she is disappointed, her manners show it. Once or twice she ventures to make a remark upon the subject to Agatha.

"And did you *wish* to be alone with him?" the little widow will exclaim, with wide-open eyes. "*Really!* How glad I am to hear it! But I didn't dream (how should I, under the circumstances, you know?) that you would desire such a thing. Poor dear Valence! If he were only in a condition to appreciate the change."

"What change? What nonsense are you talking?" with heightened color, Everil will reply. "I only mentioned it because you appear to give yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble on his account. He has his books and his writing; why can't you leave the man alone to enjoy them?"

"Ah, my dear, you don't know how inseparable we have been for the last three years; how we have studied and thought together. Not but what I am aware all that is over now, of course; still, if you were not *jealous*—"

"*Jealous?* I jealous of you and Valence! You must be out of your senses. What is it to me who sits with him? I have no desire to do so. Only the servants might think it strange, I should imagine; and I do not see why you should take such an unpleasant duty on yourself. But *chacun a son gout*."

"But it has been my duty for so long, I am quite used to it. And as to the servants, they know what poor dear Valence is, and that he requires a great deal of watching. But if you think I usurp your rightful place—"

"No, thank you; I should not fill it, even if you resigned it. I love air, and exercise, and sunshine too much to care to shut myself up in a musty old room morning, noon and night. And if you prefer Valence's company to mine—"

"O, my dear Everil, you know it is not

that! Do I not give up the company of my little Arthur also? But poor dear Valence never *has* been left alone, and—"

"Say no more about it, please. I like my own liberty too well not to wish every one else to be as free as I am. Good-by. I am just going for a ride across country."

"By yourself?"

"Whom have I to go with? Valence does not offer, and I am sure I shall not ask him! Besides, I am not sure if he would approve of my pace."

"What a pity you have not some gentleman friend to accompany you."

"Perhaps I shall have by-and-by. Meanwhile, sitting at home will not produce him. But I am off. You will have two good hours to 'moon' undisturbed with Valence in the library; and should I be lucky enough to break my neck over some of these barbarous hedges, or sink up to my chin in a quagmire, you may yet have the chance of 'mooning' with him to his life's end."

"Everil, I wish you wouldn't speak so heedlessly."

"I speak as I feel, which is more than can be said for everybody," replies the countess, as she breaks off the conversation to go for her ride.

But though she talks so lightly, she is very much annoyed. She does not care for Lord Valence, she tells herself (in proof of her utter indifference to all his goings-on) a dozen times a day; but still she thinks they might keep up a show of sitting and talking together, if it were only for decency's sake. She does not *want* to enter his room; perhaps if he were to ask her, she would refuse to do so; but he might give her the option of choice. When they were abroad on their wedding tour, although they never played such a farce as to pretend to be fond of each other, they used to have some very pleasant conversations together, and once or twice she was quite beguiled into feeling interested in what he said. She would not mind even now (still, of course, for the sake of that decency which Lady Valence appears suddenly to have raised on a little pedestal) taking her work or her book and bearing him company in the dull, dark old room he seems so fond of—if he would ask her. But he has not asked her. On the contrary, each morning since their return he has retired to his sanctum directly after

breakfast, and only left it to attend to the claims of his agent or his bailiff, or his meals, never to seek his wife, or to ask her to join him there.

But Agatha has always managed to gain admittance. Somehow or other, as soon as her boy is disposed of in the garden, she is sure to sneak into the library, and Everil is too proud to call her thence.

If he—if she—has no more sense of what is decorous and due to her, the mistress of the house, than that, they may shut themselves up there forever. And the countess's horse, a favorite bay which she has brought with her from Herefordshire, suffers from the thought.

When she reaches home again it is time to dress for dinner, and she does not meet her husband until the meal is on the table. The conversation she has held with Agatha, and the reflections that followed it, make her unusually cold and stiff with him, and he, resenting her mood, leaves her company as soon as is possible, and once more seeks his study.

Mrs. West goes up to the nursery to attend the nightly ablutions of her boy (whatever her designs or eagerness to execute them may be, she never neglects that duty), and the countess is left alone.

She throws a light shawl about her shoulders and walks up and down the terrace. How different is her present life to that she has left behind her. There was always some company staying at Norman House, to say nothing of the Mildmay family, who almost lived there; she has never known till now what it was to feel alone. But although the earl and herself have received several invitations to state dinner parties and balls to be given in their honor by the surrounding gentry, not a soul has called since her arrival, except in the most formal manner, and from a distance that will make sociability impossible. As Everil thinks of this and frets over it, she feels how little thankful she has been for the company of Alice Mildmay, or even of Miss Strong. Dear old Miss Strong! She has abused her advice, her injunctions, and the necessity of her presence ever since she first knew her, and looked forward to her own marriage as the period at which she would be emancipated from both; but just now she feels as if she would give a great deal to know Miss

Strong was waiting for her in the drawing-room.

"I suppose it is of no use waiting for Valence, so I shall go to bed," she says, an hour later, to Agatha in that same apartment.

"Well, I don't know, dear, I'm sure. Shall I ask him if he is ready?"

"By no means! He is not quite so infirm but what he can find his way up stairs when it pleases him. For my own part, I am sleepy. Good-night."

"Good-night, dear," says Agatha, meekly, and without offering to accompany her.

On gaining her bedroom my heroine finds she is not so sleepy as she thought, and dismissing her maid with an order not to reappear till she is rung for, lies down on the sofa with a book.

But she is restless and uneasy, and cannot compose herself. Valence *might* have come back to the drawing-room after dinner, if only to ascertain what she was about to do; but she supposes that living in such a place as Ireland makes men barbarians. Yet she cannot help wondering what it is he occupies himself with that appears so engrossing. If it is the business of his estate, she would be a far more competent adviser for him than his sister-in-law, because she has interested herself largely in the management of her own property, and knows a great deal about the relative positions and duties of landlord and tenant, and not a little (for a woman) on the subjects of agriculture and the profitable investment of land. She has never spoken to Valence of such things; perhaps he is unaware she has ever taken interest in them; but if he knew and approved of it she might be of service to him. She doesn't love him, and she never will; but, after all, she is his wife, and has incurred certain duties by becoming so. Would it not be as well, at all events, to let him see that if he requires a companion she has no objection to being one? It is not very late; she will just go down stairs again and bid her husband good-night, and say a word or two that shall convey her purpose to him. After all, he is not strong, and if what he and Agatha says should come true—

With Everil all is impulse. She has no sooner thought of the idea than she proceeds to put it into execution. She trav-

erses the long corridors and the broad staircase without interruption, and taps at the library door. No one answers. She tries the handle; the door is locked. She becomes impatient, and raps louder.

"Who is there?" demands Lord Valence.

"It is I, Everil. Let me in."

"Do you want anything particular?"

"Yes!"

He comes himself to the door and unlocks it; then stands across the threshold to prevent her entrance.

"Why cannot I come in?"

"I am engaged just now."

"Why, the room is all dark! Are you sitting without lights?"

"Yes."

"But for what reason?"

"I cannot explain to you. It is a fancy of mine. What is your business?"

"My business is to come into the library. I want to sit with you," she rejoins, her curiosity roused, and her feelings piqued at one and the same moment.

"You cannot do that to-night. I wish to be alone. I heard you had gone to bed."

"Who told you so?"

"Agatha."

"Is she with you then?"

The earl hesitates a moment, then he answers, slowly, "Yes."

"With you now? And what are you doing in the dark together?"

"That I cannot tell you—at all events to-night."

At this juncture Mrs. West comes forward. She looks rather scared at facing the light in the hall, and her countenance wears a perturbed expression; but she smiles as sweetly as ever.

"My dear Everil, does it seem very mysterious to you?"

"Uncommonly so, and I am waiting for an explanation," replies the countess, coldly.

"As if there was any. As if there *could* be any. At least, that might not be told. Poor Valence is not feeling very well this evening, and prefers the darkness to the light, which seems to hurt his eyes. *Voilà tout*—you naughty girl."

"If you are not well, why don't you go to bed?" demands Everil of her husband, without heeding the widow's words.

"Agatha is mistaken. I am quite well—"

("You don't look so!" interposes Mrs. West, pathetically.)

"—but I have a fancy for sitting in the dark."

"Well, I have a fancy for it also," rejoins the countess, as she tries to push her way into the apartment. "I should like to try what it feels like; we will all sit together."

"You cannot enter. I do not wish it," says the earl, firmly.

"But I do. Please to let me pass."

"Agatha," exclaims Lord Valence, in a voice of entreaty, "not now! It must not be! Try and persuade her."

"Indeed, my dear Everil, you had better go back to your own room."

"I did not ask for your advice, Agatha. Keep it for Lord Valence, since he seems to value it so much."

"O, if I am to be made a subject of disension between you, I shall go," says the widow, in a tone of offence, as she makes a feint of passing the countess. But the earl restrains her.

"I cannot let you go yet. I require you. Everil is, I am sure, too sensible to make so small a matter a cause of difference between us. It is simply this," he continues, turning to his wife; "I have some mental study to prosecute, which I can do better in the dark than the light, and Agatha is helping me to work it out. You will not object to my absenting myself for another half hour, will you?"

"I should not object to your absenting yourself for the remainder of your natural life," says Lady Valence, proudly, as she turns away. "Pray continue your studies, Valence. You will never find me interrupt them again."

"O, but now you are vexed," exclaims the widow, "and putting quite a wrong interpretation upon everything. Dear Valence," she adds, coaxingly, "let her come in, and we will light the lamps again and have some music before we go to bed."

But the tone of remonstrance which is being exercised on her behalf stings the countess, already deeply wounded, into anger.

"How dare you plead with him for me!" she says, turning fiercely on Mrs. West. "I would not enter his room if he were to beg it on his bended knees, nor condescend to sit with him either in the dark or light. I had no feeling in asking it except

curiosity; I should have none in obtaining it, except the pleasure of getting my own way. If you can imagine for a moment that any other motive could actuate my request for Lord Valence's company, you must be as mad as he is." And without another glance at her husband, she sweeps proudly up the stairs.

Agatha turns to confront the earl; he has left her side. She strikes a light to seek him, and finds he has retired to the furthest end of the apartment, where he is sitting near a table, with his head leaning on his hands.

"As mad as he is," he repeats. "She has found it out already, then. And yet how could I have expected it to be otherwise?"

"You are so imprudent," says his sister-in-law; "you arouse suspicion by your conduct. Why could you not have let her come in?"

"I don't know. I was afraid! I am always afraid; but it is for her, not for myself. She would shrink from me so—if she knew."

"She would laugh you to scorn, and call you every opprobrious epithet under the sun. Everil has no tolerance for opinions which differ from her own. She is rather—I won't say heartless, it sounds so unkind—but cold upon certain subjects. So I sincerely trust that she never will know."

"Not with my consent! I would guard it from her—with my life," he mutters.

"What is that you say, Valence?" demands the widow, quickly—she has not quite caught the last word, but she has strong suspicion of its import.

"I said that I would do anything to prevent Everil's guessing at the nature of my studies," he answers, rousing himself.

"You are wise then, for were she to discover it, you would have no peace; and she would bruit her knowledge far and wide."

The earl shrinks from the idea.

"Ah, yes, that must not be; but after it is all over—when I am gone, Agatha, you will try and persuade her that I was not quite so mad as she appears to think me?"

"My poor Valence! Yes! But why harp upon that miserable topic?"

"How can I help it? I think of it night and day. Six months, Agatha—only six months more, and then separation forever from the flesh I have inhabited for so short a time."

"But you will always be with us," murmurs the widow, sentimentally.

"Ay, as these are, but only to see perhaps that which will drive me shuddering away."

"What can he have meant by those last words?" thinks Mrs. West, when they have separated for the night. "I really do believe—but he *can't* be such a fool—that he is going to try and fancy himself in love with his wife."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EARL'S DIARY.

"*As mad as he is.*" If Everil only knew how deeply she wounded me by those words! But how should she know that my greatest horror, my greatest dread, is lest people should think me insane? that the fear of it would almost make me give up the pursuit of a science in which I have made so much progress, and shake off the influence which has afforded so much delight—*if I could!* But I cannot! Even for *her* sake—for the sake of a woman whose fate is linked with my own, to whom I should be a protector and guardian, a haven from the troubles and affrights of the world—I can no longer speak and act like other beings.

"This is terrible! For the first time I feel I have incurred an awful responsibility which should have been shared with no one, but must necessarily rebound on the head of my wife.

"She shuns me, I can see it plainly. Ever since that unfortunate evening when she caught Agatha and me holding a seance together in the library, and when, fearful of what she might see or hear, I refused her admittance, she has studiously avoided intruding herself on my presence. If I occupy one of the general sitting-rooms, she never enters it; if I look by chance into the apartment where she is sitting, she rises to leave. Before we returned home I hoped that if there was no affection apparent in her actions, antagonism had, at least, died between us; but do what I will now, I cannot draw our minds closer together. She takes long solitary rides and walks without letting me know either when she is about to start from home or to return to it. She sees me withdraw to the library without remark, nor does the absence of my sister-in-law ever provoke

an inquiry from her. And through it all her appearance and manner are more depressed and proudly cold, than angry or resentful.

"If this goes on I shall go mad, as really mad as Everil supposes me to be!

"Good heavens! when I remember her at Norman House, with the girlish hilarity that used to jar upon my feelings; the freedom of speech that used to shock my sense of decorum; the extravagant tastes; the rapid motion; the pretty womanly defiance that she opposed to every suggestion made for her welfare, I wonder where it has all gone to. She has the same advantages now that she used to enjoy in her maidenhood; her means are ample, and her will is law; she is surrounded by every luxury, and can be as headstrong, wild and willful as she chooses. But she chooses only to be silent and thoughtful. I watched her yesterday from my library window as she walked up and down the terrace that surrounds the moat. She wore a simple garden hat and a muslin dress, but she was looking beautiful. Her favorite dogs were leaping upon her, trying to attract her notice, yet she did not even speak to them, but paced backward and forward with her eyes bent upon the ground. How I longed to know of what she was thinking! and if one pitying thought of me mixed in her meditations—of me—shut out forever from the love of wife, or child, or home!

"Would she pity me if she knew all? Sometimes I feel a mad resistless desire to cast myself at her feet and make a full confession. She is so much stronger and braver than the ordinary run of women; surely she would sympathize, if she could not believe in me! But Agatha says it would be folly, and excite her ridicule instead of her interest, and I believe Agatha is right. Women know more of each other than we can do; and she has studied Everil's character closely. Were I to try and explain to her in an hour, that which it has taken me years to build up and believe in, she would naturally regard me as a fanatic or a fool. And, not thinking that Everil would have much toleration for either, I cannot afford to sink any lower in her esteem. A circumstance occurred the other night that greatly annoyed me. We had retired to rest early, and slept well. Towards one o'clock I was awakened by my wife hurriedly getting out of bed.

'What is the matter?' I demanded. 'I do not know,' she replied, in a voice that betrayed more excitement than alarm; 'but I cannot sleep here to-night. There is something keeps rapping, and moving, and rustling behind the head of the bed, and the room seems filled with—I don't know what!'

"It is nothing! You are not frightened?" I said, earnestly.

"Frightened! No! Of what should I be frightened?—only it disturbs me, and I cannot rest. I shall lie down on the sofa in my dressing-room.'

"It is the heat of the weather," I argued. 'I will open the window wider, and the cool air will send you to sleep. Do not go into the dressing-room.'

"She obeyed me mechanically, and lay down in her own place again. But in another minute she sprang up with a cry.

"I cannot stay here!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. 'I know there is something wrong in the room to-night. I could swear that I was touched upon the forehead.' And without further parley she passed into the dressing-room, and remained there until the morning. When it was light she laughed at her fears (that is to say, ridiculed them—I wish she had laughed), and begged I would not mention them to Agatha.

"It was doubtless, Valence, as you suggested, the heat of the weather that has unstrung my nerves and made me fanciful. I should be vexed to have it attributed to any other cause, for I have the greatest contempt for anything like belief in the supernatural. In my idea, it is simply the offspring of a diseased or uneducated mind.'

"I will not mention the occurrence," I replied. And I have not. But I know the reason of it. I felt the influence even whilst she spoke, and have trembled ever since, lest it may acquire a power over her, only second to what it holds over myself. Are we not one? And am I not justified, at any cost, in saving Everil from a fate that has poisoned my own existence, even at the risk of never winning a love I should have to resign so soon?

* * * * *

"When I last wrote in this diary, I was about to describe my first interview with a spirit. How different it was from all I had imagined on the subject. I had heard of

apparitions appearing to mortals in various forms, but usually so like human creatures as to be unrecognizable until they had flown. Of such nature we may conclude were those mentioned in the Scriptures, such as the spirits that were sent to Abraham and to Lot; the spirit that wrestled with Jacob, and the spirit that succored Daniel in the den of lions. When Moses and Elias, also, appeared to the disciples they were in recognizable form. I concluded, therefore, in my ignorance, that all apparitions appeared from the very first in the semblance of the bodies they had borne on the earth, and that it was as easy for them to make themselves visible, as it was for us to see them. But I was to be enlightened.

"I had been sitting one evening writing, until both hand and brain were weary. I had been promised several times, that before long a certain female spirit (a stranger to me, excepting by communication through the table) would make herself visible, and I had been anxiously expecting her advent. She had given me a full description of her personal appearance, and many and many a time I had strained my eyes into the darkness, hoping to discern the small features and fair hair which 'Isola' (as she called herself) gave as her chief characteristics burst on me through the gloom. But nothing except a few flickering lights, which looked like 'will-o'-the-wisps' dancing over a pool at midnight, had been made apparent to me. On the evening of which I speak I had not been thinking of, or trying to communicate with 'Isola.' Grave business matters had occupied my mind and kept me close writing at my desk till nearly two o'clock. Then I pushed all my papers on one side, and rose to seek my bedchamber. The castle was in darkness, for (according to my usual custom) I had desired my household to put out the lights and retire. I took the lamp in my hand, and commenced to mount the staircase. As I reached the landing it was suddenly extinguished. For this phenomenon I am utterly unable to account. I only know that I was left in complete darkness, and that for the moment, bewildered by the occurrence, I forgot the lamp was shaded by a globe, and believed that the draught from some open window must have blown out the light.

"Still under this impression, I began to

grope my way up the remainder of the staircase. As I reached the corridor my attention was arrested by seeing before me what appeared like a small mass of vapor rising from the ground. The corridor was intensely dark from end to end, and its stained-glass windows were closed with shutters. The ball of vapor seemed to move; it astonished me; I stood and looked at it. Now it advanced, then it receded—now it appeared to elongate, then to sink down. I had never seen anything like it in my life before. Presently I observed one of the ‘will-o’-the-wisps’ that I had learned to call a ‘spirit light’ flickering about in the centre of the vapor. It burst, or seemed to do so, diffusing its brightness over the base of the vaporous matter, which simultaneously elongated and rose higher in the air. A second spirit light made its appearance; the same results ensued; and the vapor became an illuminated column. Then, for the first time, it struck me what it was. A spirit stood before me. Little by little the pale blue cloud assumed the shape of a draped figure, though I could trace no features; little by little the figure became more distinctly formed and visible, until a shadowy arm was extended towards me.

“Are you Isola?” I gasped; for I am not ashamed to own that on the occasion of this first experience I was very much alarmed.

“The figure did not stir.

“May I not see your features?”

“Still there was no reply by sound or action.

“Can you come nearer to me?”

At this it moved directly, passing right over, or around me, as it were, and enveloping me in a thick fog, through which I rushed shuddering to my own apartment.

“I threw myself on the bed, in what would be called, in common parlance, ‘a mortal fright.’ The effect this first interview with a disembodied spirit had on me was remarkable. I longed, and yet I dreaded, to meet it again. For some weeks I entirely forsook my library except by day, and went regularly to bed before my servants. But at the end of that time I grew ashamed of my pusillanimous fear. Was this to be the end of all my study and research? I recommenced to sit for communications; and then I learned that the spiritual body never appears to mortal eyes

but as a vapor, although practice in mediumistic vision will render form, features, dress and color perfectly distinct; that few spirits can materialize, or clothe their spiritual bodies with a human form palpable to touch, without the aid of a trance medium, and that those who have succeeded in doing so (such ghosts, for instance, as have become celebrated in history) have generally been spirits of the very lowest order, the authors of great crimes whilst on this earth, and consequently disabled (from indulgence of evil passions which prevent them from existing in a purer atmosphere) from rising above it.

“This information gave me a distaste for the cultivation of seeing mediumship, although I was assured that I possessed it in no ordinary degree. But though I never encouraged her, from the evening I met ‘Isola’ on the staircase, she never failed to come to me in palpable shape as soon as the light was extinguished; and it was not long before I had the power to see and recognize all the spirits that filled my room; although with some I never had any acquaintanceship either in this world or beyond it.

“It was at this time my brother Arthur died. His marriage, which had been contracted about three years previously, had annoyed us all. He was a great deal too young and too poor to take the responsibilities of married life upon his shoulders, and his choice had not fallen in a desirable quarter. These circumstances had made a coolness between us, for which I grieved. Arthur was my only near relation; we had loved each other fondly as children, and it was misery to me to be on bad terms with him now. But he was of a high and rather overbearing spirit, and, unable to forgive my first animadversions on his ill-advised conduct, had refused to communicate with me since, and rejected all overtures of peace. When he died, his regiment was at Malta. Just as my father had done, he came to tell me of his departure; but his appearance was the more remarkable from the fact that it took place in the daytime. One afternoon about three o’clock, on entering my library from the garden, what was my surprise and pleasure to see my brother sitting in my armchair. He was dressed in uniform, but I did not notice that peculiarity, so delighted was I to meet him again, and so thoroughly was I

convinced that I saw him in the flesh.

"Arthur, old fellow!" I exclaimed, rushing towards him with extended hand, "when did you reach home?" He did not answer, though his eyes gazed at me earnestly. As I drew nearer, a pallor overspread his features, and he sank backwards. I thought he was fainting, and rushed to his assistance.

"He was gone!"

"By this time I was too well acquainted with the phenomena of spiritualism to be either frightened or surprised. I was only *deeply, deeply* grieved. My brother, who had lain in the same cradle, and been nursed at the same breast as myself, had left me before opportunity had been granted us to heal the sad difference that had embittered the latter portion of our lives. Although I had received no earthly intimation of the fact of his decease, I mourned for him as bitterly as though he had passed away whilst in my arms, and retired to my chamber worn out with the violence of my grief. In the midst of that wakeful, restless night his voice came to me, '*My wife and child!—my wife and child!*' The words were repeated twice. He said no more, but they were all-sufficient. Before the letter which announced his premature demise had reached me, one from my pen had crossed the ocean to assure his widow of my sympathy and desire to help her. She came to the castle, bringing her little Arthur with her, and has remained here ever since. Some people wonder (John Bulwer amongst the number) that I evince so much affection for my sister-in-law, but they do not know the circumstances under which my brother died, nor the compact I have made with him since. For some time afterwards I heard nothing from him. And in touching on this subject, I must remark that it is a singular fact that the spirits of the dead seem occasionally to have the power of appearing immediately on their decease (as in the cases of my father and brother), but, generally speaking, not afterwards for some space of time; which period varies with different individuals, and is apparently determined by the state of mind in which they quit this sphere.

"Be that as it may, my brother did not come again to me till a twelvemonth had elapsed from the period of his death. Then he once more manifested himself, and has

communicated with me at intervals ever since.

"Agatha and her boy were by that time established in Castle Valence. When I found that she took an immense interest in all that I said and did, I confided to her the secret of my studies, and found, to my pleasure and amazement, that she not only sympathized with and believed in them, but had herself prosecuted their research in Malta.

"I immediately told her the whole history of my experience, and we resolved to pursue our studies together; since which period, although the influence never leaves me (*I wish it would*), I have seldom sat alone. Agatha is not so powerful a medium as myself; she has never been entranced nor influenced to write, speak or play through spiritual agency, but she takes an extraordinary interest in everything concerning spiritualism, and is always at my beck and call. Together we have plodded through all the old black-letter books that I have been able to procure on the practice of witchcraft and necromancy, and compared them with the more modern writings of Kardec and others, making notes as he went, so that I have folios of proof ready with which to confront those who would confound the science I pursue with the diabolical acts prevalent in the dark ages. But I have not space to-day to notice the nature of the communications I have received, nor the influence they have had on my inner life.

"From the first Agatha took a great interest in the spirit '*Isola*;' and '*Isola*;' rather to my chagrin, seemed almost to desert me for my sister-in-law. I tried not to be jealous, but I confess it cost me a few pangs. To find that a friend whom you have considered all your own takes a greater interest in the conversation of your neighbor is never flattering; and no one knows, except such as have tried it, how real and substantial are the friendships to be formed with those in the spirit world.

"All the more so because there can be no deception. Soul speaks to soul without the intervention of matter; it is impossible undetected to smile with your lips while you curse in your heart, and therefore all the protestations of affection which you receive, you may rest assured are true. I have always observed one thing about spirits; they have no hesitation in speaking

their mind, whatever it may be, and the fact lends a zest to their communications which is absent from the most confidential friendship that was ever born of earth.

* * * * *

"Agatha has alarmed me. She thinks that Everil is looking ill. Can it be the situation of this old castle that disagrees with her? The moat may make it damp; yet I have lived here all my life, and have felt no ill effects from it, and the house itself is in perfect order.

"Ill! It seems impossible she should be ill; such a bright, strong, energetic girl as she has always been. I questioned her on the subject, and she denied the feeling. She has everything that she requires, she said; and there is nothing that I can either do or get for her.

"But Agatha thinks you are looking quite poorly," I urged.

"Agatha knows nothing about it."

"You have no pain—have you?"

"At this she actually smiled.

"None whatever! Never had any in my life. Don't know what it is! I wish, Valence, you could put such fancies out of your head."

"But if you look so pale, it is natural I should get fanciful."

"Do you really care?" she commenced; and I was about to assure her that I did, when she interrupted me again.

"Look here then, Valence, I will tell you the truth. I am missing my old friends, Alice Mildmay and Miss Strong—I should greatly like to see Miss Strong again."

"Do you wish her to live here?"

"If you have no objection—yes!"

"I sighed inwardly. Here was another barrier to be raised between mutual confidence. As it was, I felt that my wife was drawing further and further away from me each day—I should never be able to overleap Miss Strong. But I did not let her guess my discomfiture.

"As you will, Everil. You had better write to her on the subject. And ask Miss Mildmay if she will stay with us at the same time."

"She thanked me quietly, and I thought she was pleased; but when I repeated our conversation to Agatha, she laughed at my simplicity.

"Fancy prescribing old Strong and that simpleton Alice Mildmay as a remedy for the blues. You are a queer fellow, Valence."

"But what am I to do then? It was Everil's own suggestion. She said she was missing her old friends."

"Ah! I dare say she is; but she had other old friends besides those two chattering women. Now I'll tell you the truth, Valence. She is fretting after the gayety she has left behind her. Norman House was always full of visitors—lots of young men coming and going—always some fun or flirting on the tapis. You have cut her off from all this, remember."

"But she is a married woman now."

"I do not know when I have seen my sister-in-law laugh more heartily than she did at this remark.

"And do you suppose being married changes a woman's ideas, feelings and fancies. O you goose! Everil is moping, you may take my word for it, and what she wants is more company. This is a very dull place, you must admit, Valence."

"You have never seemed to find it so," I answered, with a sigh.

"Ah! but I am so different," said Agatha, and she drew near me with one of those caressing gestures which make all she does appear so soft and womanly. "How could I take any interest in a parcel of strangers, whilst I have my dear Arthur's memory to cherish, and his child to look after and to love? You must make allowance for the difference in our circumstances, dear Valence."

"My brother won a jewel in you, Agatha, and you will find some day that I have not been unmindful of your kindness and attention to myself. But about this company. How am I to set about filling the castle?"

"O, I should not think it would be difficult. Could not Mr. Bulwer be persuaded to come here for a fortnight? And then—let me see—Lady Russell wrote me word yesterday, that her brother, Maurice Staunton, is staying with his cousins the O'Connors, at Ballybroogan. He's a very pleasant fellow!"

"Staunton! is not that the young man I met at Norman House?"

"The same."

"Will he care to come? I thought he had rather a *penchant* for Everil, himself."

"O my dear Valence, what an absurd idea!" cried Agatha, laughing and blushing. "I dare say they had a sly little flirtation together; but if he was much at Norman

House, it was not all for Everil, I can tell you that.'

"I looked at her quickly—there was a look in her eyes I had never seen before, and a light seemed to break on me.

"'Agatha! is it possible?'

"'Nothing is impossible, you stupid fellow,' she said, clapping her hand over my mouth; 'but ask Maurice Staunton by all means. He's a great favorite of mine, and his sister, Lady Russell, you know, is one of my oldest friends.'

"And so she went smiling away.

"I wonder if she really does like Staun-

ton, and if it was for her sake he hung about Norman House! I should not be in the least surprised; Agatha is a charming woman, very pretty, and only twenty-six. Nothing could be more natural than that she should marry again.

"Well I must look up this Staunton, and ask him over; and if his company makes Everil look a little brighter, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble, even though he does return my kindness by taking away my sister-in-law."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEUS OMNIPOTENS.

BY ALBERT ROLAND HAVEN.

O God, thou art good, thou art wise!
Inscrutable are thy ways;
From thy home in the nebulous skies
Shedding light, shedding night on our eyes;
Shedding light for the gladness of days,
And night for the closing of eyes.
Thy gifts are beyond all price,
Wherefore we upraise great praise
To thee in thy home in the skies,
Sounding songs of worship and praise
To thee, O our God, most wise!

Great goodness to man thou hast shown;
Of his gods thou art greatest of all;
Thou hast made his days bright with thy sun,
And his nights, lest he stumble and fall,
With starlight and light of the moon
Made bright; thou art greatest of all!
Thou bringest the roses of June,
And the earth's cold shroud and pall,
The budding of leaves and the fall;
Thou bendest the horn of the moon,
And buidest the storm's black wall;
O our God, thou art greatest of all!

Thou hast fed him with bread from thy hand,
O King over men and the gods!
Thou hast meted his fields with thy rods,
And brought forth fruit in the land;
Thou hast quickened the sun-dried sods
With the gladness of rain, and from sand
Thou hast brought forth the vine, and made
bland

His lips with sweet wine, till he nods
And laughs in his fullness of heart.
To thy children most gracious thou art;

New York, 1874.

Thou rulest them with love for a wand,
O King over men and the gods!

How shall we praise thee enough,
O our King, whose throne is our hearts?
For thy mercy and infinite love,
O how shall we praise thee enough?
Through the earth to its uttermost parts,
From the fields and the populous marts,
Thy name is wafted above,
From the smoking altars of us.
It is God, and Bramah, and Zeus;
It changes with men and their arts,
And moves as the cycles move.
But still, whether temple or grove
For thy worship thy children use,
Thou art king. Since the world was let loose
From thy hand on its mission of love,
Over Time, over Death and his darts,
Thou wert king, and thy throne is our hearts.

How shall we praise thee, O God?
With prayers and with psalteries?
With wailing and weeping of eyes?
With bending of suppliant knees,
And with faces bowed down to the sod?
Not with faces bowed down to the sod,
Not with prayers, not with psalteries,
Not with wailing and weeping of eyes,
Nor yet with the bending of knees
Do we praise thee, O Lord our God.
But with smiles, with the laughter of eyes
And with breaking and sowing the sod,
And with labor of toiling knees,
With good deeds for psalteries,
With songs of children and wives,
With the grace of faultless lives
We praise thee, O Lord our God!

ASHORE IN HAVANA:

—OR,—

A TASTE OF SPANISH LAW.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

TWENTY years ago, when I was a sailor before the mast, I did not fear man, beast or devil. I do not mean by this that I possessed extraordinary courage, and that nothing could have startled me; but I mean that I was bold to speak out my thoughts, and that I would say things and do things without stopping to count consequences. One having such a nature is to be condoled with, for as fast as he is out of one scrape his tongue will get him into another. Some pretty severe experiences have developed my bump of caution, and made me more prudent.

One spring I had a comfortable berth in the *Nonpareil*, a handsome little schooner engaged in the fruit trade between New York and Havana. The pay was good, trips short, and there was but little work for the crew. While lying in Havana the sailors were allowed to wander at will, and there was not a nook in the old town which we did not explore. Americans always have been and always will be cordially hated by the Spanish in Cuba, and as we prowled around the town we made no friends, except with the shopkeepers, who wanted our dollars.

One afternoon, not far from the quay, as three or four of us were returning to the ship, singing songs and feeling in jolly humor, I happened to jostle a Spaniard off the narrow walk. It was purely accidental; I was looking another way at the time, and did not even see him until the collision came. The fellow uttered an oath and whipped out his knife, and before any of us really understood what he meant, he made a cut at me, inflicting a slight wound in my left shoulder. Before he could deliver another blow he was knocked down, his knife wrenched away, and he got pretty badly used, though no worse than he deserved. The crowd which gathered sought to arrest us, but we fought our way through to the schooner and escaped them. I expected they would come on board and ar-

rest us by civil process, but the matter blew over for some cause, probably because the Spaniard did not make a complaint and ask a warrant, preferring to seek personal revenge.

"It won't be healthy for you lads to go ashore again!" said Captain Rocket that evening. "That fellow will stick a knife into you the first opportunity, and the police will seize the slightest pretext to arrest and jail you."

"Suppose they do?" I inquired.

"We won't suppose any such thing," he replied; "if you've got common sense you'll take my advice. If you get into Havana jail there's no knowing when you would get out."

We all felt a little piqued at the captain's idea that we couldn't take care of ourselves, and we made it up between us to go on shore that very night and rub our elbows against the police.

"I'd like to see 'em lugging us off to jail without a fair square trial!" said Capstan.

"It will be a sad hour when they try it on!" added Gunwale.

So it was agreed that we three should make believe that we had turned in for the night, and then when the old man had become quiet we would steal ashore and have a lark. He was out of the way before ten o'clock, and shortly after that hour we left the ship and started up town, armed with our knives, plenty of money in our pockets, and just aching for a muss.

The streets were full of people, the shops all open, and we went about with free step. Some of the native Cubans were polite and courteous, but the Spaniards greeted us with scowls and muttered curses, and it was evident that if we happened to run across four or five of the sulky fellows in a body there would be a fuss. We drank here and there at the cafes, sang songs for the amusement of the crowds therein congregated, and at

length became quite noisy. It was a wonder that the police did not at least admonish us to be quiet; but though we constantly encountered them, they had neither word nor gesture.

About eleven o'clock we entered a large cafe in which about twenty men sat smoking and drinking. Most of them were Spaniards, and they showed their contempt for us by refusing to note our entrance. We sat down at a table and called for wine, and as we sat sipping it and listening to the pleasing music of a harp which was being played at the rear end of the cafe, a girl about fifteen years old entered the door with a basket of cigars.

We purchased a handful, and perhaps it was for this reason that not another man in the cafe would purchase. The girl passed from one to the other, but some shook their heads, and others growled out that they did not wish for her goods. She happened to pass her basket a second time to one of the fellows, and with a muttered curse he snatched it from her hand and tossed it across the room, the cigars flying in every direction.

"A man who will do that is a lowbred dog!" shouted Capstan, leaping to his feet.

"And I'm the party who can double-reef his mainsail;" added Gunwale.

Every man was on his feet in a moment, and the Spaniard who had kicked the basket came over to Capstan, and said in broken English:

"Is it any of your business? Perhaps you wish to take the beggar's part?"

"Perhaps I do!" shouted Capstan. And he drew back and struck the fellow a tremendous blow between the eyes, knocking him clear over one of the tables.

Next moment they were striking at us with fists, chairs and knives. We tacked ship a little, so as to get our backs to the walls, and then, each armed with a stool, we gave them as good as they sent, and perhaps a little better.

"Put your knives into the Yankee devils!" shouted those behind to those in front; but they couldn't get near enough. It would have done an Irishman's heart good to have seen the way we cracked Spanish heads for about five minutes, or until the police came. Now, it was our plain duty to surrender to the three police officials who came in, and we had done so

when the conduct of one of them brought on a new fracas. We had put our shattered stools down in obedience to orders, when one of the officers hauled off and gave Gunwale a heavy blow on the neck. There was no provocation, and the act fired us again.

"Clean out the cafe!" roared Capstan. And we went to work to do it, and did do it, not even leaving the bar-tender behind.

You can imagine that there was a good deal of excitement and a great crowd. The fight had only ended when a captain marched a dozen soldiers into the room, and we were ordered to surrender. As soon as they made us prisoners they put on the handcuffs, though we were ready to go peaceably, and on the way to prison the crowd were allowed to pelt us with stones and exercise on us with their boots.

We were pretty badly used up when we reached the prison, and were glad enough to get behind the bars and escape the crowd. Instead of being placed in the corridor with other prisoners who had committed some breach of the peace, and were waiting for trial in the morning, we were each assigned a cell, and then a soldier was set to pace up and down in front of the barred and bolted doors. All three of us were rather boozey, and in a short time after being locked up we dropped off to sleep.

Next morning, when the other prisoners were marched out, we wondered that we did not go with them; and when the sentinel was appealed to, he merely shook his head, and went on pacing up and down.

"I don't know, boys, but what we have got into a bad scrape!" yelled Capstan; "but when they take us out we must stick up for our rights, and not take a bluff even from the judge. It looks as if they were going to make some serious charge against us."

We felt a little blue in spite of all our efforts, and I for one wished that we had given heed to the captain's warning. I was aware that we had hurt some of the men in the cafe quite severely, and there was no telling what sort of a charge they would bring. However, we were to know before night. About two o'clock in the afternoon we were taken out, shackled together and conducted into a crowded courtroom, and seated in the prisoners' box.

I saw two judges, five or six lawyers, a

big crowd, and everything looked as if the trial was going to be one of unusual importance. In a little time we were ordered to stand up, and the judges stated that we were charged with assault with intent to rob, and assault with intent to murder Blank, and Blank, and Blank, he reading a list of thirteen names! There were thus thirteen double charges against each one of us, and serious charges, too. An interpreter translated as the judge read, and when we were asked to plead we pleaded "not guilty."

"This is a devil of a row," said Capstan, as we consulted together; "what are we going to do?"

"Send for the captain and the American consul," replied Gunwale; and we decided to do so.

"Prisoners, have you counsel?" inquired the judge, after hearing our plea of "not guilty."

"We have none," I answered; "and we desire the presence of the American consul."

"He is not in the city," answered the dignitary; and I learned afterward that such was the case, the consul having gone to the other end of the island on a private excursion.

"Then send for Captain Rocket of the schooner *Nonpareil*," I continued.

"He sailed for New York this morning," was the answer.

I believed this to be a lie at the time, and I afterwards found it so. The schooner was yet at the quay, not half loaded, and Captain Rocket had in some way been given the impression that we had gone into the interior. As he did not intend to sail for three days yet, he felt no uneasiness or alarm, thinking we would return as soon as we had finished our lark.

"I shall assign you counsel," continued the judge, as we three conferred together; and a sleek-looking lawyer, who could speak pretty good English, came over to us. We had no money, having been robbed by the soldiers, and of course the lawyer had no interest in trying to clear us. In fact, he discouraged us at the outset, saying:

"It is a very serious affair; they must convict you."

The parties named in the complaint were the men who had fought us in the cafe, of course, and also included the fellow with whom we had the fuss in the afternoon

near the quay. They took the stand one after another, heads bound up or arms in slings, and they all swore to an infernal falsehood. They agreed that we entered the cafe, locked the door and demanded their purses; and that when they refused we drew our knives and rushed upon them.

Our lawyer refused to cross-examine a single witness, and when the captain went to handle one of them the judge ordered him to be silent. The trial lasted about three hours, and the result was conviction on each and every charge. But there were extenuating circumstances, we were surprised to hear the judge remark. We were strangers, unused to the laws of Cuba, and in sentencing us he would remember this. He then sentenced each one of us in turn to eighteen years imprisonment in the Island State Penitentiary; but during the first six months of the first year we were to go on to a chain gang with others, and work on one of the government highways!

"See here, you old Malay!" commenced Capstan, springing up; but the judge ordered him to sit down.

"Tar my buttons if I do!" replied the sailor, maintaining his feet. "I'm a free man, whether this is a free country or not, and I'm going to make a speech! We haven't had a fair trial, and we are not going to prison till we do have! We want the American consul, we want our captain, we want a lawyer, and we want witnesses! We can prove that those witnesses are liars, and that they have perjured themselves!"

"Sit down! Sit down!" called the judge.

"I'm cussed if I do!" replied Capstan, warming up to his work. "We are American citizens, and you'd better beware how you imprison us! You want to understand that we represent a country of twenty-four million people, with a government which will demand the amplest satisfaction for any injury to us! If there are charges against us, I demand that our trial be postponed until the return of the consul."

But it was Yankee eloquence thrown away. The judge ordered us removed, and we were returned to prison. Capstan felt quite sanguine that a postponement had been secured by his speech, but such was not the case. We had scarcely en-

tered the prison when we were ordered to exchange our clothing for the dress of convicts. We were all in the corridor together, and we stood out about it until a file of soldiers entered, and then we had to give in.

"Never mind," said Capstan, as we surveyed each other after donning the prison dress; "Captain Rocket will of course hear of this, and take steps to have us released."

It did seem as if he would do something, and we grew more hopeful, trusting that he would learn of the affair and commence his proceedings before we were taken out to serve on the chain-gang.

About dusk the jailor brought in some coarse food and a pitcher of water, and we were hardly through eating when the file of soldiers entered again. The three of us were handcuffed together, and in a few minutes we knew that they intended to start us off that night, for fear that some of our friends might discover our situation and take steps in our behalf. There was no use resisting, for we were helpless, and the soldiers looked as if they would care for no better fun than to prick us with their bayonets. I learned afterwards that not a line of the proceedings was published in the Havana papers, not even the circumstance of arrest being recorded.

As soon as getting outside the jail building, we were ordered into a cart drawn by two mules, two soldiers got in to guard us, and away we went for the country. The government was then constructing several roads into the interior, using convict labor altogether, and the contractor to whom we were assigned was engaged on a road about twelve miles from the city, on the seashore.

We arrived at our destination without incident, and after being received by the contractor, and our names and descriptions recorded, were sent to the convict camp. The camp was in a field near the road, and occupied about an acre of ground, there being a tent to every three men. The convicts were furnished rations, fuel and cooking utensils, and cooked their own food. The rations consisted of flour, rice, meat and beans, all more or less damaged, and most of the meat so bad that it had to be thrown away. We were the only foreigners among the prisoners, and they were much surprised to see us there. The

three of us were assigned to one tent, and as soon as entering camp had ball and chain attached to our right legs. The balls were so heavy that they had to be picked up when one wanted to move off, and the bands around our ankles were so roughly put on that they chafed and galled severely. A squad of eighteen soldiers were on duty around the camp, and such a thing as escape seemed out of the question.

Gunwale and myself were very despondent, but Capstan declared that the consul or Captain Rocket would put in an appearance inside of three days, and he dwelt with satisfaction on the idea of an apology from the governor-general in person.

Next morning we were taken out and put to work breaking stone, and when night came we were about as sore and lame as men could be. It would have been folly to refuse, as the contractor would have been justified in resorting to the severest punishment to enforce obedience, and he had power to carry out any design. We went out again next day, and the next, and in fact the expiration of the month found us at the same work. We had given up hopes of being restored to liberty by the consul or the captain, and had commenced to think of escape. Our conduct had been uniformly good; we had worked faithfully and well, and the contractor had noticed it, giving us each a word of praise. We saw that those who were industrious and respectful were best treated and allowed the most privileges, and had acted accordingly.

When we had been on the chain twenty-nine days we moved thirteen miles down the coast, near a small port called Callo, for the purpose of constructing a road across a piece of marshy ground, or rather straightening the old highway, and saving a long bend in the road. The roadbed was to be of gravel, and the gravel had to be got on the seashore, and wheeled or carted a distance of forty rods before being dumped. There were three carts drawn by mules, and ten or twelve wheelbarrows, and Capstan, Gunwale and myself were ordered to drive the carts, this being the lightest work, and given to us as a reward for our good behaviour.

We had been at work five days when Capstan broached a plan of escape. Every day quite a number of people had come up

from the town in sail or rowboats to see us work, and it had frequently happened that their boats were left unguarded as the people strolled along the beach. The plan was to make a dash for one of these boats, get her off, and take our chances of being shot or recaptured. Ours was a desperate case, and we agreed to the plan, but it was four days more before the opportunity came. A sail-craft containing ten persons and spreading a fine show of canvas came up on the afternoon of that day, and as soon as Capstan put his eyes on her, warned us that we must not let the opportunity pass.

The beach was quite bold where the party landed, and the boat was run close to the bank and her anchor thrown into the sand. There was a breeze off shore, and her sails were left up, booms swinging to and fro, and the cable hauled taut. The boat was not over thirty feet from where our carts were loaded, and when we saw her left to herself, our plan was fully matured. We had to work a full hour to break up the order in which the carts were being driven, so as to have all three arrive at the beach at once; and when we were on the point of accomplishing this, the people who had come up in the boat could be seen coming up the beach to go aboard.

Capstan's cart was loaded, mine loading, and Gunwale was just driving up, when we seized our iron balls, leaped down and made the rush. No one was prepared for such a move on our part. The laborers were between us and the nearest soldiers, and we had boarded the boat and shoved off before there was a yell of alarm.

Seizing the oars in the boat, we shoved off, and as her head began to swing round the soldiers opened fire. They were so near and so well-armed that we should assuredly have been shot down but for a singular circumstance. A baby, about a year old, belonging to one of the women, had been left on a thwart asleep, and Capstan picked it up and tossed it overboard. The convicts were shouting, the soldiers running, and the people coming up as fast as they could; and between one thing and another, we began to get out of range. A soldier threw down his musket to leap in and save the child, and before he had returned to the beach with it we were out of range. There was no other boat nearer than the town, and they could make no pursuit. We stood out to sea until dark, and then, running down off Havana, were fortunate enough to speak an English brig just starting for London, and were readily taken aboard.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHO ASK FOR SPECIMEN COPIES.

Under the new law of Congress we are required to prepay postage on **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** and **THE AMERICAN UNION**, when sent by mail. Such being the case, all who hereafter desire specimen copies of our publications will send in their letters, adding to the same a three-cent stamp; and no attention will be paid to letters which do not contain the same. We are willing to furnish the specimen copies, when people are sincere in ordering them, but will not pay the postage.

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1878, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

Address **THOMES & TALBOT**, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

THE THREE STATUES.—A LEGEND.

BY GEORGE R. SPRAGUE.

From out the castle casements myriad lights
 Gleamed golden; in a tuneful billow rose
 Music's melodious sea, while, merrily,
 Coy maids, staid matrons, courtiers old and young,
 Wooed Pleasure, witching goddess of the hour.
 With silver tinkle kissed each winecup's rim,
 As loudly down the high oak-raftered hall
 Resounded toasts to Sir Guy Vane, the host,
 And Marguerite, the bride he'd brought from France,
 A year before, to grace and glorify his life.
 It was her natal eve, which thus he kept,
 In goodly company of knights and dames.
 The crimson rose beneath its velvet folds
 Doth hide a thorn, and life is much the same;
 The wildest mirth conceals the deepest woe,
 And at each festal board sit hidden ghouls.
 The evil spirit of this joyous feast
 Was Chetwynd Hurle, the Squire of Hurleheath Grange;
 A man well dowered in broad lands, but poor
 In mind and stature, full of petty spites,
 Most brave, with words, but of such craven heart,
 That true men met his boasts with silent scorn.
 By some strange chance this misshaped churl had dared
 To love and woo the haughty Marguerite;
 But she had spurned his suit with cold disdain,
 And turned his guilty passion into hate
 So deep, that all his thoughts were vengeful plots,
 His only wish, desire to blast her life,
 And bow her proud head to the dust with woe.
 At last his plans were ripe for execution,
 And he had fixed this night to try the test;
 Rising, with vicious leer, he held on high
 His cup o'erflowing with a ruby draught,
 And, gloating on its sparkling depths, thus spake:
 "List ye, good gentlemen! I give the health
 Of him, who at this banquet doth preside
 With regal hospitality; may life
 To him prove long and fraught with lasting joy;
 And grant, propitious Fates, that his frail wife
 Shall leave her lover's arms, and seek his own,
 Repentant of her fall from chastity,
 And suing for forgiveness of her sin."
 He ceased and, turning, sought the door; there paused,
 And facing round towards the silent guests,
 Made still as statues by the very shock,
 Launched forth once more the dart of calumny:
 "What I have spoken will I prove, Sir Guy;
 And thine own eyes shall aid me in my task,
 With penetrating glance scan every face
 In this huge room, and peer amidst the nooks

And crannies of the walls, then truly say
If thou canst anywhere discern the loved
And most angelic features of thy spouse.
No? even so I recked, now look again
And tell me whether Hugh De Lisle, thy clerk,
Doth mingle with yon group of gay gallants,
Or, wrapped in melancholy, sit and sigh
In some dark corner for his absent love.
Not here? Both gone? And yet a short time since
I saw them jesting on this self-same spot.
Canst thou not catch my meaning, simple fool?
Or art thou such a coward, that thou fear'st
To risk thy life in keeping pure thy name?
If not, thy garden straightway seek with me,
For there they hold their tryst, amongst the flowers,
And prate of severed hearts and blasted hopes."

Uprising from his seat, with slow firm tread,
Sir Guy in silence followed Chetwynd's lead,
And swiftly sped they to their fragrant goal.
Amongst the bud-fringed paths they wildly dashed,
But could not find the object their search.
At length, grown weary of this bootless chase,
With angry menace, Sir Guy warned his guide,
That did he jest a sword would stop his mirth,
And Chetwynd, sneering, made him this reply:
"Behold, my lord, with thine own eyes, my proof,
Wreak now thy vengeance on these amorous doves."
And Chetwynd pointed down an aisle of trees,
Where, neath the silver moonlight, walked the twain,
Each one encircled by the other's arms.
Plucking his blade from out its jewelled sheath,
Sir Guy, with one quick stab, pierced Chetwynd's breast.
He sank upon the emerald sward and died.
Then snatching his red steel from out the corse,
And spurning with his foot the pulseless clay,
Like some hot whirlwind from the distant south,
He wildly dashed towards the guilty pair,
Who, so engrossed with dalliance, heard him not,
Until, with glaring eyes, and fiery breath,
He rushed upon them, white as death from rage,
And strove to strike them bleeding to the earth.
A sudden stillness fell; then came a change;
Amidst the trees the sad wind sobbed and sighed,
And thunderous peals rolled 'mongst the fleecy clouds;
Across the sky shot quivering shafts of flame,
Rain from the sullen heavens fell like tears.—

The morning dawned, and still Sir Guy came not,
Nor Marguerite, nor Hugh De Lisle, nor he
Whose meddling tongue this dire disturbance wrought,
At length, grown fearful, sundry knights went forth,
And seeking through the country, far and wide,
For many days, found neath a pall of leaves,
The form of Chetwynd clotted o'er with gore,
And not far distant, looming grandly up,
Three statues, like in form and feature to
The ones for whom they sought, and on each face
Wrought in the storm the marring lines of hate.

New York City, Sept., 1874.

APRIL WEATHER.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

WE always called her April, though her real name was May. She was the youngest of three daughters, and a generous warm-hearted girl. But, as a rule, she would always cry when she ought to laugh, and laugh when other people about her were disposed to cry, or at least, to look solemn. Her sisters, Ethel and Lou, were far prettier than April; they were accomplished and engaging, and all that, but notwithstanding this, April was the belle of the family.

Nobody could tell why. Ethel was a finished musician; Lou was a beautiful singer; April was neither, yet she won more attention in society than either of her sisters.

Their father, Mr. Edgerton, was a wealthy merchant of New York, and spent the greater portion of his time attending to his business, scarcely ever appearing in society. His wife, on the contrary, was socially inclined, and quite a leader in the circle in which she moved. Their residence in the city was very elegant, and they also possessed a pretty house in the country, where the family spent their summers, usually entertaining a number of guests, making the place both lively and attractive.

It was early in June, and they had been established for a week only in their country house. The domestic machinery of the domicile was beginning to run smoothly, and visitors were commencing to arrive, only ladies, as yet; but on this evening four gentlemen were expected who were to remain for three or four days. Ethel and Lou were busy preparing for the evening, for they were to have music and dancing on the wide porch.

"I," said Ethel, after inspecting half a dozen dresses of different hue and texture, "think I'll wear pink, with daisies and forget-me-nots. Please, April, close the door after you!" she added, as her sister dashed in, hat in hand. "I do wish, my dear, you could be less abrupt in manner. You keep my nerves dancing, until I'm all tired out when evening comes."

"Never mind your nerves, Ethel," in-

terrupted Lou, "but tell me what I shall wear to-night."

"Blue, of course," returned Ethel, "with pink roses. April dear, sit down a moment, and let us consider what is best for you. Now I think—"

"Mustard-green, with sunflowers," April chimed in, tying on her hat before the mirror.

Ethel held up her pretty hands with a gesture of dismay.

"Or, on second thought," continued April, disappearing in the closet, her voice half smothered in dress skirts and other clothing, "I believe I'll try the effect of corn-color and 'daffy-down-dillies.' That would certainly appear original, and I do not doubt would attract more attention than your pink with daisies, and Lou's blue with roses. A pleasing contrast, too, girls; we'd make excellent foils—"

"Where in the world are you going?" asked Lou, as April emerged from the closet, satchel in hand.

"To cry."

And by way of emphasis, she took from her drawer four clean pocket-handkerchiefs, and began to sprinkle them with violet perfume.

"O April, you are enough to try the temper of a saint!" exclaimed Ethel. "Here it is three o'clock, and the gentlemen expected at five. How will you look, you dreadful girl, with your eyelids swollen, your nose red, and your complexion the color of—I don't know what?"

"How can I help it, girls? I haven't cried for a week. I've been as hard-hearted as either of you ever since we came out in the country. If you do succeed in keeping me from it now, I shall burst right out before the company this evening; so you had better let me take my own time for it."

She took out a piece of embroidery and a tiny gold thimble from her workbox, and placed them in the satchel.

"You're going to sew while you cry, I suppose," said Lou, "and so lose no time with your grief."

"Certainly, if I feel like it. I may just

as well take a few stitches while the people gather, like the old lady at her husband's funeral." And taking up a volume of poems, she threw that in the satchel also.

"For pity's sake, April," cried Ethel, "don't take my Enoch Arden, if you're going to cry over it. I've scarcely a blue and gold volume left that isn't blotted with your tears. Couldn't you get an old book and have it to use whenever you feel a lachrymose fit coming on?"

"Now, girls, you may abuse me as much as you like," returned April, quietly. "It only makes me feel all the more like having an awful cry. Not merely an April dash, but a regular storm."

"Commence as soon as you can, my dear," said Ethel, resignedly. "I suppose we must make up our minds to always have April weather, no matter what the season may be."

She turned to arrange the flowers upon her dress; and April, satchel in hand, set out for the fields. Only a short distance from the house was a small stream which seemed, in its windings, almost as capricious as April herself. Now it flowed smoothly on, then it suddenly got up the most wonderful commotion possible, over a bed of rocks. Then it indulged in a sudden waterfall, and a little further on spread out in a broad still sheet of water, a miniature lake. This little lake was nearly surrounded with rocks and trees of various sizes, and was quite a retreat for visitors at the house on summer afternoons.

This afternoon, however, April found it deserted, as the ladies were all engaged in preparing for the evening. So she sat down upon a rock which was partially covered with moss, and bordered by ferns. Here she sat down, and began to think over her grievances. Very soon, without help of book or embroidery, her tears began to flow. One handkerchief drenched, and she took up another. She was just about to commence upon the third, when she heard a noise like a brittle stick or twig breaking under a person's foot.

It did not startle her, for she fancied it was either a dog, or perhaps one of her sisters who had followed her. But her cry was evidently at its close. The spell was broken, the fount dry. She cast a lugubrious glance toward the opposite margin of the lake, and there, mirrored in the

clear water, she saw the face of a man. April, notwithstanding her variable moods, was not easily frightened. She knew at once it could not be the face of a neighbor, for it had the unmistakable air of a gentleman who was accustomed to the ways of the city. It was a rather handsome face too; clear eyes, good forehead, rather long nose, and a blonde mustache, curled up at the ends as though the mouth it hid were smiling.

It was not a face to frighten any one. As to the form, it was hidden behind the bushes, as though its owner preferred to remain unseen. In a moment April had taken in and comprehended the whole situation. It was one of the gentlemen they were expecting from the city; and, as she was acquainted with three of them, this was, without doubt, the fourth, Bent Barclay, one of Ethel's friends.

Without stopping to think that in all probability the man had accidentally happened to come to the place, April grew angry in a moment.

"Such impudence!" she mentally exclaimed. "I wonder if he never saw any one cry before? It is a pity for me to stop until he's had a good view. I'll make an awful face, at any rate, and make him believe I'm crying, even if I can't bring another tear."

It was of no avail, however. She felt more like laughing than crying; and, giving up at the second trial, she dipped the pocket-handkerchief in hand in the water, and bathed her face, fanning herself with her hat as coolly as though she was not aware of the mischievous eyes bent upon her.

"After all," she said, to herself, "I suppose I did present a comical spectacle, with my two handkerchiefs spread out upon the rock to dry, and I still crying for dear life. I've just one mind to be angry, and two to forgive him."

While she was considering the matter, she was startled by a sudden exclamation upon the part of the gentleman; and turning suddenly, she saw that the twig he had been holding for support, as he leaned forward, had suddenly given way, and he was precipitated into the water. He did not lose his footing, however, but stood upright, with the water about to his knees, the most comical look imaginable upon his face.

April laughed until she came very near falling into the lake herself.

"It serves you right," she said, between her peals of laughter. "You should never act as a spy, unless you expect to be punished."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Edgerton," he replied, laughing in turn. "My name is Barclay, and I am a guest at your father's house. I assure you I did not mean to be rude. I followed the stream until I saw you, and then paused a moment, I acknowledge."

"I know it," she answered, coolly, "for I saw you."

At this moment his Panama hat, which dropped from his head when he fell from the bank, floated near the rock where April stood, and she picked it up quietly.

"Are you going to remain in the water the rest of the day?" asked April, roguishly. "If you'll wade up here, I'll fish you out as I did your hat."

"Thank you. I believe I'll accept your kind offer." And wading coolly up to where she stood, he put out his hand toward her.

She blushed, but gave him her hand, and he sprang quickly upon the rock.

"I think," she said, "we had better both go home." And she glanced at the water dripping from his clothing over his boots.

"I think we had," looking into her face, which was still flushed with her recent tears, and the handkerchiefs spread out upon the rock.

April gathered them up without a word, and put them in her satchel.

"I assure you," said he, "I deeply sympathize with the grief, whatever it may have been, which caused your tears to flow so freely."

"I know it," she answered. "I saw your tears falling like spring rain, while you stood poised upon one foot and peering through the shrub-oaks at me; and I am very grateful to you for the sympathy you betrayed. Still, I assure you it was entirely unnecessary. I never mope around, but when I have a certain number of trials, I go off and have a hearty cry, and then dismiss them altogether. Sometimes I cry five minutes, and sometimes nearly an hour. It don't harm me, but is a kind of relief, like taking a drink of water when I feel thirsty."

In the meantime, Ethel and Lou, surrounded by their guests, were holding an animated conversation out on the porch. Ethel took out her watch, and seeing that it was almost dinner-time, groaned inwardly at April's prolonged absence. Just then she looked up and saw April walking leisurely toward the house, and Bent Barclay carrying her satchel. One glance at her sister's face convinced her that April had been having her awful cry, without doubt. She did not speak of it, however, but informed April that she had only ten minutes to dress for dinner.

"Dress is of but little consequence to a heroine," returned April. "You ought to congratulate yourself, my dear, on having such a brave sister. This gentleman," pointing to Bent, "accidentally fell into the lake, and I plunged in and rescued him."

"Without soiling the hem of your garment?" said Ethel, dubiously.

"Certainly. That is the heroic part of the performance."

She went up to her room, and the gentlemen crowded around Bent to learn the particulars of his accident. When dinner was announced, April failed to make her appearance. Bent had hastily made the necessary change in his clothing; and when they were all seated at the table, Mrs. Edgerton sent a servant up stairs to inform April that they were waiting. The messenger soon appeared.

"Is Miss April coming?" asked Mrs. Edgerton, rather sternly.

"Hardly, mem," said the girl, hesitatingly. "I found her fast asleep mem, and I wouldn't waken her."

Mrs. Edgerton frowned, Ethel's face was dyed with blushes, and Lou said:

"It is of no use, mamma, to try to make anything but a child out of April."

Mrs. Edgerton changed the subject, and the dinner progressed without further delay. When it was finished, the ladies retired to their rooms, and the gentlemen went out upon the porch for a smoke.

April was still fast asleep when her sisters came up stairs. Before they were dressed for the evening, however, she woke, and after running down to the pantry to appease her hunger, she hastily arranged her hair, and donning a dress of puffed white tulle dotted with knots of white ribbon, she put on, by way of ornament the

best of what her two sisters had left, discussing her looks and their actions as she did so.

"My cheeks are blazing to-night, it's lucky I put on all white. Where in the world is my pearl bracelet? Lou took it, of course. I'll wear her chain and Ethel's ruby cross if I can find them. Yes. Here they are! Now that's very well, only I ought to have some flowers in my hair. Those girls might have helped me dress. They haven't left me a solitary flower fit to wear. I wonder if Lou isn't slightly smitten with Bent Barclay? She looked as though she could bite my head off when I came home with him, before dinner. I must try and get out in the garden, and find a few flowers for my dress and hair. I do hope the guests are in the parlor, where they belong."

She peeped over the banisters; no one was in the hall. Some of the ladies were slogging in the parlor, so she started softly down the staircase. She had taken but a step or two, when Mr. Barclay appeared, and came up the stairs. April stepped back.

"Good-evening," he said. "Have you had a good sleep, and are you ready to go down?"

"I am ready all but a few flowers. I could not find one fit to wear, and I forgot to bring them from the garden before it was dark."

"And you want me to gather you some?" he asked, with a smile, thinking how pretty and inviting her lips were.

"Yes," hesitatingly. "At least I had not thought of it; but if you would be so kind, I'd thank you very much."

"What color shall I bring?"

"White or red, but no others."

"If you will wait for me here, I'll bring them in a moment."

He soon returned, and April took the flowers from his hands.

"Coral-flower," she said; "very pretty. Rosebuds, pure white. The very thing I wanted. Thank you very much, Mr. Barclay;" and she ran into her room to arrange them.

When she appeared again, he was still waiting in the hall. She tripped down the staircase; he followed, and they entered the parlor together. Lou soon captured him to sing with her. Both had fine voices, and they sang two or three songs with good effect. In looking over the music Mr.

Barclay came to a song which he greatly admired.

"Sing this, please, Miss Edgerton," he said.

"I cannot," she replied. "It is one of April's songs."

"I did not know your sister sang."

"I only sing for myself," April replied.

"I never sing before company."

She answered in a manner which plainly showed she did not wish to sing, and Mr. Barclay forbore to urge her. But Mrs. Edgerton, who was always rather stern with April, and especially displeased with her conduct in the afternoon, said:

"April, that is all nonsense. You are old enough to sing in company, and you have a good voice, though of course it is not so fine as your sister's. It is my desire that you sing that song."

"Now, mamma?" asked April, her eyes growing larger and larger, and her hands beginning to tremble.

"Now!" repeated Mrs. Edgerton, sternly.

If April had been told that she was to be burned at the stake she could not have looked more terrified. She sat down at the piano, and glanced up to where Mr. Barclay stood, with the music in his hand.

"I cannot sing it," she said to him, almost in a whisper, and choking down a half-sob.

His eyes were flashing ominously; but they changed in an instant when she spoke to him.

"I'll help you," he answered, reassuringly, in the same low tone.

"But I cannot, for I have no voice to-night." And she looked so pretty and so frightened, that Bent, who had been wavering ever since he saw her, now lost his heart altogether.

"Then you shall not." Softly, to her.

"Mrs. Edgerton," he said, in a louder tone.

"I have made a mistake. 'This is a horrible song, and I really believe it would make my head ache to hear it.'"

Mrs. Edgerton laughed in spite of her efforts to look grave, and the company felt relieved.

"Under the circumstances," she replied, "I think we must excuse April from singing the song."

April gave Bent one look of thanks, and then rushed from the piano in unlady-like haste.

From that night, Bent was all devotion

to April. He did not seek to disguise the fact, but was her champion in all her battles, and they were not a few. One day when he came in the parlor, and found her alone at the piano, he said:

"April, I want very much to hear you sing that song."

"O no!" perversely.

"O yes!" coaxingly. "Come, it's April weather I like, not March winds always. And then I'll help you."

Thus adjured, April sang the song. And when she had finished (for there was no one near), Bent took her face in his hands and kissed it, and told her the old story his father had told his own mother before him; but it was new to April, and she thought it the very sweetest story she had ever heard.

Mrs. Edgerton smiled benignly upon Bent when he informed her of the result

of this little interview. Ethel was pleased, and Lou indifferent, to all outward appearance.

"You two will lead a sad life of it," she proclaimed, warningly.

"But he is fond of April weather," said Ethel, smiling.

"Nonsense!" returned Lou; "we have had nothing but May sunshine ever since he came."

The tears came into April's eyes, and she rose hastily and ran out of the room. Bent followed, in time to kiss away her tears before they fell.

"No matter, my darling," he said. "March, April or May weather, you are the dearest little girl in the world to me; and I wouldn't have you changed from the impulsive, warm-hearted little April you are, for anything the world could give me."

A VERY EXCEPTIONAL DEBUT. — Lablache's debut was marked by an adventure that might have ended fatally, and, indeed, his salvation so impressed the greatest of basso singers as being absolutely supernatural that he made public offerings to a shrine of a popular Madonna, which are still shown in Naples. His first appearance on any stage occurred just after the Congress of Leybach, and the King of Naples had but then returned to his dominions after an absence of some years. Magnificent fetes were organized in his honor, and a pageant was arranged at the St. Carlo Theatre, in which young Lablache was to appear as Jupiter, a part for which he was well fitted, both on account of his fine presence, and rich and powerful basso voice. He was to descend from Olympus on a bank of clouds supporting the throne on which he was seated, holding an ivory sceptre in his hand, and wearing a golden diadem in his splendid flowing black hair. Thunder announced his coming, and flashes of lightning preceded him. But suddenly a frightful screaming was heard. The king rose in horror, the queen fainted, ladies cried out in terror, and men rushed to the stage to avert, if possible, the appalling accident that menaced the new singer. The clouds had not descended ten feet ere the machinery gave way, and Jupiter fell through. Fortunately, however, a strong iron wire, or rope, caught in his cloak, and his weight made it uncoil, so that it let him

down by degrees uninjured to the ground. But the most awful spectacle greeted him all the while he was descending. One of the workmen had also fallen through when the accident took place, and he fell on a strong iron spike that supported the scenery, piercing him straight through the body. Now it so happened that the wire which saved Lablache somehow got entangled in the feet of this poor wretch, so that every movement made by Lablache told on the unhappy creature on the spike, and he was driven down right under him, howling and screaming in the most appalling manner, whilst his blood spurted all over the great basso. When the two did reach land Lablache's hair was perfectly white, and the workman dead. They had taken between ten and fifteen minutes to get down, the audience, meanwhile, looking on in terror easier imagined than described. The King of Naples, imitating Sixtus V. on a similar occasion, had the courage, at a very early period of the adventure, to cry out, "If I hear any one scream or shout again I'll mark that person, and have him shot." This order silenced the people, and, of course, prevented the singer from losing his presence of mind. Once safe, Lablache knelt down and prayed—an act greatly admired by the audience, which presently rose and left the theatre. Lablache's hair remained white, and the contrast between his youthful face and venerable looking hair was as charming as it was singular.



MADemoiselle SYLPHINA:

— OR, —

THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER VII.

DELY's first appearance as the "Infant Phenomenon" was a great success.

To be sure, she only danced, and it might reasonably be expected that a "phenomenon" should accomplish remarkable feats; but the audience was charmed by her wonderful grace and beauty. A dress was made for her, with great care, under the supervision of Miss Junkins. It was of white gauze, silver-spangled, and wings, that looked like frosted silver, were fastened to her shoulders. She wore a frosted silver crown on her head, and held a silver wand in her hand.

Dely was fairly bewildered herself by the transformation that the dress effected. She was sure that there was no danger in her appearing in public; nobody, not even that dreadful man who was her evil genius, would see any resemblance between "Mademoiselle Sylphina" and the little Still River pauper, Dely Robinson.

After that one appearance Signor Donaldi declared that she was likely to create a great furore, but, as the public would very

soon tire of her two dances, she must not be allowed to appear again until she had practised a great deal, and learned many things besides dancing. So all of the week that they spent at Sheldon, she had to practise gymnastic feats, and horseback riding, and very difficult dances with Miss Junkins.

She found it very hard work, and it made her very lame and tired. It was not by any means so delightfully easy to be a circus performer as she had thought. But her courage and enthusiasm did not flag; she was so happy in her freedom from Mrs. Robinson's cruelty and tyranny, and in the kindness to which she had been so unaccustomed—for they were all very kind to her, even Miss McFadden only said sharp things to her when Miss Junkins was by—and she so much wished to be a credit to Mr. Lamm, who was evidently very proud of her.

Only one thing occurred while they were at Sheldon to excite her fears. She heard the landlord of the hotel telling Mr. Penant that a man from Ornesville had been

there, who said that there was a rumor in Still River that the circus troupe had carried away a little girl belonging at the poorhouse!

"There seemed to be no reason for the story except that she disappeared on the night that you left the town," said the landlord. "I told the man that it was perfect nonsense; that you could find enough children for your business without kidnapping them, and that I knew you had no child with you here except Mademoiselle Sylphina, who was evidently an old hand at the business."

Dely listened in fear and trembling. She was surprised to hear how coolly Mr. Pennant replied:

"Profitable business that would be, kidnapping little paupers! I wonder that they don't arrest me."

"O, I don't suppose they really suspect you of it. It is a dull place, and anything does for a sensation," replied the landlord.

Dely ran at once to Mr. Lamm to obtain a renewed promise that she should never be given up.

"Gif you up, mein shild? Vy, you are worth your veight in gold! Not for a thousand dollar would Mr. Pennant gif you up!" he answered, tossing her up in his big arms as if she were a kitten.

They were to leave Sheldon on the next day. Dely was helping Miss Junkins and the Fat Lady pack their trunks, when she was told that somebody wished to see her in the parlor. Her first thought was that it must be that her enemies had found her, and she ran to Mr. Lamm for protection.

"O my tear, you need not to haf fear!" he said. "It is only vun poor little boy. He is veary and foatsore. I tink he haf walk far. I haf offer him something to eat, but he vill haf nothing till he see you."

Dely was flying towards the parlor before he had done speaking, crying "Johnny! Johnny!"

She had been sure in an instant that it was Johnny, though how he could have got there was a mystery.

Johnny indeed it was, and the most travel-stained and forlorn-looking boy that ever was seen! Dely threw her arms around his neck, and hugged him until he was nearly breathless, and they both cried for very joy.

When they had grown a little more tranquil, Johnny told how he had suspected

from the first that Dely had gone with the circus troupe, though the man, who had come back to the poorhouse with his head badly hurt, did not know who had assaulted him and rescued Dely from him; how he had suffered from anxiety to know whether she were safe; how, at last, it had grown unendurable, and he had run away and come to Sheldon, partly on foot and partly by the stage, the driver having been so kind as to let him ride without pay. The strange man, he said, was still at the poorhouse, and his head was not yet well. He had heard him talking with the Robinsons a great deal about Dely, and declaring that he would yet find her, but that they mustn't make too much fuss about it, to draw the attention of people to her.

"I am glad you ran away, Dely," Johnny said, "for I think he came there from New York, on purpose to get you; and I don't like his looks at all."

"What can he want me for, Johnny?" cried Dely, in great agitation. "I am sure I never did him any harm!"

"It's no matter now, Dely; he can't get you, now you have so many good friends—if you are only careful not to go out alone. I shouldn't have told you about him except to make you careful."

"And you, Johnny—you'll stay and take care of me, too, wont you? I can't do without you! And you will be so much happier here! I know Mr. Pennant will give you a place in the company, you are so much smarter than any of them!"

But Johnny shook his head decidedly. Evidently the circus was not so charming to him as it was to Dely.

"It is better for me to go back, Dely. I shall be happy, now that I know you are safe. I could never do the things that these fellers do, but Squire Johnson will give me a place in his factory by next year if I'm smart; he said so. I can bear living there a year longer, Dely. Then I can earn a lot of money, enough for you and me, too, and by-and-by we can have a home of our own together!"

"O Johnny, will you? That will be better even than the circus!" said Dely, simply.

Johnny stayed all night, and was treated with the greatest honor, as Mademoiselle Sylphina's friend, by all the company, and in the morning Mr. Lamm paid his fare in

the stage to Ornesville. Dely was troubled about the reception he would meet with from Mrs. Robinson, but Johnny told her that she treated him better than she ever had before, because there was a great deal of talk in the village about her having ill-used Dely so that she ran away.

In an hour after the stage left, carrying poor Johnny—almost heart-broken, but trying to keep a cheerful brave face for Dely's sake—the troupe were to leave Sheldon.

Dely was not sorry to go, for every mile that lay between her and that man who she knew now meant to pursue her still, would make her feel safer.

The travelling-carriages were at the door, and the Fat Lady was being assisted into one by her devoted admirer. All the other ladies were waiting. Dely always came last, and was put in wherever there was room for her, for Mademoiselle Titania, the "Marvellous Dwarf," who put on airs and was very ill-natured, always insisted upon having a whole seat to herself. While she was waiting for her turn to come, Dely wandered around to the back of the largest carriage, to look at its gay pictures. Suddenly she saw on the opposite side of the street a face that was familiar to her; it was Jake, Mrs. Robinson's nephew, who worked at the poorfarm!

For a moment Dely felt as if paralyzed with fear. Before she recovered herself sufficiently to run or cry out, Jake caught her, put his hand over her mouth to stifle her cries, and ran down a side street with her, unobserved by any of the troupe!

Down one side street, and then another, where nobody was passing, and at the foot of which stood his wagon—the old poorfarm wagon that Dely knew so well!

He thrust Dely into it, mounted the seat, and started his horse off at a galloping pace!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE travelling-carriages of the circus troupe were delayed for a long time, owing to the difficulty in getting Mademoiselle Titania settled to her mind, she trying each carriage, and all the seats in each carriage, before she became satisfied.

But at last they were ready to start. Nobody thought of Dely. They had gone nearly a mile, when suddenly the Fat Lady

inquired what had become of Mademoiselle Sylphina.

"Is it possible that I could for a moment forget my beauchus child?" cried Miss Junkins. "Mr. Lamm must have taken her with him in the front carriage. How could he thus cruelly separate us?"

"We had better call to him and find out," said the Fat Lady. "She may have been left behind."

"Impossible that so thoughtless, so heartless a thing should have been done!" said Miss Junkins.

"John," said the Fat Lady to the driver, "will you get out at once and find out whether or no Mademoiselle Sylphina is with Mr. Lamm?"

Mr. Lamm answered that Mademoiselle Sylphina was not with him, and he at once got out and came to the side of the ladies' carriage, with anxiety visible in his rosy countenance.

"I haf done very wrong to trust her to anybody but myself," he said (and Miss Junkins immediately burst into tears). "I shall go back to look for her."

Mr. Lamm and Signor Bonaldi were in a light wagon by themselves, and they instantly turned their horse's head back towards Sheldon. As soon as they reached the hotel their fears were allayed; for just entering the door they saw Monsieur Dumaresq the athlete (Miss McFadden's red-haired admirer) half leading half carrying Dely, who was pale and trembling.

He related how he had seen Dely thrust into a wagon, whose driver instantly whipped up his horse, and started off at a very rapid pace; how he had seized the horse's head and stopped him, taken the driver by the collar and thrust him into the street, as if he were a kitten, and rescued Dely, who fainted, and was nearly half an hour in coming to herself.

Dely was very soon restored to the arms of the weeping and almost hysterical Miss Junkins, and great was the rejoicing over her among the whole troupe. Dely's joy and her thankfulness to Mons. Dumaresq knew no bounds, for she knew that but for him she would soon have been again in the power of her enemies. The effect of this little adventure was to make both Dely and her friends realize how persevering and determined her enemies were, and how cautious she needed to be. It was a city to which they went next, and Dely had

a sense of peace and security there. Surely they could never find her among so many people. She was very glad to know that they were to stay there for an indefinite length of time.

She was very busy and very happy. Every day there were rehearsals, and Dely practised very diligently. Her fear of her enemies grew less every day, but she noticed that Mr. Lamm kept a very careful watch over her, very seldom allowing her to go out of doors unless with him.

One day when she was walking with him they met a strange gentleman, who started visibly when he saw Dely, and then stared long and earnestly at her. He even turned about and followed them, until Dely showed her fears, and Mr. Lamm looked very sharply at him; then he disappeared. Dely saw him afterwards at the hotel, looking anxiously around, as if in search of some one, and she kept very carefully out of his sight. She hardly thought that he could be in league with her pursuers, for he looked like a gentleman, and had a very good though sad face; but she distrusted all strangers, and trembled when one spoke to her. But after a week had passed, and she thought he had gone, she met him one day in the hall. Before she could escape he had taken her hand, and said:

"Why do you run from me, my child? I only want to ask your name; you look so much like—like a little girl that I used to know."

Dely hesitated a moment, then she answered:

"My name is Lamm." (She was regarded as Mr. Lamm's daughter, and called by his name among the members of the troupe.)

"And was it your father that I saw you with the other day?"

"Yes; he is Mr. Lamm, and he belongs to the circus troupe. He is the Great Egyptian Snake Swallower!" said Dely, not without a touch of pride in the midst of her fear.

"And what is your first name?" pursued the gentleman, after a moment's hesitation.

"Adele," was on Dely's lips; that was what they all called her, having seen the name embroidered on the little white dress which she had so cherished; but she did not say it. Was it some strange spell that

kept her from it, or only, as she thought, the fear that he might in some way connect her with Dely Robinson, the little pauper, if he heard the name?

"Sylphina," she said.

The gentleman half turned away with a sigh, and without waiting for any more questions, Dely ran away.

He watched her as she ran up the stairs.

"A marvellous resemblance!" he murmured to himself. "It seemed to me that I must be looking into Margarita's eyes. I believe my mother is right—my brain must have been turned by this fancy."

As for Dely, she was haunted by a fancy that she had seen the gentleman before, when or where she could not tell.

Did he belong to that mysterious past which had been blotted out of her memory by her illness when she had first gone to Still River? Should she ever see him again?

There seemed to be no way to find an answer to either of these questions; but that night she said to Mr. Lamm:

"I wish you would find out who the gentleman is who stared at me in the street so the other day. I saw him this morning, and he asked me my name. I think he has gone now, for he had a travelling-bag in his hand."

"I haf looked on de book for his name, when I haf seen how much he haf looked at you. It was Hugh Livingston!"

Dely shook her head perplexedly—surely she had never heard that name—and dismissed the strange gentleman from her mind.

O, if she had only known!

In a fortnight's time Dely had made such excellent progress in the accomplishments necessary to her career as an "Infant Phenomenon," that Signor Bonaldi decreed that she might be allowed to appear in public for one performance.

She danced her old dances and several new ones, and performed some simple gymnastic feats which she had just learned. And the city audience were even more enthusiastic over her than the Sheldon one had been.

Dely was half wild with excitement and delight.

It was an evening performance, and she liked the glitter, and gayety, and applause. She had no thought of fear, and performed her gymnastic feats with a coolness and

courage that surprised even Signor Bonaldi, who had taught her.

As for the good Dutchman who had adopted her, he was so overcome with delight and pride that he dropped the first snake he attempted to swallow, and only succeeded in catching it by the tail just in time to prevent a panic among the audience!

Altogether, if Dely had not been naturally free from vanity, her head would have been quite turned by so much petting and applause.

It was really hard sometimes for her to realize that she was the same little girl who had been scolded and abused by the mistress of Still River poorhouse, and sneered at by her schoolmates as a little pauper.

As she passed out that night, flushed, and radiant, and gay, from the tent to the carriage in waiting, she saw a face, thrown into bold relief by the light from a street lamp, that made her shrink in terror closer to Mr. Lamm's side, and changed her gaiety to trembling terror; the dark evil face of the man she so much feared! She saw it for only an instant, and then it vanished—so suddenly that she half thought it was only a fancy that she had seen it at all.

Before she reached home she had quite decided that it must have been a fancy, and determined not to speak of it to any one, unless she should see it again.

If Dely could have seen the contents of a letter which Mr. Pennant had that very morning consigned to the waste-basket in his office, perhaps she would have thought differently. It was a letter directed, in a round schoolboy hand, to "Dely Robinson, Care of Mr. Pennant, Proprietor of the Circus."

"I'm sure I don't know that name," said Mr. Pennant, as he looked over his letters. "Somebody that used to belong to the company, perhaps. I'm sure there's no such person in it now, and I can't be bothered to look up 'Dely Robinson.'"

And he tossed the letter carelessly into the waste-basket.

Poor Johnny! when he wrote that letter,

with such trembling fear and anxiety, he little thought that one effort—all he could do to save Dely—would be so wasted!

The possibility that Mr. Pennant had never known her Still River name, or had forgotten it, if he ever had known it, did not once occur to him.

This is what Johnny wrote, in the dreary old attic where he and Dely had so often played together:

"MY DEAR DELY,—I write to tell you that you are in great danger! I listened last night, after they thought I had gone to bed, and heard the man—his name is Dennett—talking with Mrs. Robinson. I think from what he said that somebody has hired him to get you out of the way, and is going to give him a great deal of money. It seems very strange that anybody should want to hurt you, but I think it is so. I know this will frighten you, but I want you to show it to your friends, so that they will know how much danger you are in, and take care of you. He knows that you are in M—. I suppose through Jake, who was very mad indeed because you got away from him at Sheldon, for Dennett had promised him a great deal of money if he got you—and he is going there to-day. He said—(I *must* tell you, Dely, though I hate to)—he said that he 'was going to put you out of the way right off, some way or other!' He 'wasn't afraid to put an end to you, if he got any kind of a chance,' and he didn't know but it was the cheapest way! He 'guessed he was spry enough to get away.'

"Dely, my dear, dear little Dely! show this to Mr. Lamm, right off, and don't stir out of your room till this wicked man is arrested. In great haste,

"Your affectionate JOHNNY."

With anxious fears and hopes Johnny had despatched his precious letter, and was waiting a response, in an agony of suspense.

And that was the letter which Mr. Pennant had tossed carelessly in the waste-basket!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SONG THAT THE TEAKETTLE SANG.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

THE teakettle was humming something that sounded like this, and startled Nora, who was half asleep by the fire:

"Puff, puff, puff, steam, steam, steam!
Wake, little maiden, out of your dream,
There's a beggar at the door.
Steam, steam, steam, puff, puff, puff!
On the table there's supper enough
For one little maiden more."

"Dear me!" said she to herself, "I did not hear any one at the door. What a funny taykettle! I believe, after all, it's telling a story."

But no, for sure enough, when she opened the door, there sat a forlorn little being on the step, with white hair that looked like thistle-down, and so long and tangled that it hid her face entirely. All that Nora could see of her was her head and a bit of ragged old cloak; and, as she remarked afterwards, the "white reminded her for all the world of a tall thistle-stalk in the autumn that had caught and was clinging to a bit iv rags!"

"Come in and warm yourself, wont you?" said she, half afraid of the weird little object.

The child arose without a word and followed her into the room. Nora placed her a seat by the fire, and she spread out her tiny purple hands to catch the heat, with an air of great satisfaction.

"I wonder if the taykettle conjured her up, sure?" thought Nora. "She might be a steam-sprite, if there do be any such, but indade I niver heard of the like."

She was the possessor of a learned volume which went very deeply into fairy lore, but it did not mention anything of the kind.

"Where do you live, sure? Did ye get lost, poor little thin?" she questioned the child.

"I live down by the wharf, and I didn't get lost, only a dog stole my basket with all I had got for the day in it, and I don't dare to go home. Auntie whips me when I don't carry anything home, and she'd kill me for losing the basket," said the mite, in a precise, piping little tongue.

"What's yer name, thin?" said Nora,

her rosy Irish face all ashine with sympathy.

"Mamma used to call me Tina," said she, "but aunty calls me Mary."

"And where is the mother, that ye live with the aunt?"

"She said she was going to heaven, but they took her away in a box. I suppose they carried her there, though they didn't go up when I saw them. She was sick, O such a long time! and I wanted her to go, because she said that she shouldn't be sick any more, but be happy with papa," said the little thing, solemnly.

"And the aunt is a cruel thafe of a woman, and sinds ye out a begging, with your poor bits of toes to the ground, in weather like this! Bad 'cess to an aunt like that! I'd lave her to herself entirely. You shall stay with me to-night, anyway. We're poor enough oursels, me mother and I. Me mother lives out in a hotel. She used to be cook, and made the lots o' money; but then she got sick, being over the fire so much, and now she only helps the cook, and does little odd jobs, and little wages she gets. I worruk, too. I'm cash-girl at Haberly's, and with what we both earrun, we get along. Me mother sleeps with me nights, and to-night, coz 'tis Saturday night, she's coming to supper. It's her I'm kaping the table for."

"Will she like to have me here?" said the child, looking anxiously toward the door.

"Sure she will. Me mother has the kind heart. Don't you fear, me dear. How could anybody shut their door on the likes o' you? You looks like a bit fairy."

Just then the door opened, and a woman with a kind face, very like Nora's, entered the room.

"Here's me mother," said Nora, springing up gladly. "Mother, see what a nice little company I've got."

"Nice indade," said Mrs. Murphy, patting the cornsilk head. "And who might she be, me dear?"

"Her name's Tina, and she lives with her aunt, and her aunt is cruel and bates her; and, mother, I'm going to kape her

with me—for a while, at last. She's lost her basket, and doesn't dare to go home, and the weather's so cowlid!" said honest Nora, all in one breath.

"Well, well, we'll see about it, me dear; but now let's take a bit o' something to eat; if the tay's all ready."

Tina seemed pleased with the little flowered plate Nora placed for her. Her eyes were as bright and wide as stars, and she seemed more than content with her surroundings; but she could not eat.

"Maybe you had your dinner late?" said Nora, anxiously.

"I don't have dinners," piped Tina; "I only has breakfasts and suppers."

"I'm afeard the child's going to be sick. Her cheeks are so flushed-like, and her eyes is too bright," said Mrs. Murphy.

But Tina said she wasn't sick, and she liked to look at the pretty room, and the red flowers on the paper.

"The paper do be pretty. I put it on meself, dear," said Mrs. Murphy. "But you will be sick if you don't eat a bit. I always know me Nora's going to be sick when she don't care for her supper."

"Do you know, mother, that taykettle's found speech for itself? It woke me up a talking and singing away this very night," said Nora, earnestly. "It made a sort o' song about somebody's being at the doorr, and there being room at the table for one more. And sure enough, there was Tina at the door, though I hadn't heard her at all!"

"Och, you were dreaming, me dear. Taykettles don't spake!"

"Why no, 'twasn't exactly spaking," said Nora; "it was just singing along a sort o' song."

It was a fearfully cold night, and as it grew later the wind arose and blew furiously. Mrs. Murphy had thought of taking Tina home herself, as they had but one bed, and that one hardly wide enough for two; but she could not have the heart to take such a frail-looking little thing out into such bitter cold. But warm-hearted Nora would have slept on the hard floor herself, rather than have her brave that dangerous aunt, to say nothing of the cold, for aside from the pity she felt for her, she took a great fancy to the child. She told her fairy stories until bedtime. The wonderful adventures of that sagacious youth Jack the Giant Killer; the fascinating

story of Puss in Boots, and the perils and triumphs of those valiant philanthropists the Seven Champions of Christendom. Tina's brown eyes shone like stars out of the tangle of white hair, and she hardly dared to breathe for fear of losing the spell.

"I like stories," she said, clasping her little brown hands; "and you are so good. I never saw anybody so good before, 'cept mamma, and she went away so long ago I can't hardly 'member. I s'pect you're a angel, aren't you? Angels are gooder than anything!"

Poor Nora, with her little freckled Irish face and funny, turn-up nose! She didn't look much like an angel. She couldn't help laughing at the idea herself, though she felt immensely flattered. She thought that Tina looked like an angel when she was attired for bed that night. She had put one of her own white night-dresses on to her, and had combed the cornsilk locks back from the little fair wistful face. The child's beauty was striking, and it was highbred beauty, too; even Nora recognized that. But there were black and blue marks on the delicate shoulders and arms that made her warm Irish heart ache, and she kissed them with something like tears in her honest blue eyes.

"It isn't me that'll ever let ye go back to the aunt again," said she, half to herself. "If I have but a crust, the bit thing shall share it, and I'll slape on the floor mesel, if me mother objects to being crowded."

The next morning Tina was flushed and feverish, but still she said that she wasn't sick; her head ached, that was all. Nora hurried home from mass as fast as ever she could, to keep her company, and the two children spent a cosy day together. Nora kept a bright fire, and told stories until her stock was entirely exhausted. Tina seemed thoroughly happy, and took no thought of the morrow. Nora, to her, was like one of the good fairies in her stories; she would take care of her. Aunt and the days when she went begging were already like a dream.

"It's unlikely that that spalpeen iv a woman she calls aunt is any relative of hers," said Mrs. Murphy, as she watched her while she was sleeping that night. "Mind, Nora, that child has gentle blood. These vile women steals pretty frail-like children to send a begging, bad 'cess to

'em! The mother's a weepin' for the poor little lamb now, I doubt not."

"Ah, mother, we will niver let her go back to the likes iv her, will we? Didn't the praste say as the good saints would give back all a body spent in deeds o' charity?"

"But, me dear, how are you iver going to provide for another? Aren't your own poor bits of toes almost out of the ould shoes now? And when will ye be able to buy another pair? Coal is so dear, and there's so much spint in this weather. Then I want you to go to school and get a bit o' larnin', and not grow up in such haythin ignorance."

"But I don't want to go to school," said Nora; "I can read now. I'd a hape rather kape Tina."

Poor little Tina! she was really very ill. All night she tossed and moaned in her sleep, and in the morning she could hardly lift her head from the pillow. Mrs. Murphy did all she could for her before she went to her work, and Nora hung over her until the very last moment, almost broken-hearted that she must leave her to suffer alone. But work begins on Monday morning, and if she did not go to the store she would be sure to lose her place. Then what would become of her little friend?

When she came home at noon she found her in a high fever; her eyes looked wild and strange, and she talked incoherently.

"Whativer shall I do for her?" said poor Nora, in despair. "It's the favur she have, sure, and who knows but she'll die, the poor bit thing? I'll never get over it if she do die on my hands. Perhaps a jug of hot water at the fate would draw the hate from the head, and p'r'aps a bit of hot tay, if I could make her drink it, would make her feel better. Taykettle," she said, as she stood that useful vessel on the glowing coals, "you towld me to take the little thin' in and give her the supper; now tell me what to do for her if you can. She is that ill that it's fit to break one's heart just to look at her."

But the teakettle only looked mildly contemplative, and didn't open its mouth; and, as Tina was quiet for a few moments, she sat down by the fire to think what she could do to help the little sufferer.

"I'll not lave her again," she said to herself; "I shall lose me place, but the saints will provide."

Leaning her head on her hands, she was quite lost in thought, until that funny witchlike old teakettle startled her with another one of its sage sayings in rhyme. The steam was pouring in a flood out of its crooked nose, and it sang along in this wise:

"Steam, steam, steam, puff, puff, puff!
The doctor, the doctor, 'tis plain enough
What to do for the child!"

Nora started to her feet in a moment. A doctor, sure enough. Why did she not think of it before? She was so unused to sickness that, with all her thoughtfulness, the idea of calling a doctor never entered her mind. She hardly knew that there were such sort of people in the world.

"I'll run for one this instant," she said. "I've got two dollars iv me own, that I was saving for the boots; but it's better to let me feet go bare than let Tina be moaning in illness. I'm much obliged to you, taykettle, and sure I'll always be after asking advice of you. You're as good as Gould!" And she made a little courtesy, that was not mockery, by any means, to the homely household god; for if there ever was a fairy, she believed that one haunted the teakettle.

Then, hardly stopping to put on her things, she rushed out of the house.

"Do you know where there be's a doctor?" she asked of Mrs. Donahoe, over the way, who always had a sick baby.

But no, Mrs. Donahoe didn't know where there was a doctor. The city doctor who came for nothing to poor people had moved, and she "had no account of any other." And so Nora rushed away on the wind to find a doctor's sign. She found two or three, but the first one was away attending to a patient; the second was ill himself, and did not go out; the third told her shortly, without giving any reason, that he could not go to visit her patient.

"If all the doctors be's as stony-hearted as you, I may as well go home now," said she to herself, as she stood on the sidewalk. She clasped her two little red hands together, looking in every direction, as if in search of help.

"What did you say about a doctor, my child?" said a gentleman who was waiting in an elegant carriage by the street side, noticing her look of distress.

"O, if I could only find a doctor, sirr!

The little one at me house is that sick I'm afeard she'll die."

"Indeed! Well, I'm a physician myself, and I will go to see the child at once, if you desire it. Your sister, I suppose."

"No sir," said she, without stopping to give any further explanation. "The number is ten, Canal Court, if you please. I'll be at the door, and show you the way up when you get there; and thank you kindly, sirr."

"He didn't look as if he'd be that good," she thought, as she ran toward home. "I should 'a' said that he was sternlike and stuck-up, in his fine carriage, and with his gould-headed cane; but you niver can tell by looks."

He was rather a stern-looking man. Nora was half afraid of him as he came up the rickety steps into the house. He was not so very old, but his hair was snowwhite, and his features were sharp and compressed, as if he had known trouble; and he had a grand air, which seemed to awe the very house. Nora had brushed Tina's hair back from the little flushed face, and she lay quite still, with her wide fever-bright eyes fixed on the doctor.

He gave one glance at her, then started back as if in alarm.

"Who is this child?" he demanded, in a tone of more severity than the occasion required, Nora thought.

"I don't know what her last name be's; I couldn't make out by what she said. Her first name's Tina."

"I thought so," he said, in a tone half triumphant half anxious. "But where did you find her? She's no relative of yours, certainly." And he felt the fevered pulse with more than professional anxiety.

"She came here Saturday night, and we took her in," said Nora. "She was afeard to go home, coz she'd lost her basket, and her aunt bates her. She sinds her out a begging. Me mother doesn't think it be's her aunt at all, though, but some thafe of a woman that stoled her coz she was pretty."

The doctor bit his lips, and bent very low over the little prostrate figure.

"He be's a quare man," said Nora to herself.

"Do you think she will die, sirr?" she asked, with tears in her eyes.

"I hope not, my child; but she is very ill," he said, in husky tones. "I am in-

debted to you, my good girl, more than I can express," he went on, "for this little beggar child is my granddaughter. Her mother was lost to me years ago. She married a worthless man, against my will, and I never forgave her. When she was dying she wrote to me, begging me to care for her child when she was gone. I did not receive the letter for some time, as I was in Europe then; but when I did receive it, I hastened home with all possible speed. When I reached here she had been dead for nearly two months, as far as I could learn, and I could find no trace of the child. I have been searching for her ever since, and despaired of ever finding her. But as soon as my eye fell on her face this morning I recognized her, for she is the image of her mother when she was a child. She has her eyes, her hair, her forehead, her expression. We called her Tina, too." And the strong man's voice was broken, as if he were weeping.

"If he have been harrd to his daughter, he repints, and may the saints forgive him!" prayed Nora.

"O sirr!" she said, "there do be a good fairy in our taykettle, and 'twas she that bade me take Nora in. I niver should a knowed she was at the doorr!"

The doctor looked at her as if he thought she were insane. But when Tina got well she found some sympathy in her faith in the "taykettle fairy." Tina was very, very ill for a time, but she got well at last. All through her illness, though she was delirious nearly all the time, and did not seem to recognize any one, she would have no one to wait on her but Nora. Nora's hand was the only one that could bring her relief; Nora's very presence seemed to quiet her.

When she was able to be moved to the luxurious home of her grandfather, Nora went with her, and Nora's mother also.

"I want my Nora always," she said.

And the saints did pay the honest little Irish girl tenfold for what she "spint in charity."

There was no more "climbing other people's stairs," no more pinching poverty, no more hard work for either herself or her mother after that; for Tina's grandfather in his gratitude could not do enough for them. He gave them a dear little homelike cottage for their very own, furnished in a way that would have suited the

most fastidious; and, what was better to Nora than anything else, it was so near to Tina—just at the end of the garden. And besides that, he gave them a sum of money which seemed almost fabulous to Nora and her mother. This was to be kept in the bank, and the interest of it to support them in their cheery little home.

Nora goes to school, and is growing into

a perfect little lady, though the burr will cling to her Irish tongue; and she still holds to her faith in fairies, and cherishes that old teakettle as if it were a golden treasure. And you may be sure she still "spinds" in deeds of charity, for such a warm little heart as hers could never be made forgetful by prosperity.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

A CURIOUS FISH.—Among the many wonders of the deep to be seen at the Brighton Aquarium, England, is a most exquisite and rare British fish: viz., the boar fish (*Capros aper*), originally classed as having only been found in the Mediterranean. This fish obtains its name from the shape of its snout, which is turned up and capable of being greatly protruded. The spines of its first dorsal fin are stiff and long, like bristles, added to which it exudes a strong and unpleasant smell. If the boar fish mentioned by Pliny as being found in the river Achelouse be the same, it will probably be found to utter a grunting sound, all of which peculiarities were supposed to point out a sufficient resemblance to a boar, to warrant the appellation. The length of the fish is about four inches. The color of the eye is bright yellow and silvery white; the body is a fine crimson, delicately bright, fading into yellow, and thence to a silvery white as it approaches the belly.

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION.—A striking instance of the power of imagination over the human organism has just attracted some attention in Paris. A poor old watchmaker, Frederick Stiebman, who lived in the Rue des Halles, has been the prey of a singular delusion for the past few months. He imagined that his soul had passed from his body into a peculiar watch which he had invented, and upon which he had worked for twenty years. "On the day my watch stops," Stiebman was wont to say, "I shall die. My life has become subordinate to that of the watch." A few days ago the watch began to run irregularly, at first too fast, then too slow. "I am very ill," said the old man, and he took to his bed. Two days later the watch stopped;

Stiebmann noticed the unmoving hand, rose to a sitting position, uttered a cry and fell back dead.

A PEOPLE WHO WEAR APRONS OF LEAVES.—A paper was recently read before the London Anthropological Institute, by M. J. Walhouse, on the existence of a leaf-wearing tribe on the western coast of India. The author's residence at Mangalore for some years, afforded him the opportunity of studying the habits of the native tribes of South Canara, and in the present communication he recorded a few facts concerning the Koragars, and a remnant, now numbering only a few hundreds of the aboriginal slave caste, whose distinctive peculiarity was the habit of wearing aprons of woven twigs and green leaves over the usual garments. The custom at present is observed by the women only, who think that discarding it will bring them ill luck. The author maintained that the leaf was a badge of degradation, and was a survival of a very ancient custom.

FROM BURIED POMPEII.—Quite recently has been completed in Naples, a magnificent cast in plaster of a beautiful greyhound, the impression of whose form was found in the excavations of Pompeii. The work has succeeded wonderfully well, and is remarkable for the fine and artistic manner in which it has represented the spasmodic contractions of the poor animal thus suddenly overtaken. This is the first cast of an animal that has ever been taken from the excavations of Pompeii, owing to the small number found there. This will be exposed in the Museum of Pompeii when the glass case in process of construction is finished.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to February Puzzles.

15. Wood.

16. H y e n A
O a k u M
R u s s i A
A s s i g n
C a n d i D
E d n A

17. P
M A R
M I R E S
P A R A D O X
R E D A N
S O N
X

18. Crane, Nacre. 19. Nagor, Groan.
20. Drain, Nadir. 21. Negus, Genus.
22. Burin, Bruin. 23. "A Great Hunter."
24. Place, lace, ace. 25. Goat, oat, at.
26. Socrates. 27. Sight, sigh. 28. Mary, mar, ma. 29. Venice. 30. Quebec.
31. Russia. 32. Tuscany. 33. "San Benito."

56.—Prize Word-Square.

A bit; a bird; excursion; a disagreeable weakness; a powerful class.

For the first correct answer, sent to the editor of this page, I will give a copy of Alnsworth's "Rookwood."

"BEAU K."

57.—Double Acrostic.

The primals and finals name two great men. 1. A Middle State; 2. To tinge. 3. Humble; 4. A region; 5. To excel; 6. Thought.

RUTHVEN.

58.—Cross-Word Enigma.

The 1st is in walk, but not in run;
The 2d is in mirth, but not in fun;
The 3d is in will, but not in deed;
The 4th is in see, but not in read;
The 5th is in youth, but not in age;
The 6th is in pen, but not in cage;
The whole is a puzzler on this page.

DEXTER E. CHAMBERLAIN.

Concealed Names.

59. How surely many are deceived.
60. The odor entirely escaped.
61. Is this a belt you have bought?
62. Does your ear ache, Louisa?

CYRIL DEANE.

63.—Charade.

My first is a public house,
My second is found on the street,
My third we all must do
If success we wish to meet.

My whole gives wealth to all,
Of every rank and station;
It is the key to fortune
In every tribe and nation.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

64.—Numerical Enigma.

The answer contains 20 letters, and is the title of a once popular song.
The 4, 7, 10, 20, is joy.
The 11, 6, 18, 4, 2, 12, is fear.
The 13, 3, 9, 1, is an article worn.
The 19, 5, 17, 18, is one of the natural endowments.

WILSON.

Decapitations.

65. Behead learning, and leave metal.
66. A silken substance, and leave failure.
67. Spite, and leave a girl's name.
68. To glide, and leave dejected.

L. T. NIELSON.

69.—Diamond Puzzle.

Always in your thoughts, but never in your mind; A certain time; Something to be kept; A tree; In every denomination.

CYRIL DEANE.

70.—Words Squared.

A plant; A knot; Scarce; Space.

EMMA M. CHAMPLIN.

Bees on the Wing.

71. One flies away, and leaves a snare.
72. Another, and leaves a drunkard.
73. Another, and leaves a flow of water.

J. H., & M. A. G.

Apocopes.

74. Apocopate a dog, and leave to except.
75. A nobleman, and leave a youth.
76. A piece of defensive armor, and leave a bandage.
77. A mineral much used by South Sea Islanders, and leave a useful tool.

"BEAU K."

78.—Transposition.

Transpose a warning into a sale; then syncopate, and form a deed.

RUTHVEN.

79.—Geographical Curtailment.

Curtail an inland county of Ireland, and leave a town of Southern Italy.

"BEAU K."

Answers in Two Months.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

SHORT NUT-CAKES.—Two cups of sweet milk, three cups of sugar, five eggs, three tablespoonfuls of butter (level, not rounded), one and a half teaspoonful of soda, three of cream tartar, one spoonful of salt, a little nutmeg.

OATMEAL MUSH.—As a general rule, the coarser the meal the better the mush. The meal in which the kernels are barely broken in two once is next in quality to the groats, which are not broken at all. Pour one measure of this coarse oatmeal into three and a half measures of boiling water. Stir occasionally, and boil briskly until the meal is evenly diffused through the water, then set the kettle back where it will barely simmer, cover close and let it cook an hour *without* stirring. Then dish and serve warm.

RYE AND INDIAN LOAF.—Scald three pints of very coarse corn meal (as coarse as that ground for horse feed) with three pints boiling water. Add one gill of molasses and three pints of rye meal (rye Graham); mix all together very thoroughly, and make into loaves three or four inches thick. Set on the stove where it will simmer up and not burn, and let it stand until it rises enough to crack all over the surface. Then put into a moderate oven, and bake three hours, or bake two hours and steam two hours, or put into a pretty good oven, with a declining fire, at night, and have it ready for breakfast the next morning. Serve warm or cold, better warm.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Take four eggs, beat them well; add six tablespoonfuls of sugar, three of butter, half a teacupful of rich cream, and juice of two lemons. Beat all the ingredients well together, and pour on crusts and bake. This quantity will make three ordinary-sized custards.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of a cold, a simple pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of a

lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known effectually to cure the ailment.

A PLEASANT COUGH CANDY.—Take two tumblers. In one place a gill of flaxseed; fill the other with broken bits of slippery elm bark; fill both tumblers with boiling water and leave standing for two hours. In a saucepan place one and a half pound of brown sugar, strain into it through muslin all the liquid that will pour from the two tumblerfuls of bark and flaxseed. Transfer to the fire, and stir until the candy seems upon the point of turning back to sugar. When this is seen to be the case, pour out instantly and break into small pieces when cold. This candy is surprisingly pleasant to the taste, and is found beneficial, especially in the case of public speakers called upon to tax the voice while suffering from hoarseness.

CURE FOR RINGWORM.—A simple and harmless application, said unfailingly to cure this troublesome eruption, is found by washing with a solution made from the root of the common narrow-leaved dock, which belongs to the botanical genus *Rumex*. Use vinegar as the solvent.

MUCILAGE.—According to R. Rother, the following formula affords a mucilage which will keep in the hottest weather; Gum arabic, twelve Troy ounces; glycerine, eight fluid ounces; water, sixteen fluid ounces.

RHEUMATISM.—The following is said to be an excellent cure for rheumatism. Half a teaspoonful of Rochelle salts, to be taken every morning, half an hour before breakfast. Hot drinks, spirits, wine, beer, cider, pepper and spices are to be avoided, and all grease, except good sweet butter. Fresh meat or poultry, may be eaten once a day, but salt meat and fish must be abstained from.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

That wonderful child, who is always saying queer things, turns up this time at Stockton, Cal., and his latest is thus recorded: "During the storm one day last week, which was accompanied by a touch of thunder and lightning, a bright little four-year-old boy of one of our citizens advanced a new idea concerning electricity, which is entirely at variance with the views of scientists. He had been eagerly watching the play of the lightning, and finally besought his mother to tell him what it was, or what caused it. She told him, but the explanation did not agree with his childish fancy. He shook his head, and looking up at his mother, while his eyes sparkled and danced, exclaimed, 'No, no, mamma, I know what it is; it's God winking!'"

"And have you no other sons?" asked a curious lady of a bronzed old sea captain. "O yes, madam. I had one that lived in the South Sea Islands for nearly a dozen years?" "Really! Was he bred there, and what was his taste—sea or land?" "No madam, he wasn't bread, he was meat—leastways, the niggers ate him; and as for his taste, the chief said he tasted of ter-backer." The lady walked to another part of the ship, and the captain smiled and took a fresh "quid."

A clergyman, being applied to in less than a year after his appointment, to put a stove in the church, asked how long his predecessor had been there; and when answered, "Twelve years," he said, "Well, you never had a fire in the church during his time?" "No sir," replied the applicant, "but we had fire in the pulpit then."

"Why, Georgie, are you smoking?" exclaimed an amazed mother, who came upon her little son as he was puffing away at a cigar. "N—no, ma; I'm only keeping it lighted for another boy."

A Chicago saloon keeper has reduced beer to three cents. "Yoost you see mit his beer glass," stated an official of the

Protective Union, "and if you got more beer as you got by pouring some froth round a thimble in your fingers, den I shake you for the drinks."

A Sacramento lawyer remarked to the court, "It is my candid opinion, judge, that you are an old fool." The judge allowed his mildly beaming eye to fall upon the lawyer a brief moment, then, in a voice husky with suppressed emotion, said, "It's my candid opinion that you are fined \$100."

"Twice one is won," repeated an urchin, in an absent-minded way. "What?" cried his father, "have I spent so much money on your education with no better results than that? Twice one is two, sir." "Well, dad," replied the young hopeless, "I will admit that you are right from one standpoint; but, with all due deference to you as my paternal progenitor, I must beg leave to maintain that, when I win two one-dollar bills on a horse-race, twice one is won."

Somebody having applied for a method by which he might cure his daughter of her partiality for young gentlemen, is kindly informed that there are several methods of reform. The best are to put her in a well, and drop a few loads of gravel on her head, or to bind her ankles to an anvil and upset her out of a boat.

A high-school pupil in a cross-town car, recited her geometry lesson to a fellow-girl, recently, as follows; "If the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angle cone, then the rectangle of the diameter of a circle is equal to the —ah—to the—ah—is equal to the—ah—to the square—to the—ah—O, bother! Gimme that book! I wish pa 'ud let me take dancing lessons instead of these horrible squares, and angles, and hypotenuses."

A Rhode Island man carries \$200,000 life insurance, and if he even takes cold in the head, the companies rush down three or four doctors to feel his pulse.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF
BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
*The Best, the Cheapest, and the most Interesting Publication of the kind
in the World.*

AND
THE AMERICAN UNION,
The Largest and Oldest Literary Weekly Paper in the Country.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS! BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS!

Six Handsome Chromos Given to Subscribers.

REMEMBER TO SEND THE MONEY TO PREPAY POSTAGE. IT MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

The publishers of **BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE**—the cheapest and most interesting publication of the kind in the country—and **THE AMERICAN UNION**—the largest and oldest weekly journal in the United States—respectfully announce to their friends and patrons, which extend to every State in the Union, that for the year 1875 they will give as Premiums to subscribers some of the most elegant Chromos ever produced in this country. They were prepared expressly for our establishment, and can be obtained from no other parties. The names of these elegant and artistic Chromos are:

SUNRISE.
SUNSET.
MORNING GLORIES.
LILIES OF THE VALLEY.
THE BETROTHED.
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Many of our last year's subscribers have written to us in favor of our giving as Premiums "MORNING GLORIES," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," "THE BETROTHED," and "THE POWER OF MUSIC," so that they can this year have the companion pictures of last year. For this reason we have retained them on our list, but "SUNRISE" and

"SUNSET" are entirely new, and will be found fully equal to anything ever issued from this or any other office.

These Chromos are printed in oil, in many colors, and are wonderful for their beautiful and great originality.

PREMIUMS FOR BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!

As a great inducement to Clubs, we offer the following liberal terms:—For a Club of FIVE copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$7.50, and a copy gratis to the person who gets up the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" or "SUNSET" (which are entirely new), or the Premiums which we offered last year, "MORNING GLORIES" or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

TEN copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$13.00, and a copy gratis to the person who obtains the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

Be sure and name which picture you prefer. Also send *ten cents* for each subscriber to prepay postage. Or five cents for six months.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.—Single subscriptions \$1.50 each (and ten cents for postage), and either of the Chromos, "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," as the subscriber may elect; and be sure and name the Chromo you want in your letter.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE AND THE AMERICAN UNION.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE and **THE AMERICAN UNION** combined for \$3.75; and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY." Or **BALLOU'S** and **THE UNION** for \$3.50, without the Chromos, and ten cents postage for **BALLOU'S**, and fifteen cents for the **UNION**, in addition. Or for \$4.00 we will send **THE AMERICAN UNION** and **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** and all four of the Chromos, "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or we will send either two of the above, and "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED."

PREMIUMS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.—We will send **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year for \$2.50, and also give every subscriber the two Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or either "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED," just which the subscriber may prefer, and fifteen cents additional for postage, or eight cents for six months.

This is a splendid offer, and should be taken advantage of by thousands who wish to adorn their homes with beautiful pictures.

CLUBS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

For \$15.00 we will send six copies of **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year, and a copy of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** to the person who gets up the Club, and also to each member of the Club the Chromos "SUN-

RISE" and "SUNSET," or "THE BETROTHED," or "THE POWER OF MUSIC." The subscriber must state which of these last beautiful Chromos is desired, and it will be immediately forwarded; or "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" will be sent, if preferred.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Be sure and send money by a post-office order, a registered letter, or by check on New York or Boston. We are not responsible for money lost on its way to us through the mails. Post-office orders are safe and cheap.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Subscribers can commence at any time, and not wait for their subscriptions to expire. Let them roll in their names as early as possible.

A VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—LET ALL HEED IT.

By a new law of Congress, publishers are compelled to prepay all postage on Magazines and Newspapers; consequently all subscribers will please forward with their subscriptions for **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** the sum of **TEN CENTS**, in addition to their regular subscriptions. This will save to each subscriber *two cents*, the usual postage having been twelve cents per annum. *Let every one remember this, for it is very important to us that it should be understood and acted on, as we can't afford to prepay postage unless it is refunded to us.*

The Postage on **THE AMERICAN UNION** will be, as near as we can calculate, **FIFTEEN CENTS**, a saving of *five cents*; and this must be sent with the subscription, as we are compelled to prepay the postage at the Boston office. Pray do not forget this important information when you send in your subscriptions. Eight cents for six months.

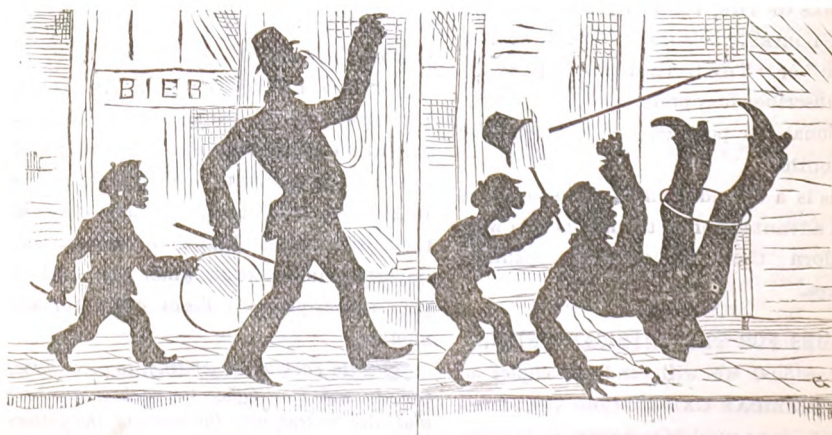
Be careful in writing, to give State, County and Post-Office for each subscriber; and also to designate the name of the getter-up of the club.

Address **THOMES & TALBOT,**
36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Waiting to Solve a Problem.



TERRANCE.—“Phat’s an yearthquake, Teddy?”
 TEDDY.—“Wait till I think.”



APRIL

FOOL.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI.—No. 5.

MAY, 1875.

WHOLE No. 245.

SCENES ALONG THE HUDSON.



COXSACKIE, ON THE HUDSON.

Rising among the Adirondack Mountains, in the northeastern part of the State of New York, at a height of more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, the grand and beautiful river discovered by Henry Hudson, increased in size by various tributaries, flows on through scenes of natural beauty, and by the teeming cities that line its shores for three hundred miles. Small at first, like many another power in the world that owes its grandeur to its growth, its principal head-streams rise in Hamilton and Essex counties, and serve as outlets to a multitude of diminutive highland lakes. In the southwest part of Essex County a number of these streams unite, and the river thus formed flows on a winding way till it reaches the centre of Warren County, where it is joined by the outlet of Scroon Lake on the east, eight or ten miles west of the southern part of Lake George. From this point it runs nearly south to the town of Corinth, on the boundary between the counties of Warren and Saratoga,

having been swelled by the volume of the Sacondaga River on the west, and several smaller streams; then, turning sharply to the east, it follows that general direction, making a number of bends, until it reaches Glen's Falls, where it has a fall of fifty feet. Not far from this point the river sweeps around again to the south, and deviates very little from that direction until it falls into New York Bay, a distance of about one hundred and ninety miles, separating Washington, Rensselaer, Columbia, Dutchess, Putnam, Westchester and New York counties on the east, from Saratoga, Albany, Greene, Ulster, Orange and Rockland counties, and the State of New Jersey on the west.

From Glen's Falls to Troy, the course of the Hudson is much broken by rapids, but at the latter place, one hundred and fifty-one miles from its mouth, it is affected by the tide, and becomes a broad, deep, sluggish stream. From Albany, six miles below Troy, its uniform width is from three hundred to seven hundred yards, but this

is greatly exceeded in some places. The banks of the stream are elevated and picturesque throughout nearly its whole course. The upper part of the river is bordered by gentle eminences, covered with cultivated fields, interspersed with pleasant towns and villages, making, all together, one of the loveliest panoramas in the world, while in Greene and Ulster counties the valley of the Hudson is bounded on the west by the lofty peaks of the Catskill Mountains, which in some places approach to within seven miles of the river.

A short distance below Newburg, sixty-one miles from New York, the Hudson commences its passage through those beautiful hills called the Highlands, which rise abruptly from the water, vessels in some places passing so near to the shore that those on board can almost touch the cliffs from the decks. Among the most remarkable of these hills are Break-Neck, 1187 feet in height, Beacon, so named from the signal fires which used to burn on its summit during the Revolutionary War, Butter, Crow-Nest, Sugar-Loaf Mountain, Bull-Hill, Anthony's-Nose and Dunderberg, or Donderbarrack (the "thunder-chamber"). The Highlands of the Hudson cover an area of about sixteen by twenty-five miles, and the river flows through them with many a "devious turn," which adds greatly to its beauty. Indeed, the scenery along this part of the Hudson needs to be seen to be appreciated, for words fail to do it justice. The lovely, the grand, the picturesque are here united, and the thriving cities, towns and villages that greet the sight of the traveller on the river, form a pleasing variety, interspersed as they are with mountain, forest and upland, all rendered more beautiful by the presence of the great river whose waters flash brightly in the sunshine, flow darkly under the clouds, and return the sparkle of the stars and the silvery lustre of the moon at night. Handsome country-seats are numerous on the banks of the Hudson, and the fine residences and highly cultivated grounds of the favorites of fortune also add their charm to the prospect.

In the midst of the Highlands, on a bold promontory which commands magnificent views both north and south, stands West Point, the well-known seat of the United States military academy. Fort Putnam,

of which the ruins still remain, was built here during the War of Independence by the Americans, and a chain was stretched across the river at this place to prevent the passage of British ships. A number of other sites, rendered memorable by their association with the history of those times, are shown to tourists in various portions of the river.

Soon after it emerges from its celebrated Highlands, the Hudson widens into the expanse known as Haverstraw Bay, immediately below which is Tappan Bay, extending from Teller's Point to Piermont, about twelve miles long, and from three to four miles wide. On the western shore a range of trap rock called the Palisades rises perpendicularly from the water's edge to a height of from three hundred to five hundred feet, extending from the New Jersey boundary, just below Piermont, to Fort Lee, nine miles from New York Bay; the range being about fifteen miles long. From this place to its mouth the Hudson is between one and two miles wide.

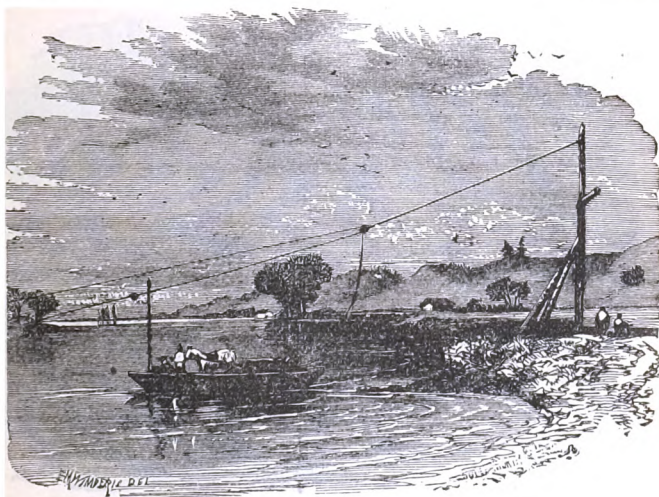
We have thus traced the progress of this beautiful and important river from its remotest sources in the depths of the Adirondacks, following it from point to point, and ever noticing its increasing size and its majestic course through a country remarkable for its many beauties; now kissing the shores of verdant slopes, now bordered by forests, and anon bathing the very feet of beautiful hills; then bending around to touch the outskirts of some populous city; and now we near its termination with somewhat of regret, for we have had a pleasant voyage, and the blue waters of the Hudson seem to ripple and shine with a beauty and brightness peculiar to themselves. But the broad bosom of the Bay of New York glitters near, and the Hudson flows rapidly on until its own waves mingle with those of the bay, and lose their individuality therein. For more than three hundred miles the river has maintained its way, with a fall of 147 feet within the last 156 miles. On the east side of the mouth of the Hudson lies New York city, the mammoth city of America, on the west Jersey City and Hoboken.

The tributaries of the Hudson are few, the largest of them being the Hoosic, Mohawk, Walkill and Croton. It is connected with the Harlem River by Spuyten Duyvil Creek, the Harlem flowing into East River,

and the two forming the northern boundary of Manhattan Island. The basin of the Hudson occupies about two-thirds of the east border of the State, and a large part of the interior. The most important cities and towns on its banks are Lansingburg, a thriving place, Troy, famous as a railway centre, and for its iron-works and manufactory of mathematical instruments, Hudson, Poughkeepsie, Peekskill, Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Yonkers and New York on the east, and Waterford, West Troy, Albany, Catskill, Kingston, Rondout, Newburg, Haverstraw, Piermont, Hoboken and Jersey City on the west. It is navigable by ships to Hudson, by steamboats to

and with the Delaware River and the Pennsylvania coal region by the Delaware and Hudson Canal. The Hudson River Railroad runs along its east bank from New York to Troy. Property of an immense value is annually exported and imported over its waters.

The city of Troy, which stands at the head of steamboat navigation on the Hudson, is built upon the alluvial flats of the river and hills, called Mount Ida, on the east side. Here is the principal outlet of the canals connecting the Hudson with Lakes Champlain, Ontario and Erie; and the city is connected by rail with New York, Boston, and the north and west. As



ROPE FERRY ON THE HUDSON.

Troy, and by sloops, by means of a dam and lock, to Waterford, at the mouth of the Mohawk. The passenger steamers from New York to Albany and Troy are noted for their elegance and fine proportions. A short distance below Albany the navigation is at times obstructed by shifting sands, called the Overslaigh, and large sums have been expended by government in the endeavor to remove these difficulties.

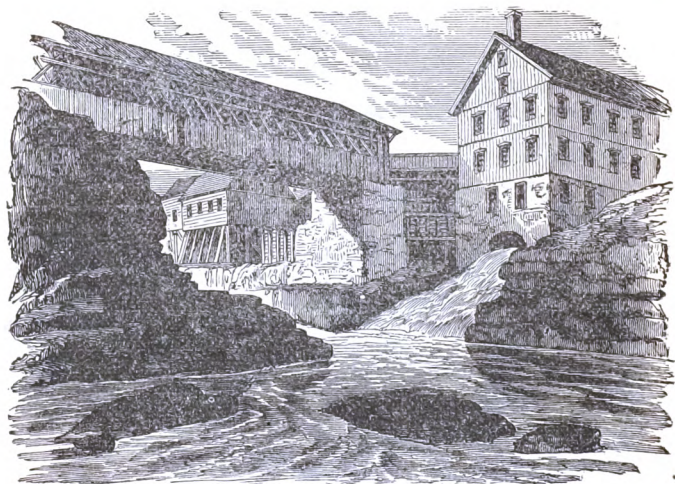
Much of the prosperity of New York depends upon the Hudson River, which forms one of the great channels of communication between the East and West, and is connected with the great lakes by the Erie Canal and the New York and Erie and New York Central Railroads, with Lake Champlain and Canada by canal and railroad,

a railway centre Troy is remarkable, its depot in the heart of the city being one of the largest in the country. We have already spoken of its extensive iron furnaces and manufactories. In schools, churches, asylums, etc., Troy compares favorably with other cities of like size and population. It was first settled by the Dutch, in 1752, and was incorporated as a village in 1801.

The city of Hudson stands at the head of ship navigation on the Hudson River. It is one hundred and sixteen miles above New York city, and twenty-nine miles below Albany. Seen from the river it presents a very picturesque and beautiful appearance, being finely situated on elevated ground. A slate bluff rises abruptly from the water to a height of sixty feet, whence

a ridge slopes upward for one mile and a half, terminating in Prospect Hill, five hundred feet above the river. The principal street runs along this ridge, from Prospect Hill to a public square laid out on the summit of the bluff. The city is an important station on the Hudson and Boston Railroad, and also on the Hudson River Railroad. It has regular steamboat communication with Albany and New York. The wharves are built on two bays at either side of the public square, and are accessible by large ships; and it is said that Hudson in former days owned a larger amount of shipping than New York. It was made a port of entry in 1795, carried

and was born about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was first employed by a company of London merchants, who, with many others, were desirous to discover the northern passage to India of which they dreamed, in the hope that it would prove shorter than the way usually taken, and might also allow them to pursue their trade unhampered by the then formidable enmity of Spain. With this object in view Hudson endeavored to carry out the bold idea of crossing the pole itself, and in his attempts he penetrated further into the depths of the Arctic regions than any one before him. He was provided with only a single small vessel, with a



BELOW THE BRIDGE, AT GLEN'S FALLS.

on an extensive trade with the West Indies and Europe, and possessed several whaling and fishing vessels. The embargo and war of 1812 were the destruction of its commerce, and the whaling business, though it was afterward resumed for a while, has since been entirely abandoned. But the trade of Hudson is still important. It is a pleasant city, with regularly laid-out streets, of which all except those fronting on the river cross each other at right angles. It is connected with Athens on the opposite bank of the river by a steam ferry. The place was settled in 1783, and was then known as Claverack Landing. It was incorporated as a city in 1785.

Henry Hudson, the daring navigator who discovered New York's most beautiful and important river, was a native of Holland,

crew of only ten men and a boy, and with this scanty outfit he proceeded to the east coast of Greenland, where he was forced to turn back by the barriers of ice which forbade further progress. Returning to England with an undaunted spirit, he soon sailed again on another voyage of exploration, this time hoping to find an eastern passage between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen. But this attempt only resulted in failure, and his employers in England lost faith in the scheme.

Hudson, however, lost none of his courage and energy, and applied to the Dutch East India Company for aid in his enterprises. He obtained a small vessel called the *Crescent*, and with this recommenced his efforts to find an eastern passage, only to fail again. This third failure seems to

have discouraged him from further endeavors to carry out his cherished project. He next turned his vessel's head toward the west, and commenced exploring the American coast south of Newfoundland. Although this part of the country had much of it already been visited and settled, the line of former explorations was not so unbroken as to render impossible the existence of a deep bay leading to the Pacific that as yet had remained undiscovered. Could he find such a bay, the long-hoped-for gate to the East Indies would at last reward his search, and charmed at the thought, the persevering navigator pressed on. He reached the great bank in

and led them to a large bay with rivers, which must have been Delaware Bay. Here, however, the water was too shoal to admit of much exploration with their vessel, and they went on toward the coast afterward named New Jersey, becoming entangled among the islands lying off that shore. Storms and shallows both impeded their progress; but at last the eyes of Hudson and his weary crew were gladdened by the sight of a pleasant country which stretched out in smiling beauty to meet its boundary of high hills. He seemingly discovered the mouths of three great rivers, which were only different channels of the magnificent stream which now bears



VIEW NEAR THE OVERSLAIGH, HUDSON.

July, and crept quietly along the shores of Acadia. At one point he touched at the mouth of a large river which would seem to have been the Penobscot, and found that the French had preceded him, and were engaged in a lucrative trade. On passing Cape Cod some of his crew several times landed and conversed with the natives who met them on the shore. After this they continued on the open sea until, on the seventeenth of August, they discerned a low land at no great distance. They soon ascertained that they were off the bar of James River, where, they had been informed, the English had already established a settlement. As no opening had yet been found, the explorers deemed it best to turn again toward the north, and to keep at less distance from the shore, which they found tended to the northwest,

and led them to a large bay with rivers, which must have been Delaware Bay. Here, however, the water was too shoal to admit of much exploration with their vessel, and they went on toward the coast afterward named New Jersey, becoming entangled among the islands lying off that shore. Storms and shallows both impeded their progress; but at last the eyes of Hudson and his weary crew were gladdened by the sight of a pleasant country which stretched out in smiling beauty to meet its boundary of high hills. He seemingly discovered the mouths of three great rivers, which were only different channels of the magnificent stream which now bears

his name. The most northern of these channels was visited by the crew in boats, and found to contain a good depth of water. The voyagers accordingly entered it, and were soon met by parties of friendly Indians who willingly exchanged their tobacco and maize for the knives and beads of the strangers. But on a boat being sent to explore one of the other channels the white men were assailed by a party of Indians, one of the sailors was killed, and two were wounded. This sad affair embittered all the after intercourse of Hudson's party with the natives, since the former felt that it was impossible to rely upon the professions of the latter. At one time the vessel was approached by twenty-eight canoes, full of natives of both sexes and all sizes, and advances were made for trade; but as their motives were distrusted, they

were not permitted to visit the vessel at all.

The voyagers were delighted with the aspect of the river, which they found to be a large stream of great breadth, and bordered by lofty and beautiful mountains. After ascending for seventeen days, navigation became difficult, and the ship stopped at the place where the city of Hudson now stands. A boat was sent out and continued its course some little distance above the site of Albany, where it became evident that the vessel could not go further. As they ascended the Hudson the natives were so unaffectedly kind in their demeanor that the explorers could not suspect them of treachery. The savages came on board, and were there treated to wine and aquavite, which had the effect of making them all merry; while the singular actions of one who became veritably tipsy were a source of wonder to his companions. So early did the fateful firewater begin its work.

On descending the river Hudson's party was more than once assailed by the same

Indians who had before shown their hostility, but each time they were quickly repulsed by a discharge of musketry which killed two or three, and caused fright and confusion among all the rest. When he once more gained the open sea, Hudson proceeded directly to Europe, arriving at Dartmouth Nov. 7, 1609.

A very favorable report of the lands he had explored was given by Hudson to the Dutch Company, but it excited so little interest that he applied again to the London merchants for employment, and was sent by them on the voyage which resulted in the discovery of Hudson's Bay. As this did not give him the expected passage to India, he wished to remain there during the winter and resume explorations in the spring; but the mutiny of his crew forced him to return, and while on the voyage home, before leaving Hudson's Strait, he was seized and placed, with eight faithful adherents, in an open boat, and cruelly abandoned to the fate of castaways. Nothing was ever afterward heard of the brave bold navigator.

JAPANESE AGRICULTURE.—There is but little in the practice of Japanese agriculture that the American farmer can profitably imitate. We might say, though not quite so positively, there is little in American agricultural practice that Japan can profitably adopt, so great is the difference in seasons, people and institutions. But while the American farmer finds but little in Japanese agricultural practice of value, there is certainly much in its spirit worthy of his attention and study. Their thorough tillage, preferring rather to cultivate well than much; the care with which they husband and apply manures; their diligence in cultivating forest trees for timber, ornament and shade, are worthy of all emulation and praise.

In Japan the government has the absolute proprietorship of all the land, and this is farmed out to the peasantry, the government tax being something over one-half of all produced. Under this system the life of the peasant is usually one of unrelenting toil and wretchedness. His farm rarely exceeds in size a few square rods, but this he tills so well and thoroughly that the amount produced is a matter of surprise to foreigners. In early

spring, if on the uplands, the wheat or barley is sown in drills, about one foot apart. This is carefully and repeatedly hoed, and liquid manure applied during the season. To manure the plant seems to be the object rather than to fertilize the soil; and it is certain that the liquid form in which all manures are applied here, best accomplishes that object. About the time the grain is in the bloom, another crop is sown between the rows of standing grain, and thus two and often three crops are grown from the same land and during the same season.

Perhaps the most serious obstacle to the introduction of new sorts, as well as to the prosecution of old methods of farming, is the number and variety of insect enemies that contend with the agriculturists. We feel well convinced that but for the abundance and cheapness of labor there are few plants that could be profitably cultivated here. As it is, none but the hardiest and most rapid-growing are attempted. The growing of the apple tree has been repeatedly attempted in Yokohama and vicinity, yet they rarely survive more than two years from the time of planting. The present season Swedish turnips were tried,

but the way in which the *peris oleracea* swooped down upon the plants as soon as they appeared, will forbid a repetition of the experiment.

The truth is, Japan is reaping the legitimate fruit of giving an indiscriminate protection to all kinds of birds. Firearms to the masses here are unknown, and indeed any other kind of offensive weapon except the everlasting sword. Not one Jap in a hundred ever drew the trigger. Thus left to themselves in the "struggle for life,"

the voracious greedy hawks and crows became "masters of the situation;" and the small insect-eating birds, really valuable to the agriculturist, appear to have become all but extinct. Their eggs as soon as deposited become the food of crows and hawks; or should they pass the egg state, their fate is sealed as soon as they leave their hiding-place. The crows and hawks, on the contrary, are omnipresent, and stand ready to catch every unlucky bit of fish that escapes from the chopsticks of the natives.

MAY FLOWERS.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

Float over the valleys, O ye sweet winds of May!
Shine out in your beauty, O sunlight of Spring!
There is joy in the springtime, there's peace in the day,
And thinking of summer I cannot but sing.

Far up in the heavens the white clouds are lying,
Like the pure wings of angels with faces unseen.
The breeze through the pine-boughs less sadly is sighing,
For winter is gone, and the earth groweth green.

I have chanted one song, to my heart have I sung it,
Throughout the long winter so dreary and cold,
And the sweet bells of Memory have ceaselessly rung it,
So I could not forget what its music foretold.

As sure as the May flowers bud for their blooming,
As sure as the winter must yield to the spring,
As sure as the earth awaits summer's perfuming,
As sure as the birds in their gladness must sing,

So sure shall the heart that hath known some deep sorrow,
Rejoice in a gladness unguessed and unknown,
And e'en from the darkness an added joy borrow,
When the cloud that obscured the horizon has flown.

So murmured the song that hath cheered my dark hours,
And lo! as I've sung it the winter has fled;
All hail to bright May! with her garlands of flowers,
And the halo of hope round her beautiful head.

I know where her children bloom sweetest and brightest,
I've sought them this morning, by meadow and hill,
With heart all untroubled and light as the lightest,
And feet that would dance though I bade them be still.

I gathered the evergreen's long trailing masses,
And twined them in wreaths starred with blossoms of May;
I gave to my basket a lining of mosses,
That charmed with their hues and their delicate spray.

I gathered great clusters of wonderful beauty,
As rosy as clouds at the rise of the sun,
And shedding around them the sweetness of duty
In sunshine or shadow unfailingly done.

They tell me their story, these sweet blushing flowers,
How they blossomed with never a thought to be seen,
And gave of their fragrance through all the long hours,
To do honor to Spring, their fair mistress and queen.

The wind may blow cold over hillside and meadow,
The buds may be slow on the oak by the wall,
But, blossoms of May! ye can smile in the shadow,
Like the angels of hope that respond to my call.



MAY FLOWERS.

THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

PART I.

ARCH TREVLYN had had a good day. Business had been brisk. The rain had fallen steadily since daybreak, and the street-crossings in New York were ankle deep in mud. The little street-sweeper's arms ached fearfully, but his pocket was full of pennies, interspersed with an occasional half-dime, for we are writing of a time before silver coin was a myth.

The clouds were breaking in the west, and a gleam of sunshine gilded the tall spire of St. John's. Arch shouldered his broom, and whistled a merry tune, as he took his way homeward. His bright dark eyes sparkled as he thought how the sight of his earnings would cheer his feeble mother. She could have some tea now, with real milk and some sugar in it, and an orange, too. Only yesterday she was wishing she had an orange.

Arch's way led past a horticultural store, and his eye wandered longingly over the display of flowers in the window. He must have just one wee white rose, because only the Sabbath before, while he sat at his mother's feet, she had wept in telling him about the sweet roses that used to grow under the window of the little country cottage where her happy youth had been spent. In those days long ago, before sorrow and misfortune hid all the bright sunshine in clouds.

The white rose would be like bringing back to her ever so little a bit of the happy past. It could not cost much, and Arch felt wealthy as a prince. He stepped into the store and asked the price of a white rose. The clerk answered him roughly.

"Get out of the store, you young rascal! You want to steal something!"

"I am not a thief, sir," said the boy proudly, his sallow cheeks crimsoning, hot-

ly. "I want a rose for my mother. I guess I can pay for it!"

"It's half a dollar, if you want it," said the man, sneeringly. "Shell out the tin, or take yourself off this minute!"

Archer's countenance fell. He had not half a dollar in all. He turned sadly away, his head drooping, his lip quivering. O, how very hard it was to be poor, he thought, looking enviously at the costly carriage with a pair of splendid grays, standing before the door.

"Stop, little boy!" said a sweet voice from somewhere among the roses and heliotropes. "Is your mother sick?"

Arch removed his cap—some inborn spirit of courtesy prompting him to be reverent toward the glorious vision which burst upon him. For a moment he thought he saw an angel, and almost expected that she would unfold her silvery wings, and vanish in a golden cloud from his sight. But after the first glimpse, he saw that she was a little girl about his own age—eight or nine years, perhaps; with yellow curls, deep hazel eyes, a mouth like a rosebud, and a blue silk frock. She repeated the question:

"Is your mother sick, little boy?"

"No, she is not sick, for she always sits up and sews. But she is not strong, and her cheeks never have any color in them, like yours."

"And does she love flowers?"

"Yes, she loves them dearly. She kisses them always, when she has any. And that's not often."

"Does she? That's nice. Just like I do!" said the little girl, in a pleased voice.

"Mr. Burns,"—to the gruff clerk—"here is a dollar. Give me some real nice roses, and two or three sweet pinks. The lady

shall have some flowers. Tell her I sent them!"

"Who shall I say sent them?"

"Margie Harrison. Will she know me, think?"

"I guess not. But it's all the same. I shall tell her you are one of the angels, any way. She knows about them, for she's told me ever so much about them."

The little girl laughed, and gave him the flowers.

"Don't soil them with your grimy hands," she said, a little saucily; "and when you get home—let's see, what's your name?"

"Archer Trevlyn."

"Why, what a nice name! Just like names in a story-book. I know some elegant people by the name of Trevlyn. But they live in a big house, and have flowers enough of their own. So they can't be your folks, can they?"

"No, they're not my folks," replied the boy, with a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"Well, Archer, when you get home, you wash your face, do! It's so dirty!"

The boy flushed hotly. If one of his companions had said that to him, he would have knocked him down instantly. But he forgave everything this little girl said, because she was so beautiful and so kind.

"I am a street-sweeper, miss."

"O, that accounts for it then. It's very muddy to-day, and you must be tired. Hark! there's Florine calling me. Good-by, Archer."

She vanished, and a moment later the boy saw her disappear within the glittering carriage, which, loaded down with fragrant blossoms, was driven slowly away. He stood a little while looking after it, then pulling his cap down over his eyes, and grasping the stems of her flowers tightly in his little purple hand, he started for home.

Home! it could hardly be called so, and yet it was home to Archer. His mother was there—the dear mother who was all the world to him, and whom he loved just as tenderly as the children looking out at him from the brown stone fronts loved their mothers. It was in a poor part of the city, an old tumble-down wooden house, swarming with tenants, teeming with misery, filth and crime.

Up a crazy flight of steps and turning to the right, Arch saw that the door of his mother's room was half way open, and the

storm had beaten in on the floor. It was all damp and dismal, and such an indescribable air of desolation over everything! Archer's heart beat a little slower as he went in. His mother sat in an arm-chair by the window, an uncovered box in her lap, and a miniature locket clasped in her hand.

"O mother! mother dearest!" cried Arch, holding up the flowers, "only see what I have got! An angel gave them to me! A very angel, with hair like the sunshine, and a blue frock, all real silk! And I have got my pocket full of pennies, and you shall have an orange, mother, and ever so many nice things beside. See, mother dear!"

He displayed a handful of coin, but she did not notice him. He looked at her through the gloom of the twilight, and a feeling of terrible awe stole over him. He crept to her side, and touched her cheek with his finger. It was cold as ice. A mortal pallor overspread his face, the pennies and the flowers rolled unheeded to the floor.

"Dead! dead! My mother is dead!" he cried, speaking in that awfully calm and deliberate way we always dread to see in those who are afflicted, because it is so nearly allied to madness.

He did not display any of the passionate grief which is natural to childhood—there were no tears in his feverish eyes. He took her cold hand in his own, and stood there all night long, smoothing back the beautiful hair, and talking to her as one would talk to a sick child.

It was thus that Mat Miller found him the next morning. Mat was a little older than himself, a street-sweeper also. She and Arch had always been good friends; they sympathized with each other when bad luck was on them, and they cheered lustily when fortune smiled.

"Hurrah, Arch!" cried Mat, as she burst into the room, "it rains again, and we shall get a harvest! Good gracious, Arch! is—your—mother dead?"

"Hush!" said the boy, putting down the cold hand; "I have been trying to warm her all night, but it is no use. Only just feel how like ice my hands are. I wish I was as cold all over, and then they would let me stay with my mother."

"O Arch!" cried the girl, sinking down beside him on the desolate hearth, "it's a

hard world to live in! I wonder if when folks be dead they have to sweep crossings, and be kicked and cuffed round by old grandmas when they don't get no pennies? If they don't, then I wish I was dead, too, Arch?"

"I suppose it's wicked, Mat. She used to say so. She told me never to get tired of waiting for God's own time—her very words, Mat. Well, now her time has come, and I am all alone—all alone! O mother—mother!" He threw himself down before the dead woman, and his form shook with emotion, but not a tear came to his eyes. Only that hard stony look of hopeless despair. Mat crept up to him, and took his head in her lap, smoothing softly the matted chestnut hair.

"Don't take on so, Arch! don't!" she cried, the tears running down over her sunburnt face. "I'll be a mother to ye, Arch! I will, indeed! I know I'm a little brat, but I love you, Arch, and sometime when we get bigger, I'll marry you, Arch, and we'll live in the country, where there's birds and flowers, and it's just like the Park all round. Don't feel so, don't!"

Arch pressed the dirty little hands that fluttered about him—for, next to his mother, he loved Mat.

"I will go out now and call somebody," she said; "there's Mrs. Hill and Peggy Sullivan, if she aint drunk. Either of them will come!" And a few moments later the room was filled with the rude neighbors.

There were many pitiful faces among them, for Mrs. Trevlyn's sweet quiet ways and lovely face had won the respect of her fellow-lodgers; and some of them were acquainted with the sad history of her brief but troubled life. Thank God! it was all peace with her now.

They did not think it necessary to call a coroner. She had been ailing for a long time. Heart complaint, the physician said, and she had probably died in one of those spasms to which she was subject. So they robbed her for the grave, and when all was done, Arch stole in and laid the pinks and roses on her breast.

"O mother! mother!" he said, bending over her in agony, "she sent them to you, and you shall have them! I thought they would make you so happy! Well, maybe they will now! Who can tell?"

The funeral was a very poor one. A

kind city missionary prayed over the remains, and the hearse was followed to Potter's Field only by Mat and Arch, ragged and tattered, but sincere mourners.

When they came back Mat took Arch's hand and led him into the wretched den she called home.

"You shall stay here, Arch, with Grandma Rugg and me. She said you might if you'd be a good boy, and not plague the cat. Grandma's a rough one, but she aint kicked me since I tore her cap off. I'm too big to be kicked now. Sit down, Arch; you know you can't stay at home now."

Yes, to be sure he could not stay there any longer. No one knew that any better than Arch. The landlord had warned him out that very morning. A half quarter's rent was still due, and the meagre furniture would barely suffice to satisfy his claim. Hitherto Mrs. Trevlyn had managed to pay her expenses, but now that she was gone, Arch knew that it was more than folly to think of renting a room. Though none could tell how fondly he clung to that meagre room with its crazy furniture and its desolate aspect, all reminding him so forcibly of her. He could not suppress a cry of pain when they came to take away the things; and when they laid their rude hands on the chair in which she died, poor Arch could endure no more, but fled out into the street, and wandered about till hunger and weariness forced him back to the old haunt.

He accepted the hospitality of Grandma Rugg, and made his home with her and Mat. The influences which surrounded him were not calculated to develop good principles, and Arch grew rude and boisterous, like the other street boys. He heard the vilest language—oaths were the rule rather than the exception in Grigg Court, as the place was called—and gambling, and drunkenness, and licentiousness abounded. Still, it was singular how much evil Arch shunned. He swore sometimes when he was angry; and got mixed up in fights, and knocked down all the boys who insulted him, and believed that might was right, but, after all, he was not like the rest of them. Something kept him. He did not sink down utterly. He was never coarse, never brutal.

But there was growing within him a principle of bitter hatred which one day might embitter his whole existence. Per-

haps he had cause for it; he thought he had, and cherished it with jealous care, lest it should be annihilated as the years went on.

From his mother's private papers he had learned much of her history that he had before been ignorant of. She had never spoken to him very freely of the past. She knew how proud and high his temper was, and acted with wisdom in burying the story of her wrongs in her own breast.

His father, Hubert Trevlyn, had come of a proud family. There was no bluer blood in the land than that which ran in the veins of the Trevlyns. Not very far back they had an earl for their ancestor, and, better than that, the whole long lineage had never been tarnished by a breath of dishonor. All the sons and all the daughters had married in their own rank, and gone down to the grave with unsullied memories.

Hubert was the sole child of his father, and in him were centered many bright and precious hopes. His father was a kind parent, though a stern one, who would never brook a shade of disobedience in this boy upon whom his fondest hopes and aspirations were fixed.

When Hubert was about twenty-four he went into the country for his health, which was never very robust, and while there he met Helen Crayton. It was a case of love at first sight, but none the less pure and steadfast on that account. Helen was an orphan—a poor seamstress, but beautiful and intelligent beyond any woman he had ever met. It was fate, perhaps, or maybe Providence—whichever you please to call it. They loved, and they would not be cheated out of their happiness by any worldly opposition. Hubert wrote to his father, informing him of his love for Helen, and asking his consent to their union. Such a letter as he received in return! It bade him give up the girl at once and return home. If he ever spoke to her again he was disowned forever! He might consider himself houseless and homeless.

Hubert had some of the proud Trevlyn blood in his composition, and this letter roused it thoroughly. A week afterward he was the husband of Helen Crayton. He took his young wife to the city, and having something of a talent for painting, he opened a studio, hoping to receive suffi-

cient patronage from his friends to support his family in comfort.

But he had not rightly calculated the extent of his father's hatred. He made himself the evil genius of his disobedient son; and, in consequence, nothing Hubert touched prospered. Mr. Trevlyn destroyed the confidence of his friends in him; he circulated scandalous reports of his wife; he made the public to look with suspicious eye upon the unfortunate pair, and took the honestly-earned bread out of their very mouths. From bad to worse it went on, until broken in health and spirits, Hubert made an appeal to his father. It was a cold wet night, and he begged for a little food for his wife and child. They were literally starving! Begged of his own father, and was refused with curses. Not only refused, but kicked like a dog from the door of his childhood home! There was a fearful storm that night, and Hubert did not come back. All night his young wife sat waiting for him, hushing the feeble cries of the weary infant upon her breast. With the dawn, she muffled herself and child in a shawl, and went forth to seek him. Half way from her wretched home to the palatial mansion of Mr. Trevlyn she found her husband. Stone dead, and shrouded in the snow—the tender pitiful snow that covered him and his wretchedness from sight.

After that, people who knew Mr. Trevlyn said that he grew more fretful and disagreeable. His hair was bleached white as the snow, his hands shook, and his erect frame was bowed and bent like that of a very aged man. His wife, Hubert's mother, pined away to a mere shadow, and before the lapse of a year she was a hopeless idiot.

Helen Trevlyn took up the burden of her life, refusing to despair, because of her child. But for that she might have sunken and died then. It was a hard struggle for her, and she lived on until, as we have seen, when Archer was nine years of age she grew weary, and left it all with God.

When all this was known to Archer Trevlyn he was almost beside himself with passion. If he had possessed the power, he would have wiped the whole Trevlyn race out of existence. He shut himself up in his desolate garret, with the telltale letters and papers which had belonged to his

mother, and there, all alone, he took a fearful oath of vengeance. The wrongs of his parents should yet be visited on the head of the man who had been so cruelly un pitying. He did not care that the head was white with age, or the hands palsied, or the form bent and shrunken. He did not know what form his revenge might take, but, so sure as he lived, it should fall sometime!

* * * * *

Five years passed. Archer was fourteen years of age. He had left the street-sweeping business some time before, at the command of Grandma Rugg, and entered a third-class restaurant as an under-waiter. It was not the best school in the world for good morals. The people who frequented the Garden Rooms, as they were called, were mostly of a low class, and all the interests and associations surrounding Arch were bad. But perhaps he was not one to be influenced very largely by his surroundings. His nature had become so hardened as not to receive impressions readily. So the Garden Rooms, if they did not make him better, did not make him worse, which was some consolation, though a sorry one.

In all these years he had kept the memory of Margie Harrison fresh and green, though he had not seen her since the day his mother died. The remembrance of her beauty and purity kept him oftentimes from sin; and when he felt tempted to give utterance to oaths, her soft eyes seemed to come between him and temptation.

One day he was going across the street to make change for a customer, when a stylish carriage came dashing along. The horses shied at some object, and the pole of the carriage struck Arch and knocked him down. The driver drew in the horses with an imprecation.

Arch picked himself up, and stood recovering his scattered senses, leaning against a lamppost.

"Served ye right!" said the coachman, roughly. "You'd no business to be a running befront of folkses carriages."

"Stop!" said a clear voice inside the coach. "What has occurred, Peter?"

"Only a ragged boy knocked down; but he's up again all right. Shall I drive on? You will be late to the concert."

"I shall survive it, if I am," said the

voice. "Get down and open the door. I must see if the child is hurt."

"It's no child, miss; it is a boy older than yourself," said the man, surlily obeying the command.

Margie Harrison descended to the pavement. From the sweet voice, Arch had almost expected to see her. A flush of grateful admiration lit up his face. She beamed upon him like a star from the depth of the clouds.

"Are you hurt?" she asked, kindly. "It was very careless of Peter to let the carriage strike you. Allow us to take you home."

"Thank you," he said. "I am close to where I work, and I am not hurt. Only a trifling bruise."

Something familiar about him seemed to strike her; she looked at him with a strangely puzzled face, but he gave her no light.

"Is there nothing we can do for you?" she asked, at length.

A great presumption almost took his breath away. He gave it voice on the moment, afraid if he waited he should lack the courage.

"If you will give me the cluster of bluebells in your belt—"

She looked surprised, hesitated a moment, then laid them in his hand. He bowed, and was lost in the crowd.

That night when he got home he found Mat worse. She had been failing a long time. She was a large girl now, with great preternaturally bright eyes, and a spot of crimson in each hollow cheek.

It was more than three months since she had been able to do anything, and Grandma Rugg was very harsh and severe with her in consequence. There were black-and-blue places on her shoulders now where she had been beaten, but Arch did not know it. Mat never spoke to him about her sufferings, because it distressed him so, and made him so angry with the old woman.

He went in and sat down on the straw beside Mat; and almost before he knew it he was telling her about Margie Harrison. He always brought all his joys and sorrows to Mat now, just as he used to carry them to his mother.

The girl listened intently, the spots on her face growing deeper and wider. She looked at the bluebells wistfully, but

would not touch them. Arch offered her a spray. She shook her head sadly.

"No, they are not for me. Keep them, Arch. Sometime, I think, you will be rich and happy, and have all the flowers and beautiful things you wish."

"If I ever am, Mat, you shall be my queen, and dress in gold and silver!" answered the boy, warmly. "And never do any more hard work to make your hands hard!"

"You are very good, Arch," she said. "I thank you, but I shall not be there, you know. I think I am going away—going where I shall see my mother, and your mother, too, Arch; and where all the world will be full of flowers! Then I shall think of you, Arch, and wish I could send you some."

"Mat, dear Mat! don't talk so strangely!" said the boy, clasping her hot hands in his. "You must not think of going away! What *should* I do without you?"

She smiled, and touched her lips to his hand, which had stolen under her head, and lay so near her cheek.

"You would forget me, Arch. I mean after a time, and I should want you to. But I love you better than anything else in all the world! And it is better that I should die. A great deal better! Last night I dreamed it was. Your mother came and told me so. Do you know how jealous I have been of that Margie Harrison? I have watched you closely. I have seen you kiss a dead rose that I know she gave you. And I longed to see her so much, that I have waited around the splendid house where she lives, and seen her time and again come out to ride, with her beautiful dresses, and the white feather in her hat, and the wild roses on her cheeks. And my heart ached with such a hot bitter pain! But it's all over now, Arch. I am not jealous now. I love her and you. Both of you together. If I do go away, I want you to think kindly of me, and—and—good-night, Arch—dear Arch. I am so tired."

He gathered her head to his bosom, and kissed her lips—kissed her with tears on his cheek.

Poor little Mat! In the morning, when Arch came down, Mat had indeed gone away. Drifted out with the tide and with the silent night.

After Mat's death the home at Grandma

Rugg's became insupportable to Arch. He could not remain there. The old woman was crosser than ever, and though he gave her every penny of his earnings, she was not satisfied.

So Arch took his destiny into his own hands, and took lodgings in another part of the city. Quite as poor a place, but there no one had the right to grumble at him. Still, because she was some relation to Mat, he gave Grandma Rugg full half of his money, but he never remained inside her doors longer than necessity demanded.

In his new lodgings he became acquainted with a middle-aged man, who represented himself as a retired army officer. His name was John Sharp. A sleek, keen-eyed, smooth-tongued individual, who never boasted or blustered, but who gave people the idea that sometime he had been a person of consequence. This man attached himself particularly to Arch Trevlyn. With insidious cunning he wormed himself into the boy's confidence, and gained, to a certain degree, his friendship. Arch did not trust him entirely, though. There was something about him from which he shrank—the touch of his white jewelled hand made his flesh creep like the touch of a serpent; and there was something in his little affected laugh that jarred unpleasantly on the feelings of the boy.

But Mr. Sharp had an object to gain, and set himself resolutely to work to carry his point. He was not in the habit of giving up any scheme until it was fully accomplished. He made himself necessary to Arch. He bought him books, and taught him evenings, when neither was engaged otherwise. He had been well educated, and in Arch he had an apt scholar. Every spare moment of the boy's life was absorbed in his books. They seemed like a part of some life belonging to him, but which he had missed. They brought to him something of the happiness of which his childhood had been defrauded. When he had a book in his hand it somehow seemed as if he were nearer Margie Harrison and the pure atmosphere in which she lived. It was a quaint silly fancy, but it pleased him, nevertheless, and he indulged it.

By-and-by Sharp learned the whole history of the wrongs inflicted on Arch's parents by old Mr. Trevlyn. He snapped at the story as a dog snaps at a bone. How

strangely successful his plans bade fair to become! He could not have asked for anything different. But he was cautious and patient, and it was a long time before he showed himself to Arch in his true character. And then when he did, the revelation had been made so much by degrees that the boy was hardly shocked to find that his friend was a housebreaker and a highway robber.

Long before he had formed a plan to rob the house of Mr. Trevlyn. It was a field that promised well. Mr. Trevlyn, with the idiosyncrasy of age, had invested most of his fortune in diamonds, and these he kept in a chamber in his house. His chief delight consisted in gloating over these precious stones. He had lost all taste for worldly enjoyments—he was a stern, hard-hearted old recluse, shunned by all, and valued by none. Night after night he would sit handling his diamonds, chuckling over his wealth, and threatening imaginary plunderers with destruction.

So his servants said, and Sharp repeated the story to Arch, with sundry variations and alterations suited to the case. He had a persuasive tongue, and it is little wonder that the boy, hating his grandfather as he did, and resolved as he was upon revenging his father's wrongs, should fall into the snare. He wanted Mr. Trevlyn to suffer—he did not care how. If the loss of his diamonds would be to him a severer blow than any other, then let it fall. He was ready to strike. You will begin to see that my hero is by no means a faultless one, because I do not believe in faultless people.

Sharp used many specious arguments to induce Arch to become his accomplice in robbing the Trevlyn mansion, but the only one which had any weight was that he could thus revenge his father's wrongs.

"Only assist me, and secure your revenge," said the wily schemer, "and I will share the spoils with you. There will be enough to enrich us both for life!"

Arch drew himself up proudly, a fiery red on his cheek, a dangerous gleam in his dark eye.

"I am no thief, sir! I'd scorn to take a cent from that old man to use for my benefit! I would not touch his diamonds if they lay here at my feet! But if I can make him suffer anything like as my poor father suffered through him, then I am

ready to turn robber—yes, pickpocket! if you will!" he added, savagely.

Sharp appointed the night. His plans were craftily laid. Mr. Trevlyn, he had ascertained, would be absent on Thursday night; he had taken a little journey into the country for his health, and only the servants and his ward would sleep in the house. Sharp argued rightly, that he would fear to take his diamonds with him, on account of the danger of loss; the only wonder was that he had undertaken the journey at all.

Thursday night was dark and rainy. At midnight Sharp and Arch stood before the house they were about to plunder. No thought of shame or sin entered Archer Trevlyn's heart; he did not seem to think he was about to disgrace himself for life; he thought only of Mr. Trevlyn's dismay when he should return to find the bulk of his riches swept away from him at one blow.

"He took all my father had!" he said, under his breath; "he would have sullied the fair fame of my mother; and if I could take from him everything but life, I would do it. But that never! no—no—I could not be a murderer!"

Sharp with a dexterous skill removed the fastenings of a shutter, and then the window yielded readily to his touch. He stepped inside; Arch followed. All was quiet, save the heavy ticking of the old clock on the hall stairs. Up the thickly-carpeted stairway, along the corridor they passed, and Sharp stopped before a closed door.

"We must pass through one room before reaching that where the safe is which contains the treasure," he said, in a whisper. "It is possible that there may be some one sleeping in that room. If so, leave them to me, that is all."

He opened the door with one of a bunch of keys which he carried, and noiselessly entered. The gas was turned down low, but a mellow radiance filled the place. A bed stood in one corner, and Sharp advanced toward it. The noise he had made, slight though it was, aroused the occupant, and as she started up in affright, Arch met the soft pleading eyes of Margie Harrison. She spoke to him, not to Sharp.

"Do not let him kill me!"

Sharp laid a rough hand on her shoulder, and put a knife to her throat.

Simultaneously, Arch sprang upon him like a tiger.

"Release that girl!" he hissed. "Dare to touch her with but the tips of your fingers, and by Heaven I will murder you!"

Sharp sprang back with an oath, and at the same moment a pistol shot rang through the house, and Sharp, bathed in blood, fell to the floor. Old Mr. Trevlyn, travel-stained and wet, strode into the room:

"I've killed him!" he said, in a cracked voice of intense satisfaction. "He didn't catch old Trevlyn napping. I knew well enough they'd be after my diamonds, and I gave up the journey. Margie, child, are the jewels safe?"

She had fallen back on the pillows, pale as death, her white night-dress spattered with the blood of the dead robber.

Arch lifted a tiny glove from the carpet, thrust it into his bosom, and before old Trevlyn could raise a hand to stop him, he had got clear of the premises.

Such a relief as he felt when the cool fresh air struck his face. He had been saved from overt criminality. God had not permitted him to thus debase himself. Now that his excitement was gone, he saw the heinousness of the sin he had been about to commit, in all its deformity.

Let old Trevlyn go! Let him gloat over his diamonds while yet he had opportunity. He would not despoil him of his treasures, but he could not give up his scheme of vengeance. It should be brought about some other way.

A large reward was offered by Mr. Trevlyn for the apprehension of Sharp's accomplice, but as no description of his person could be given by any one except Margie, who could not or would not be explicit on that point, he was not secured.

Trevlyn recognized and appreciated her noble generosity in suffering him to go free, for in the one look she had given him on that disgraceful occasion, he had felt that she recognized him. But she pitied him enough to let him go free.

Well, he would show her that her confidence was not misplaced. He would deserve her forbearance. He was resolved upon a new life. He would break up forever all old associations. He would have left New York, but somehow he felt safer in the same city with her. Her influence helped him so much! He wanted to be

near her, though he never saw her face.

He left the saloon, and after many rebuffs, succeeded in getting employment as errand boy in a large importing-house. The salary was a mere pittance, but it kept him in clothes and coarse food, until one day about a year after his apprenticeship there, he chanced to save the life of Mr. Belgrade the senior partner. A gas pipe in the private office of the firm exploded, and the place took fire, and Mr. Belgrade, smothered and helpless, would have perished in the flames, had not Arch, with a bravery few would have expected in a bashful retiring boy, plunged through the smoke and flame, and borne him to a place of safety.

Mr. Belgrade was a man with a conscience, and grateful for his life, he rewarded his preserver by a clerkship of importance. The duties of this office he discharged faithfully for three years, when the death of the head clerk left a vacancy, and when Arch was nineteen, he received the situation.

Through these three years he had been a close student. Far into the night he pored over his books, and too proud to go to school, he hired a teacher, and was taught privately. At twenty he was quite as well educated as nine-tenths of the young men now turned out by our fashionable colleges, and a great deal more sensible. He had the experience of men twice his years, and having known poverty himself, he was ever ready to alleviate its distresses in others.

Rumors of Margie Harrison's triumphs reached him constantly. For Margie was a belle, and a beauty now. Her parents were dead, and she had been left to the guardianship of Mr. Trevlyn, at whose house she made her home, and where she reigned a very queen. Old Trevlyn's heart at last found something beside his diamonds to worship, and Margie had it all her own way.

She came into the store of Belgrade and Company one day, and asked to look at some laces. Trevlyn was the only clerk disengaged, and with a very changeable face he came forward to attend to her. He felt that she would recognize him at once, that she would remember where she had seen him the last time—a house-breaker! She held his reputation in her keeping. She held the power to doom him to a felon's cell!

His hand trembled as he took down the laces—she glanced at his face. A start of surprise, a conscious painful blush swept over her face. He dropped the box, and the rich laces fell over her feet.

"Pardon me," he said, hurriedly, and stooping to pick them up, the little glove he had stolen on that night, and which he wore always in his bosom, fell out, and dropped among the laces.

She picked it up with a little cry.

"The very glove that I lost four years ago! and you are—" she stopped, suddenly.

He paled to the lips, but lifting his head proudly, said:

"Go on. Finish the sentence. I can bear it."

"No, I will not go on. Let the memory die. I knew you then, but you were so young, and had to bear so much among temptations! And the other was a villain. No, I am silent. You are safe."

He stooped, and lifting the border of her shawl, kissed it reverently.

"If I live," he said, solemnly, "you will be glad you have been merciful. Sometime, I shall hear you say so."

She did not purchase any laces. She went out forgetful of her errand, and Arch was so awkward for the remainder of the day, and committed so many blunders, that his fellow-clerks laughed at him unrebuked, and Mr. Belgrade seriously wondered if Trevlyn had not been taking too much champagne.

Margie Harrison and her guardian sat at breakfast. The dining-room was a spacious apartment, furnished in oak and green, and overlooking the terraces and the flower-garden. Mr. Trevlyn showed his years very plainly. He was nearly seventy-five—he looked eighty. Since Margie came to live with him, he had grown younger, but his snow-white hair and bent frame spoke of a weight which was not all time and its infirmities.

Margie looked very lovely this morning, and it was of this the old man was thinking, as he glanced at her across the table. She had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood. The golden hair was chestnut now, and pushed behind her ears in heavy rippling masses of light and shadow. Her eyes had taken a deeper tone—they were like wells whose depth you could not guess at. Her features were delicately ir-

regular, the forehead low, broad and white; her chin was dimpled as an infant's, and her mouth still ripe and red as a damask rosebud. She wore a pink muslin wrapper, tied with white ribbons, and in her hair drooped a cluster of apple-blossoms.

"Margie dear," said Mr. Trevlyn, pausing in his work of buttering a muffin, "I want you to look your prettiest to-night. I am going to bring home a friend of mine. One who was, also, your father's friend. Mr. Linmere. He arrived from Europe to-day."

Margie's cheek lost a trifle of its peachy bloom. She toyed with her spoon, but did not reply to his remark.

"Did you understand me, child? Mr. Linmere has returned."

"Yes sir."

"And is coming here to-night. Remember to take extra pains with yourself, Margie, for he has seen all the European beauties, and I do not want my little American flower to be cast in the shade. Will you remember it?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Trevlyn."

"Margie!"

"Sir!"

"You are aware that Mr. Linmere is your affianced husband, are you not?"

"I have been told so."

"And yet in the face of that fact— Well, of all things! girls do beat me! Thank Heaven! I have none of my own!" he added, testily.

"Girls are better let alone, sir. It is very hard to feel one's self bound to fulfil a contract of this kind."

"Hard! well now, I should think it easy. Mr. Linmere is all that any reasonable woman could wish. Not too old, nor yet too young; about forty-five, which is just the age for a man to marry; good-looking, intelligent and wealthy—what more could you ask?"

"You forget that I do not love him. That he does not love me."

"Love! tush! Don't let me hear anything about that. I loathe the name! Margie, love ruined my only son! For love he disobeyed me, and I disowned him. I have not spoken his name for years! Your father approved of Mr. Linmere, and while you were yet a child, you were betrothed. And when your father died, what did you promise him on his deathbed?"

Margie grew white as the ribbons at her throat.

"I promised him that I would *try* and fulfil his requirements."

"That you would *try*. Yes. And that was equal to giving an unqualified assent. You know the conditions of the will, I believe?"

"I do. If I marry without your consent under the age of twenty-one, I forfeit my patrimony. And I am nineteen now. And I shall not marry without your consent."

"Margie, you must marry Mr. Linnere. Do not hope to do differently. It is your duty. He has lived single all these years waiting for you. He will be kind to you, and you will be happy. Prepare to receive him with becoming respect."

Mr. Trevlyn considered his duty performed, and went out for his customary walk, feeling very much as if he wished the world had been constructed in such a manner as to make the existence of women a superfluity. They had caused him a great deal of trouble.

At dinner Mr. Linnere arrived. Margie met him with cold composure. He scanned her fair face and almost faultless face with the eye of a connoisseur, and congratulated himself on the fortune which was to give him such a bride without the perplexity of a wooing. She was beautiful and attractive, and he had feared she might be ugly, which would have been a dampener on his satisfaction. True, her wealth would have counterbalanced any degree of personal deformity; but Mr. Paul Linnere admired beauty, and liked to have pretty things around him.

To tell the truth, he was sadly in need of money. It was fortunate that his old friend, Mr. Harrison—Margie's dead father—had taken it into his head to plight his daughter's troth to him, while she was yet a child. Mr. Harrison had been an eccentric man, and from the fact that in many points of religious belief he and Mr. Paul Linnere agreed—for both were miserable skeptics—he valued him above all other men, and thought his daughter's happiness would be secured by the union he had planned.

Linnere had been abroad several years, and had led a very reckless dissipated life. Luxurious by nature, lacking in moral rectitude, and having wealth at his command, he indulged himself unrestrained; and when at last he left the gay French capital, and returned to America, his whole

fortune, with the exception of a few thousands, was dissipated. So he needed a rich wife sorely—and was not disposed to defer his happiness.

He met Margie with *empressement*, and bowed his tall head to kiss the white hand she extended to him. She drew it away coldly—something about the man made her shrink from him—something about him reminded her of a serpent.

"I am so happy to meet you again, Margie, and after ten years of separation! I have thought so much and so often of you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Linnere."

"Will you not call me Paul?" he asked, in a subdued voice, letting his dangerous eyes full of light and softness, rest on her.

An expression of haughty surprise swept her face. She drew back a pace.

"I am not accustomed to address gentlemen—mere acquaintances—by their Christian names, sir."

"But in this case, Margie? Surely the relations existing between us will admit of such a familiarity."

"There are no relations existing between us at present, Mr. Linnere," she answered, haughtily; "and if, in obedience to the wishes of the dead, we should ever become connected in name, I beg leave to assure you in the beginning that you will always be Mr. Linnere to me."

A flush of anger mounted to his cheek, he set his teeth, but outwardly he was calm and subdued. Anger, just at present, was not his *forte*.

"I hope to win your love, Margie. I trust I shall," he answered, sadly enough to have aroused almost any woman's pity; but some subtle instinct told Margie he was false to the core.

But all through the evening he was affable, and complaisant, and forbearing. She made no attempt to conceal her dislike of him. Concealments were not familiar to Margie's nature. She was frank and open as the day.

Mr. Linnere's fascinations were many and varied. He had a great deal of adaptation, and made himself agreeable to every one. He had travelled extensively, was a close observer, and had a retentive memory. Mr. Trevlyn was charmed with him. So was Alexandrine Lee, a friend of Margie's, a rival belle, who accidentally (?) dropped in to spend the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINTER WIND.

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

Blow calmly, Winter Wind, about my door!
Rattle the casements with a gentle hand;
More kindly than your wont in days before,
Sweep o'er the desolate and dreary land.

My spirit has grown weak, and cannot bear
The chilling murmur of your wailing sounds;
O temper now your piercing frosty air,
To blow athwart its quivering half-healed wounds.

Time was when I enjoyed your every mood,
And drew in vigor with your wildest breath,
Before amid your revelry there stood
The shadow and reality of death.

Time was when e'en your fiercest tones awoke
An echo in the soul akin to mirth;
When mid your frozen cadences there broke
A sudden gladness o'er the solemn earth.

Your deep resounding strains were fitting parts
In the grand anthem Nature fitly sings;
Responsive to the key in human hearts,
She strikes discordant or harmonious strings.

Softly, O Wind of Winter! softly blow, ~~and~~
Give all your mighty currents mild increase,
Deal gently with your white handmaiden, Snow,
And let the happy earth repose in peace!

Warren, Mass., January, 1875.

"X" AND "H": A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S STORY.

BY FRED F. FOSTER.

I.

My temperament, as I am well aware, is very peculiar; in most things I am what might be termed an extremist. Persons and things which I like I am very fond of; and what I have a distaste to I hate from the bottom of my heart, if I may be permitted the use of so strong a term as "hate."

This characteristic renders life at once pleasant and disagreeable. Beautiful things almost fascinate me, making of earth a heaven; while repulsive things convert this heaven into something far different. Society, fortunately, is made up of such a variety of individuals, each possessing some trait peculiar to himself, that it furnishes a wonderful source of study,

and at the same time renders me happy and miserable. This is a long prelude to my story, but a necessary one, as will be perceived ere I am done.

"Born of poor but respectable parents," I was blessed with an excellent opportunity for study; and, devoting myself to my books, I, in a short time, accomplished what it would have taken most persons much longer to perform.

By the most earnest endeavor I was enabled to graduate from Harvard, with no little honor, I think I can say with entire freedom from egotism. Having graduated, I was offered a situation as correspondent for one of our popular journals, which suited me nicely, and which I at once accepted; inasmuch as I was to travel in and

write from Europe. In this way I could visit those time-hallowed places with which I had in a measure become acquainted through my long study of the classics; and certainly nothing can be more pleasing to one interested in the beauties of Homer and Virgil, the thrilling utterances of Demosthenes and Cicero, than a personal acquaintance with the places where they lived and died.

While in Venice I made the acquaintance of a gentleman named Simpson, from New York. He was a wealthy merchant, and was travelling with his family on account of the ill-health of his wife. The family was a very pleasant one, but the daughter, a young lady of about nineteen, interested me more than all the others.

I have said I was extremely fond of beautiful things; and among women Eva Simpson was the most beautiful I had ever met. Did I possess the faculty of description which novelists have, I would gladly paint her portrait in ink; as I have not, I will only say, picture to yourselves the most beautiful brunette you can imagine, of the medium height, and rather slim, and you will have a truer conception of her than I can give you. Words would fail me to do her justice. And her disposition was as charming as were her looks and ways. I was fascinated, withal, by the aptitude she manifested in the comprehension of things in general, which I noticed throughout the entire period we were intimately associated.

I was at this time only twenty-four, a susceptible period in a man's life; and, of course, in a few weeks I was deeply in love with her, on every possible occasion seeking her society, and superlatively miserable if a day passed and I did not meet her. Of course, with her beauty, wealth and intelligence, cavaliers by the score there were, only too glad to do homage at her shrine, among whom were gentlemen of means, who could give her such an "establishment" as she deserved, which I could not—having my own way to win, with no glory or property for me save what I gained by my unaided efforts.

As most poor people are, I was proud-spirited, and for a time was uncertain what to do under the circumstances; but "faint heart ne'er won fair lady;" so one evening, as we were listlessly gliding along

in a gondola, the moonbeams casting dark shadows across the watery streets, I in impassioned words declared my love, and asked her to become my wife, stating my circumstances exactly as they were. She heard me through, and then said, quietly:

"Mr. Earl, that you are not rich would make no difference, so far as my love is concerned. And your candid confession of your love for me is very dear. There is no gentleman of my acquaintance whom I esteem more highly. I will not deny that I was aware that you esteemed me highly, for I knew my society was agreeable to you. I did *not* imagine you *loved* me so much, or I would have taken the means to prevent it. Not that your love is unpleasant to me; far from it. I only speak on your own account. I could *love* you, did I try, but that would be wrong, as I am, and have been for two years, engaged to a gentleman in Illinois. Rest assured," she continued, "your friendship will be as dear to me as ever. Nor can we, for want of the greater, afford to give up the less love, can we?" she said, with a smile.

I assented to this; and though *friendship* is not quite so dear to one in love as it may be to others, I rested satisfied, as no one was at fault for my disappointment save myself; and there was no little consolation in thinking, if she could never be mine, neither could any one of her other attendants, who were so zealous in their attentions, win her. In a few weeks I left Venice for other parts of Europe, and when I parted from her, she wished me the greatest prosperity, and invited me to call on her in her own home, when we had again reached our native land. So we were verily "the best of friends," as she said. We deemed it expedient not to enter into correspondence with each other; so, during the entire period which I passed in Europe, after leaving the City of the Sea, I never heard from her but once, and that through a gentleman whom I met in London, who was in Venice during my stay there, and whom I suspected of having also made proposals to Miss Eva Simpson, though I never knew it for certainty.

II.

ON returning to America, when I had completed my tour of observation, I was undecided to what I had best give my

attention as a vocation. Each of the professions seemed full to overflowing, and I could not endure the humiliation of occupying a second or third rate position in any of them. I was offered a situation as principal in a flourishing school, but did not consider my temperament compatible with the instruction of the young; and, besides, teaching was too monotonous, possessing too little excitement to suit my nervous disposition. I could have had a position on the editorial corps of the journal with which I had been indirectly connected for two years, but the life of a journalist is a hard one, not particularly remunerative, and offers but little chance for promotion.

While attending to my studies, the natural sciences had afforded me great pleasure; and no point in their entire realm was so fraught with interest and wonder as that of electricity. There was a certain incomprehensible something about it which won my closest attention; and though I never anticipated becoming a second Franklin, much as I could have desired such a result, I did long for a situation in which I would be enabled to study its hidden mysteries.

So, when my duties as correspondent ended, I devoted my time to the study of telegraphy; and after several months I sought and obtained a situation as operator in an office in Michigan. True, the salary was not large, but where is the person, interested in any subject, who allows merely pecuniary interests to interfere with the prosecution of his favorite pursuit?—especially if it is sufficiently remunerative to support him in a respectable manner. As with others, so it was with me; only by as much as my temperament was more active and nervous than is the disposition of the majority of people, so I was more zealous in my calling than are most persons who act as operators, and who only consider their occupation valuable in so far as their situation affords them a good subsistence in an easy manner.

Beside myself there were three operators in the office where I was located; but, ere many months, my earnestness was rewarded by promotion to manager, which being the highest position there attainable, I was for the present contented.

Medical men, by long acquaintance with disease and suffering, are said to lose in a great measure their sensitiveness; and the

same may be said of operators. Of course, matters of great importance only are submitted to transmission by telegraph; hence a large part of messages relate to sickness and death. I remember how I was affected when I first received a death-message; one announcing the decease of a young man, the only support of his widowed mother in her declining years. I knew the woman, and from my heart I pitied her; could hardly have felt worse had it been my own brother who was dead. But in time this wore away—my feeling of unhappiness on such occasions—and I came to consider all messages whatever merely in a business point of view.

One evening, after business hours, I was sitting in my office, making up reports, and at the same time enjoying a fine Havana, when a young man came in, and, without saying a word, quietly seated himself near the stove. He was a fine-looking gentleman, dressed very fashionably, yet in excellent taste, with no inclination to the "flashy." But there was a certain something in his countenance which did not exactly please me, though I paid but little attention to it or him—merely nodding as he entered, and then kept on about my business.

After a while, as he said nothing, I asked him if I could in any way accommodate him. In reply he said:

"I hope you will pardon me, but I used to telegraph myself; and being under the necessity of remaining in this town over night, where I am entirely unacquainted, I came in here, thinking, if you were not too busy, you would perhaps allow me the use of some of your keys in refreshing my knowledge of the subject. It is one in which I was greatly interested, but I have not had anything to do with it for several years."

Aware of my own interest in the subject, and presuming him an enthusiast like myself, I said:

"Certainly, sir; you are welcome to use any of these keys. This one is on the line between T. and F., and there being no night officers on that line, you can use it with no fear of breaking any one."

"Shall I not trouble you?"

"Not at all," said I. And the gentleman came inside the fence inclosing the operating-room from the rest of the office, and seating himself, commenced his writ-

ing. He was certainly a skillful operator, even surpassing myself in the rapidity with which he wrote. For a time he amused himself with making different letters and writing various sentences, and then he commenced rapidly calling "X," signing when he did so "H." There was no such "call" on the line, and I could not understand why he ran on that letter; but at last there came "i, i." "X."

I thought to myself, the gentleman is ahead of me here—evidently understands something which I do not; so, quite interested, though apparently absorbed in my own work, I paid the closest attention to his writing. Immediately, on having his "x" answered, he wrote:

"Rh vevibgsrml zoivzwb uli lkvizgrlm? H." And in a moment the reply came:

"Bv xlnv wldn glnliild nrtsg. X."

After this the stranger kept on with his promiscuous writing, and when he was done, said:

"Thank you, sir, for your kindness. I find I have not entirely lost my knowledge of the art."

"You are welcome. No, you have not forgotten how to use the key, by any means, and once you must have been very skillful."

"Thanks for the compliment," said he, with a smile. "There was always something fascinating to me in telegraphing; so, when I was attending school, I fear I devoted more time to it than I ought—more than was consonant with success in other pursuits; at least, the professor used to advise me to give more attention to my studies generally."

"It is, indeed, a wonderful science," returned I; "and it is surprising that, being so valuable, it should so frequently be used for evil purposes." And as I said this, I fixed my gaze upon him closely.

"So it is," he replied, without a feature in his handsome face changing. "And the same is true of nearly everything," he continued. "The best things are often turned to the worst uses."

A short conversation ensued, and then he arose to depart, placing a card in my hand as he did so with the remark:

"I have neglected to introduce myself, but if you ever visit E—, I shall be pleased to entertain you. You will easily find my residence. Again thanks for your kindness, and good-evening."

I responded to him a "good-evening," and on looking at the card found the name CHARLES HAMPTON.

I knew I had heard the name before, but at first could not remember where; then like a flash it came to me. This was the name of Eva Simpson's betrothed, and there could be no mistaking the identity. She had told me E— was the place of residence of the Charles Hampton, and it was my visitor's home. Moreover, he (the stranger) was evidently a gentleman of wealth and culture. Two persons of the same name were possible; such a resemblance in other respects was far from probable. Were we then in some mysterious way to be connected?

For a long time I pondered upon the strange fate leading to this meeting, and then my mind reverted to the mysterious telegraphing. True, the letters sent and received were devoid of sense, but I was confident there was some meaning, if only it could be found.

By long practice an operator becomes as familiar with other operators' writing over the wires as with an individual's penmanship; but I could not locate "X's" writing. Possibly it might be some stranger in an office, as my visitor was. The thought struck me that mayhap I would be able to get him again. So I went to the key and called "X," signing "H," till I was tired. No response came; so if "X" was a regular operator on the line, he was not deceived by my calling.

Then I set my wit at work to decipher the senseless sentences, and found the key to the solution by transposing the alphabet; using z for a, y for b, etc. The letters thus transposed read as follows:

"Is everything all ready for operation?" And the reply was:

"Yes, come down to-morrow night."

I was now convinced something was up, even if Hampton did go down; but I could only await developments. I did not sleep much that night; and falling into a drowse, I was continually in trouble, of an indefinite kind, in which Eva, Hampton and myself were strangely mixed up.

I made no reference to the matter among the other operators in the office, for fear something would thereby result to entirely overthrow any plans I might form.

Two days subsequent to the occurrence a message from F. was received at our

office for a Mr. Kimball, well known as a detective. It was as follows:

"Bank robbed last evening. Come at once. Sig. President."

Mr. Kimball went down and remained several days, and on his return came into the telegraph office. I asked him as to his success, and he said:

"Positively I have had none. It is the most curious case I have ever known. The bank officers suspect no one, nor is there any one on whom the least suspicious thing can be fastened."

When he was through, I said:

"Excuse me, but I think I can work this case up for you."

"Do you, indeed?" asked Mr. Kimball.

"I do, assuredly," I returned.

"Have you had any experience as a detective?"

"Never."

"I should say this was a blind case for a novice."

"Doubtless it is; but I will tell you what I wish you would do. Take me down to F. and introduce me as one of your fraternity who, having heard of this case through yourself, desires to try and work it up. Will you do so, or does it seem too strange a freak to deserve a moment's consideration?"

"I confess, Mr. Earl, it appears freakish. Inasmuch as things can be no worse, I am willing to give you a chance to try what you can do, trusting you will exercise due caution."

"I will, indeed," said I. "Come in to-morrow morning, and I will go down with you; 'or no,'"—I added. "You go down in the morning, and I will follow you in the P.M. That will prevent any suspicion that you have an 'accomplice.' I shall assume such a disguise that I hardly think you will recognize me. Please meet me at the M— House."

"I will do so," said Mr. Kimball; and he went away.

That afternoon I arranged my work so I could be absent several days. The season of the year was favorable, in that business was comparatively quiet, and my reports for the month were all made up.

III.

THE disguise I assumed the next day consisted of long heavy whiskers and mustache (my face was smooth), a wig of bushy hair (my own was straight), and a pair of plain-glass spectacles; and, going out on the street, I was not recognized by any of my friends.

Arriving at F., I went immediately to M— House, and as it was nearly time for tea, I took up a paper to look over, having registered my name as "*Henry Quimby, Chicago Ill.*"

While I was scanning the contents of the paper, Mr. Kimball came in, and, not finding my name on the register, turned away, evidently disappointed; then he came and sat down, only a short distance from me, watching the door very closely to see if I came in. I smiled to think how effectually I had deceived him, and said, in a whisper:

"So you didn't *know* me?"

He recognized my voice, and, turning to me, replied, quietly:

"I declare, you *are* transmogrified. I guess you'll do."

"I shall endeavor to," said I. "Have you been to the bank?" I added.

"Yes. I have arranged everything in that direction, and the president and cashier will call on you this evening, at your room. That will obviate observations by outsiders."

"That is a good idea," said I, "and now we will, hereafter, act as strangers."

Soon tea was announced, and I confess I was sufficiently hungry to relish my food that night. I was about to rise from the table, when who should come in but Charles Hampton, accompanied by a young man a few years his junior. Of course, Hampton could not penetrate my disguise, and I determined to remain at the table a while longer and watch. So I ordered another cup of tea and some more rolls, and taking a paper from my pocket, appeared to be very busy over its contents.

In no long time the table was deserted, save by us three, and I was confident something would now "turn up" to aid me, for I was persuaded Hampton was the rogue, though I had not much to found such an opinion on. But not one point did I make by my endeavor, for they quietly ate their supper, and as quietly went out from the dining-room, hardly making any

remarks during the entire meal. They had been gone from the table only a moment, when I also arose and went to the office and got a cigar. Hampton and his friend did likewise, and then left the house.

In the evening Kimball called and introduced the president and cashier of the bank. I found them very genial persons, glad that I was willing to aid them in a case which promised such uncertain results. The total loss was about \$60,000, including bonds, notes, papers, etc. The gentlemen thought the notes and papers, which could not with safety be disposed of, would be returned; in which case the loss would stand at a figure not far from \$40,000.

"By the way," said the president, "you will find Mr. Hampton willing to aid you in your work."

"Mr. Hampton?" I returned.

"Yes, Mr. Charles Hampton of E—, Ill. His father is president of the bank at that place, and he is the bookkeeper. His father is one of the directors of our bank, and of course, Mr. Charles is much interested in the affair."

"I presume his aid would be valuable, but I prefer to labor unaided, with your permission."

"Certainly, if you desire it," was the response.

"Thank you; and we will avoid being seen in company each of the other, or at least I will not visit you, till I have attained to some result, for fear the guilty ones, if in this vicinity, may become suspicious. You and the directors will, of course, discuss matters as quietly as possible; and, in a week, I trust to make a favorable report," said I.

"Your hopefulness gives me courage," said the cashier, and then I was left alone.

I confess I was working up the case in a peculiar manner, starting with the conclusion that Charles Hampton was the guilty party; my aim was to *prove* it. Somehow I must continue to have him become acquainted with *Henry Quimby*.

Fortune favored me; for, on the second evening of my stay in F., lounging into the billiard-room of the hotel, I found him cue in hand. Begging his pardon, I told him, if agreeable, I would like to play him a game. And we did play several, and I was ingloriously beaten, as I expected to be. Besides making his acquaintance I was in-

troduced to his friend, Frank Powers, whom I found to be a clerk in the bank.

In my own mind I was confident I was gaining ground; as confident as I was that Charles Hampton and Frank Powers were the ones on whom the blow would fall. But first I must make an examination into circumstances, particularly those of Powers.

I found he was a steady respectable young man, respected, too, with no bad habits or small vices, such as are common to a place like F. An invalid father and a young sister were dependent on him, to whom he was thoroughly devoted; often sacrificing needed things to their comfort. The bank officials had the greatest confidence in him, as did every one of whom I indirectly made inquiries. I found, too, that he passed more or less of his leisure time in the telegraph office. This was worthy of notice.

Now I must learn more of Hampton, and for this purpose I went directly to E—. All I could learn in reference to him was decidedly in his favor, his reputation being excellent. He lived with his father, and was far from a spendthrift; considered rather *close*, taking into account his position and expectations. I confess I was at a loss, for I fully expected to find some weak point; not one was perceptible.

So I returned to F. a little discouraged. That evening, going into the reading-room I found Hampton writing a letter. He recognized me by a nod of the head; but on passing behind him, I found a letter, or rather an envelop, by his chair, directed to him, in one corner of which was printed, "Kentucky Grand Lottery." Here I was certain was another point; at any rate I determined to make a bold push, result as it might. So when I left the room, I told him I would like to have him call on me at my room, that evening, if convenient. He said he would, and a few moments after I went to my apartment, he came to my door, rapped, and was admitted.

After a few moments' conversation I observed:

"Mr. Hampton, you have not suspected it, but I am here in the capacity of a detective, to find the person or persons who committed the bank robbery."

"Are you? I really never *did* suspect it," said he. "Have you any clue to them?"

"I have more than a clue," said I. "I am certain I *know* the guilty ones."

"So sure as that?" asked he, smiling.

"Yes sir," said I; "and," looking him in the face, "*you and Powers are the persons.*"

"I?" he returned, while his lip trembled visibly. "I?"

"Yes, *you*, Charles Hampton. You may as well confess all, for I have proof in abundance."

I never saw any one more dumfounded than *he*; and, in a little time, he did confess all, even to the smallest point. I will not go into detail, but merely say, he and Powers had both invested largely in lottery schemes, from which they had never realized anything, and also in stocks, of less value than the paper required to transact the business. He had never been dissipated, but was desirous to become rich, that he might enjoy more luxuries. He completely exonerated Powers from any guilt, further than he himself instigated.

He said the robbery was easy to accomplish, inasmuch as Powers had a mirror in front of him, whereby he could notice the various numbers used about the combination locks.

"But," said he, "how came you to suspect me?"

Removing my wig, whiskers and glasses, I said. "Do you recognize me, now?"

"You are the telegraph operator at L—."

"And your telegraphing was what convicted you. When you were writing I noticed you called *X* several times. There is no such call on the line, and when it was answered I was surprised; so I took your message and the answer, and studied them out, and was convinced something was wrong;" and then I told him about the envelop, etc., till he understood the entire matter as well as I.

"It is all up with me, so far as secrecy is concerned," said he. "But can I not compromise with you? If it becomes public Frank is ruined, and I consider him innocent, though possibly you may not. And, honestly, I know a lady whose heart would be broken by my wickedness becoming known to her. I *deserve* punishment,

but I have a regard for the feelings of others. Provided I return the entire amount taken, and enough more to pay all expenses, with a satisfactory sum to settle with you, will you endeavor to arrange the affair without publicity?"

"I do not know as it is right to do as you desire, but I will see what can be done. I trust there is no need of placing you under arrest?" said I.

"I claim to be a gentleman in spite of this error," he returned, his eyes flashing. "And what good would it do me to attempt to run away?"

"You are right. Excuse me for harboring any suspicions, even for an instant," said I. "Please call on me to-morrow, at eleven."

"I will do so," said he, and left the room.

In the morning I called on the bank officials, and informed them of my success, but mentioned no names.

"And," said I, "I restore your property to you. Will you grant me the favor not to ask who the guilty ones are, and to permit them to go unpunished, and that they even go without any further consideration? This is their first, and I know it will be their last, offence. Besides, their punishment will seriously affect many innocent persons."

They thought it was a peculiar way to do business, especially of such a kind, and, for a long time, were uncertain how to act; but, influenced by my arguments and the good I had done, they finally assented to my wishes; and a mystery always attached to the affair in the minds of every one save of us three. Charles Hampton is now my warmest friend, and Frank Powers is himself a bank president.

No! I did not marry Eva Simpson, but Charles Hampton did take her as a wife, nor do I know that his one misdeed rendered him any less worthy to be her husband. He knows of my once love for her, nor does he wonder at it, loving her so much himself. He made up for depriving me of Eva by giving me his own sister, whom all confess a charming woman.

May all operators be as successful as I was, is my best wish.

THE PLAGUE SHIP.

BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.

IN the year of our Lord 18—, before steam had driven the old packet ships from the seas, the city of Philadelphia was the port to which the best and most popular vessels belonged. There was one line, especially, that held its place in the public favor long after the steamers commenced to make such havoc in the old state of affairs. The largest and fleetest of the vessels of this line was the "Sovereign of the Seas," and sure am I that a finer ship never spread her canvas to the breeze. Everything was fitted up on a scale of the utmost magnificence, and nothing was left undone that could in the least contribute to the comfort of the passengers.

The captain, Brydges by name, was an old sailor. He had been born at sea, and had passed all but twelve years of his life on salt water. He loved the noble ship which he commanded, better than he did himself, and her loss was the hardest blow that ever fell upon him. How this came about, it is the purpose of these pages to relate.

The year 18— is memorable for the fury with which that dreadful scourge, the cholera, swept through the busy populated cities of Europe and America. There are many still living, who remember with what terror people watched the progress of the pestilence through the land, and how they suffered almost death from their fears. It was a season of darkness and anguish, such as America had never known before. God grant the fearful drama may not be repeated!

It was on a bright July morning, in this terrible year, that "The Sovereign of the Seas" sailed out of the Mersey for Philadelphia. She had thirty passengers in the cabin, and three hundred in the steerage. All were cheerful and happy, and no one dreamed of the troubles that were to beset their voyage. They were leaving a land in which the pestilence was just beginning to appear, and seeking a new world, which as yet the scourge had left untouched. The fine weather and the balmy breezes gave them great cause for hope, and it would

have been strange had any one experienced a fear for the future.

Among the cabin passengers, was a young officer of the American navy, Lieutenant Walter Fairfax. He had been stationed in the Mediterranean, but his health had failed there, and he was now going back to the States to recover it. He was a fine handsome fellow, and withal a genuine seaman. The captain, who was also an American, took a fancy to him from the first, and his friendship seemed to be fully returned by the lieutenant. He kept the captain company in his watch, and frequently relieved him of his duties.

"The Sovereign of the Seas" had now been at sea six days. The weather had been all that could be desired, and the swift-sailing craft had made excellent time. The log showed that she was fully up to her usual speed, and the captain declared there was no doubt that they would reach Philadelphia quicker this time, than on any previous voyage which the ship had made.

On the seventh day the weather grew cooler, and a misty disagreeable rain began to fall about twilight, which continued all night, and the next day. On the eighth night, a heavy fog settled down over the ocean, completely shutting out everything. It was impossible to see across the deck, and the mist was close and stifling. Very naturally, such unpleasant weather threw a gloom over the passengers. This time it even affected the crew, used as they were to such occurrences. The mate said to the captain that he felt as if something dreadful was about to happen, and could not shake off the foreboding. The skipper laughed at the idea, but somehow the laugh had not its usual hearty ring. The fog was not only unpleasant, it was dangerous. The ship was right in the track of vessels to and from Europe and America, and it was not improbable that in the impenetrable gloom a collision might occur. This made the captain anxious and uneasy, and kept him on deck long after his watch was ended. Lieutenant Fairfax, whose experi-

ence made him fully alive to the danger, bore him company.

The two were standing by the cabin door, and had relapsed into silence. Suddenly the young man raised his head, and peered anxiously into the mist.

"What is the matter?" asked Captain Brydges.

"I am confident," replied the lieutenant, "there is a large vessel near us. You are an old sailor, captain, and you must have felt that inexplicable mysterious consciousness which often assures men of our profession of the presence of a ship, even when we cannot see it. I—"

He was interrupted by a sound like the creaking of cordage.

"Keep her away," cried the captain to the man at the wheel. "Down with your helm. Hard! hard! There's a vessel off the port bow."

"Ship ahoy!" came rattling across the water through the fog, the voice having that hoarse brazen sound which a trumpet imparts to it. "What ship is that?"

"The Sovereign of the Seas," eight days out from Liverpool; bound for Philadelphia," hailed the captain, promptly, in reply. "What ship is that?"

"Tell them in America to watch for me. I am on my way," said the strange voice, in a tone that made the skipper shudder, in spite of himself.

"What ship is that?" Captain Brydges thundered, vexed that his question had not been answered.

"You will know soon enough. Ha, ha, ha!"

The laughter seemed to ring through the ship with an infernal echo. The captain shook off the feeling of dread which had crept over him at first. At that time the high seas were not entirely free from the presence of rovers, and he thought he had now encountered one of these craft. He turned to Lieutenant Fairfax, and said:

"I think I had better assemble the crew. That rascal may attempt foul play with us, and—"

He paused abruptly. The light from the cabin was shining full in the face of his companion, who had sank back against the wood-work for support. The young man's face was as livid as that of a corpse, and he was trembling as with an ague.

"Great heavens, man!" exclaimed Captain Brydges. "What is the matter? You must be ill!"

"I am not well," replied the lieutenant, feebly. "I have had a sudden and terrible shock. Let the crew alone, captain. You will not be troubled by this stranger again. I know what I say, and to-morrow I will explain it to you. To-night I cannot."

With these words, the young man passed into the cabin, and hurried into his stateroom, leaving the commander of the ship overwhelmed with astonishment, and not a little alarmed. The captain passed a sleepless night, and paced the deck restlessly until broad day.

By the morning the fog had cleared away, and the weather had grown as warm as when the voyage began. All hands, passengers and crew, were delighted with the change.

At breakfast, the seat of Lieutenant Fairfax was vacant, and upon sending to his stateroom to know the cause, answer was returned that he was very sick. Towards midday, Captain Brydges received a message from him to come to him at once. Upon entering the stateroom, the skipper found the ship's surgeon sitting by the berth, looking very grave and sad. He was astonished and shocked at the change in the young lieutenant's face. He seemed a complete wreck of what he had been the day before.

"I had no idea you were so sick," said the skipper, "or I would have been here before."

"I am a doomed man, captain," said the lieutenant, faintly. "I am almost gone."

"O no; not so bad as that!" commenced the captain; but the sick man interrupted him.

"Captain Brydges," he said, in a low startling voice, "I shall be a dead man by sunset. *I have the Asiatic cholera in its worst form.*"

The skipper started back in affright.

"My God!" he exclaimed.

"It is true," said Lieutenant Fairfax, speaking with great difficulty. "I had no cause to fear it when I came on board. God grant that mine may be the only case. As soon as I am dead, captain, sew me up in a blanket, and drop me overboard at once." He paused a moment, as if to gather strength, for he was very much exhausted, and then went on. "I promised last night to explain my strange words about the vessel we spoke. Who the person was that hailed you, or what is the

character of the vessel he commands, I do not know. I only know that your being spoken by him bodes you no good. Two years ago, the frigate to which I was attached was spoken in a similar manner in the Straits of Gibraltar, and during the next week we lost one hundred of our men from cholera. I fear this is an evil omen, and that I am but the first of a long list of victims."

He sank back exhausted, and the captain turned to the surgeon in a state of bewilderment, and asked if the lieutenant was not wandering in his mind; but the surgeon answered that the mind of his patient was perfectly clear, and that there was no doubt that he would die before sunset. It was the most rapid case of cholera he had ever known. He advised his commander to keep the circumstance secret. No other case might occur, and the knowledge of this one would be sure to produce a panic among the passengers and crew, that might lead to serious results.

Lieutenant Fairfax died that afternoon. The surgeon told the passengers he had died of heart-disease, and accounted for his sudden burial by stating that he had requested it. With these explanations, the passengers were compelled to content themselves, but they were far from being satisfied. The studied reticence of the captain and surgeon, the only persons yet in the secret, convinced them that there was something connected with the death which the officers of the ship were anxious to conceal; and besides this, they had heard from the sailors the story of the mysterious ship that had hailed them on the previous night. These things made them dissatisfied, and before the next morning, the tenth day out, effectually put an end to the careless enjoyment they had hitherto experienced.

The next morning the surgeon sought the captain with an anxious troubled face.

There are two cases of cholera in the steerage," he said. "I have had them removed to the hospital. I am afraid they are very bad cases, sir, and that the prediction of poor Fairfax will be realized. God help us, if it shall be!"

"We must keep cool, and do our best, doctor," said the captain, gravely. "We may weather the danger, after all, if we go about it right."

Captain Brydges was a brave man, and,

better still, he was a God-fearing man. In times of danger he was as cool as on the pleasantest summer day, and under any and all circumstances, he strove to do his duty. He had little hope now that his vessel would escape the fury of the scourge which had broken out so mysteriously in it, but he meant to do his duty to the very last.

During the day the surgeon reported six new cases, and towards night three of the patients died. Under the cover of the darkness, three bodies were thrown overboard.

The next day six more cases were reported by the surgeon, who told the captain they were of the most alarming type. It was impossible to keep the matter secret any longer. It became known to the passengers that the cholera was in their midst, and there at once ensued a panic which baffles all description. Captain Brydges almost wore himself out, trying to induce them to be calm. They seemed utterly incapable of listening to reason. It was horrible to think they were shut up in the narrow space of a ship, and seventeen days from Philadelphia. In vain the captain warned them that their fright would expose them more fully to the disease. They seemed to have entirely lost their self-control, and to be incapable of regaining it.

Six weary terrible days passed away. The ship had now been out seventeen days, and eleven more must elapse before port would be reached. In those six days the pestilence had raged fearfully. One hundred passengers, including six of those in the cabin, and three of the crew, had been seized with it, and fresh victims were being added every day. The deaths reached the frightful number of twelve a day, so that in this time seventy-two persons had died. There seemed no sign of the sickness abating, and on the twentieth day of the voyage the ship's surgeon died. Captain Brydges could not repress the wish that he might be taken, too, for the fearful trial had almost turned his brain.

After the surgeon's death the disease increased with greater rapidity, and the deaths became more numerous. The captain noticed that the fright of the passengers had given place to a recklessness that frightened him. Several times he saw one of the cabin passengers in close conversa-

tion with some of the crew and steerage passengers. Their manner and looks excited his surprise. He called one of the men to him, and asked what they were talking about. The man evaded an answer to the question, and upon its repetition, refused to reply to it. Another was interrogated, with the same result. The captain now became alarmed. He felt sure that the terror of the passengers and crew had driven them to some desperate course. What it might be he hardly dared to think. Land was only eight days distant; but alas! if matters continued unchanged, they might never reach it. Out of three hundred and thirty passengers that had sailed from Liverpool, there were scarcely two hundred remaining, and six of the crew had died. Now that the surgeon had been taken, there was no one on board capable of treating the disease, and nothing could be done to check it. No wonder the stout-hearted sailor's hair turned gray; no wonder the bitter tears coursed down his bronzed cheeks. He had never known such sorrow as this—to see hundreds of fellow-creatures committed to his care perishing, without his having the power to aid them.

There was little ceremony shown to the dead. As fast as they were found to be lifeless, they were thrown into the sea. It was not a time to think of the dead. Humanity required that the only care should be for the living, and it was necessary to remove the corpses at once, so that, if it were possible, the number of victims might not be increased.

On the twenty-third day of the voyage matters came to a crisis. Captain Brydges was standing by the wheel, gazing sadly into the water, when some one touched him on the shoulder. Looking up, he saw that it was one of the passengers.

"Well, Mr. Lane," he said, gravely, "have you any more bad news to report?"

"I have come to say that we have decided to abandon the ship, captain," said the other, firmly.

"Whom do you mean?" asked the skipper, slowly and sternly.

"The passengers and crew. All who are able to go in the boats," was the reply.

"You forget, sir, that I command this ship, and that I will tolerate no interference."

The captain's voice was stern, for he

could not bear that any one should rob him of any of his authority on board "The Sovereign of the Seas."

"I do not forget it," said the other; and his tone was that of a man who is resolved to make good his words. "We would have proposed it to you at first, but we knew you would not consent. You must look at the matter plainly, captain. Nearly one-half of our number have fallen victims to the cholera, and if we remain longer in this ship, we may all die."

"But land is only four or five days distant," said the captain, pleadingly. "I pledge you my honor I'll land you all as soon as we make Cape May."

"Five days may destroy us," replied the passenger. "We must take our fate into our own hands. Men in our position must look out for life before anything else. We have decided to leave the vessel, and make for the land in the boats. We shall be in no more danger than we are now. Will you go with us?"

"Mr. Lane," said the captain, "the owners of this vessel gave her to me to take into port. Please God I shall yet do so; and I warn you that if any of my crew try to leave me, I shall shoot them."

"I feared as much," his companion said. "Do your duty, men."

In a twinkling the captain was seized by six stout men, and, almost before he recovered from his surprise, he was bound securely.

The work of abandoning the vessel began. The boats were made ready, and they were more than sufficient for the accommodation of those who could leave them. Provisions and everything necessary were placed in them. Thirty persons were too ill to be moved, and they were left to their fate. Their companions reasoned not unfairly that they must die, and that their object in deserting the ship would be greatly endangered, if they took with them any who were at all affected by the disease. Captain Brydges, when he found that his threats and appeals were in vain, commanded them to leave him with his ship, declaring that he would share the fate of "The Sovereign of the Seas," whatever it might be. But this command was equally unheeded, and he was placed in one of the boats, without being unbound, and lowered with it over the side.

In consequence of the refusal of the cap-

tain to sanction the proceeding, the command of the party had been entrusted to the first mate, he being the one best fitted to direct the movements of the little flotilla.

At last everything was in readiness. The boats were filled, and were moving off from the ship, when loud cries were heard on the vessel, and the poor wretches who were left to perish came rushing on deck, supplied by their despair with artificial strength. They had discovered the intentions of their companions at the last moment, and had come to beg them not to desert them. Some sank down on the deck, exhausted, while others, supporting themselves by the bulwarks, uttered the most piteous cries. The men in the boats sobbed like children, and the women answered the cries of the doomed ones with heart-rending shrieks. Poor Captain Brydges lay where they had placed him, groaning with anguish. His whole soul revolted at leaving the people on the ship, and his heart was wrung with bitter grief to desert the beautiful vessel of which he was so proud. There was a plunge into the water, then another, and another. The most desperate of the victims were trying to swim to the boats. But their strength was not equal to the task, and they sank one after another into the deep waters.

Such dreadful and unlooked-for scenes seemed to have rendered every one incapable of motion. They were roused by the mate.

"Give way there!" he shouted, savagely. "We must be gone from here at once."

The rowers bent to their oars with a will, and the boats shot off over the blue waters, now as smooth as glass. Not a word was spoken. The mate's boat led the way, and he steered as directly as possible for the coast of New Jersey. An hour passed away. Suddenly there was a cry from one of the boats:

"Look at the ship!"

All eyes were turned in that direction. The vessel had scarcely changed her position. From her decks a heavy thick cloud of black smoke was rising, and soon bright flashes of flame could be seen through the pall, and at last the hull and rigging were wrapped in a solid sheet of fire.

Captain Brydges grew almost frantic as he beheld this, so that he was not unbound until long after "The Sovereign of the Seas" had settled down forever under the waves she had once sailed over so royally. When released, the captain swore he would take vengeance on all concerned in the desertion of the ship, as soon as they should reach the land. During the rest of the voyage he was silent and stern, scarcely replying to what was said to him.

The mate, as we have said, steered right for the Jersey coast. Everything seemed to favor the voyagers. The weather continued mild and delightful, and no new cases of sickness occurred. They had succeeded in leaving the plague behind them. They suffered much, however, from exposure to the sun, and at night exerted themselves unusually to decrease the distance between themselves and land.

At last the Highlands, which have cheered so many a mariner's heart, were seen, and soon after the whole party were safe on American soil. It had been a fearful and trying voyage, and they had commenced it so hopefully and fearlessly! Never, in after life, could any of those who had taken part in the events we have related recall them without a shudder. It seemed strange they lived through them.

Captain Brydges did not execute his threat of vengeance. He was taken sick immediately after landing, and a long and dangerous illness followed. When he recovered he could find no trace of his crew. He never got entirely over the loss of his vessel, and those who knew him best said his grief for the gallant craft did much towards hastening his death, six years later.

FAULT-FINDING.—Find fault when you must, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for

mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness with a gentleness of demeanor and a regard for the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence.

THE LILY OF OAKLEY.

BY ALICE B. BROWN.

The proud Hall of Oakley, blazing with light,
Glow's like a star through the dusk of the night,
And all that can dazzle or please us, around
In lavish profusion and splendor is found.
Wherever we wander, each flower-draped room
Is a marvel of beauty, a bower of bloom;
For the heiress of all this magnificence here
To-night will be wedded to Arthur De Vere,
And the guests are detailing, in accents of pride,
The deeds of the groom and the charms of the bride.

O, surely the earth holds no lovelier sight
Than the radiant young Lily of Oakley to-night,
In robes of white satin, with flowers as fair
Crowning the braids of her beautiful hair;
And she smiles in her joy while waiting to hear
The step of the one so unspeakably dear.
But midst all the splendor, the light and perfume,
A shadowy figure has entered the room—
And swiftly, how swiftly! it reaches her side,
And touches the heart of the idolized bride!

It is time for the bridal, and Arthur De Vere,
With his proud dusky eyes beaming brightly and clear,
And a flush on his cheek, looks lovingly down
At the regal young head with its starry-like crown;
Her face is averted and radiant with joy.
He whispers, "My darling, why art thou so coy?"
And kisses her lips, so cold and so still
That they strike to his heart a terrible chill;
Then tenderly turning her face to the light,
He sees with a shudder 'tis rigid and white!

"Lift those beautiful eyes, O my darling!" he prays;
But their glory is veiled from his passionate gaze,
And there burst from his lips exclamations of woe
That are heard by the joyous assembly below,
Who, thronging the stairs in the wildest affright,
See the pallid young bride in her garments of white.
The old and the young in bitterness weep
That the Lily of Oakley has fallen asleep;
And one whispers softly, with quivering breath,
"She is wedded indeed, but the bridegroom is Death!"

Jackson, Missouri, Jan., 1875.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

IN the State of New York there are a few thinly-populated counties, which are nearly covered with dense forests of hemlock. The trees are of but little value for timber, but their bark is extensively used for tanning purposes. And, it being easier for Mohammed to come to the mountain than for the mountain to go to Mohammed, quantities of hides are imported from South America, and other countries where wild cattle are abundant, and taken to these forests to be made into leather. Extensive tanneries are built, with little villages of laborers' houses about them; and a short distance from these may usually be seen an imposing mansion, the residence of the owner of the tannery. The proprietors of these tanneries are necessarily men of wealth, and they have an absolute control over their laborers, as the landholders of England exert over their tenants.

Lucy Drumgold sat in the drawing-room, with a basket containing numerous balls of bright-hued wools beside her; her slender pink-tipped fingers diligently engaged in stitching the pattern of an elaborate bouquet of roses and lilies into a piece of soft-colored velvet, designed for a chair-cushion. Her father was the owner of one of these tanneries of which I have been telling, and a man of influence in his county. His tannery and its surroundings were known as the village of Beech River, and it was situated in a picturesque valley, with the loveliest of wild scenery about it.

Lucy was not the only occupant of the room. Her brother Rob was lounging upon a sofa, ostensibly reading a book; but in reality watching with eager restless eyes a still slender figure at the opposite end of the long room. All unconscious of his gaze, Celeste Halbert stood at the oriel-window, her face turned away. With her outward eyes she saw to the right the tannery, a long dark building, and clustered about it the low wood-colored houses. Before her was the lawn, partially shaded with firs and beeches, and gay with flowerbeds, arranged in graceful shapes. Beyond it swept Beech River, a bright silver stream. To the left was a mountain cov-

ered with dark hemlocks, the cloud-shadows floating over it; and above and around all was golden sunshine, a blue sky and a perfect June day.

But Celeste saw none of this. Her great brown eyes looked straight before her, beyond the brightness of the summer day, into the gloom of her future life. Over her mental vision dawned a drear November sky, and a pall of winter wind and sleet seemed to dampen and chill her spirits and weigh them down. She was Lucy's schoolmate and dearest friend, both having graduated but a few days before. She had come home with Lucy to spend the summer, and for the future there was all manner of delights in store for her; for she was a beauty, a belle and an heiress. But now! Only twelve hours before she had received the announcement that her fortune had been suddenly swept away by the speculations of an unjust guardian, and she had only two slender hands between her and future want. And they were such helpless hands! Lucy, delightfully impractical, since she had never known the want or value of money, had arranged it in her own mind and generous heart, that Celeste should spend the remainder of her days at Beech River; but Celeste knew this could not be.

At this moment Lucy paused in her work, and drawing a skein of delicate pink wool from the basket beside her, she slipped it over the back of a low chair and began to wind. But the skein knotted and tangled provokingly; and as her patience was so seldom tried, she had but a small stock on hand for use.

"O Celeste!" she called, in a voice that resembled a grieved wood-robin's; "O Celeste! what shall I ever do? The only skein of the shade this side of the city, and just see how tangled it is! My rose will be quite spoiled without it."

Celeste turned slowly from the window, and took the skein from Lucy's impatient hands. There were tears of vexation in Lucy's childish blue eyes, but Celeste's were hard and dry.

"Perhaps I can wind it, dear," she said.

With a little murmur of profuse thanks, Lucy subsided into the depths of her easy-chair, while Celeste patiently undid the knot and wound the skein. Rob, still silent over his book, watched the two girls. Lucy was a delicate blonde, as dainty as a white lily; but Celeste was a very vision of beauty. An oval face, with a pale creamy complexion, brown dreamy eyes, arched brows, smooth forehead and rich scarlet lips; and all framed in abundant braids and bands of jet black hair. A form slender, but beautifully moulded, willowy and quietly graceful; a thorough-bred patrician air about all she did or said, a voice like a siren's, and a smile and glance like sunlight.

Rob had a blonde complexion, and hair like his sister's, but, unlike her, he was tall, strong and muscular. He was a young man of fine mind and noble generous impulses, and on this particular morning a struggle was going on in his heart. He was only twenty-one, his collegiate education unfinished. He knew his father had a course of travel mapped out for him as soon as he left college; and knew, too, that he expected great things of him and his future, for he was an only son. But he loved that sweet woman who, with a face paler than usual on account of her recent trouble, patiently bent over her task, and he wanted her for his own.

There was a slow firm step in the hall, and Mr. Drumgold paused a moment at the open door.

"Robert," he said, "I wish to see you for a few moments in the library."

Rob rose dutifully, and followed the footsteps into the library. When both were seated, Mr. Drumgold began:

"Robert, there are turning-points in every young man's life, and I believe you have reached one now."

"How so, father?" Rob asked, quietly, but with a foreboding in his heart as to what was to come.

"You are in love with Celeste Halbert?" he replied.

Rob started to his feet.

"My son," resumed Mr. Drumgold, testily, "I beg you will not annoy me with such abruptness of manner. It is not necessary for you to confess it, for every member of the household is aware of it. Of course, I don't blame you in the least. The girl is beautiful enough to lure any

impulsive young man like yourself to his ruin."

"Father," trying to keep down his anger, "it is strange you never thought it necessary to warn me before."

"No heroics, Robert, if you please. I dislike them, exceedingly. Heretofore there has been no warning needed. I knew you were in love with the girl, but I was sure you had no idea of immediate marriage. She has been unfortunate in losing her property, and, as she has no near relatives to care for or support her, it is not unnatural for you to wish to do both. No doubt you are quite ready to die for her, or do any other impossible thing. Now, I do not wish to discuss the subject at all; I have a command and a suggestion to make, and then you may go. I forbid your marrying before you are twenty-five years of age. And I think it better for all of us to have Miss Celeste leave the house within a week."

For a moment Robert stood regarding his father attentively. There was no pity in the old man's gray eyes; not a relenting curve in the thin firm lips.

"Father," he said, at last, "have you anything to say against Celeste?"

"Nothing," Mr. Drumgold answered, sharply, "except that she is a woman, and a beautiful one, too. And if I had my own way, you should not speak to a woman in the next five years."

Robert turned and walked slowly away. Meantime, Celeste had finished the skein, and tossing the ball into Lucy's lap, she turned again to the oriel-window.

"You're such a darling!" purred Lucy, in a kittenish way. "I never could have any patience with a tangled skein. And this one ran very smoothly at first, and then suddenly resolved itself into one grand snarl."

"It is like my life," answered Celeste, with a little desolate shiver. "It ran so smoothly for a time, but now it is one grand tangle. I wonder if it will be always so?" drearily.

"No," chirped Lucy, as she rose to leave the room. "I predict," sagely, "some pretty little romance for you, ending in sunshine, as all proper romances do."

She ran up to her room, and while her footsteps were still upon the staircase, Rob entered the drawing-room. As he ap-

proached Celeste, he took in with one glance her wonderful beauty and the harmony of her attire. A black dress, thin, airy and trailing, coral fastening the lace at her throat, and coral in her dark hair; all was in perfect keeping. Reason told him it would be best for him to give her up altogether, but his heart cried out, "She must be mine!"

She turned as he drew near, and the sorrowful look in her face was too much for him to bear. It was such a fair, fair face! with a brooding desolate look upon it; such a sweet womanly face! and the dearest in the world to him. He took it in his hands, and kissed the red grieved lips and the white drooping eyelids.

"Darling!" he whispered, softly. And then the face, aflame with a bright rose tint, was lost to mortal ken for a moment, as he had her in his arms.

"O Rob!" choking a sob in her throat. That was all; but it revealed to him all the trouble and grief in her lonely heart more eloquently than any lengthy address could have done.

He opened his lips to speak, but what could he tell her? What can any man who loves a woman say to her but the truth? So he told her all—his love, his father's commands.

"But you are all the world to me," he said, in conclusion.

She interrupted him.

"No, not all the world, Rob, or you would not hesitate a moment; still, I am satisfied if I am the larger half of it, as your truthfulness has proved to me."

"But I am going to do exactly as you say, darling," he replied.

"Do you think I would be a millstone about your neck?" she asked.

"You could never be that, Celeste."

"I could, but I never will."

"You do not mean that I must give you up, darling? I would renounce the whole world first."

"You are to give up nothing," she answered.

"Celeste, do you love me?"

"I will wait for you," she said.

A few weeks thereafter Celeste was upon the ocean, bound for Havana. Thanks to her knowledge of Spanish, she had been engaged as governess to the daughter of a wealthy Cuban planter, a widower, whose wife had been an American. His sister,

middle-aged, and ugly both in form and feature, engaged Celeste; and, with the child, Viola, accompanied her on the voyage from New York. The weather was soft and mild, and the first evening out Celeste sat upon deck, almost happy when she reflected that she was taking care of herself while waiting for Rob. There was only starlight, and as they moved along, seeming to swing lazily in midair, with the sky above and below them, Celeste twirled the diamond upon her finger thoughtfully, for it was Rob's last gift to her. A sudden movement of the vessel, how or why she could never tell, for the sea was smooth, and the ring slipped from her slender forefinger, and was lost in the water below. An almost irresistible impulse to plunge into the water and follow it came over her, but she shook it off, and going below, she crept into bed and sobbed herself to sleep.

From the first Viola seemed an interesting child. She was accustomed to travel, and so was not shy, yet she was not overbold. She spoke English with a pure accent, but her aunt usually conversed in Spanish. She was a short dark woman, with a forbidding expression of countenance, and as she was always bewailing her lot, her name, Dolorite, suited her well. Her dress, a shabby and faded silk, she wore both night and day; but her fat fingers were covered with costly diamonds that glittered as unpleasantly upon Celeste's sight as did the owner's weird eyes.

They passed stormy Hatteras, and, shooting out to avoid the Gulf Stream, soon reached the crystal sea around the the Bahamas; with the deep blue of the tropical skies above them, and the white coral reefs below. All this was new to Celeste, and she would have enjoyed it thoroughly only for the loss of her ring. This preyed upon her mind, in spite of all her efforts to overcome it. When they reached Havana, and anchored in the bay, little Viola looked anxiously about in the little sailboats which came to convey the passengers on shore, for her father, one hand closely clasping Celeste's, meanwhile.

"I want to introduce you to my papa," she said, "because I love you."

Then turning to look again, she gave a little scream of delight, and threw herself into the arms of a gentleman whom she announced to Celeste as her father, *Senor*

Pedro Laramello. He was a handsome man; or would have been, only there seemed something in his bright black eyes so very like his sister's. A sinister expression; but it was not there always, and never when he looked upon his child.

The custom-house safely passed, they entered two separate volantes, and rode to the railway depot; for Senor Laramello resided upon his plantation, which was situated a few miles distant from Havana.

Celeste gazed upon the country about her, wondering if she had not by some chance been spirited into Central Asia, everything was so strange. Havana, with its many-colored houses, had appeared singular enough, but the country, with its stately palms, some standing singly, some in colonnades; its cocoa-trees, bending like an aged man under the weight of years; its few squalid houses, with here and there the ruin of some ancient wall or dwelling, looked very dreary, very unlike anything she could ever call home.

When the house was reached, Celeste begged to be shown at once to her room. It was cool and comfortable, with its marble floor, its cane-seated chairs and lounges, the doors reaching but half way to the ceiling to allow a free circulation of air. The building, like all Cuban houses, was low and rambling. But it was elegantly furnished, and willing slaves were always ready to do the slightest bidding of Celeste.

She received one letter from Rob, one manly precious letter, and then she heard from him no more. She wrote him, once, twice, thrice, but no answer came. Day by day she watched and waited, her desolate heart filled with sad forebodings, but her watching was in vain. She grew thinner, paler; her form was languid, and her smiles were shadowy, when they came at all. She devoted herself assiduously to little Viola, winning the love and trust of the child. One day, while teaching her embroidery, she came to a skein of knotted silk.

"It is worthless," she said to a servant, "take it away." Then more quietly to herself, "I cannot bear a tangled skein."

Meanwhile, the house was gay with invited guests. Sumptuous entertainments were given by Senor Pedro and his sister; balls, fetes and brilliant banquets followed in quick succession. Celeste avoided these at first, but gradually, at the urgent solici-

tation of Senor Laramello, she joined the revellers. She was a fine pianist, and possessed a sweet clear voice, and soon became the life of these entertainments.

Still she received no tidings from Rob. Even Lucy had forgotten her; for, after the first month of her stay in Cuba, she had no letter from home. Their letters could not have been miscarried, she argued with herself, for the first ones came in safety. Lucy had ceased to care for her, Robert was untrue.

One day when there was little company, and it was growing toward evening so they could venture out in the sun, Celeste accompanied Senor Pedro out to view the sugar mills, and watch the slaves as they gathered the coffee-berries and spread them out to dry upon the long platform prepared for them. The senor spoke tolerable English, and as he conversed with Celeste in a low voice, something in his look and tone struck her suddenly—was it a pang, or a thrill of joy? He loved her—she was very sure. Then she remembered that though she had been a member of his household for more than a year, though she had been far from friends, and completely in this man's power, he had never been unpleasantly familiar, had never caused her to feel her dependence in any way. Yet he was ever thoughtful of her comfort. She was too warm, and the volante was immediately drawn into the shade. She was thirsty, and a glass of wine was at once forthcoming, brought by a slave at her master's bidding, together with a pomegranate ripe and fair. She paled suddenly as these things dawned upon her mind. Was the senorita weary? If so, they would return. No, she was not weary, she told him, and then she sighed.

"The senorita is sad, then," he persisted. "She is grieving for the friends she has left behind."

She looked up into his eyes. There was only tenderness in them now, and it made his whole face beautiful. She trembled; was it with fear or pain?

"I am sad," she answered, desolately, and she looked far away to where a white ship was coming over the sea. Then she turned and looked him full in the face with her sad beautiful eyes. "But it is because I have no friends. They do not care for me; though I thought that they loved me once."

Senor Pedro's face lighted with sudden passion.

"Do not say you have no friends!" he said. "I love and adore you, my pale, pale northern flower! Be my wife, and I will be more to you than all your false friends could be, were they ever so true!"

He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. She glanced toward the sea, but a mist came over her eyes, and the bright tropical flowers near the roadside seemed to blend like the hues of a rainbow, and shut everything else from her sight.

"Promise me!" he exclaimed, eagerly, "promise me!" And he bent low to look into her face.

But her thoughts wandered to the past, and the sad memory-bells chimed, softly, "*I will wait for you.*" Faint at heart she answered him:

"I cannot tell you now; I am weary, ill. Please take me home!"

"To-night then," he pleaded; "answer me to-night."

"To-night," she echoed; and with another kiss, he turned to conduct her to the house.

When she reached it she threw herself upon a couch, wishing she might never rise again. Then for two long hours she struggled with her sorrow, alone. A servant entered the room noiselessly, and brought upon a silver salver rich fruits; oranges and bananas, with a cluster of orange blooms in the centre. She knew whose watchful care had sent them, and she kissed the floral offering, solemnly resolving to reward his love. Dressing her hair, she carefully arrayed herself in a rich dress of mingled black and white lace, and drew the orange blossoms through her dark braids.

Again the servant entered, this time with a casket and a note from Senor Pedro. If her answer was yes, she was to wear the enclosed jewels, and meet him near the orange-grove before the house, in half an hour. She opened the casket, and taking from it rarer diamonds than she had ever seen before, she placed them on her graceful neck and white rounded arms. Then, when the half hour struck she rose, and, whiter than the orange-blossoms, she went out to where Senor Pedro with a few guests near him, paced slowly backward and forward through the grove. With the first gleam of her dress in the doorway he

turned to meet her. He put out his hands, and stooping, kissed her tenderly. Then, drawing her hand within his arm, he announced her to his friends as his future bride. Celeste felt his protecting arm; she heard the congratulations of the guests; the breath of the orange-grove was sweet, and the whole scene was fair to the eye. What more could she ask?

Two years passed by, and the scourge of yellow fever swept the island, leaving many homes desolate. At the villa of Senor Pedro, Viola was the first victim. Her father, dying a few hours after, was buried in the same grave with her. Dolorite and Celeste were both attacked with the disease, but slowly recovered.

One day Celeste was examining some of her husband's private papers, and she came to a large envelop addressed to herself. Slightly surprised, she opened it. A bitter cry burst from her lips when she broke the seal and saw the contents. There were ten letters—she counted them eagerly—from Robert, bearing different dates, and directed to Celeste Halbert, in Senor Pedro's care. They had all come before her marriage, and were filled with entreaties and loving words. The last one bade her farewell, saying he had received a letter from Dolorite announcing her approaching wedding. Senor Pedro had withheld them from her, assisted, no doubt, by Dolorite. There was no word of explanation. Pedro was dead. He had loved her; she would not speak of it to Dolorite.

But she made all haste to return to New York. There was nothing to detain her now. She had been for months a widow, and the wealth she had once inherited from her father was a mere pittance compared with that she possessed now. She would go at once and tell the truth to Rob, even though he might be married, and care nothing for her now. Upon reaching New York, she set out at once for Beech River. The village was not situated on the railroad, it was twelve miles from the nearest station. While waiting here for the carriage to take her to Mr. Drumgold's, Celeste made some inquiries concerning him of the woman in waiting.

"Dear me!" was the answer. "Why you couldn't have been here lately, ma'am. Mr. Drumgold drank himself to death months ago, and left things in a dreadful state, for the firm failed a few weeks since.

Even the men's wages are not paid, and they are all in fearful want. Young Mr. Drumgold hasn't the credit to get him a barrel of flour, even, and the tannery families have lived on potatoes for two weeks. If it had been the old gentleman, the house would have been burned over his head before this. As it is, the tannery has been fired twice, but Mr. Drumgold was on the watch, and he got the men to put it out. I wonder he don't leave, but the house is to pass into his creditors' hands, and he is waiting for it to be settled. It's not much of a place to visit at this time, ma'am."

Celeste turned away. The carriage was waiting! "I wish to go to some flour and provision store," she said to the driver, as she entered it. They were soon reached, and Celeste purchased large quantities at each, ordering them sent to Beech River at once.

When they came to the village, she glanced out and found the buildings were little changed since she saw them, years ago. But the tannery was closed, and men in little knots of two and three each, were gathered together here and there, a dark, almost desperate look in their faces. There was a little store where Mr. Drumgold had dealt out the necessities of life to these men, but it was closed. Celeste halted as she drew near.

"Who has the key to the store?" she asked.

"God help us!" exclaimed one of the men. "It matters little to us. But I believe Mike has it, ma'am."

"I have it," answered the man designated as Mike. "But sorry a thing to ate is there in it, ma'am."

"No matter. You are to open it, for there are flour and provisions on the way. Put them in their places when they come; these men will help you. Now," to the men who were crowding about the carriage, "have you anything to show what is due you for your labor?"

A score of dirty slips of paper were handed to her at once; due-bills, all bearing Rob's name.

"These shall all be redeemed," she said, her lips moving unsteadily. "And you are to get whatever you wish to eat from the store, besides."

Some looked incredulous, some cried "God bless you!" and others seemed moody still. Celeste opened her purse, and took from it a handful of small gold coins. "You are to pay these men for helping you," she said, to Mike, and she dropped the gold in his hand.

Gold! and they were starving! A loud shout rent the air. Hats were tossed above their owners' heads, and unsteady voices called down blessings from heaven on their deliverer. She waved her hand, and rode away.

The door was open, she did not stop to ring. She glanced through the long drawing-room; the one she sought was not there. She passed on to the library. A young man sat before the centre-table, his head bowed upon it. His left hand hung by his side, his right grasped something which glittered in the light which came from the window. It was a revolver.

"O Rob!" Celeste called quickly, fearing it was too late.

He raised his head and disclosed a pale despairing face.

"O Rob!" and the tears rained down her cheeks. "I never received your letters, dear, they were kept from me; as I suppose mine were from you. I am a widow now. And, O my darling! I have loved you all the time!"

It was long before he could understand her—long before he could believe the blessed truth. But that evening, just before sunset, when there was not a hungry soul in Beech River, the laborers were bidden to the lawn in front of the mansion, and there before them all Rob and Celeste were married.

The tannery passed into other hands; and when Rob's affairs were settled satisfactorily, he and Celeste bade adieu to Beech River, and went to seek another home in the old world "over the sea."

COUNTESS CLARICE.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

"CLARICE, child, are you still sitting there with your needle idly dropping from your hand? When will the curtain be hemmed? There are a dozen yet to be done, and heaps upon heaps of table linen, and only a fortnight left before the grand folks come down to the chateau. I shall almost lose my patience, child."

So spake the cheery voice of Madame Voigner, the bustling kind-hearted housekeeper of Chateau Visme, as she came tripping at the quick eager pace habitual to the nimble feet which bore around the somewhat portly body, into a small sunshiny room, at whose broad high window sat a young girl, with the barred muslin fallen away from her lap, the little rosy-tipped fingers crossed idly, the graceful head drooping languidly, the large soft eyes of luminous darkness fixed dreamily on vacancy.

The girl started, and answered hastily:

"I am ashamed of myself, auntie, and I shouldn't blame you if you lost your patience entirely. I wonder what ails me to-day? I keep forgetting myself. I lose my thoughts, and before I know it I have dropped the needle, and only somebody coming in shows me my seam just as it was at first."

"Perhaps you need brightening up. This room is close and warm. Run out into the garden a little, and tell Jacques to tie up those rose roots without fail. The countess wrote especially about the roses being well trained, and if possible, forced into bloom, when the young count came for the first time to Chateau Visme."

The lovely little Clarice folded up the work with a sigh of relief.

"How good you are to me *mon ami, ma mere!* I do not deserve it of you; I, who am such a good-for-nothing."

And the white arms were flung around Madame Voigner's fat neck with a fervor of affection one could scarcely resist. Certainly not Madame Voigner. She stroked softly the glossy waves of brown hair from the broad white forehead.

"You are a precious little butterfly, *mig-*

non; but one can't find fault with you, because you are so tender-hearted—and so pretty," she added, softly, as the girl danced away from the room.

"Ah, so pretty and winsome! Ah *ciel!* what is to come of it! I wish the family had kept away. The young count will be sure to find out what a beautiful blossom adorns the old housekeeper's room. I wish I might send her off somewhere, but it would break her heart. She loves the old place better than any of them. It's a sad business, a sad business. I wish Pierre would come down and give me some good advice. I feel so helpless in the matter. The good saints help me!"

Here Madame Voigner glanced toward the ivory crucifix which stood on the mantel, and crossed herself devoutly; after which the perplexed unhappy look faded from her face, and the accustomed cheery good-humored smile came back to her lips.

Settling herself comfortably in a low rocking-chair, she took up the sewing left by the listless girl, and with dexterous never-lagging strokes of the needle, had presently completed the seam.

"She will never take earnestly to work," soliloquized she, as she folded up the curtain and took another from a pile lying on the well-heaped work-table. "There's no use in my fretting about it, I, who know so well the cause! I wonder what will Madame La Countess say when she sees her! It makes my heart come to my mouth, thinking of it. The saints grant she won't discover what is so plain to me. But she's a proud sharp woman, I'm told. I hope she'll keep away from the picture gallery, that's all. *Mon Dieu!* to think I should be dreading the coming of the mistress of the chateau like this! But then, she's no Visme, this widow of the old count, and they be hard traits I hear of her from Cecille. *Ma fille! ma pauvre fille!* if sorrow comes to you, they shall hear that will not please them overmuch." Whereupon Madame Voigner's sharp little eyes flashed one angry gleam, which was swiftly washed out by a gush of tears. "*Pauvre Lisette*, so many years in your grave, can

you see that I try to do my best with the child?"

At that moment came Clarice, her pretty white apron filled with early blossoms, hyacinths of every hue, her eyes dancing joyously, her face quite clear from clouds and dreaminess.

"See, auntie, the good Jacques has given me all these. I am to make your room as fragrant as a garden. Ah, you are sewing on my work. I will be good now. I will not lag with my needle; you shall see."

She filled the gay vase with her treasure, set it upon the table where she might regale herself with its fragrance as well as its beauty, and sat down again to the sewing. She worked industriously ten minutes, then the needle was poised midway between the work and the flushed pretty face bent over it. There came a low sigh.

"Do you suppose Mademoiselle Marie is very happy, auntie?"

"I don't know, I am sure. What made you ask, *mignon*?"

"Jacques was telling me how his Cecile decked her for a great fete at the royal palace. She is to marry Count Edward. She has everything beautiful, and will be a noble lady, and best of all, the mistress of the chateau. O, I am sure she should be very happy!"

"I've heard them say the countess was anxious for the match; her niece has not much of a fortune in her own right. You know the countess herself was simply Madame Arnault before she captivated the count. I have only seen her once. Just after the marriage, she passed through, and spent the night here."

"And the count himself was not of the old line. It was sad for the chateau, was it not, that young Count Henrique should die abroad? What a terrible thing it was! Were you here then?"

The clear innocent eyes were looking straight into her face. Madame Voigner managed to keep down the shudder which came thrilling icy cold along her veins; but she dropped her face into her sewing, as she answered, hastily:

"Yes, I was here."

"I should like to hear about it. Tell me all, *mon ami*, tell me all."

"I shall never get this seam done, if you chatter so. What more can I tell you than you know already? Why need you go over the Visme history to-day?"

"I have been thinking about the family's coming here at last; but I always liked to hear the old stories, auntie; you surely know that. You know it was always my reward for good behaviour to be let into the picture gallery. I don't think any of the present family glory over the old ancestral honors as I have done. I remember Count Henrique's so well, though it is so long since you have let any one into the gallery. It was so gay and handsome, so frank and good-natured. I always liked Count Henrique's face the best, even when I was a little one; and to-day Jacques has been telling me his sad story, that is, a little of it, and I fell to thinking if he had lived how different everything might have been. I don't think he would have stayed away so many years."

"Jacques is an old simpleton. I wish he would clip his tongue as well as the plants!" muttered Madame Voigner, under her breath; but aloud she answered, glibly, "You mustn't blame the gentlefolk, a silly girl like you, Clarice, it's not becoming. It's natural the late count shouldn't care about the chateau. He came from the other branch of the old family. He never expected to own the estate or the title. There were three children in my day. It did not seem likely they were all to die young, and leave not an heir behind; but they were all delicate—"

"Count Henrique was not sick," interrupted Clarice.

"No, he was drowned in Switzerland," was the somewhat curt rejoinder.

"Away on a pleasure tour, and never to return home, so young; so handsome and manly! Ah, I am very sorry for Count Henrique's fate," continued the girl, speaking in a dreamy tone, the needle again lying idle in her lap, her beautiful eyes brimming over with the ready tears.

Madame Voigner glanced at the abstracted face, and secretly crossed herself again, thinking ruefully:

"The saints be with her! was there ever a more perfect likeness! Whatever shall I do with the child when the family comes?"

"And Count Henrique's death broke his mother's heart. Jacques says she never held her head up after," continued the musing girl.

"More hearts than one were broken?" groaned Madame Voigner, still under her

breath. Then rousing herself with a desperate effort, she shook her portly figure, as if to dispel some cloud of gloom, and said, earnestly:

"*Ma chere*, it is not good for you to think so much about these things, nor for me to talk about them. We have been left alone so much here, that I fear we shall forget we are only servants, when the real owners come. Clarice, I wish you would go away a little while. My brother, your Uncle Pierre, will be so glad to see you, there in Lyons. His landlady has two nice good daughters who will make you welcome. Come, you shall go and make them a visit. Say you will like it, Clarice."

Those soft dark eyes widened and dilated with astonishment.

"Go away from the chateau when the gentlefolk are coming! when at last I shall have a peep at the grand life I have dreamed so much about! Go to the silk-weaver's in Lyons, to the close packed streets, the dark grim uncle who always frightened me away from this room, even, when he came to visit you!"

"You should be ashamed, Clarice," cried out the worthy housekeeper, with vehemence, "to sneer thus at your uncle! He is your best friend in the wide world, if he be only a silk-weaver, and one day he may be your sole defence against starvation. This comes of your staying here at the chateau, to dream over fine things till you despise your own uncle."

"Nay, nay, now you are unreasonable," cried the girl, as eagerly. "I said not I despised my Uncle Pierre, but that I feared him. He had always such a strange way with him when he looked at me, as if he saw something he wished to love, but was as much repulsed as attracted; as if there were something in my looks which stung him. It is not that I care for his being a weaver. Could I love you any better if you were the countess? No, no, Uncle Pierre is not my best friend; it is you who are that—you, *ma mere*."

She threw herself, weeping, and yet caressing tenderly the trembling hands, into Madame Voigner's arms. The worthy woman hushed her sobs, wiped her eyes, and then said, in something like her usual tone:

"What ails us to-day, Clarice? We shall never have the sewing done, and there is work enough for every maid in the house, so we shall get no help."

"I will sew, indeed I will, if you wont talk of sending me away from the chateau."

"If you don't like it, there is no more to be said; but it was for your sake I wished it," replied Madame Voigner.

"I wonder how it could be for my good!"

"I will tell you, my pet, my blossom. The count is a gay young man. Most like he fancies a poor little flower of the *cannaille* may be plucked lightly, enjoyed while it is fresh and charming, and then thrown carelessly away. He will look upon you as the niece of his servant the housekeeper. I fear he will find out that you have bright eyes and a pretty face. I would save you from this, my Clarice."

Clarice had taken up her needle, and was sewing with fierce ardor. She dropped it now and turned to her aunt with scarlet cheeks and indignant eyes.

"It may be that I am a poor humble girl, but there is that in my blood which flames up against any injustice, any insult. I can be as proud as he; you never need fear for that. I shall never forget that he is the count, and I am a humble maiden of lowly birth."

The worthy housekeeper sighed. "I mean to keep you out of sight as much as possible. I am afraid *Mademoiselle Marie* will ask you for her waiting-maid. Could you do that, Clarice?"

"Why not? what better can I expect?" answered the girl, promptly.

"I can't see it, I wont have it," muttered Madame Voigner, in a stifled voice.

"I will try to please you. I will keep out of sight—nay, if you insist, I will go to Lyons," said Clarice, plying her needle again, the color still burning hotly in her cheek.

"We will see. Here comes Felice for the pantry keys. Can it be time for supper, Felice?"

"O no; but Jean needs some more rods for the carpet on the staircase. He says hadn't he better go over to the town at once, if you please?"

"Perhaps so. There's so many things to be done, we can't get them out of the way too soon."

"And may I ride with him to the further gate? It will be so pleasant coming back. I shall walk over the hill to the ravine!" cried Clarice, springing up with animation.

"Go. There will not be many more rides if the countess comes so soon. Enjoy

it while you can, *mignon*, but don't forget my caution."

Clarice kissed the smiling face turned so affectionately upon her, and tripped away for her hat and scarf.

CHAPTER II.

SCARCELY two hours later, while the housekeeper still sat at the table, busy over her sewing, there came hasty steps across the hall without, the door was flung open, and Clarice again appeared. Her face was white with alarm and grief, her eyes had a feverish glistening, her hair was loosened from its ribbons, her hat gone entirely.

"O auntie, have fires, beds, everything in readiness! I have found a young man over by the further park gate. I thought he was dead, for he lay half crushed, it seemed to me, under his dead horse,"—and she paused, to shiver in horror at the remembrance—"but I filled my hat with water from the brook in the park and poured it over his face, and he revived enough to ask to be brought here. He talked with me a little while, and then the pain came on, and he fainted again. I ran off as fast as I could, to stop Pierre, and then I came to send him help to bring the poor sufferer here. Will you send some one for a doctor? and O, which room shall I tell them he is to have? He is a gentleman, I am sure. His horse stumbled somehow in leaping the park fence, and fell, breaking its neck. O auntie, do you think the poor young gentleman will die?"

"Hush, Clarice, how wildly you talk, and how you tremble! Go to your room, and leave me to do everything possible."

The girl wrung her hands, and darted away again out of doors. In a few minutes the men came, bearing the insensible figure of a young man, clad in a rough sportsman's costume. Clarice flew to meet them, casting many a pitying glance at the cold white face.

"Where is the doctor? will he never come?" cried she, impatiently, stamping her foot in angry vehemence. "That stupid Jean has mistaken the way, I am sure."

Her aunt was busy with the application of restoratives, and she said, gravely:

"Come and help me to chafe his hands.

Gently! I think this wrist is dislocated, if not broken. It was a terrible fall, for certain. The doctor will be here as soon as possible. What a wild creature you are, Clarice! Don't shake so."

The powerful ammonia which had been applied to the delicately-cut nostrils produced the desired effect. The stranger languidly opened his eyes. With an unconscious tenderness and protecting air, Clarice bent over him, and said softly, in her sweet tremulous accents:

"You see I have kept my word; I have brought assistance, and you are safe at the chateau."

The eyes wandered inquiringly from one face to another, but came back again to the sweet young countenance beside him.

"You are an angel—as good and as beautiful," murmured he. "Don't leave me!"

Clarice scarcely seemed to heed the compliment. Only the earnest confiding entreaty for her protecting presence touched her. She folded her soft white fingers over his hand, his cold damp hand, and answered sweetly, as she might have reassured a trembling child:

"No, no, I will not leave you, don't fear it; and the doctor is coming as speedily as possible. He'll make you well at once, you know."

He smiled feebly and closed his eyes. Madame Voigner moistened the pale lips with wine. The entrance of the doctor, an excellent surgeon, soon dispersed the crowd of servants, and enforced more order. He sent them all away but the housekeeper and Jacques. The patient made no remonstrance until Clarice reluctantly unclasped her fingers from his hand.

"I should like her to stay."

"Nonsense!" was the surgeon's brusque reply.

"If there are any bones to set, as I suspect, you must let her come back," replied the patient, quite as peremptorily, and making a great effort to speak in his natural tone. "Do you believe in magnetism, or anything of the sort? The touch of her fingers dulls the pain, gives me strength, anyhow. I insist that she remains, then, if she must go while you ascertain the amount of injury."

"An obstinate self-willed fellow!" muttered the surgeon to the housekeeper, as

Clarice, with a pale face but triumphant air, passed by him. "What is his name? who is he?"

"I do not know, I am sure. Clarice found him insensible at the further park gate. The horse fell in leaping the fencing."

"What business has he interfering with my orders? I like a quiet room, and as few as possible with my patients. Let the girl keep away. We'll give him to understand a stranger coming into the chateau is not to dictate quite so authoritatively. One would think he was the master here."

The growling voice had unconsciously been growing louder and louder. It reached the patient. He writhed a little, winced with pain from the effort, and then said, with a touch of humor in the voice:

"Precisely, my worthy Esculapius; you couldn't have guessed closer. I believe I am not mistaken. This is Chateau Visme?"

"Yes, O yes, monsieur; and I'm sure you needn't feel vexed at the doctor. You are welcome here. The family are away. They are not to come for a fortnight yet. Don't feel yourself an intruder."

Worthy Madame Voigner hastened to say this in her most soothing tone.

"I'll try to make myself at home," was the dry rejoinder. "I am Count Edward Visme."

"*Le diable!*" ejaculated the doctor, rattling among his instruments to hide his confusion.

Madame Voigner was in a flutter of excitement.

"The count! I'm sure your lordship won't blame us for not recognizing you. It is so unexpected—such a surprise! and we've only seen you once, you know."

"Don't waste time in apologies, my good dame. I've kept away from the chateau long enough to make your ignorance quite pardonable. I'm likely to get thoroughly acquainted now. Confound this pain! Doctor, will you get through this business as quick as possible? I'd like you to send off post haste for a Parisian surgeon, if it is a serious case."

"And shall I send word to my lady, the countess?" inquired Madame Voigner, eagerly.

"No, no. *Peste!* I am likely to be annoyed enough, as it is. Keep it quiet, do not let it get out—the wretched unlucky

affair. I'm ashamed of it. But it was the fault of that brute. Hosmer told me he was good for any leap. Mind, it is my positive command you keep it still, unless it is a fatal thing—then you may send."

The surgeon had regained his nonchalance, and came forward with a bland smile.

"Now, my dear count, you will be quiet. Too much excitement will be very injurious. Don't talk any more."

"I don't intend to. It is you who objected to the soothing I desired. Let the lady hold my hands when you get to the ugly job. She calmed me with her very look."

Madame Voigner went out for her niece when the examination was over. Clarice met her with wild questioning eyes.

"Is it very dreadful? will he die?" she asked, shudderingly.

Her aunt passed her hand swiftly across her forehead, as if to dispel a cloud hanging there; but the gesture proved unavailing. There was still a look of intense annoyance on her face.

"Yes, it is dreadful!" muttered she, disconsolately. "What shall I ever do about it?"

"And is he to die?" moaned Clarice, burying her face in her hands, while the tears poured through the interlacing fingers. "So young, so handsome and good! Has he told you where to send for his friends? To die! alas!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Madame Voigner, rousing herself. "The doctor says it is a most remarkable escape. The only injuries beyond bruises are the leg broken just above the ankle, and the wrist dislocated. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred such a fall would have caused death outright. No indeed; he will soon be well and strong! And we are to nurse him—the saints help us!"

"And do you repine at a little care bestowed upon an unfortunate stranger? How unlike you, aunt!" began Clarice, indignantly.

"Unfortunate stranger! Nonsense, Clarice. I wish to all the saints it was a stranger. Haven't you heard it is Count Edward Visme himself?"

Clarice's pale cheeks speedily took a pink glow—the tearful eyes sparkled with the astonishment which dilated the dark pupils.

"Count Edward! Is it possible?"

"Yes, and very vexatious is it too, in every way. Here we are only half ready, and nothing can go along well now, having him sick on our hands. And that is not the worst—no, not by half!" And poor Madame Voigner sighed heavily. A peal of the bell startled her. "Ah, *ciel!* I forgot. It is for you. He insists that you stay by him while the bone is set. O Clarice, *ma chère* Clarice, remember all I told you!"

She thrust Clarice from the door, and sank herself sorrowfully into a chair, murmuring, "What will come of it? O what will come of it?"

Clarice went into the sick room with a haughty carriage, quite lofty, even for a princess, but a single glance at the pallid face and pain-stamped forehead swept away all her remembrance of the count's identity.

He held out his uninjured hand with a touching smile.

"Is it cruel of me to ask you to remain here? I don't want to be a coward, and you help me to be strong."

She smiled faintly in return, and quietly took in hers the clammy hand. It was soon over, and the patient at length pronounced ready for a quiet refreshing sleep.

"You are to be my nurse, you know," said he, in a playful peremptory way, looking up into the girl's face.

He saw the shadow creep over it.

"I mean, of course, only the pleasantest part of it. You are to cheer and entertain me, keep off *ennui* and pain, by the sunshine of your presence. I must have my valet over, from De Montanie's shooting-box, to take the burden of the care. I'll try to be docile."

Clarice shook her head slowly.

"I will come now and then to see you, if you insist. I don't think my aunt will allow anything else."

"Your aunt?" said he, inquiringly. "Do you know I can't imagine who you are, nor how you came to be here at the chateau?"

"I am the housekeeper's niece!" said Clarice, in a proud defiant tone, while her eyelids drooped until the long dark lashes touched the crimsoned cheeks.

"Well, I think she has reason to be proud of her relations?" answered the young count, hiding as much as possible

his surprise. "And I have very solid reason to be thankful such a niece exists. But for you, I might still be lying there on that damp ground beneath the dead horse. It is a lonesome place, seldom frequented, I judge. Ugh! I thought I should die before any one found me, and I had no voice for shouting." She could not avoid responding to his shudder. "And you will come often to see me, I shall be so lonely here?" persisted he.

She smiled, and shook her head archly.

"If you command it, I suppose I must obey," in a proud voice, with a little touch of bitterness.

"I do not command, I entreat. I ask a favor—I shall be wretchedly dull, I shall grow sick—"

"I will come to-morrow," answered she, hastily. And she glided past her aunt, who came in, followed by one of the housemaids, and disappeared from every one's views for the night.

It was useless fighting against fate. So declared poor Madame Voigner in despair when she found how quietly but effectively the young master of the chateau set aside every carefully studied arrangement of hers for keeping her niece out of the sick room. Now, he wanted the papers read, and no one suited his wayward will but Clarice; again, a letter was to be written—no other amanuensis could so quickly catch his idea; again, a new book of poems must be hunted out of the package he had ordered from town; a bouquet needed rearranging. Under one pretext or another, all his hours of recreation were enlivened by her presence.

Poor Madame Voigner could only entreat the help of the saints. It was quite hopeless attempting to combat so energetic and imperious a will as that of Count Edward. Clarice herself drifted passively on the tide of events. At first, the look of anxious wretchedness on her aunt's face would send her into the invalid's room resolved to act like an automaton, to be stolid, indifferent, and chilling as a statue of ice. But there was a winning way about the count it was impossible to resist. Now, his merry sallies routed all her assumed indifference; again, his pathetic pleading moved her coldness into genuine sympathy; and his quiet, manly, respectful manner shamed her angry pride into a natural demeanor.

He had written to his stepmother of the accident, but refrained from giving them the particulars, and had especially concealed from them the fact of his being all the time in his own house. For this reason, supposing him still at his friend's shooting park, the countess postponed her own arrival at the chateau.

The convalescence of the young master was even more dangerous to Madame Voigner's peace of mind. Wherever he rode or walked, Clarice was called for. No one else could adjust the sling for his wrist, or place the crutch so adroitly. More than once, Madame Voigner hinted how much wiser it would be to send for one of his young gentleman friends to enliven his dullness. Count Edward shrugged his shoulders.

What! one of those coarse unfeeling brutes, to torment his life out of him in his present enfeebled state! to bore him to death, make sport of his infirmity, worry away what little appetite and spirit he could pluck up, and by no means last or least, make love to sweet little Clarice before his very eyes! Not he, indeed!

Madame Voigner could only sigh and appeal again to the saints.

An event came to relieve her somewhat, just as Count Edward was able to walk slowly around the lawn, leaning lightly on some one's shoulder. Madame the countess accidentally met the surgeon in Paris, and learned for the first time that her stepson was at the chateau. She came down that week, with Mademoiselle Marie, her niece and adopted heiress.

CHAPTER III.

THE arrival of the countess was a momentary relief to the anxious housekeeper, notwithstanding it added to her cares. Count Edward had a most tender and sympathizing nurse now, for whose presence he was not obliged to invent pretexts and manufacture wants. Mademoiselle Marie was indefatigable in her attentions, and most zealous in her efforts to please and entertain; but the ungrateful count yawned, feigned sleepiness, weariness, caprice, anything to get rid of her, and without success.

He succeeded once in baffling her persistence. She really thought him asleep, and stole softly from the room, whereupon,

slipping lightly from the lounge, he despatched the valet for Clarice. Jean returned to say she was engaged, busy at some sewing, and must be excused. Count Edward stamped the foot capable of such unbecoming performance, then laughing, ordered Jean to help him to the housekeeper's room.

He found the unsuspecting Clarice with a pale face bent down disconsolately to two trembling little hands. She sprang up, crimson in an instant, and stood speechless while he coolly took possession of Madame Voigner's chintz lounge.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Clarice, you know about Mohammed and his mountain. Do not think you will always cheat me thus. Jean, close the door gently when you go out, and be sure and not allow Mademoiselle Marie to waken the sleeper in my room."

Jean was a shrewd fellow, and enjoyed the feat as much as his master. He went back merrily to his post at the door of the deserted apartment.

"Now tell me why I am punished so severely. What have I done to deserve such Siberian treatment?" demanded Count Edward, as in utter confusion Clarice sank again into her chair, and hunted up her sewing.

"I don't understand you," stammered Clarice.

"Why have you denied me the sunshine of your presence? You know very well I cannot get well or be comfortable without you."

"You have had better attendance, my lord, more suitable company than that of a servant girl."

Clarice meant to say it coldly, but the sob in her throat got the better of her and shook her voice into a pathetic tremor.

"Who has been saying wicked shameful things to you?" demanded the count, fiercely. "You are no servant in this house. You are a blessed little sunbeam, a fairy sprite, a beautifying blossom, a ministering angel. You saved the life of the master here. Tell me, who dares call you a servant?"

The fierce tone unconsciously betrayed him. The countess, passing in the hall, heard the familiar voice, and paused to listen. Her eye flashed wrathfully.

"I suspected as much," muttered she. "The girl's baby face has bewitched him."

I think the cure lies in my hands. I will not hesitate to apply it."

"Well, Mademoiselle Clarice," continued the count, within, "you do not give me an answer. Is the tuneful bird suddenly dumb?"

"There is nothing for me to say," said Clarice, turning away her face to hide the rising tears. "I have no complaint to make of any one, least of all, to you, Count Edward. I am going away from the chateau. My aunt wishes it—I shall tell her to-day I consent."

"Going where, Mademoiselle Clarice?"

"To those who will protect me, my lord."

"What other protection do you need than you can find here?"

Her lip curled. Was it not to receive protection from everything here that she chose to go away?

"What can it matter to you, Count Edward, concerning such humble affairs as mine? Mademoiselle Marie had far better occupy your thoughts."

"A fig for Mademoiselle Marie! what is she to me?"

"Your betrothed bride, I suppose," replied Clarice, hastily, a little angry vehemence sharpening the tone.

The count lay back on the lounge, and laughed heartily.

"So that absurd rumor has come to you, has it? Dear little Clarice, did you think you had saved my life to give it to such ignominious service? Didn't you know I was irretrievably in love elsewhere?"

Clarice, startled and thrown off her guard, looked up suddenly, and the tears overflowed her cheeks.

"Clarice, sweet little Clarice!" cried the count, reaching over hastily to snatch her hand, "do you know who came like a white-robed angel out of dimness, as I lay fainting and dying on the turf, under that stiffening corse? who gave me back my life, but took away my heart? Clarice, charming, willful, capricious little darling, I love you dearly—beyond all the rest of the world! I am going to marry you if you will only consent—"

She put up both white little hands to ward him off.

"Never, never! You a count, marry the poor niece of your housekeeper! You shall never make yourself a laughing-stock for me. I love you too well for that, Count Edward."

"You love me! Ah, Clarice, my precious little treasure, that is enough. You shall yield to my will in the rest."

"Never, never!" cried Clarice, firmly, her deep dark eyes gleaming resplendently.

"But, Clarice, this is the height of cruelty, of folly. I insist—"

He was interrupted by a sudden dash from the rear door. Madame Voigner came flying in, her face in one glow of intense excitement.

"Clarice, Clarice, where are you? O, the Lord be praised—I've found it! I've found it! Just in time, too. The countess has been abusing you shamefully. She is to turn you out from the chateau, to-night. Let her try it now!"

So far, breathless with emotion, mingling rage and joy, Madame Voigner had gone, without perceiving the count. She paused abruptly, and looked from one to another in confusion. The Count Edward raised himself from the lounge, with an angry sparkle in his eye.

"The countess turn my Clarice from the chateau! We think not, my good madame. I believe I am the master here. We look to see her the mistress, rather, who may dictate whether or no the countess herself shall come."

"Yes, that's the truth. Your lordship must excuse me, but I must speak, now the papers are found. The sweet saints be praised, it was the hard talk of the countess herself which made me drop the book I was dusting, or maybe they had lain there another round of years."

As she spoke, Madame Voigner shook at him rather than exhibited to him, the small bundle of yellow papers clenched tightly in her hand.

"Pray sit down, madame. Calm yourself. You are a little disturbed, and well may you be. But leave it to me to answer to the countess for your niece. What are the papers?"

He reached out his hand for the papers, but madame drew hers back, hastily.

"No, no, nobody shall touch them until I put them into safe hands—until Pierre or a lawyer comes. My lord—no, not my lord, Monsieur Edward—you have heard of the Count Henrique, he whose death in Switzerland gave the title and estate to your father. It was thought he died unmarried, without heirs. These papers prove something different. He was married

when he went away, to my own beautiful sister, my peerless Lisette. He was to acknowledge it when he returned. She had the papers carefully secured, but they became mislaid in the terrible distress which came upon us all at the news of his death; and though we searched and searched, we could never find them. They are found at last, in the old hymn-book. Well enough I see how they were lost. Lisette kept both beside her pillow, and they got into the old book, and it was carried off to the library upper shelf. Nobody has taken it down, except to dust it since. All the saints be praised, that my lady's scolding made my hand shake with anger, so I dropped the book. Ah, poor Pierre, how will he rejoice! Ah, *ciel!* there is but one Countess Visme—the daughter of Count Henrique, and this is she, Lady Clarice, my niece, Monsieur Edward!

Madame Voigner caught the startled girl in her arms, and, sobbing and laughing, repeated incoherently:

"Yes, Clarice, you are the countess. All the law in the world can't put you from your claim. Mademoiselle Marie has lost her waiting-maid."

Clarice had looked like one who heard not, but stood in a bewildered dizzy maze. Slowly, however, she realized the importance of the revelation. A soft sweet smile broke over her lips, her cheek flushed rosy, her eyes shone brightly. Noiselessly she withdrew from her aunt's stormy embrace and went over to the couch where Edward sat staring vacantly upon the floor.

"Edward," said she, in a shy but joyous voice, "you said I should yield to your will—that I should be your countess, and I will!"

He seized both outstretched hands, and covered them with kisses.

"I am too selfish to refuse the priceless treasure offered me. I can accept it with better grace because you know I asked for you when I believed the estate and title mine."

At that moment the countess swept into the room. She cast a scornful angry glance upon the youthful pair, and then haughtily turned to Madame Voigner.

"Madame Voigner, I herewith discharge you from the chateau service. Yourself

and your niece are expected to leave before another nightfall. You may learn how I deal with such insolence and effrontery."

"Hold!" cried her stepson. "Madame Voigner cannot leave, because the Countess Visme requires her presence here, not as a servant, but as a dear friend and beloved relative."

"The Countess Visme! who is she? What other beside myself has right to the title?"

Edward raised the little hand still resting in his, and touched his lips to it again with respectful gallantry.

"The lady is before you, madame."

"How! Have you dared form a secret marriage? Know you not it cuts off the personal income, by your father's will, if you lack my consent? I will never give it."

"My father's will is void, madame. You have no rightful claim yourself to the title. Count Henrique's daughter, my wife that is to be, is the only rightful owner here."

The countess turned pale. "I will not believe it!" cried she. "It is an infamous plot."

"The proofs are at hand. I have no question myself. There is a likeness of Count Henrique at our suite in Paris. I see readily what a perfect image of the old Visme portraits is this noble lady. I shall not attempt to deny it. I am sorry your discourteous behaviour will debar you from continued residence with us."

Without a single word, the countess, that had been, turned away. She went off the next morning, with Mademoiselle Marie, to Paris, to consult her lawyers. When the papers were presented, she found out the hopelessness of resistance.

Smothering her chagrin and mortification as best she might, she vanished into utter retirement. Whether the brilliant rumors of the advent in Parisian circles of a new and resplendent star ever reached her cannot be positively asserted; but Mademoiselle Marie bit her lip angrily time and time again, as chance conversation assured her of the happiness and prosperity of her lost lover and his charming Countess Clarice.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

"AGATHA! THIS IS SOME OF YOUR DOING!"

A FEW days later Lady Valence is seated in her morning-room, which overlooks the front of the castle, listlessly watching the gardeners, already employed in sweeping the first leaves of autumn off the terraces. She is vexed and disappointed; for her appeal to Miss Strong to come back and resume her office of companion has been met by a sympathetic but decided refusal. Perhaps Miss Strong guesses that she is required more as a confidante for her ladyship's domestic troubles than for any real use she can be in the castle household, and declines to be placed against her inclination in the doubtful position of a go-between. Perhaps she believes that her pupil's married life is likely to prove a battle that is best fought out alone, or that the presence of any one who has been connected with her former existence is more calculated to widen than heal up the breach.

But anyway, whether it arises from a sense of duty or inclination, Miss Strong pleads a half-formed engagement as a reason for refusing Lady Valence's offer; and Everil, who was constantly abusing the old lady when she was compelled to fill the thankless office of her duenna, voting her a "bore," a "spy" and a "telltale," is quite ready at the present moment to rank the fact that she declines to resume her former espionage over a married woman as a fresh misfortune.

Alice Mildmay is coming to stay with her, though. Alice Mildmay has accepted the invitation, extended for an indefinite period, with every appearance of delight, and Everil is looking forward to meeting this friend of her girlhood again. Still, Alice Mildmay is very young (she is just six months Lady Valence's junior), and it is impossible there can be the same confidence between them now as when they were girls together. Everil feels this, and is almost disposed to think that her dear friend's presence will prove a restraint instead of a pleasure. In fact, she is in a

despondent mood this morning, and wants—she can hardly say what.

As she muses and gazes on the scene before her, a saddled horse is led round from the stables, and walked slowly up and down in front of the house. It is a high-bred, high-spirited creature, and as it approaches a garden-roller in the pathway it starts so suddenly as almost to jerk the reins out of the groom's hands, whilst its small ears well laid back, and a suspicious whiteness about the corners of its eyes, cause Everil (who is so used to horses) to observe to herself that it is not only high-spirited, but slightly vicious. She does not know for whom the animal is waiting, nor does she care. She does not remember ever to have seen it before. Perhaps it belongs to some visitor to Lord Valence, or the steward may be about to ride it on business to the nearest town, or the servant who holds it may be only waiting to receive and carry some message or letter that requires despatch. But as the groom turns, she sees him touch his hat and quickly lead the horse up to the castle door. Her curiosity is awakened—she leans forward to the window. What is her surprise at seeing her husband swing himself into the saddle, whilst a second groom, mounted, appears in readiness to attend him. Where can he be going at that hour of the morning, to require the attendance of a servant?

Valence so seldom rides on horseback at all, that the mere circumstance is strange; and (separated as they are by want of confidence) he has not as yet undertaken any step of importance without advising her of it. As he mounts, settles himself in the saddle, and gives some parting direction to the servant, she watches his movements eagerly, and thinks how slight, and fair, and delicate he looks, and how lightly (notwithstanding his serious illness) his thirty years sit on him.

As he turns away from the castle door without turning his head, she sighs; but when, in preparing to cross the draw-bridge, he looks back as though to scan the windows for a watcher, with a sudden

impulse she hides herself behind the curtain, and remains so till he has resumed his former position.

She watches him until he is about to enter the drive. As he does so, his horse, who has trodden the drawbridge planks as though he were dancing, shies at some trifle, and, being recalled to order by his rider, rears violently. Lord Valence does not swerve in his saddle; but Everil remembers the look of the animal at the garden-roller, and a great fear assails her.

Her husband is riding a vicious horse—he will be thrown and mortally injured—perhaps killed. Her eyes are distended with the horror of the idea—her whole frame is trembling with excitement as she quits her morning-room, and rushes into that of her sister-in-law.

"Agatha! what horse is that that Valence is riding? There!" pointing with her finger over the drawbridge. "He has just entered the drive—a bay brute, with black points. Where did he get him?"

"My dear Everil, how can I possibly inform you, unless you will let me see? Why—that must be the horse he bought of Colonel Shorter last spring. I wonder what has made Valence have him up from grass."

"Why was he put to grass? I have never seen him before."

"Very likely not, my dear. I think Valence kept him down at the farm. Well, the reason he was put out to grass was because he broke poor Tim Bray's leg whilst he was grooming him in the stables, and the breaker-in didn't think he was safe to ride."

"I knew it! I felt sure he was a vicious brute whilst the man was leading him up and down. I saw the way he laid back his ears at every little obstacle. How *very wrong* it is of Valence to mount him! He ought to know better. Every good rider knows the pleasure of controlling a high-spirited animal; but none but children or fools care to ride a vicious one!"

"Heyday! what unwonted excitement!" says Agatha, rather sarcastically. "What are you afraid of, my dear? That he will come home with all his precious bones broken, and be obliged to hobble about on crutches for the remainder of his life?"

"Nonsense! It would make little enough difference to me if he did. But I do think Valence might be a little more

considerate of—of— Well, at any rate, you must acknowledge he would give trouble enough to us all if he were to come to grief."

"O, I don't think you need anticipate that, Everil. He has plenty of servants, you know, and he has me; so I do not fancy much of the trouble would fall on your shoulders. But why not confide your fear to him on his return? I am sure Valence would be only too much honored to think you cared whether he was killed or not."

"Perhaps I don't," replied Everil, with a return of the haughty feeling with which she meets every piece of advice of Agatha's on behalf of her husband. "Do you know where he has gone to?"

"To Ballybroogan, I believe, to call on the O'Connors."

Everil starts.

"The O'Connors! But they have not called on me."

"Haven't they?" carelessly. "Valence has known them a long time."

"But why should he go to see them today? He said nothing to me about it."

"I really am not the depository of all your husband's secrets, Everil. I suppose he has his reasons."

"The O'Connors! Ballybroogan!" repeats Lady Valence, musingly; then, with a sudden color, "Agatha! is not that the place where Maurice Staunton is staying?"

"I believe it is."

"And does Valence know that he is there?"

"He does. In fact, if you will have the truth, he has gone over expressly to call on him."

"To call on Maurice Staunton?"

"Yes; and to ask him to come and stay at the castle. Now the murder's out."

"Agatha! this is some of your doing."

"My dear child, please don't look as if you were going to scratch my eyes out. I have had nothing to do with the matter. It was Valence's own proposition. He said you told him you were fretting for the society of your old friends, that you wanted to ask Miss Strong and Alice Mildmay to come and visit you here; and when he heard young Staunton was staying at Ballybroogan, he said he should ride over and ask him to make one of the party."

"And why didn't you prevent him? Why didn't you say that you were sure it

would displease me?—you who know so well that I would rather go ten miles the other way than meet Maurice Staunton again.”

“My dear Everil, just think what you are proposing. Was I to be the one to open Valence’s eyes to all that went on between young Staunton and you before your marriage to himself? Do you think he would have thanked me for the information?”

“Why should he not? What do you mean to insinuate? You know that nothing went on that I am ashamed of, or that I could help.”

“In that case, why so strenuously object to meeting Captain Staunton again?”

“Because it will be very painful to me.”

“Do you still cherish a little *tendresse* in that quarter then, *ma chère*?”

Everil stamps her foot impatiently.

“Why will you worry me in this manner? You know I do not. I have told you so a thousand times. But—”

“But what, Everil? Considering that Maurice Staunton’s family have been friends of mine for years, and that I was the first to introduce him to you, I think I have a right to be told in what manner he has so grossly offended you.”

“I have no objection to tell you. I consider that he behaved exceedingly bad to me—in an unmanly, ungentlemanly and dishonorable manner.”

Agatha West holds up her hands with surprise.

“My dear Everil, what gross charges! I never heard so sweeping an accusation in my life. Poor Maurice! If you had only seen him as I saw him after that fatal twenty-seventh of May, you would never speak of him as you have done—his misery, his self-reproach, his complete devotion, I shall never forget. He seemed quite broken-hearted.”

The Countess of Valence is not entirely unmoved by this declaration. As she hears it her eyes become humid and her lips tremble. It is so difficult to think hardly even of a love which we have proved to be unworthy. But still she braves out her own assertion.

“I don’t believe it, Agatha. He put it on, most likely, in order to deceive you. If he had cared for me as he professed to do, why should he have drawn back at the

last moment and left Valence in possession of the field?”

“But you told me you separated by mutual consent.”

“I would have said anything at that moment to save my pride. But the real truth is, that as soon as Captain Staunton heard I should lose my money by marrying him, he declined to proceed any further; he even urged me to fulfil my engagement with my cousin. What is the natural deduction of such conduct?”

“He was too noble and unselfish to drag you down to share a life of poverty with him,” sighs the widow.

“He was too mercenary and too mean not to care for my fortune better than myself, Agatha. Why cannot you call things by their right names? When I look back at Maurice Staunton’s conduct when he first knew me, and compare it with that at the last, I cannot find words sufficiently strong in which to tell you *how much I despise him*.”

She delivers this sentence with so much emphasis that Mrs. West is really startled. Is it possible the countess can so entirely have forgotten her former attachment!

“Everil,” she exclaims, quite naturally in her surprise, “what on earth has made you change your mind like this? You have learned no more of Staunton than you knew upon your wedding-day.”

“Perhaps not; but I have thought a great deal more of him. I have pondered over his words, analyzed his motives, and criticised his actions, till I know him, I fancy, a little better than you do. There is nothing kills love so quickly, Agatha, as contempt; and I have so thorough a contempt now for Captain Staunton that I should be glad to think that we should never meet again. I am very sorry I did not know of Valence’s mission before he left the castle.”

“Would you have told him?” asks Mrs. West, quickly.

“Perhaps I might,” is the careless answer.

The widow is puzzled. She cannot believe that feelings so strong as Everil’s are eradicated in a day. She thinks the girl must be deceiving herself, and that once more, in the presence of her lover, and hearing his excuses from his own lips, she will learn to regard the past with a more lenient eye.

She changes her cue, and immediately becomes sympathetic and confidential.

"Now look here, darling," she says, sweetly, as she takes Everil's hands and pulls her down upon the sofa beside her. "Why not tell me all about it? You know I never heard the rights and wrongs of the case, and it is very likely that we may be playing at cross purposes. Of course I had my eyes about me last spring, but you spoke so little on the subject, and the *denouement* took me so completely by surprise, that it bewilders me even to think of it. What really passed between you and poor dear Staunton?"

"It is not a pleasant subject to revive," replies the countess, as she bites her lip and looks down; "but, perhaps, as you saw so much, it is as well you should hear all. You know that he made love to me."

"My dear! a blind man might have seen that. Why, the poor fellow was just over head and ears. He adored the ground you trod on."

"So he told me, and the sequel proved how much truth there was in his profession. For three months he was steadily paying attention to me."

"And when did he propose?"

"He never proposed."

"Never proposed! You don't mean to say so!" exclaims the widow, who has known perfectly well from the beginning that nothing definite on the question of marriage had ever passed between them.

"Of course he never proposed. Had he done so he would have been obliged to stick to it," cries Lady Valence, impatiently. "Captain Staunton is scarcely the kind of gentleman who would care to be brought to book by my two guardians."

"But, my dear girl—excuse me for interrupting you, but this subject is of so much importance to myself—if poor Maurice never offered marriage to you, wherein is he so greatly to blame for having withdrawn his attentions in favor of a more powerful suitor? Come, Everil, try and be just."

"He led me to believe he would propose. He knew—he must have known—that I regarded him favorably. It was a bitter injustice to me."

"It would have been a much more bitter injustice had he persisted in claiming your hand when he knew he had nothing to support you on. I often think," con-

tinued the widow, with a pursed-up mouth and a look of the deepest humility, "when I am called upon to judge other people, of the title of Charles Reade's novel, 'Put Yourself in His Place.' It makes one view things so differently. Now, for instance, dear Everil, just try and put yourself in poor Staunton's place. He loved you devotedly—his worst enemy would not deny him that virtue—and his love for you made him, after a while, conquer his scruples (which I know were most conscientious) to addressing one so infinitely above himself in point of position; hoping, I suppose, that mutual love would smooth away all obstacles. I saw which way the land lay, and tried to put him on his guard—but love, you know, is proverbially blind. Then, all of a sudden, this shock comes on him. If he marries you, you not only fail to fulfil your dead father's wishes, but you lose all your money. He drags you down to poverty and a sense of disobedience. In such a case, what could an honorable man do but draw back? He had not yet committed you or himself. One of you must be the sacrifice. He chose to accept it. He laid down all his hopes (and you must allow, Everil, they were not insignificant ones) on the altar of duty, and left you free to do as your friends desired and expected of you. What more could the poor fellow have done? To my mind, he acted in the most honorable and generous manner it was possible to act in. And yet you blame him. You call him all manner of hard names, and say you wish never to see him again. Poor Maurice! it would have been better indeed for himself had he been as mean, and grasping, and selfish as you would make him out to be."

The countess has been listening to this harangue in utter silence. Her sense and judgment condemn it, but she has no argument ready wherewith to confute its sophistry. She only feels that under the same circumstances she would have acted differently, though she can hardly decide in what way. But a certain undefined consciousness that, notwithstanding the pain of her wounded vanity, all has been for the best, and that she would not have the past altered if she could, tend to make her less eager to deny the truth of Mrs. West's assertion than she might otherwise have been.

"I see you are beginning to agree with

me, darling," continues Agatha, insinuatingly, as she glances at the expressive face of her companion.

"It may be as you say, Agatha. I am not prepared to dispute your opinion. At the same time I hold to my own. I have no wish to see Captain Staunton again, and if what you say is true, he ought not to wish it either."

"Ah! it would be a sad comfort, doubtless, but still I think it would comfort him, dear. He has fretted himself ill, you see (Lady Russell was sadly afraid some such consequence might follow his disappointment), and I believe his best remedy would be to see you well and happy; to be sure that his noble unselfish conduct had earned its reward, and that you were not fretting like himself. You would not like poor Staunton to think you were as miserable as he is—would you? or that you felt the past too keenly to permit of your meeting him again?"

"Certainly not!" exclaims Lady Valence, decidedly.

"Well, then, why not let things take their course? Let the poor boy come here and see for himself that he has not had the power to make your life unhappy. Besides, Everil, Valence is rather peculiar in some of his notions, and you could hardly prevent his asking Staunton here without giving him a reason. And how would it sound, my dear? That because the man had withdrawn his attentions in favor of your husband, you refused to meet him even as a friend. What would any one think from such a confession?"

"O, I don't care if he comes or doesn't come," says Everil, rising abruptly, as though wearied of the discussion. "If Valence asks him here, and he has the bad taste to accept the invitation, I suppose I must receive him as I would any other gentleman. But I'll tell you one thing, Agatha—and since you are so much Maurice Staunton's friend, perhaps you'll be good enough to give him a hint on the subject—if he ever *dares* to allude to the past before me, I'll tell my husband of him then and there. I don't care for Valence, as you are well aware; but I know how to uphold the dignity of my family name." And as she says this, she draws her figure up to its full height, and looks every inch a countess.

"My dear girl!" replies the little widow,

in a deprecating voice, "as if he *would*! How little you know him! I am sure you will find his behaviour all that is most gentlemanly and reticent."

"Let us hope so, indeed. It will be the worse for him if it is not. And now, Agatha, I am going out for a drive, so we shall not meet again till luncheon."

"May I not go with you, dear?"

"Not to-day, please. I have a great deal to think over and decide upon, and would rather be by myself." And without waiting for an objection, she quits the apartment.

* * * * *

It is the afternoon of the same day. Six o'clock has struck, and Lord Valence has not yet returned from Ballybroogan. The countess is in her own room. She has locked the door so that no one may intrude upon her, and is restlessly moving about from one table to another, unable to settle herself to occupation of any kind. There is a new feeling knocking at her heart, so new a feeling that she is unwilling to admit its presence even to herself, and is more than fearful lest others should observe it. She is actually uneasy about her husband. Ballybroogan is only ten miles away, and even if he stayed to luncheon with the O'Connors, there is no reason he should not have reached home long ago. Agatha has not improved her spirits by observing that the Misses O'Connor are three remarkably pretty Irish girls, and that "poor dear Valence" used to be so very intimate at the house a year ago, that many people thought he was going to marry one of the sisters.

Everil has just found out that she hates Irish girls, or rather (being half Irish herself) all such as are thoroughbred, and thinks it very bad taste on the part of Mrs. O'Connor to try and detain Valence at Ballybroogan, after the scandal that has been spread concerning her girls and him. And to make him so late in returning home, too! Why, it is getting quite dusk, and—O that horse! Suppose he should really have started in good time, and some accident has occurred to detain him! Why, with such a horrid vicious brute as that, he might be thrown anywhere between this and Ballybroogan, and be dead before the groom could procure assistance.

That was the sort of thing that came from living in an out-of-the-way place like

Ireland, where the roads were as rough and lonely as it was possible for them to be. And then the Irish tenants with their dreadful blunderbusses, lurking behind hedges to shoot their landlords! How often had she heard such stories in England that had made her blood run cold. And what was to prevent such a disaster happening to Valence now, or if not now, to-morrow, or any day?

Between her anxiety and her desire to lay the blame of it on anything but her own heart, Everil is becoming incoherent and nonsensical. She paces around the room like an untamed animal; she locks and unlocks her door twenty times, and at last, unable to bear solitude and suspense any longer, runs down to the hall with some vague notion of looking for Lord Valence's approach from the open door. But as her foot touches the last step of the long wide staircase, a clatter of hoofs sounds on the outside gravel, the portals of Castle Valence are thrown open, and she perceives a group of horsemen on the terrace beyond. She would like to draw back then and hide herself anywhere; she wishes she had not been so foolish as to leave her room—but it is too late. To turn and reascend the staircase, when strangers are about to enter her house, would be as rude as undignified; and there are no rooms in which she can take shelter without crossing the vast hall, in the centre of which she stands. So she remains there, nervous and agitated, but to all appearance perfectly calm. Lord Valence enters, followed by two other gentlemen. At first he does not see his wife, and is about to lead the way to the library.

"Valence!" she exclaims, and, do what she will, it is impossible quite to prevent her voice bearing traces of her recent emotion. "What on earth makes you so late?"

"You here, Everil! Am I late? What makes you think so? We started as soon after luncheon as we conveniently could."

"Lady Valence's anxiety is so *very* natural," says a voice she knows but too well. Since her conversation with Agatha, Everil has made up her mind that she will be obliged, at some time or other, to bear the penalty of Maurice Staunton's company, but she hardly thought that it would be so soon. The surprise leaves her dumb.

"Ah! here is an old acquaintance of yours, Everil," says her husband, recalled to a sense of his forgetfulness by the remark; "Captain Staunton. I think you hardly expected to meet him again at Castle Valence, but I found he was staying with my friends at Ballybroogan, and have persuaded him to give us a few days here. Let me introduce Mr. Mark O'Connor to you. He and I have had many a pleasant week together in the olden times, but this is his first experience of the castle as a domestic residence."

Mr. O'Connor bows and expresses his polite conviction that the castle must be twice as delightful now as it ever was before; and Lady Valence is very much relieved to find that his introduction has followed so closely upon the mention of his companion that there is no necessity for her to do more than bow to either of them in return. And then her eyes wander back to rest upon her husband, and she repeats, more to cover her confusion than anything else, "You are very late, Valence. I thought something must have happened."

"Why, did you think I was killed?" he says, jestingly.

He pauses for an answer, but none comes. He looks into her face, and her lip is trembling. He places his hand on hers and pats it—not unkindly, but not earnestly—and continues, still in jest, "No such good luck, my dear."

Lady Valence turns from them suddenly, and reascends the staircase. At the first landing-stage she stops, and says, very deliberately, "Dinner is at seven, and it only wants twenty minutes to the time. Will you show your friends to their rooms, Valence?" and turns her back on them again.

As she enters her own room large tears have gathered in her eyes and are rolling down her cheeks. What would Agatha West have thought could she have seen her now?

CHAPTER XXI.

"COULD YOU LOVE SO?"

A WEEK after the advent of Mr. O'Connor and Maurice Staunton the breakfast-table at Castle Valence is hardly recognizable. Since their return from the continent Lord and Lady Valence and Mrs. West have been used to sit down to this meal in solemn state together, and often

in utter silence, engendered by the wife's indifference or the husband's dreamy habits. Now, all is changed. The party has been reinforced by Alice Mildmay and John Bulwer (who appears more than pleased to renew his acquaintance with the pretty English bridesmaid who did duty with him at the late wedding). The host and hostess are obliged to be punctual in order to meet the requirements of their guests, and the old dining-hall, wainscoted and raftered with bright dark oak, rings with the clatter of knives and forks, and the cheerful music of youthful tongues. Lord Valence, under the invigorating influence of company and the cheering society of his friend John Bulwer, is quite lively (once or twice he has even been betrayed into a peal of laughter); and Mrs. West, though satisfied that her scheme for introducing Captain Staunton to Castle Valence has succeeded, may often be seen watching her brother-in-law's movements with a long earnest gaze, as though she were trying to discover what new idea has had the power to displace, even for a moment, the ingrained conviction of a lifetime. Everil is, perhaps, the one least affected (or apparently so) by the innovation. She has not experienced the difficulty she anticipated in meeting and treating Maurice Staunton as an ordinary friend. His deferential and almost distant manner has from the commencement much aided the line of conduct she considers due to her own dignity; and after the first few trying hours, when recollection of the past almost overwhelmed her with shame and indignation, she has found the task much easier.

But she has not yet acquired the art of appearing quite self-possessed in his presence. Her natural feelings of uneasiness and distrust would make her boisterously gay whilst under his scrutiny; but she has checked the inclination, fearing it might be misconstrued, and schooled herself to be formal, and distant, and coldly polite instead. Lord Valence notices her want of gayety, and sighs to think that he has made her lot so dismal that even the society of her old and favorite friends has not the power to dissipate her habitual gloominess. Agatha sees it, and fancying it is but a mask to cover the true state of her feelings, congratulates her wicked little heart on having accomplished so many

more steps towards the achievement of a victory. Valence puzzles her, but of Everil she believes it only requires time to make her certain; and she excuses the continuance of Staunton's company by keeping up the idea in her brother-in-law's mind that it is for *her* sake he is so flattered by an extension of his first invitation; and this notion Valence has communicated to his wife.

On the morning after Staunton's arrival he remonstrated with her on the evident coldness of her reception. "You might have welcomed him a little more cordially, Everil."

"But I don't like him. I am very sorry you asked him to the castle. I had no wish to see him here."

"Are you in earnest? I thought he was a friend of yours."

"A friend of Agatha's, if you like. He is no friend of mine."

"Ah! I guessed as much. Well, then, for Agatha's sake, try and be more cordial. You made the poor fellow look dreadfully uncomfortable last night."

"It won't hurt him if I did."

"But it may hurt her. And, putting all other considerations on one side, do you think it advisable, Everil, to place any obstacles in the way of Agatha's settling again? Her living here is all very well at present, but"—with a sigh—"by-and-by, my dear, you may desire to have the house to yourself, and—"

"I wish to heaven you wouldn't talk of such things, Valence," she interrupted, passionately, with a stamp of her foot.

"Let me then say plainly, that for both our sakes I think it may be as well that my sister-in-law should marry again."

"And do you suppose Captain Staunton wants to marry her?" exclaimed Everil, in surprise.

"She has hinted as much to me. Mind, only hinted. Doubtless he has said nothing definite; but if she liked him it would be a very suitable match."

His wife burst out laughing.

"O, that's her little game, is it? Well, then, Valence, I promise you I will treat Captain Staunton more civilly. But it is for *her* sake, mind; not my own. I tell you frankly I don't like him."

"Except that he has always proved himself a gentleman, I do not suppose you have any reason to be particularly friendly

with him for your own sake. Though I used to think, Everil, that he was rather 'taken' with you, till Agatha undeceived me."

"O, Agatha undeceived you, did she?" repeated Lady Valence, mechanically.

"Yes, long ago, at Norman House, though I did not suspect she liked him on her own account till the other day. He is really a very nice fellow. I can't think why you should have taken such a prejudice against him."

"It is of little consequence. My likes and dislikes are like myself, unaccountable and erratic. Let us drop the subject."

And thenceforth, although she does not believe one word of Mrs. West's insinuation to her brother respecting Maurice Staunton and herself, Lady Valence becomes less haughty and more studiously polite to him than she has been before. Firstly, because she does not wish her manner to attract her husband's notice, and draw down his censure again; and secondly, because she fears lest the extreme of indifference may lead Agatha and Staunton to imagine she requires it as a panoply wherewith to shield herself from the attacks of the latter. When Alice Mildmay arrives her task becomes easier. She keeps much with her when they are all assembled together, and manages to join pretty indiscriminately in the general conversation.

On the morning in question, the gentlemen are all bound for the shooting covers, and the ladies have been wondering what they shall do to amuse themselves all day.

"I can always amuse myself with reading," says Alice Mildmay.

"I dare say you can, my dear, if you have anything to read," retorts the countess; "but this is the most dreadful place for books you were ever in in your life. Not a circulating library within fifty miles of us."

"But you have a monthly box from Mudie's."

"Which invariably contains all the books you don't want to see and none of those you do. Last month's cargo consisted of five works on science; three rapid novels, and half a dozen volumes of poetry. There wasn't a readable line amongst the lot."

"I'm sure you can't have read all the books in Lord Valence's library yet, Everil," exclaims Alice. "I peeped in at the door yesterday, and I was quite awed

by the appearance of the room. It looked so dark, and mysterious, and full of learning. Do you often sit there?"

"I never sit there," replies her friend, pointedly; "that is Lord Valence's private apartment, and he allows no intruders."

"O, I'm so sorry. I'll never look in it again," giggles Alice.

"I'm sure if you would like to do so, Miss Mildmay," stammers Lord Valence, "at any time of the day, that is to say, I should be most happy to show it to you."

"I won't go without Everil; I should be afraid," she answers.

"And I don't care to go," returns the countess, quietly. "It is not a favorite room of mine; I have no wish to enter it."

Lord Valence looks at her for a moment, earnestly, then sighs, and turns to Bulwer.

"If you are at a loss for some light reading, Lady Valence," says Captain Staunton across the table, "I should have the greatest pleasure in lending you one or two French novels. I have some excellent ones in my portmanteau, that have only just appeared in Paris. I brought them over on purpose for you to see."

"You are very good," she replies, haughtily. The idea of accepting a favor from him, however small, is unendurable to her.

"May I fetch them for you after breakfast?"

"I dare say Miss Mildmay would be pleased to read them. Do you like French novels, Alice?"

"If they're easy ones, dear; but it's an awful bore to find a lot of idioms jumbled together at the most interesting part of the story."

"It will do you good to be puzzled," laughs Lady Valence. "You were always a lazy puss at lessons. Have you finished, Agatha? If so, let us go into the garden."

They take a few turns on the terrace; pay a visit to the stables (for, with all the trouble lying at her heart, Everil has not done violence to her nature by giving up her devotion to her four-footed friends), caress and admire the pack of dogs that follow at their mistress's heels, play a little with Master Arthur, and return to the castle to find the gentlemen departed, and the day before them all their own.

"Shall we ride? shall we drive? Shall we play? shall we sing?" exclaims Lady Valence, as they enter her morning-room.

"O, let us spend this morning in the house," says Alice. "See!" pointing to some yellow-covered *feuilletons* lying on the table, "these must be the novels Captain Staunton promised to lend us. How delightful it would be, darling, if Mrs. West and I got our work and you read aloud to us."

"I am quite willing to do so if it pleases you," replies Everil, cheerfully; and seating herself on a sofa, she commences to read one of those realistic and exciting stories which the French novelists of the present day so much delight in, and which claims the attention of both reader and listeners until the gong sounds for luncheon.

"I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much," exclaims Alice Mildmay, as Everil rises and puts down the book; "I had no idea it was so late. How tiresome it is to have to leave off just at the moment *St. George* meets *Catherine* again! Isn't it a charming story, Everil? Isn't it just like life?"

The countess does not answer. Mrs. West glances up at her. She is standing by the table, with her eyes cast down and one hand upon the book, thinking. The incidents of the tale have revived the saddest portion of her life. She is comparing her own fate with that of the heroine, married to a husband to whom she is indifferent, and whilst her heart is still bleeding from the wound inflicted by another hand. How will it fare with *Catherine* and *St. George* when they meet again? How will they act towards and speak to one another? This is how Agatha West interprets the thoughtful look on Everil's face.

"Shall we go and have our luncheon, and come back and finish the story afterwards, Everil?" she asks.

Lady Valence starts, colors violently, and abruptly leaves the table.

"Yes, yes, of course, unless you would rather go for a drive. Come, Alice; come, Agatha! I have read so long I feel quite dizzy. I think it would be better to go into the open air before we commence our studies again."

And taking Miss Mildmay's hand, she dances down the staircase and through the hall, as though she were a very child.

But before the evening closes in the reading is resumed, and the end of the story

is so affecting that Everil can scarcely steady her voice sufficiently to make the last few pathetic words audible.

* * * * *

"What an interesting novel that was you lent Lady Valence yesterday," says Mrs. West to Captain Staunton, as she looks up sideways to him from beneath the shade of her parasol.

They are walking on the terrace together.

"Did she read it?" he asks, eagerly.

"Every line, from the first word to the last, and was so deeply moved she could hardly command her voice. Have you brought many more with you, written in the same strain?"

He meets her glance, and smiles intelligently.

"You think they will be useful?"

"O, I say nothing. Some women's imaginations are very hard to move, and others take their hue from what they gaze upon. French romances are not considered wholesome reading, as a rule. But the countess is not a child."

"If I send her some others, will you persuade her to read them?"

"I should do that for my own sake. I am as fond of stories as a child. And Everil is an excellent linguist. Send her some more by all means. But"—in a lower voice—"be careful, and don't startle her too soon."

* * * * *

The merits of the French novel are discussed openly at the breakfast-table, and Alice Mildmay cannot say too much in its praise.

"It is a most interesting and delightful story. *St. George* is such a darling, and *Catherine* the most charming heroine I ever read of. Am I not right, Everil? Did we not enjoy Captain Staunton's novel? Was it not difficult to tear ourselves away for a walk in the wood?"

"It was certainly very absorbing. Most French romances are."

"Have you had time yet to look at the other one—'*Madame St. Clair*'?" demands Maurice Staunton, of no one in particular.

"No," replies Alice (for Everil never addresses him unless she is obliged to do so); "but perhaps we may this morning, if Lady Valence pleases, that is to say," she adds, cautiously.

"I hope you will read it. You will like

it so much better than 'Catherine,'" he says, turning to his hostess.

"We are engaged out to luncheon to-day," she answers, coldly, and then, as though the sound of her own voice had reproached her, she adds in a kinder tone, "We shall hear it in good time. I dare say, but novel reading is rather too engrossing a pursuit to be indulged in continuously. What would your dear father say to it, Alice?"

"He would call it 'mental dram-drinking;' but we can't all be parsons, Everil. Do you remember how papa used to lecture you about the mad way you rode and drove about the country? Do you remember the race you rode with Charlie Rushton, and how astonished the old laborer was when you cleared his wheelbarrow of rubbish in the road?"

"Yes, I remember," says the countess, quietly.

"What a mad thing you were in those days, Everil. What have you done with it all? Papa wouldn't have much need to lecture you now, would he?"

"His office would be a sinecure, Alice."

She smiles sadly as she says this, and, raising her eyes, encounters those of her husband, fixed upon her. Her lids droop, and a deep blush rises to her cheeks.

"Lady Valence has taken the onerous duties of matrimony upon herself," remarks Captain Staunton. "Perhaps when you have done so, Miss Mildmay, we may see an alteration in you also."

"I don't see why one need lose one's spirits," replies Alice, briskly.

"And I don't see in what I have lost mine," says the countess, in much the same tone. "I don't go tearing all over the country with my hair half way down my back. That may be because I have too much respect for myself and my position; but I am just as fond of riding as ever. By the way, I should like a ride this morning. Will you order my horse, Valence, for eleven o'clock? I shall enjoy a canter over to Bracken Woods."

"I thought you were going out to luncheon, my dear?"

"I shall be back before it is time to start. Will you come with me, Alice? You shall have my little chestnut filly. She's as quiet as a lamb."

"If you will guarantee she won't kick me off—yes. But I know your 'quiet

lamb' of old, Everil. It was your lamb of a 'Black Prince,' remember, that ran away with me at home last year, and nearly dashed out my brains against a tree."

"You don't mean to say so!" exclaims John Bulwer, with evident concern.

"Ah, indeed, Mr. Bulwer; and had he not thrown me into the hedge instead, you would have never had the pleasure of making my acquaintance. Only fancy that! But Everil declared it was all my fault, and that the dear creature was as quiet as a lamb."

"He always was with me," replies the countess, laughing. "But the chestnut filly is a real angel. Ask Agatha, who is the greatest coward on horseback possible. Even she has ridden her."

"May I be permitted to form part of your escort?" demands Maurice Staunton, presently.

"No!" she says, sharply—"at least I mean, no, thank you, Captain Staunton. I cannot bear to ride in a crowd."

"Then I am afraid it will be useless putting in my petition," says John Bulwer.

Alice looks disappointed, Everil puzzled; but she cannot possibly grant to the one what she has just refused to the other. So she repeats much the same words, but in so subdued a manner that all present note the difference.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Bulwer, but I have just said 'No' to Captain Staunton, you see. I dislike a large riding-party. It destroys all chance of conversation."

"Let us both go then," pleads Bulwer, "and we can ride two and two."

But at this prospect, knowing which cavalier would fall to her lot, Lady Valence makes a decided objection, and Alice Mildmay and she start unattended, excepting by the groom. Seeing that her companion is rather downcast, Everil addresses her thus:

"I dare say you were surprised at my refusing Mr. Bulwer's escort this morning, Alice; but the fact is, I want to speak to you alone."

"Yes, dear."

"And about the very gentleman in question."

Alice grows scarlet.

"You must have noticed his manner toward you, Alice. And since, while you stay at Castle Valence, you are under my care, I feel myself responsible for what

happens to you. Mr. Bulwer is falling in love, if he is not already; and if it goes on, it will end in a proposal. Are you prepared for that?"

"O Everil, it sounds so funny to hear you talk like an old woman!"

"Does it? But that is no answer to my question. John Bulwer is an old friend of my husband's, and Lord Valence would feel very much hurt at any ill-fortune that happened to him. If, in the event of his proposing to you, you intend to accept him, of course it's all right; but if you do not like him well enough to do so, I think his visit to the castle should not be prolonged. Do you understand me?"

"What can I say, Everil?"

"Tell me the truth. You know it is safe with me. Do you like him?"

"I think he is a very agreeable fellow," returns Alice, simpering.

"O Alice, for heaven's sake, don't look so like a schoolgirl. Would you marry him if he asked you?"

"But will he ask me, do you think?"

"Certainly, if this goes on much longer. He is a thorough gentleman. What shall you say when he does?"

"I think—I think, Everil—yes, I am almost sure I should say Yes; that is, if papa approves, you know."

"You think—you are *almost sure*—if your papa approves—O Alice, what weak, wavering idiots we women are! I don't believe there's any real love left in the world. We take whatever comes in our way, and if it doesn't suit us, we either cling to it weakly and are miserable, or we cast it from us bravely and are wicked."

"O Everil!" exclaims Alice, with the open-mouthed horror of the simple at the very name of sin.

"No real strong passionate love," continues the countess, hurriedly, "that clings to its object, good, bad, or indifferent, through thick and thin—that winds all the tendrils of its life about it, and to whom separation means death."

"But so few people die of love now-a-days, dear."

"I don't mean mortal death—I mean the death of passion, of energy, of hope and faith, and all that goes to make a man or woman. True love is self-abnegation, and when the creature we love fails, what is to prevent our failing also?"

"But that would be wicked, wouldn't it, Everil?"

"Perhaps it would. Perhaps men like your father might say the very love I speak of would be sin; but, at the same time, it would be beautiful. It would be so devoted that it would secure the happiness of the thing it loved even at the risk of crushing its own feelings to the earth; and it would be so strong that, maimed and helpless, it would still live, drawing its life from the joy it could not share."

"Everil, could you love so?"

"I do not know. I have never tried," she answers, shortly.

Could you love so? The question returns to her again and again. Not Maurice Staunton. Recent as the time may appear when this man seemed all in all to her, Lady Valence knows that it is past, never to return. Her lot in life may be uninteresting, uncertain, unsatisfying, but she would not exchange it even now for that which it was so painful to relinquish. Did she ever love Staunton? Was the feeling which she bore him worthy of the name? She told Alice Mildmay what is her firm belief, that real love will cling to its object, good, bad, or indifferent, through thick and thin. Has her love so clung to him? or, rather, has not the perception of his selfish, shallow nature and mercenary motives shivered the fragile material into dust?

Could she love so? Could she love to the death? She asks the question, and there is no answer, only her breast is thrilled with a long deep sigh, and her heart sinks depressed with a sense of loneliness. What folly it is to think of such things! Her fate is settled. She has nothing more to do with love or happiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAGIC GLASS:

—OR,—

DETECTING A MURDERER.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

THERE had been a murder down at Colville—a cold-blooded murder the despatch said—and I was detailed to go down and work up the case.

It was my trade—or profession then—hunting down thieves and murderers, and I had been so long at the business that a telegram announcing a murder was taken as coolly as if the despatch had related to some ordinary happening.

Before noon I was at Colville. It was a little hamlet about twenty miles from New York, and three miles off the railroad. I had answered the despatch before leaving New York, and they were therefore expecting me. As I landed on the platform a farmer came up and inquired my name, and I was requested to take a seat in his one-horse wagon for a drive to the village. He was greatly excited over the murder, and we had only got started when he commenced talking.

I soon learned that it was a woman who had been murdered—a rich old spinster named Miss Williams. She was a woman about fifty-five years old, living in the best house in the village, and being possessed of quite a large fortune. She had never been married, but years before had adopted a boy who was now a young man of twenty. These two, with a couple of servants, made up the family.

"It was an awful thing!" said the farmer, as he saw that I was interested. "It is supposed that she was murdered about midnight, though it might have been an hour later. At least, when they found her, soon after daylight, she was cold and stiff.

"And how was it done?"

"O, that's plain to be seen," he replied; "she slept alone in a bedroom on the first floor, and the murderer went in and beat her over the head with an iron bolt—the king-bolt of a wagon. Her skull is crushed in, and her face is a horrible sight. We left the body just as we found it, and no

one has been allowed inside the door, as we wanted you to find everything just as the murderer left them."

"The young man and the servants?" I inquired.

"O, they are as innocent as you or I!" he promptly answered. "It was the young man Tom who first discovered the murder, and it would have made you weep to see him take on and tear his hair. It took two men to hold him at first."

"It did, eh?" I answered, slowly; and I went to thinking, and let the farmer talk himself tired. As a general rule I do not believe that the most violent outbursts of grief denote the greatest sorrow. I wondered if there could have been such a bond of love between the young man and the old woman that he should tear his hair and go crazy over her death, especially when her demise put him in possession of all her property? Then he was the first to discover the murder—that was a mark against him in my mind. I can't tell you why, except so far as I have told you above, but before we reached Colville I had made up my mind that Tom Williams (he had taken her name) was the murderer.

There was a crowd in the yard and around and in the house. All business in the village was suspended for the day, and the people were waiting my arrival. As soon as I ascertained that the room had not been disturbed, I shut the door, requested the selectmen of the village to turn all the people out and bolt the doors against them; and then I inquired the domestic habits of the deceased, her state of health, how much money she generally kept by her, if any, and from her I dropped off on to Tom and the servants.

I learned that the family always retired at nine o'clock. If Tom was out, as was frequently the case, the front door was left unlocked for him to come in. He was not considered a bad young man, but he drank a little, smoked a good deal, wore good

clothes, and might be classed under the head of "fast." As for the servants, I had seen them, and that was enough. Without asking them a word, I would have taken my oath that they were innocent.

Tom had been taken in by a neighbor, and was out of the way. I asked to see his room, and one of the servants was called in to show me up stairs. The room was just as he left it in the morning. I learned from the servant, who was a very talkative female, that Tom's usual hour of rising was at seven o'clock, when breakfast was ready. It was in July, and on that morning he was up and dressed and discovered the murder before five o'clock, daylight coming about half past four. He had planned no journey; had not left his bed on account of sickness; had not been disturbed, and yet he had left it. I examined the bed. The clothing was turned down and the bed was somewhat disturbed. You would have said that some one had occupied it all night; but after a moment's scrutiny I made up my mind that Tom had merely sat down on the bed, with his feet on the floor. He had sat there for a long time, making a plain dent in the bed, and he had not once stretched out on the sheet. He had not sat there to read, because the table was too far away. What then? He had sat there to ponder, I guessed. No one knew the hour when he came in the previous night, because all were asleep; but he said it was at half past nine.

In working up a case I always had a theory, and I worked to prove that my theory was right. If I failed, then I took another theory and worked at that. My theory in this case was that Tom was the murderer, and I started to prove it. Going down stairs, I entered the bedroom. The corpse was a ghastly sight. The blows had been dealt with terrible force, and any one of the four or five would have been fatal. The body was in its nightdress, lying on the bed, and I was not long in ascertaining that it had been placed there after death, or after insensibility.

There was blood on the bed, on the wall, and on the carpet. The first stains were at the further end of the room, near a lounge, but the carpet being of a dull red, the villagers had not noticed them. Getting down on my hands and knees, I found that a corner of the carpet had been loosened; and turning it back, I discovered two or

three bank notes on the floor. This, then, had been a hiding-place for her money. The servants said she had several hundred dollars in the house, but they had no idea of where she had hidden it. It was not natural that she should put so much confidence in them.

I decided that the murderer crept in, tore up the carpet, and was discovered as he was seizing the money. The old lady had got out of bed and approached him, and was struck down as they stood together in the corner. This was yet another evidence against Tom. Had she awoke to discover a stranger in the room, she would not have left her bed—or the chances were against it—and she certainly would have been struck down near it, instead of after reaching the corner. She had been killed in the corner, and then her body placed on the bed—I was sure of it.

If I had wanted any further evidence against Tom, I found it about the corpse. From the finger nail of the index finger of the right hand waved three or four blue threads—tiny little things, which a hundred pairs of eyes would have passed over. There was a split in the nail, and it had caught a coat-sleeve and torn the little threads out. They told me that Tom had a blue blouse coat, and then I knew that she had torn the threads out as she clutched him in her dying struggles.

"Well, what do you think?" inquired the selectmen, as I finished my examination.

"I want to see Tom," I answered.

"Why, merciful heavens! You don't suspect him?"

"Certainly not. I want to hear his statement," I replied.

One of them went and brought the young man. I saw from the first glimpse that he had made up his mind to "brass it out." He was a good-looking young fellow, face pale and anxious, and I saw by his set teeth that he was bracing himself up to baffle me.

"You will please go on and give me a plain statement of the affair so far as you were concerned," I said, as he took a chair.

We all sat looking at him, and he had to make a great effort to start off. He stated that he came in at the hour named, went to bed, and about daylight was awakened by a scream. He ran down stairs and to

his aunt's door, and then discovered that a murder had been committed.

"But the body was cold at daylight," I answered; "the murder took place at least two hours before. What scream could have startled you?"

"It might not have been a scream," he answered; "it might have been some other noise, or I might have dreamed that I heard one."

"Have you any reason to suspect any one?"

"When I came in last night," he answered, "a stranger moved away from the gate across the street, and as he found that I was watching him, he skulked along down the street."

"Did Miss Williams have any money in the house?" I asked.

"She might have had a few dollars," he answered.

He did not know where she kept it, he said, and he was certain that she was asleep when he came in on the previous night. His theory was that the stranger whom he saw at the gate had entered the house and committed the murder.

"It seems strange that he should have known that the money was hidden under a corner of the bedroom carpet," I said.

He could not prevent a nervous start of surprise. The selectmen did not notice it, but it was very plain to me. He made no reply, and I continued:

"She must have made a desperate fight, and I think the villain's sleeves will be found spattered with blood."

His eyes went down to his sleeves as I spoke, but he quickly raised them, and the selectmen sat there like bumps on a log, and never caught the faintest clue.

"I don't know, I'm sure," he said, after a while. "It is an awful thing, and I'm so nervous that I can hardly think of any one thing for a moment at a time."

"Poor boy! it is a hard blow on you!" replied one of the selectmen, in a condoling voice.

Tom covered his face with his hands, and seemed to be much affected; and I told him I was through with him.

"Hold!" I said, as he was leaving the house. "Do you have any idea of how much money she had hidden away?"

"No, I haven't," he answered.

"It makes no great difference," I went on; "I have ascertained that she had

nearly a thousand dollars, and that the bills were all fives and tens on the Ocean Bank of New York and the Drover's Bank of Brooklyn. I shall notify every tradesman in the village, and put the detectives of the county on the watch for such bills. I see that she was a careful old lady, and that she had made a note of the number of each bill. I have her memoranda in my pocket, and if any one attempts to pass a single one of those bills, he will surely be nabbed."

I saw a look of annoyance and chagrin on his face, and he forgot all about trying to look disconsolate. I had found no such memoranda, and only judged of the value of the bills and the banks represented by those left behind. I threw it at him as a stray shot, and to help along another plan I had formed.

Well, there was my case. The young man was guilty of murder, and I knew it; but if I had said so, and made his arrest, I would have been mobbed by the villagers, who believed his every word, and whose sympathies were with him. It was the general idea that a stranger had committed the deed, and it would have been folly to arrest Tom on such evidence as I had accumulated, much of it having no weight except in my own mind.

The women were allowed to come in and prepare the corpse for burial, the servants recalled, and I asked Tom to return to the house, and guide and direct so far as he could. One of the selectmen was justice of the peace, and the murderer would be arraigned before him. He followed me over to the hotel, and when we were seated, he asked:

"Well, what have you discovered?"

"That the murder was committed by some one living in the village?" I answered.

"Heavens! but you don't mean that!"

"Just that."

"Who is the man?"

"If I knew, I would arrest him," I replied. "So far, I have only suspicions; but perhaps before to-morrow morning we may have the villain in custody."

"God grant it!" he exclaimed, much excited.

I then told him that I wanted to pass the night in the house with the corpse, and wanted his company. I did not want to go in until Tom had retired to his room, and would rather that none of the servants

should see me. I cautioned him not to betray my intentions, and warned him that the capture of the murderer depended on his silence and discretion.

He promised to obey me, and I slept several hours during the afternoon, so as to be vigilant during the night. I felt certain that Tom had hidden the money somewhere about the premises, and I proposed to search for it. I also had an idea that something might turn up during the night to fasten his guilt more firmly, though I could not say what it would be.

At ten o'clock that night Parsons the selectman and myself were admitted to the house by one of the rear doors. The servants and Tom were up stairs, and three women were watching with the corpse. It was a bright moonlight night, rather cool, and Parsons had brought along some cigars. The house was arranged thus: As you entered the front door there was a hall, stairs at the right, parlor to the left, and further down the hall a door which led into the sitting-room or back parlor. There was a bedroom off of this, and in there the corpse was lying, and the watchers sat in the back parlor. Beyond this room was the dining-room, with a small room off, and then came the kitchen. Parsons and I sat in the room off the dining-room, having no light in the room, but the door was partly open, and a lamp on a stand in the dining-room shone in, and the light fell upon a large mirror hanging on the wall to the left of us.

I had to approach him very gently with my proposed search, and I did not dare tell him that I believed Tom to be the murderer, although he could not help but know that I was seeking to fasten the crime on some inmate of the house.

"That woman made a brave fight for her money and her life," I whispered to him. "The man had the bills in his hand, and she clinched into them. He struck her several blows on the hand, breaking two fingers; and if we find the money, we will find some of the bills mutilated."

"Suppose we find it hidden about the house?" he said.

"Then we have evidence that some one in the house is the murderer," I replied.

He shook his head dubiously, as if he were saying to himself that a detective had been sent down who didn't know his business; and I lit another cigar. Mid-

night would be time enough to commence the search.

It was just five minutes of twelve o'clock, and we had been very quiet for a long time, both thinking, when I suddenly saw a face in the glass on the wall. It was Tom's face, and I looked around, expecting to see him in the door. He was not there, and as I turned to the glass his whole body came into view, being clad only in a sleeping-shirt. The moon was streaming in at the window, falling in a shower on the glass, and between moonlight and lamplight the glass was converted into a magic mirror to represent what was transpiring in rear of the house in the "jog" made by building the "L" to the kitchen. I turned from door to glass three or four times before I solved the mystery, and by that time Parsons was also watching Tom.

The young man had a small bundle in his hand, and after bending his head to listen, and then peering about, he advanced several feet, reached up, and his hand and arm went beyond our vision. There was a "coo-coo," as if doves had been disturbed, and then he pulled down his arm, brushed something off his hand, and stepped back out of sight.

"He is walking in his sleep!" whispered the amazed selectman.

"See here!" I said, my hand on his shoulder; "when he reached up he was hiding something. If it was the money, will you believe that he was the murderer?"

"Let us look," he answered.

We removed our boots, and silently passed out of the back door. There was a dovecot on a post near the rear end of the kitchen, and going to it I inserted my hand and drew out a bundle. It was the money! Looking up, we saw that Tom had crept out of his open window, and come down over the roofs.

When we went in and spread out the money, we found several new bills badly torn, and there were blood-spots on others.

"Does this convict him?" I asked of the trembling Parsons.

"But he may have been walking in his sleep," he replied.

"He may have been—but where did he get this money?"

"It was he!—my God! it was!" he exclaimed, turning as white as a sheet, and having to sit down.

We looked into each other's faces for a long time without speaking, and then he said:

"Let me go home! I can't be here when you make the arrest. I have known that boy ever since he was a crying child, and though I know he's guilty, I couldn't face him to save my life."

I let him go away, and I had to brace my nerves for what was to come. I said nothing to the women, but taking the money in one hand and the lamp in the other, I went up stairs, pushed open Tom's door, and found him wide awake in bed, as I expected to. He rose up as I set the lamp down, and taking a chair, I said:

"Mr. Parsons and I were both watching you when you put this money in the dovecot!"

"I—you—it couldn't—"

"Tom," I answered, interrupting him, "I have known all day that you were the murderer! There are a dozen things to prove it beside these torn and blood-stained bills! You must go with me to the county jail."

He held out for a little time, but when he saw that I had trapped him, and that it was no use, he broke down and began to cry.

"Don't let any one see me—let's go now!" he pleaded; and I told him that if

he would be quiet and obedient I would take him right away. He arose and dressed, and we left the house so silently that none of the watchers knew of our going. He declared that he would make no effort to escape, and accompanied me to a livery stable, and stood by while a horse and buggy were made ready for a trip to the county-seat.

On the way out he made a clean breast of it. He was in debt for cigars, liquors, and some flash jewelry, and his aunt refused him except a small sum. He had at first planned to rob her of part, but changed his mind, and concluded to murder her and take all. She had been awakened, sprang out of bed, seized and recognized him, and he had struck her down and then put the body on the bed, just as I had written it out in my own mind. He believed himself secure from detection, but when I spoke about the bills having been numbered, he had left his bed and changed them from one hiding-place to another, for fear that they would be found.

He would have been tried for murder, but he committed suicide the second night after being placed in jail; and to this day there are people in Colville who believe that Tom was innocent, and that my unfounded suspicions and unjustifiable arrest drove him to his death.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

Rosy May, so fair, so bright,
Coming forth from winter's blight,
As to the heavens the shining star,
The same to the earth your flowers are.

Smiling May, in emerald vest,
Gem of the world, bright and blest,
Around thy features a charm doth play,
Queen of the months art thou, blooming
May!

Chicago, Ill., May, 1874.

As in future hours each joy we meet,
All with a welcome smile to greet,
O let our spirits be blithe and gay,
Just as thou art, fairy May!

The loveliest month in all the year,
Driving away April's dewy tear,
Chasing our winter cares away,
O how we love thee, smiling May!

ELIZA.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHO ASK FOR SPECIMEN COPIES.

Under the new law of Congress we are required to prepay postage on *BALLOU'S MAGAZINE* and *THE AMERICAN UNION*, when sent by mail. Such being the case, all who hereafter desire specimen copies of our publications will send in their letters, adding to the same a three-cent stamp; and no attention will be paid to letters which do not contain the same. We are willing to furnish the specimen copies, when people are sincere in ordering them, but will not pay the postage.

AN OLD MAN'S REVERY.

BY ALBERT F. BRIDGES.

I gladly turn from active life,
Its sorrows and its care,
Once more to view the quiet scene,
Or breathe the fragrant air
That fanned my childhood's sunny brow,
That met my youthful gaze,
And lingered round me, like a spell,
Through life's ensuing days.

As lowly on a verdant mound,
On which in youth I played,
In pensive thought I sit me down,
Beneath a beechen shade.
Fond memory's treasured forms arise
Before my fancy's view,
Arrayed in garments worn and sear,
Yet of familiar hue.

And, young again, in sports I join
With those who early died,
And feel my bounding pulses throb
With childhood's crimson tide.
Brasil, Indiana, 1874.

Alas! how swift the fleeting years
Have winged their circling flight!
The roseate flush of early morn
Pales now in noonday light!

My youth is gone; life's morn has fled;
My childhood's cottage home
Has vanished with familiar things
Where still in dreams I roam.
Yet, bowed and bent with grief and years,
I turn to view with joy
The tranquil scene that marks the spot
I loved while yet a boy.

The purest of my soul's best thoughts
Do there my mind engage,
And spirit-whispers, soft and low,
My deepest grief assuage.
There girt by memories fond and dear,
I realize the truth,
The truest friends my life has known
Were those that blessed my youth.

A NOBLE FAMILY.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century, and even recollected by old gentlemen about town who were alive when the first exhibition was opened, lived some three or four members of an Irish noble family, who enjoyed a discreditable notoriety. Lord Barrymore, the eldest, ran a short career, and bore the nickname of Hellgate. His brother, the Honorable Henry Barry, was lame, or club-footed, and was dubbed Cripple-gate; while the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Barry, even less reputable than the other two, went by the name of Newgate, for the rather illogical reason that he had been a tenant of every jail in the kingdom save that one. There was a sister, of whom little is known save that she became Lady Milfort, and that from her ready and copious use of oaths, she received from the refused lips of the Prince Regent the sobriquet of Billingsgate.

"His highly polished mind," says one of the toadies, speaking in praise of the eldest brother, "received its first classical embellishments under the successful tuition of

Rev. Mr. Tickell, at Wargrave"—a gentleman, it may be added, who received the nickname of Profligate. "At the age of fourteen he was removed to Eton, where his erudition was confirmed. . . . Discretion had planted her choicest seeds in his understanding; but he was destroyed ere the fertility and richness of the soil became palpable by a full harvest, acceptable to wisdom and to honor. . . . He was bursting hourly from the chrysalis, and would have been soon in full beauty, wing and request." These are the words of Williams, better known as Antony Pasquin, who belonged to what was an element in the society of the time, the buffooning libeller who made a subsistence out of the timorous. This fellow was a retained jester at the fast lord's house, required to promote fun and make his employer and the company merry. His coadjutor was Edwin the actor; and it is admitted that both earned their wages.

Lord Hellgate distinguished himself by bringing a thousand pounds pocket money to school. He came into a fortune of ten thousand a year, which in a short space of time he had contrived to charge with debts amounting to a couple of hundred thousand pounds, leaving him but a couple of thousand a year to live upon. His extravagance took the most fantastic shapes. His hunting retinue was like the French king's, and he went out with four Africans, dressed magnificently, who played on the French horn during the chase. All the low scum of boxers and cockfighters were in his train. At the same time he delighted in cricketing, then in its infancy, and even held a commission in a militia regiment, where he contrived to fulfil his duties respectably. There was no doubt that he had natural gifts and a good spirit, which, if directed to better things, might have helped him to make a figure. He could turn verses, and had a decided literary taste; and was so far musical, that, on returning home from a new opera he could give an idea of the overture. "His lordship," says a pleasant actor who knew him, "was the most eminent compound of contraries, the most singular mixture of genius and folly, of personal endowment and moral obliquity. Alternating between the gentleman and the blackguard, the refined wit and the most vulgar bully, he was equally well known in St. Giles's and St. James's. His lordship could fence, dance, drive or drink, box or bet, with any man in the kingdom. He could discourse slang as trippingly as French; relish porter after port; and compliment her ladyship at a ball with as much ease and brilliance, as he could bespatter a blood in a cider cellar." He was highly popular, the friend and companion of the Prince of Wales and of all the fast men of the time.

The stories told of his freaks give a good idea of the pastimes of the day. The most harmless of these take the shape of what are called "sells." Some of them were of the usual "fast" kind; he would take some "spirited companions," and going by night to some village or country town, shift all the various signs of the public-houses, transposing, say, the King's Head and the Red Lion, to the confusion of the owners and their customers. Often, as he and his brothers were driving in a hackney-coach, they would imitate the frantic

screams of a woman struggling, "Murder, murder! Let me go! etc.," when the passers-by would be attracted, follow, and finally stop the coach to rescue the sufferer. The fast lord and his friends would descend, fall on the interposers, who were quite bewildered to find there was no female in the coach, and administer a sound thrashing on the public highway. They would then proceed on their journey.

"Lord Barrymore's fondness for eccentricities," we are told, "ever engaged his mind. It was all the same, he was always in high spirits, thinking of what fun he should have during the day." With a ready versatility he knew how to secure this pastime as occasion offered. Thus having a very high phaeton which he would drive home after a night revel in town, he would whip right and left as he proceeded down the narrow Feather-bed Lane, destroying the windows on both sides, delighted with the noise as he heard them crash. This he called "fanning the day-lights." Or he would be driving with a guest and his wild brother "Newgate" in his chaise-and-four, returning to his country-place, when, after some halt, the guest would find himself whirling along at a terrific pace, and discover that the postillions were in the rumble behind, and that the two brothers had taken their place.

Some new prank of his was always the subject of conversation. If he met an ill-conditioned wagoner on the road, who would not give way, his lordship would descend to fight it out; if the winner, he would present the man with a guinea, if the loser, he would shake hands good-humoredly. At Newmarket, he would burst into a group asking, "Who wants a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" "I do," was the eager reply from many quarters. "Then," said his lordship, "if I hear there is any such animal to be sold, I will let you know." At Brighton, he fitted a coffin to the back of his servant, taking the bottom off so as to leave room for the man's feet. This was carried with great solemnity to a gentleman's house in the Steyne, and left against the hall door. When the maid opened the door and saw this apparition, she shrieked and fainted away, and the family rushing down, a pistol was discharged which penetrated the coffin barely an inch above the servant's head. Did a

particular kind of mild beer run short at dinner, three chaises were sent off in different directions, charged to look for liquor, each returning after some hours with a cask inside.

But it was down at his own house at Wargrave that he had full scope for his humor. There he would collect the band of roysterers and "flappers," and butts, who furnished him with diversion, and there he was able to indulge his passion for the stage, building a handsome theatre, with saloons and other rooms adjoining. He brought down an eminent Covent Garden mechanist, who exhausted his skill in scenes, traps and other contrivances, so that such embarrassing works as pantomimes could be brought out successfully. Here a series of sterling comedies, such as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Every Man in his Humor*, were performed, supported by such amateurs of reputation as Captain Wathen, Mr. Wade, and professionals such as Palmer, Bannister, Johnstone, Incledon, Munden and others. Captain Wathen and the host excelled in *Archer* and *Scrub*, and were painted in these characters. Delpini, a well-known pantomimist, directed behind the scenes, and took the leading part in the pantomime; the "favorite *Pas Russe*, as performed at the Italian Opera, being danced by Lord Barrymore and Mr. Delpini." Nothing could exceed the reckless extravagance with which this hobby was carried out. The professionals were asked *en bloc*, and allowed to gratify every whim. All the caterers and mechanists were specially brought from town, and given *carte blanche*.

In the year 1788, the prince was induced to come down, occupying a splendid mansion close by; Lord Barrymore, whose house was too small, providing cooks and the rest of the entertainment. The performance did not begin till nine o'clock; all the rank and fashion of the county were present. The prologue was written at short notice by a son of Judge Blackstone, who roused his "fuddled" intellects for the purpose, by wrapping a wet towel round his head.

There was always a "full dress rehearsal," to which the fustices were admitted, and all the rows of the pit were duly filled with red cloaks and smock frocks. For the same reason the noble manager sometimes took the tickets himself, wrapped up in a

cloak so that he should not be recognized. He used to tell how one of the farmers presented a ticket that was not available for a particular night, and how, indignant at not being admitted, he threatened to tell James the footman, and get him sent away. The owner of the theatre on this, affecting to look discomfited, the rustic relented. "Coom," said he, "you secam a good sort of a decent sort o' man, and I tell you what, if you'll be agreeable, vy I'll be so. Here's a shilling for 'ee to let I go in." The host took the shilling, and enjoyed telling the story, though, perhaps, he did not quite relish the remark of the rustic, when he was told to whom he had given the shilling. "Vell, an he a lord, vot care I! Odds rabbit it; un he wanted to be treated like a gemman, vy didn't he tell me he was a gemman?" The wondering remarks too of the clowns in the pit were specially to his lordship's humor. Indeed this taste, though not of a bright quality, is found to have directed all his amusements, and in some degree redeems them from mere vulgar debauchery. He had the humor of his countrymen, or the humor they used to have. In this spirit, when the play was over, there was nothing he enjoyed so much as disguising himself and a friend for the purpose of following the audience home to the villages, and picking up their criticisms, which he retailed with delight for the performers at supper.

At these carnivals, however, the dramatic element was the least important. Fun and jollity of the most outrageous kind was what were chiefly sought. "I have known the little cottage," says Angelo, one of his adherents, "crowded, with at least five-and-twenty inmates, most of them men of talents, either as poets, players, singers, or celebrated as *bons vivants*." Everything was wild, disorderly, and irregular. Nearly all this band had to sleep, or rather lie down, in two small rooms, distinguished by the names of the upper and lower barracks. The night was devoted to orgies, and no one was allowed to retire until five o'clock in the morning, when sleep was allowed. Any one who stole away before that time, did so on the certainty of being "drawn," and receiving a Bacchanalian visit from the whole society.

Every morning, a council of the roysterers was held, to devise some humor for the day. In this duty Pasquin and Edwin were

invaluable. Thus, on some sultry day, it would be proposed that the revels should be *al fresco*. The cooks were marshalled, and put under the direction of "Jack Edwin," though any one who suggested a novelty became the hero of the hour. Some of these suggested freaks, however, were of a scandalous kind, and on one hot day it was actually proposed that the party should form a procession to the next village, and enter it *en chemise*.

The patronage of this convivial lord was, of course, as precarious as convivial patronage usually is, though his good-nature made him tolerant enough. He had taken a fancy to "a good-natured simple little squireen," who was dubbed Farmer Stone, and who was taken up to London and duly initiated into the ways of the town. Invited to stop a few days at Wargrave, he remained two months, when his lordship, growing tired of him, said to him, with a simple bluntness, "Be off; go to the devil!" The other replied in his country dialect, "No, doant you, my lord, send oi back. Let un stay a little." "Well, if you'll say a good thing you shall stay a week more." The dialogue is worth noting, as showing what was considered effective repartee in such society. "Well, then, I wishes as how I was the brother next to you, and that you was double-fettered in Newgate, and that you was to be hanged to-morrow!" "D——d good," exclaimed his lordship in delight. "Give me your hand; that is the best thing I ever heard you say. So to-morrow I shall take you to town, and you shall stay a month with me."

One development of the Wargrave humor was an institution known as the "Bothering Club," whose proceedings, which appear to have been of a diverting kind, have been described by one of the guests:

"This" says he, "was instituted for the purpose of playing off a confederate annoyance upon some stranger guest, invited for the purpose. Suppose a resident at the house, for instance, sent an invitation, by the connivance of his lordship, to some tavern companion, a grave topping shop-keeper in London, to come and pass a few days as a guest at his lordship's table, and to partake of the festivities at Wargrave. The person invited was received with great ceremony, and treated in the most courteous manner throughout the first day. On the second, some one, perhaps Anthony

Pasquin or the younger Edwin, two wicked witty ministers of his lordship's waggeries, would hatch up some fallacious charge against him, to place him in a ridiculous point of view to the other guests, most of whom were confederates in the hoax. One present would begin, 'Pray, Mr. Higginbottom, will you allow me to take wine with you?' "Sir, with great pleasure; but my name is Benson." "You are a wag, sir," was the reply. "Come, let us hob and nob, sir; but, 'pon my soul, you are so like Mr. Higginbottom, my neighbor in Elbow Lane, that—excuse me—I could almost have sworn—" "No sir, I assure you I know no gentleman of that name."

"At this moment a confederate enters, and, after bowing and apologizing for being so late at dinner, begins to tell his lordship the cause of his delay on the road, when he suddenly exclaims, 'Ah, my old friend Higginbottom! Well, this is pleasure indeed!'

"Indeed, sir, you have the advantage of me; I am not Mr. Hig—hig—what's his name?" Then a loud laugh at Mr. Benson's expense, when he appeals to his friend who invited him thither, but he has purposely left the table. He then throws himself upon the protection of his lordship, who gravely observes, 'Sir, appearances are against you; your friend has disappeared, and—I know not what to think.' Benson, bewildered, begins to asseverate that he is identically 'John—Jabus—Benson,' when another adds to his embarrassment by declaring, 'Why, Higginbottom, you are smoked.' 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Why, sir, ha, ha, ha, that you are Isaac Higginbottom, mouse-trap and nutmeg-grater manufacturer in Elbow Lane, and the greatest wag in all London.' And these confederate jokers continue their play upon the worthy cit, artfully plying him with wine, until the fumes of the grape, working with his confusion, bemuddle his brain, so that he ultimately forgets whether he is Benson or Higginbottom.

"Another common frolic at the table, when strangers were present, was for one of the prime wits of the waggish coterie to assume the office of public accuser; when, in the midst of the banquet, some ludicrous or preposterous charge was preferred with mock gravity against some one of the guests. The accused, not dreaming of the roguish confederacy by which he is sur-

rounded, indignant at the accusation, flies into a rage, talks of his honor and reputation, when that arch-traitor to decorum, Anthony Pasquin, exclaims, 'Sir, I can believe anything against a man of your taste.' 'What do you mean, sir, by your daring insinuation?' 'Nay, do not bounce, sir,' retorts Pasquin, with insufferable calmness. "What—and I will appeal to the company—what is that gentleman not capable of, who shaves himself with the razor with which his wife cut her own throat?"

"Enraged past endurance, the gentleman would leave the room, when the door is locked, and every one vociferates, "Put it to the ballot." The verdict is recorded and read, namely, 'That a man capable of such an offence against good taste must be sent to Coventry;' and the confusion and brawling that ensued left the accused no alternative but to quit the house at midnight, or enter into the frolic and ribaldry in self-defence, brave it out by becoming as noisy and as inebriated as the rest of the roaring madcaps."

His lordship was not exempt from some singular habits. On arriving at a strange house for the night, his servant's duty was to sew the top of the sheets and blankets together, to prevent the latter touching his face, which, we are told, was "delicately irritable," while the windows were always carefully hung with blankets three deep, to exclude the light.

Living then this strange existence, turning night into day, always in quest of "fun and jollity," this noble roysterer was destined to run but a short course. His death was sudden and of a very tragic kind. He was at Rye with his regiment—and curious to say, he was considered a very painstaking and efficient officer—whence he and some French prisoners were to be sent to Deal under escort. He applied specially for the duty of commanding the party, no doubt hoping for some "fun," or excitement. When they got outside Folkestone, the commander, always good-natured, halted at a convenient public-house, where he treated the whole party with beer and cheese. He was in great spirits, interchanged jokes with McBride, a jovial admiral, and delighted the landlady by chalking up the score behind the bar, in the usual publican's hieroglyphics, giving as he did so, an impersonation of "Hob,"

a favorite theatrical character. Being tired of marching, he got into his carriage, which was following, wishing to smoke.

He had his gun with him, which he had used as he marched along, to shoot any stray rabbits and gulls he might see on the roadside. Lighting his pipe, he handed his gun to his man, who held it awkwardly between his knees, when, as the good-natured master with his pipe was pointing out to him the coast of France, bidding him note how clear it was, the piece suddenly exploded, lodging the contents in his head. He lived but half an hour, groaning terribly all the while, and expired amid the lamentations even of the French prisoners. A cynic might find an appropriateness in the scene of his last moments—that public-house where he had been so cheerful but a few minutes before. He was no more than twenty-three.

He was succeeded by his brother the "Honorable Henry," known as the lame lord or "Cripple-gate." This gentleman, with the worthy parson, were said to be accountable for all the excesses of the elder brother, encouraging him in every conceivable way. The new lord had not the same bonhomie, nor the same love of fun. His humor took a very low shape, as will be seen from the specimens recorded. Mr. Richardson, who knew both, describes this second brother as a strongly built aristocratic-looking person, with a considerable share of sense, and such knowledge of the world, as is derived from mixing with the least amiable of its inhabitants. His excesses and oddities also became the public talk. He was considered very amusing, but as Mr. Raikes says, from his want of principle as well as his want of good taste, was avoided by persons of his own station.

One evening after dinner at Windsor, he got into discussion with a Colonel Cowper, as to the practicability of taking the castle, each illustrating his plans by wine-marks on the table. The colonel, a quiet inoffensive man, was seen to have clearly the best of the argument, when the earl, mystified and half tipsy, grew mischievous, and exclaimed, "You have forgotten the River Thames," and flung a tumbler of water in his face. A scene of confusion followed; but the plea of intoxication was allowed. This was brutal enough; but in the same key was his treatment of an old officer, which was considered at the same time a

good specimen of jovial manners. Lord Barrymore, it should be premised, had a favorite convivial song, the burden of which, "chip-chow, cherry-chow, fol lol de riddle low," was often rapturously chorused by his associates; and the old general, Sir Alured Clarke, who had served in America, was inclined to bore people with the rehearsal of his campaigns. The wild lord affected a desire to learn something of the Indians, and asked him "What sort of tribe were the Chip-Chows?" The old general, taken in by the sound, began at once to describe a tribe that was noted for its cruelty. With more interest still, his questioner then asked, "Who were the Cherry-Chows? Of what kind were they?" These were described as a cruel and barbarous race, who were besides known for the habit of eating their prisoners. On this the earl burst into a horse laugh, and with a noisy oath asked, "And what do you think of the Tol-lol-de-riddle-lows?" On which there was a roar from the boon companions assembled. But the old general, though made the butt of this gross buffoonery, behaved with dignity, and had the best of the joke. He rose from his seat, and as he quitted the room, said, "My lord, during my travels I have met many savages, but no such savage as yourself!"

Strange to say, this lord generally escaped chastisement, on account of the buffoonery that was mixed up with these insults. He had indeed a duel with a fat Mr. Howarth, at Brighton. A large crowd attended to see the sport, and was convulsed with laughter when the latter stripped himself to the waist, having an idea that portions of cloth, etc., were often driven in by the bullet. This comic spectacle took away the serious element, and after a random shot the affair terminated.

"Cripplegate" married a girl in Ireland of no family, but whose sister made a conquest of an old French emigre—the Duke of Castries. He gradually sank into distress and difficulties, his house was assailed by bailiffs, whom it is said, when he gave a dinner, he used to dress up in the family livery. He had finally to retire to France, where he died in great poverty, his brother-

in-law, the Duke of Castries, now restored to his estates and honors, giving him shelter. "He was, with all his follies, a man," says one who knew him, "of a generous nature. He had nothing mean in his nature, and preserved his independence of spirit amid great temptations to subservency." One of his claims to fashionable reputation, was his having invented "The Tiger," the smart juvenile servant who, in those days, was seated beside the owner of the cab, and not standing behind. This tiger was Alexander Lee, whose name was many years ago found on popular ballads, and whose history, like all in connection with the old "fast" life, was disastrous. He rose from this low position to be joint lessee of the opera, when he formed an unfortunate attachment to Mrs. Waylett, the fascinating warbler of "Buy a Broom!" which amounted to an infatuation. This lady he married, and ruined himself to satisfy her caprices. When she died he removed from the lodgings they occupied; but, wandering about from place to place, he could find no rest, and returned to the same rooms. He locked himself in, and was found a corpse, doubled up on a chair beside the bed on which his wife had a short time before expired.

It only remains now to say something of the career of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Barry. "I believe," says one of his friends cautiously, "neither the nobility nor the church derived much advantage from his being a member of both classes. He had the curious faculty of exhibiting himself as a perfect gentleman or a perfect black-guard. It would be invidious to say in which of the two characters he most commonly appeared." He had his distinction, like his worthy brothers, and, as we have seen, was said to have been an inmate of every gaol in England, with the exception of Newgate. He, too, died in poverty and obscurity. Of Billingsgate, the sister of the three brothers, little more is known, save the faculty of uttering oaths before described. Altogether, it must be confessed, the Barrymores were a remarkable family.

FATE ON WINGS.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

A **LITTLE** island sits sunning itself in the sea, as if some inland meadow had been seized with a spirit of adventure and strayed away from home, taking the jolliest of its birds, the greenest of its larches, and the starriest of its buttercups for company. At one point it climbs up a great rock, as if it aspired to take a view of the world; and there a few years ago a lighthouse was perched, with a tiny cottage to hold the lightkeeper's family nestling at its foot.

It was a June afternoon, and Mrs. Burnise, the lightkeeper's wife, having done up her work with the aid of her niece Laura, was sitting in the kitchen door, drawing a fine-toothed comb through her lank black hair, while she entertained a visitor, her sister-in-law, Miss Jane Burnise, who had just arrived from Rockport in a fishing-smack.

"Don't you find it dretful lonesome here, Barbary?" said Miss Jane, slowly unfolding her knitting-work. "You've allers been used to so much socierty, two houses within half a mile of you, and preachin' privileges every other Sunday. I should think 'twould come hard to you to live here. Still, it's lucky Lisher got the place. I was wonderin' what he *would* do when he got up from the rheumatiz with that lame arm. Proverduence allers provides."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Burnise, "and I s'pose I orter be thankful; but 'tis dreadful lonesome here. There aint ben a day sence I've ben here but I've wisht I was on the main." On the mainland she meant.

"It's so discouragin' to hev nobody to drop in, nobody to talk to, no meetin', and no nothin'. I don't know but what I shall forgit how to use my tongue. Burnise never was no company, you know; he never talks no more than's if he hadn't no tongue; and as for our Lorry, her wits is allers a wool-gatherin', and every minit she can git after her work's done, and the children's lessons is over, she's out starein' at the water, and pullin' bluebells, and pickin' up shells, and all sorts o' trash.

Sometimes I think I never can stan' it another day, 'specially when the Sabbath comes, and I think what good times you're havin' over to the Port, with Elder Smart to supper, and all the folks over from Tatnick."

"I should suppose you'd miss your meetin' privileges more'n anything else," said Miss Jane. "I was tellin' Sister Jenkins the other day that she didn't realize half her mercoies. They've been holdin' a protracted meetin' in her deestrick, and she had three ministers and two deacons in the house for a week, and went to meetin' herself besides doin' her work mornin', afternoon and evenin' the whole endurin' time, till, stout as she is, she got so beat out she could hardly set up at the last end. Hiram's folks was over, and Betsy she made some custards, and put three eggs in each one of 'em, and had a reg'lar tea-party. 'Twas a very solemn and interesting occasion, as Elder Fales remarked."

"You don't tell!" said Mrs. Burnise, with her comb suspended in air, entirely overwhelmed by the mere contemplation of such exciting scenes. "Sister Jenkins is a lucky woman, but then, she allers spiles her meetin's by spankin' that unruly Sam of hers just afore she goes. She says she has to, coz she don't dare to trust him so long out of her sight without it. Ef 'twas me, I shouldn't enjoy my mind at all, after gettin' so riled up. I s'pose she's had as many as three new gowns sence I saw her," she added, her mind suddenly taking a more worldly turn.

"That reminds me," said Miss Jane, "that I've got something for Lorry in my bundle. Sister washed her red and green plaid, and it shrank so she couldn't get it together round her waist nowhere near; so she said she had a good mind to send it over to Lorry, seein' as she had no girls of her own, and Lorry was a poor orphan, and her brother's child, and I told her I'd take it along with me. I hope it'll fit the child. See, aint it a beauty?" And she held it up to the admiring gaze of Mrs. Burnise.

"Lorry don't need it no more than nothing at all," said that lady, after a critical examination of the brilliant-hued garment. "Miss Jenkins aint much of a sewer, is she? That stitchin' beats everything that ever I see. 'Tis a pretty thing, but like as not Lorry'll turn up her nose at it; she thinks her Aunt Jenkins's taste is dretful. I could make two gowns out of it, one for Elminy, and one for Phebe Jane. Lorry's got more gowns than all the rest of us put together, if she is a poor orphan. I let her keep school over to the Creek last fall, you know—slaved myself almost to death a doin' my housework without her, and never took none of her wages only enough to buy my green alpaca. She's got a new delaine and two good calicos."

"Hem!" said Miss Jane, with a little tightening of her lips. "It's nothing to me. The gown was sent to Lorry—and by the way, how is Lorry? I've scarcely had a glimpse of her yet. Is she contented here without her young companions? Solterude generally comes harder to young folks than to them along in years."

"Well, no," said Mrs. Burnise, "I don't think she is contented; but as for that matter, she never *was* contented anywhere that I know of, only she isn't one of the complainin' kind. She never had no young companions, coz she was too stuck up after she come from the 'cademy to hev anything to do with the young folks over to the Port. Her father missed it when he spent everything he had on her eddication, and then left her without a penny, to be taken care of by her hard-worked relatives. I s'pose he didn't reckon on dying so soon, though. Lorry's young yet. She wont be eighteen till September, and they say she keeps school well ernuff; but 'cordin' to my notions it would have been full as well for her, and for other folks, too, if she had not got quite so much learnin', so many silly streaks go along with it."

"So I allers thought," said Miss Jane, decidedly. "'Tis settin' her up above her own folks, and unfittin' her for housework or any useful branch of industry. I told Willyum what I thought about it in the first place, but he wouldn't hear nothin' to me. Poor Wilyum! he was allers hankerin' after learnin' himself, and bringin' home more books than money from furrin parts. Ef he hadn't had so many of them books in his head, he'd a had a better look-

out for his property. Learnin's well ernuff ef a person's got ernuff sense to balance it properly. Now I've got some learnin' myself. Folks used to call me the intellectual Miss Burnise when I was younger. Don't you remember the first verses I wrote, Barbary? They was 'bout Jacob Clarke's son that was drowned down to Goose Cove, and was printed in the County Dial, and everybody read 'em, and praised 'em, and wondered at 'em, and everybody stared at me afterwards as if I was Queen Victory, or somebody full as grand. But my talents didn't never interfere with my fingers, or put me to sleep, as Wilyum's did him."

"I know you've got beautiful learnin'," said Mrs. Burnise. "Lisher's got them verses saved up now, and a 'bituary besides, on the death of old Deacon Simmons, that is very affectin'." And she directed an admiring glance at her sister-in-law, who winced most becomingly.

"I've always been worried 'bout Lorry," began Miss Jane, very modestly dropping the subject of her literary acquirements; "and I've been more worried than ever since that blessed awakenin' in our destrict last fall. All through them powerful meetin's, when Miss Clark's Miry was so affected she couldn't do nothin' but jump right up and down all day long, and Clary Sanborn couldn't get any peace of mind no more than nothin', and Samuel Rogers was so happy he must keep a singin' every minit, ef 'twas at the table, that girl was jest as calm and unconcerned as ef Elder Giles was repeatin' over Mother Goose's melodies 'stead of them burnin' words. You know you told me she actually refused to go to meetin' one night, coz she thought the sermons was uncanny, and she didn't bleeve in that kind of excitement at all."

Mrs. Burnise sighed heavily.

"I don't know as she ever will be concerned in her mind," said she; "but I've done my duty by her, and that's all I can do."

"I think on that account that it's a very bad thing for her to be here out of the reach of the voice of the gospel," said Miss Jane. "And to tell you the truth, Barbary, that's one thing I came over here for. Miss Perkins, our minister's wife, is dretfully in need of help. She's got six children now besides the twins, and Emily

Judson, the oldest, is weakly, and can't go to school; so she wants somebody who is competent not only to do a little light housework, but to take care of the babies, and teach Emily Judson besides. When she asked me if I knew of a suitable person to fill the situation, thinks I that's the very place for Lorry. She'll be under good influences there, and if she wouldn't go to meetin' she'd hev the meetin' brought to her. Elder Perkins isn't one of your slack kind, but is up and a doin'."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnise, "I guess 'twould be a little light housework! Why, that sickly Miss Perkins aint fit to do a stitch of work herself, and what is more, she don't do anything but jest worry round and complain 'bout her back. Viry Allen went there to work for a spell, and was made such a slave of, that she was all skin and bone when she come away. She says that Miss Perkins aint nothin' but spleeny, though, and wont lift her hand as long as she can git work out o' other folks. They say the elder used to do the washin' himself when they was first married. Ketch Lorry to go to a place like that, and ketch Lisher to 'low her to go! He's dretful afraid I shall put too much upon her. I raly bleeve he sets more store by her than by his own children, or me either. He—"

Here the entrance of the object of her discussion caused a sudden silence. She was a tall slender girl, with a wealth of pale golden hair and deep brown eyes. Her grace and beauty would have been remarkable in a city *salon*, and here it was all the more striking in contrast to the rudeness of her surroundings.

"See what a strange visitor we have," she said, displaying a snow-white dove which she bore tenderly in the folds of her apron.

"He fied right out ernowhere to Lorry's shoulder," explained Miss Phebe Jane Burnise, who had followed her cousin into the house. "See, it's got a red collar onto its neck, and it's as tired as anything. It breathes dreadful."

"Sure enuff," said Aunt Jane. "Why, it beats all I ever heard tell on. Where do you s'pose it come from?"

"I cannot imagine," said Laura; "but it must have had a weary flight. Poor little thing, it seems quite exhausted."

"Lor sakes, I wonder how it got here

from anywheres?" exclaimed Mrs. Burnise; "the land's so far away in every direction. And who ever see a dove with a collar on its neck afore? I declare, Jane, if it don't make me feel kind er scary. I'm afeard somethin's a goin' to happen. Don't you remember the queer bird that came into Squire Thompson's house the day afore James Albert was killed? Then I've heard of birds bringing great good luck too. A dove seems lucky."

"But this bird didn't come into the house, Aunt Barbara," said Laura. "I think, by the collar on its neck, it's what they call a carrier-dove. I never saw one, but I've read of them in stories. Probably some one sent it with a message, and it got out to sea. You can see that there is a slip of folded paper in the inside of the collar."

"Do take it off and see what 'tis," said Mrs. and Miss Burnise in the same breath.

Laura hesitated a moment before complying with their request. It was a tiny perfumed note, carefully fastened to the silken lining of the collar. She unfolded it, and with a heightened color read these words:

"My own love, it is for you to say whether I am happy or miserable."

This was all. There was no name, no date, and the mystery was as deep as ever.

"Lorry's a blushin' jest as if 'twas writ to her," said Miss Elmina Burnise, who had just appeared on the scene. "Enyhow, it come to my feet afore it did to her shoulder."

"Wall now, I can't help feelin' as if it was to Lorry," said Miss Burnise, with a startled glance at her niece. "It means somethin', I'm sure, lightin' on her shoulder so."

"Lor sakes! I don't see why it's enymore to Lorry than to my Elmina, ef it did happen to light on Lorry's shoulder 'stead of hern. I allers knowed she'd be lucky, coz she's got two crowns to her head. P'raps one er them fine gentlemen that was here t'other day in a yacht took a fancy to her, and took this way to tell her of it," said Mrs. Burnise, excitedly.

"Barbary!" said Miss Jane, sternly, "I am erstonished that you should put such notions inter that child's mind, and she scarce fourteen years old. 'Taint likely the gentlemen so much as glanced at her, and I hope she warn't forward ernuff to

look at them. When I said I couldn't help feelin' as if 'twas Lorry, I didn't mean nothin' 'bout beaux in pertickerlar, but I felt as if somethin' good was a goin' to happen to her. You allers thought a sight too much about such things. Elminy, hev you read that tract I sent you yet?"

Elmina was too much absorbed in feeding the dove to make any reply; but Mrs. Burnise took up the cudgels in self-defence, making some cutting allusions to Miss Burnise's state of single blessedness, which caused that lady to give her entire attention to the bird also.

The little creature had ceased to pant, and, perched on the back of Laura's chair, looked about the room with an air of perfect content, every now and then giving utterance to a soft little coo.

Laura fastened the note into its collar again, imagining all sorts of pretty romances as she did so. Her two aunts drifted into Port talk once more, and the bird took a prolonged nap, with its head tucked cosily under its wing.

Aunt Jane made a week's visit, and departed in a very ruffled state of mind, because "Lisher" had declared that Lorry shouldn't go to be a slave for the Perkinses, and Job Fisher, who was agent of the Sandy Peak district, had written to ask the young lady to take the winterschool there, as he had heard very favorable reports of her management in the Creek school last year.

"Don't you hear nothin' 'bout her goin' there, Lisher," said she, pinning herself into her green shawl, while the boat waited to bear her away. "They're the dreadfulest set you ever heard tell on; always a hev'in' dances, or somethin' of the kind; and Job Fisher himself has been known to play cards. They're well-to-do folks, I know. Old Squire Hastings has been buildin' himself a sort of castle on the top of the Peak almost, and lives in great magnificence, I've heard tell. His son Frank has got to be cap'n of an English steamer, and the grandeur of that has spread over the whole neighborhood. But they're 'varsalists, and 'twould be the ruin of any young girl to go 'mongst them. Why, I shouldn't never git another minit's peace if I thought Lorry was a boardin' at Job Fisher's. He aint the man he ought ter be, by no means in the world!"

"Lor, Jane," said her brother, mischiev-

ously, "you ought not to be so hard on poor Job coz he courted you a spell, then backed out."

"Aint you 'shamed, Lisher? As if I ever wanted Job Fisher, or would a hed him, at any rate!" said the lady, coloring furiously.

Laura wondered if any man was ever audacious enough to court Aunt Jane, for she made her face something alarming in its severity if one of these unworthy beings ventured into her neighborhood. But it seems in her younger days, when she wore her hair in love-curls over her high intellectual forehead, and had the best voice for singing of all the girls in the singing-school, that Job Fisher, the thriftiest young sailor in the place, took a fancy to pay his attentions to her, though she rarely gave him a smile or a nod beyond a prim "How do you do, Mr. Fisher?" during his patient and protracted visits to her father's house. Still, her heart was supposed to be touched, and the outgrowth of her affections was made manifest in much worsted work in the shape of watch-cases, book-marks, and the like, which she presented to her lover in the most proper manner, and which he received with shy pleasure. But at last his visits suddenly ceased. Miss Jane combed out her love-curls, and abandoned her worsted work. At first everybody wondered what could be the trouble between them, but it was decided in this way by the gossips: the lady was becoming alarmingly literary. If even a six-weeks old baby died in the town, a long string of mournful or consolatory verses appropriate to the event appeared in the county paper, signed by her name. And wasn't it plain enough to be seen that though such a woman might be held in high esteem by the community, and her family be justly proud of her accomplishments, she would make anything but a good wife? The family stockings would not mend themselves while she was making verses, and one with so much brain was apt to be sparing of her feet, and to forget just the right quantity of spice to put into the pudding. Job's family were thrifty, Job was prudent, and prudence subdued the fever of his passion.

Summer did not hurry away from the island, but lingered with its soft fragrant days long after the dry inland fields were browned and desolated by autumn. The

sea spray kept the leaves and grass green, and the wild roses mistook it for dew, and opened their crimson cups gayly under the tanned face of September. Sometimes for days the mist built its white tent over land and sea. Fog-horns sounded dismally from the distance, and everything looked strange, and dreary, and cold; but when at last the sun appeared again like a flash of red fire behind a bank of smoke, and the wind, like some long-absent and most welcome friend, came and gathered up the clouds in his lusty arms, rushing away with them no one knew whither, it seemed as if spring had come back again once more. The leaves danced merrily under the warm blue sky, and the birds declared that there were violet buds hidden somewhere in the green grass. To Laura those days were like enchantment, in spite of their loneliness, in spite of the incessant labor thrust into her hands by relentless Aunt Barbara. Elmina was too delicate to do housework, and sewing made her side ache; so she had not only to assist in the brewing, and the baking, and the dish-washing, but to take the entire care of the younger children, and "they were seven," as Wordsworth pathetically observes. The family darning-needle, too, was given up to her, and as the chief occupation of the energetic seven was to tear their clothes, this homely implement was called into active service. But while her hands were busy her thoughts were free to wander away at their own sweet will. At her age, and with her temperament, a wish is almost as bright as a reality, and the hard-pinched face of Life is rosy enough through the veil of a dream. She had turned one page in the wonder-book of the world, and every day, in her memory, she was reading it over and over again.

So when her young shoulders ached with their heavy burdens, she slipped out of herself, and was in the midst of a festal scene which she caught a glimpse of during that never-to-be-forgotten holiday visit to town. There there were plumes, and pearls, and color, and light, and strains of beautiful music. There the beautiful women were too beautiful to be ordinary mortals, but seemed like fairy princesses; and the gallant gentlemen who waited on them with such devotion, too knightly and noble to be real, but were of the same royal birth as the splendid cavaliers that nod their

silken plumes in some old story of romance.

When Aunt Barbara scolded with her harsh voice she would not hear, but listened instead to the grand oratorio whose swelling harmonies she had kept in her brain ever since that fairest day of her life when she heard them ringing through the stately old city hall. When the soft sky and the lustrous sea were hidden by storm-clouds, and the sharp-nosed faces of Aunt Barbara and "the seven" were the only objects in view, she stole once more into the dimly-lighted art gallery, where she spent the hours of an April day in a perfect trance of delight.

She never realized before that a human figure could be a poem, or that souls could be painted on canvas and carved in marble. She never fully appreciated the wonderful beauties of nature until she saw them through the medium of art.

And in the meantime the white dove which came to her so mysteriously was growing very dear to her lonely heart. The little thing seemed to recognize her as its mistress from the first. He followed her wherever she went, cooed at her while she performed her household labors from some perch near by, and poised itself on the back of her chair for long hours while she sat sewing. Its company cheered and consoled her, but her romantic little soul was troubled for the fond lover whose beloved had never received his message. Would she not wait for him forever without any word of his to bid her do so? or would his silence be misunderstood, and she, perhaps, die, thinking him faithless, perhaps marry another, and break both their hearts by doing so?

"Faithless little dove!" she used to say to it, lifting her finger solemnly; "why were you not true to your trust? or did you lose your way in the great sea, and mistake me for the waiting sweetheart?"

But the bird would only tip its pretty head with the most sublime indifference; and when she took it down to the shore and endeavored to induce it to try its wings again, though it almost broke her heart to think of losing it, it seemed afraid, and would fly back to the shelter of her arms with all possible speed.

"Now, Lorry, you aint a gain' to take that bird over to the Peak with ye?" said Aunt Barbara, as her niece was preparing

to leave the island one frosty October morning. She had found an old cage in which a parrot had been brought from the West Indies years ago, and had fastened her pet into it, who did not seem to approve of the proceeding. "Why, they'll laugh at yel' a schoolmarm a tuggin' a dove round, and it settin' on her shoulder and makin' that cooin' noise like a cryin' baby! Miss Job Fisher's a driver, and she wont 'prove of enybody's spendin' their precious time a fussin' over such a silly thing. What would she think of me, and you a comin' from my house with such thriftless ways?"

"Lor, now! let her take the bird if she's a mind to, Barbary," said Uncle Lisha. "You don't want the trouble of it yourself, I'm sure, and what does it signify?"

"No, that I don't. I hev to work for a livin', but Elminy she's kind er fond of it, and I don't see why it don't b'long to her as much as to Lorry. It may be the means of bringin' her a beau. I never was quite sure that that billet warn't writ to her. She says them smart gentlemen 'twas here in a yacht had a heap er p'lite things to say to her. But then, Elminy's got too much mind to waste much thought over a anemil like that, and Lorry's just silly enough to cry her eyes out over it. I'm dretful shamed to hev Miss Job Fisher know she's relation to me!"

So, thanks to the vastness of Elmina's mind, Laura was allowed to take her pet without further parley; only Aunt Barbara followed her out of the house to say, "If Elminy ever *should* call for that bird, you must give it up, Lorry, for you know it don't justly b'long to you; as long as Elminy's pa has the control of the island, all the birds and things on it b'longs to her, if she's a mind to say so."

Sandy Peak is a quaint little village clustered about a baldheaded mountain that stands bleak and grim on the Atlantic coast. But though the situation seems so unpromising, its inhabitants are all well-to-do, the greater number of them being retired sea captains; and the houses are of a much better class than any in that region. Laura found "Miss Job Fisher" motherly and kind, and her new home comfortable and pleasant enough. But as for the school, it was anything but promising. The girls were dull and obstinate, the boys rude and defiant. It was comprised of all

sorts of pupils. Students of the primer just out of long clothes, giggling misses in vulgar fractions, and young men lately surprised out of jackets into the dignity of coats, whose wits were ripe in nothing but mischief. She had been prepared for drudgery, having taught a district school before, but she had not been prepared for anything like this. It was summer when she taught at the Creek, and there were no large boys at school, and no girls who were not much younger than herself. They were docile affectionate pupils. The schoolroom was so quiet that a fly's buzz was startling, and even the stammering little A B C learners seemed alive to the beauty of knowledge. Sometimes, of course, the days seemed dreadfully long and dreary. The shrill voices were harsh to her sensitive ears. She was so tired of repeating the same thing over and over again, of answering questions, and of being sure that the same girl would miss on the same word in her spelling lesson. But the Creek school was paradise compared to the Sandy Peak school. Here vulgar fractions and A B C's were so confusedly mixed together. She did not know how to manage the large boys, who, after tormenting her all day in school, were inclined to make love to her at other times. The most desperate rebel of all telling her that her cheeks were as red as roses, and that she was as pretty as the "figger-head" on his father's new "two-topmaster." It was all in vain that she tried to keep any semblance of order. If she attempted to quell a disturbance in one corner, she discovered some sly trick being prosperously carried out in another. If unusual quiet prevailed, she knew that it was only the lull before the battle. Her cheeks grew thin and white, and the distracted state of her nerves kept her constantly on the very edge of a fever. How often she wished herself back at Uncle "Lisher's," for there, though her burdens were heavy, she had elbow room for her poor little longing soul. But she had a determined spirit. She held her head very high, she closed her mouth resolutely, she spoke in a tone of calm authority, she fixed her eyes full of unflinching purpose on the eyes of her boldest mischief-doers, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing that they quailed under her glance, and their hearts and hands seemed to fail them. She was too

weary even to think when she reached home at night, and the jolly fireside circle at Job Fisher's was seldom added to by her presence. Mrs. Fisher was sure that she was ill, and doped her with thoroughwort and pennyroyal, which she would swallow meekly instead of supper, then creep away up stairs to her own little room, cheered only by the loving coo of the dove, who, having mourned her absence all day, was overjoyed to see her. More than once it had escaped from the house and followed her to school like Mary's little lamb, its presence having the effect on the pupils as did the presence of that historical animal.

"I never saw the beat," said Mrs. Fisher; "that bird's got affections like a human creetur, and it's as touchin' as a story to see that poor orphin girl with the white dove settin' on her shoulder, and she as handsome as a rose, and pale and sad-lookin' as a widdler's tear! The women folks in her family are an awful hard set, and as for the men, they aint eny of 'em got gumption ernuff to claim their own souls from 'em. She's had a hard time of it in the world sence her father died, poor thing."

"Jane Burnise wouldn't a been so hard if she'd a got married," said her hearty-looking spouse, musingly. Perhaps his conscience gave him a little pang.

"I don't bleeve 'twould a made a bit of difference," said she, conclusively. "There is Miss Jenkins, she that was Lizy Ann, is jest as bad, if not worse. It's the kind of religion they've got spoils them women. There's two kinds of religion; the right kind sweetens folks amazingly, and the wrong kind sours 'em till there aint no kindness and no nothin' left in 'em."

"Well, I dunno but you're right there, Polly. The thunder'n lightnin' Elder Perkins hurls from his pulpit o' Sundays is ernuff to curdle a whole dairy full of the milk er human kindness!" said the gentleman, with a humorous twinkle in his shrewd gray eyes.

Mrs. Fisher was right when she said that Laura had had a hard time since her father died; and now, in spite of that lady's kindness, she felt more alone than ever. She was so weary in both body and mind, poor child, that she felt more than ever the need of a mother, or a father, or a sister, or brother, who can understand one's troubles as no stranger ever can. Aunt Jane

wrote her a letter now and then, after the style of a camp-meeting exhortation. Aunt Barbara, to tell her to be sure and save all her money, for she didn't need any clothes at present, and her relatives couldn't afford to keep her for nothing so many years. Elmina was going over to the Port to attend school, and must have a new dress. Job Fisher's eldest son, an honest but most awkward young sailor, made shy love to her whenever he found an opportunity to do so.

But his love found no response in the young girl's breast, and only to the poor unconscious dove could she confide all her troubles. It did seem to understand, its soft eyes would grow so sad and sympathetic, and as Laura interpreted its speech it was full of consoling and encouraging utterances. Mrs. Fisher gave it as her opinion "that that bird could tell fortins, it was knowin' ernuff, surely." And Laura always felt as if her life-destiny were in some way connected with its coming. She regarded it with the same sort of superstition that a Roman Catholic devotee regards his holy relics, sure of its charm for good.

It was Saturday afternoon. The earth sparkled in its white wintry garments, but the skies were blue and bright with the expectation of spring. The sea, tired of raging, and threatening, and pursuing the ships with its terrible vengeance through a long week of storm, lashed its foam playfully against the rocks, and laughed in the sunshine; and the seabirds whirled in merry circles over the tall weather-beaten crags. The air was so soft and balmy that for the first time in many weeks Laura took a long holiday ramble, taking her pet with her, who cooed with delight at its unwonted freedom in the company of its beloved mistress. She climbed the steep hill road that wound through the quaint little village, past gray, melancholy-looking little cottages through whose seaward windows the sailors' wives were always straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of returning sails; past the trim comfortable-looking houses of the retired captains, decorated with the spoils of foreign lands, and the proud mansion of Squire Hastings, the great man of the community, whose wonderful magnificence cast a glory over the whole town. Above that, nearly on the summit of the Peak, a quaint old windmill was whirling in the spring air, and Laura

stopped under its shadow to rest a while.

The river from that point was beautiful. Sunset was burning in the west, and shedding its soft reflections over the otherwise dusky world. She was surrounded by a waste of broken rocks that looked like the sea broken into foamy waves, but far beyond to the left was a strip of yellow beach and groups of tenderly-tinted cliffs, and to the right, stretching out before a range of snow-peaked mountains, a little white town gleamed through shadows of rosy purple. Straight before her ran the narrow line of the road, winding picturesquely around steep knolls and dusky clusters of evergreens, lost for a space between the irregular roofs of the village, appearing again near its journey's end, the sea.

She was so absorbed in the contemplation of all this beauty, that she did not notice the gentleman who was coming towards her up the southern slope of the hill. He walked with a carelessly observant air until he reached the spot where she was sitting, then came to a sudden standstill, regarding her with a look half surprise, half pleasure. It was such a pretty picture. The picturesque old mill whirling its soundless wheel in the sunset glow, and the beautiful young girl dreaming under its shadow, with a white dove poised on her shoulder. The droop of her head, in its rustic scarlet hood, was full of unconscious grace; her hands were folded idly in her lap, and all the lights and shadows, the loneliness of the sea, and the mountains and the cliffs, were reflected in her wide brown eyes.

He turned his head for a moment, to see what those eyes found so alluring in the dreamy distance.

A star appeared, like an unfallen tear-drop on the faded cheek of day, and aroused her to a sense of the lateness of the hour.

She felt the thrill of a strange presence, and bringing her gaze nearer home, it fell on the fine clear-cut profile of the stranger. It flashed over her that he looked like one of the bronze knights in the art gallery, but before she had time to wonder, he turned his head, and their eyes met in one quick confused glance. He removed his cap politely, coloring like a schoolboy as he did so, and Laura was conscious of blushing to the ears. Then the dove, who had been dozing in the sunshine, became

suddenly aroused, and uttering a perfect chorus of joyful sounds, flew from her shoulder and alighted on his arm, looking up into his face as if it recognized it as that of an old friend.

"Why, Jolie! this can never be you," exclaimed the gentleman, examining the little creature's collar with eager surprise. "This is a miracle almost."

"May I ask you how this bird came into your possession?" he said, approaching Laura with that peculiar shyness and stiffness which sometimes clings to a shy man after he has seen the world, and which no surprise can startle from him.

Poor Laura! how her heart sank within her. And yet, had she not been longing to know the romance of the bird's history, and trying to weave its story for herself ever since it came to her that summer day? Must she lose it now, and all her pretty dreams with it? But she told him the whole story in her simple graceful way, the color coming and going in her cheek, and her eyes full of eager interest. When she had finished, he stood for some moments without speaking, apparently more absorbed in the speaker than her story.

"It is very strange," he said at last. "I had no thought of ever seeing the little thing again. It flew from my ship while we were at least two hundred miles from land. It must have found more than one resting-place before it reached any shore; perhaps it reached some strange ship, and sailed in it toward this remote region. But what freak could have sent it to that island? Why didn't it remain where it could rest its poor tired wings, instead of taking another such aimless flight? I am delighted to know that it is safe, for I felt a sort of superstition concerning it. It was given to me by a dying sailor, who begged of me never to part with it, but to care for it tenderly as long as it lived. It was all he had in this world, poor fellow, and he prized it more than his life. He was a Frenchman, and served in the late war between France and Germany, and the bird was given him by his sweetheart for the purpose of conveying letters between them during their separation. He received a severe wound, and while lying on the field, before the smoke and tumult of the battle had died away, the dove fluttered down to his breast. He had just strength enough to unfasten its collar and

open the letter which it bore, anticipating consoling words from his beloved which should sustain him in his anguish. It contained news of her death. Poor Jean! he recovered from his wound at last, but he never recovered from that blow. When he joined the ship, six months afterward, at Paris, he looked like an old man, though he was only twenty-two years old."

Laura's eyes filled with tears of sympathy. "There was a note in its collar when it came to me," said she, "and I have kept it there all this time, thinking that it might some day seek the one for whom it was destined."

"You needn't have taken the trouble," said the gentleman, smiling with a little shade of scorn. "The note was of no consequence, I am sure. The ladies on shipboard found the bird very entertaining; were continually sending it from one part of the ship to the other with messages for their gentlemen friends, or any gentlemen who might see fit to appropriate them. Probably the poor little thing was bewildered at such novel proceedings, and as no one claimed this last message, felt it to be its duty to fly away and seek its owner."

Dusk was gathering around them. Lights danced in the village windows, and the moon rose slowly out of the distant sea.

"It is growing dark, and I must hasten home," said Laura, who had been so absorbed in the romance of the carrier-dove that she had forgotten everything else. She gave the little creature who had been her dearest friend for so long a mute caress, and as she did so the tears fell from her eyes, in spite of all her efforts to keep them back.

"You are attached to the bird," said the gentleman. "Keep it, then. You will care for it much more tenderly than I could, and surely poor Jean would be more than satisfied if he could know into whose hands it had fallen."

"No," said Laura, firmly. "You are very kind, but I too have a superstitious feeling concerning the little thing. I am deeply attached to it, but as the poor sailor gave it to you when he was dying, bidding you to care for it always, I think it is right that you should do so. Indeed, I could not keep it under the circumstances. How like a story it all seems."

He smiled at her earnestness.

"May I not accompany you home?" he

said. "But I ought to introduce myself. Mrs. Job Fisher, your landlady, is an old friend of mine. I wonder if you never heard her speak of that good-for-nothing boy Frank Hastings who once came in the mysterious garb of a ghost, and helped himself to her sweet apples. No other boy in all the history of the town was ever successful in his attempts at robbing that tree, but the ghost ate to his heart's content, besides filling his pockets, then moved silently away without even the mildest remonstrance from its owner. I don't think Mrs. Fisher ever forgave me that little escapade, but I hope you will not judge me by the sins of my youth. I assure you that I repented long ago. I repented first under the vengeance-threatening tongue of that irate lady, who in due time found me out; again under the poetical but pungent punishment of the birch in the hands of an avenging father, and I am not sure but that I repented still another time, with that true repentance which the prayer-book advises. What is more, I never did so again."

Laura thought he deserved absolution.

"I think I have heard Mrs. Fisher speak of Mr. Frank Hastings," she said, "but certainly not in connection with orchard robbing."

It was true that she had spoken of him, in rather a doubtful manner, but then, Mrs. Fisher did not approve of stuck-up people, anyway, and the Hastings family were supposed to be of that class.

She needed no introduction. She was sure from the first, that she was conversing with no other than young Captain Hastings, who was so rich, and so grand, that it was the wonder of all the townsfolk that he had condescended to begin life as a Sandy Peak baby. But how did he know her, she wondered. He could not have been in the place long, or she should have heard of his arrival, for if even the great gate of the Hastings place was heard to click, the event was duly chronicled in the neighborhood.

Conversation flagged as they wound their way village-ward over the long dusky road. Captain Hastings was wondering what there could be in the presence of the young girl that thrilled him so. He had never experienced anything of the kind before in all his life. Had he taken such a leap in love? It seemed impossible. He had al-

ways imagined one to be led along, all unconsciously into that charmed state, through delicate and shadowy enchantments, delicious surprises, and tender awakenings. But what a subtle charm there was about her! She was so frank, so unconscious, so different from the fashionable throngs of women who went over to Paris in his ship, and made him blush, shy and modest man that he was, by their overwhelming attentions. He had never been particularly attracted to any woman before, but now it seemed that "fate and he had met." Even at that early hour he was beginning to torment himself with jealous doubts and fears. Had not some more fortunate man already won the prize, and was he not too old to please the fancy of one so young as she? And though he made efforts to stop and laugh at himself, his thoughts would go on winding and unwinding the same thread.

"I shall call to-morrow, and inform you as to the dove's state of mind, if you will allow me to do so; and perhaps if it manifests great grief at the separation, you will repent and take it back again," he said, as they parted at Job Fisher's door.

"Lor sakes!" said Mrs. Fisher, when Laura appeared with her story, and without her dove. "These rich folks never lose anything, money nor birds. Luck is allers with 'em. There's old Cap'n Hastings, he never lost a vessel in his life, not that he was eny better sailor than anybody else, but jest because he'd got the upper hands of Fortin', and she didn't dare to go back on him, noways. He used ter say if you let that freaky lady turn the cold shoulder to you once, she'd do it again, but if you got fairly on the right side of her, there warn't much danger of her playin' you eny mean tricks. So 'twas the cap'n that see you home? Well, that's somethin' amazin'," she continued, "I know you're pretty ernuff, and lady ernuff to 'tract a prince, child, but them Hastingses are so dretful high in their notions. If one of the Peak girls gets as much as a bow from the young cap'n, she's all in a flutter. Don't let him turn your head, my dear, with his fine looks and perlite manners. He aint one half as good as my Dick, now, for all he's so handsome and rich."

Captain Hastings appeared at the Fisher mansion early the next evening, so early that Mrs. Fisher had the satisfaction of

knowing that her neighbors must have seen his arrival, and envied her the distinction of having such a guest.

Laura greeted him with a blush, and made eager inquiries concerning her pet friend.

"It is more dejected than you can imagine," said he. "It mourns your absence as it did that of poor Jean, its master, after he died. It seems to be rather fond of me, too, but still I cannot coax it into forgetting you."

"Poor little thing!" said Laura, tremulously; "but it will get over it in time, and be as merry as ever."

He stayed a long time, so long indeed, that Mrs. Fisher grew so sleepy she forgot that she had her best cap on, and leaning back in her chair, crushed it dreadfully.

Laura sang a quaint old sailor's love-song at his request, accompanying herself on a broken-hearted but not unmusical old piano-forte, which Job Fisher had brought home from Amsterdam years and years ago. Captain Hastings, who had been reading poetry, said to himself, "Please God, this is the one voice for me."

Neither he nor Laura remembered Mrs. Fisher's presence, and that lady looked on aghast, to see how perfectly at home was the young girl with the grand stranger. Just her usual self, but for a more vivid light in her wide brown eyes, and a softer, deeper blush on her fair cheek.

"You like Cap'n Hastings very much, don't you, dear?" she said, when that gentleman had taken his leave at last.

Laura grew scarlet to the tips of her ears. She felt as if she was under the "inquisitorial applying of the question," and yet what a natural thing it was to say at such a time:

"Yes, I think I do like him very much," she faltered, escaping to her own room as soon as possible.

Morning came full of sunny brightness. Spring was in the air, and clusters of rosy sails flecked the glittering sea; the waves sang a song full of happy promise, and the birds were twittering merrily on the beach. It was within fifteen minutes of school-time, and Laura stood on the doorsteps waiting for little Tom Rollins, who was always heart-broken if he missed escorting "teacher" to school. A schooner had just anchored at the foot of the Bluff, and a boy emerging therefrom, ran swiftly to-

wards her, with a letter in his hand. It was from Aunt Barbara, and ran thus:

"grene iland light.

"DEER NEECE, bruther jous foks hev broke up housekeepin' And moved Out West and as my sister Merhitable is Thrown out uv a home by There goin im expectin. to Take hur to live with me she will help Me about my house wurk, and as the house Aint big ernuff fer too more you Need not kum back agen i spouse your scule is Don in a fu dais But i dont think ower wais soots each uther verry well And the iland aint The plais fer a Gurl uv your Age and yure Aunt jane is in faver uv yure goin to elder perkinse thinkin that yer might be brote to a senoe of yure Sinful sitoation by that godly mann. 'afore you git anuther scule. hopein These fu linis Find you in gude helth i am yure affeckshunate Aunt

"BARBAREE."

"p S Elminy hez got a bo won uv the turners from firetown a gude stiddy likely feller. Elminy engoys dretful poor helth as usuerl and Sends hur respects."

Poor Laura! she did not expect much from Aunt Barbara, but this heartless dismissal from the only home she ever knew was a heavy blow to her. She knew that Uncle Lisha loved her, and thought it was more than likely that he knew nothing of this plan of his wife's. He was a weak, sickly little man, and seldom ventured to raise his voice against any of that determined lady's doings, but still he had always interfered in her behalf, and sometimes his interference had served to make her life smoother, her burdens lighter. She felt that he was the only person in the world who really cared for her, and bitter tears welled up into her eyes with a new sense of loneliness and desolation. But the tears were still clinging to her lashes, when another message came to her, one so strange, and so sweet, that it seemed as if no sorrow could ever touch her again.

A pair of white wings flashed in the sunny distance, and the fleetest and, gladdest messenger Love ever sent, came the carrier dove bearing a folded note, placed conspicuously in its silken collar.

"Please teacher, it's schooltime," said little Tom Rollins, regarding her with wide-open eyes, as she sat pale and trembling over that magic page. The bird waited beside her, still and breathless, as if in suspense. It was the same note which out of romantic pity for the imaginary lovers, Laura had bidden her pet to carry for so long, only that there were more words add-

ed to it, a question most eloquently put, and a name signed at the end.

"I promised to be good this week, and I'm not going to be tardy," said little Tom, starting off alone, with an air of reproachful dignity.

Back, with only a spray of evergreen for answer, flew the dove, and wrapped in that sweetest dream that never comes but once to this life, Laura allowed herself to be led toward the schoolhouse by the anxious hand of her virtuous little pupil. Upon his small pug nose glittered a tear, which had fallen for her sins, but he had considered it to be his duty to turn back and try to redeem her once more.

The dove had almost reached its destination, and Laura watched its flight with a quickly beating heart, thinking of the dove of old, who carried the green spray as a signal of peace. Would it carry as much joy to him, as his message had brought her?

When noon came, the handsome brown face which she expected so fondly, appeared at the schoolroom door, and unmindful of the group of curious faces around them, the owner of the handsome brown face took her in his arms and saluted her as a man salutes the one whom he has chosen to be his own for life.

Mrs. Job Fisher, to use her own expression, was so flusterfied when she heard the news, that she put on her pink-ribboned cap over her washday hood, and went in to see the captain in this wise. "Fine folks even fall in love different from other folks," said she. "Here at the Peak, it takes a good patient spell of settin' up nights, and quarrellin', and makin' up agen, to bring about an engagement, but the cap'n went right off, at the first glance, and is tryin' to hev the weddin' next week."

"Lorry goin' to merry one of them ungodly Hastingses!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, with uplifted hands, when she heard it. "Well, we must be resigned to the ways er Providence, as long's they're so rich. I allers knew Lorry's eddication would do wonders for her, and 'twas through my influence she got that eddication. Lorry knows how much I've done for her."

Aunt Barbara, forgetful of the letter she had just sent, wrote another, tenderly reproachful that her dear niece, whom she had always considered as a daughter, should think of leaving their family so soon.

Her few months' absence had given them great grief, and how could they endure to lose her entirely? Elmina's health was suffering greatly from the excess of her emotions on this score.

Before another month had passed Laura had sailed to the old world with her husband. Under other circumstances, she would have preferred to delay her wedding for a while, but as she had no home to shelter her, she could not well say nay, when her lover proposed that the happy event should take place as soon as it could be prepared for.

Her skies are blue all the time now, and she can revel in the beautiful things she used to dream of, to her heart's content. But love is so much more than all other beautiful things which God gives us, she is sure that blessed by its presence, even teaching the Peak school might be a parasitical employment. The dove accompanies the happy pair wherever they go, regarding all their little love-makings with a complacency which is blended with great dignity, as if it were fully aware that their happy fate floated to them on its own snow-white wings.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE. — A well-known tragedian was some years ago announced to play Hamlet in a town "out West," where the manager of the theatre was also the manager of a circus. This manager had a son who was cast for Osric; and great was his care in seeing to the costume for the part. Counselling his offspring to take "a leaf out of the book" of the great "star" that he had secured, "Watch him, my boy," said the manager — "watch his business and his byplay. Above all, watch him in the closet-scene. He is immense in that. I've put up an order to keep the wings clear. He insists on it. But I'll let you set a chair outside the door in the closet-scene. There's a hole in it; you can watch him through that—only take care he doesn't see you. He might strangle you and knock my head against the wall. He's awful when the steam's up!" The house was hot, the night was sultry; and before the closet-scene had been reached, a friend had invited Osric to "liquor up." The clown of the circus, in an interval of his turns, had hastened across to the theatre to snatch a glimpse at the great "star." Seeing the empty chair, he sat down, and was soon absorbed in what was passing on the stage. The closet-scene was in full swing. Hamlet had heard Polonius call behind the arras; had uttered his "How now? A rat? Dead, for a ducat—dead!" and sprung off, sword in hand. What was his amazement, as he dashed into the wing, to come full tilt on the circus clown, gazing at him open-mouthed—powerless to speak or stir. There was no time for explanation. The "star" had enough to do to master the shock sufficiently to get back to the stage

and continue the scene. It ended, and the third act with it. As the "star" came off he encountered the ecstatic manager beaming and bowing. "Great Heaven, Mr. —," cried he, "what was that fantastic figure I found sitting in a chair at the wing as I came off in the closet-scene?" "That, sir," exclaimed the proud and happy manager—"that was my son." "Merciful powers! Your son!" cried the "star," groaning and snorting. "My son, sir; he plays Osric. I told him to dress early and watch you—in that scene above all." "Do you mean to tell me that your son is going to play Osric in that dress?" "Certainly, sir; I hope you approved of it?" The "star" could shape no words in answer—only indescribable and inarticulate sounds of agony and indignation came from him. "I was most anxious that in appearance at least he should do you justice," said the manager. "Those were some of my own properties he had on." "Osric in that dress! Osric with his face painted like that!" cried the irate actor. "I put on his color myself, sir," interposed the manager, half indignant. "Put on his color yourself!" The "star" seized the unhappy manager by the throat, dragged him, writhing, protesting, resisting, choking, round the wings of his own theatre, till in a corner he beheld the peccant clown, innocently conversing with the missing Osric. "There, sir—there!" roared the "star," clutching the clown and all but dashing his head against the wretched manager. "And you dare tell me you have dressed Osric in this style, and painted his face like that?" "Like that? No sir! O sir, don't choke me, sir! That is my circus clown. This is my son. This is Osric!"



MADemoisELLE SYLPHINA :

— OR, —

THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER IX.

"WE must have that performed in public at once! It is charming, wonderful!" said Signor Bonaldi, rubbing his hands, as he always did when he was very much pleased. "'Mademoiselle Sylphina, and her beautiful trained palfrey Blanchette,' must appear in the bills for to-morrow night!"

It was at a rehearsal, and Dely had just performed a feat which she had been practising for a long time. It required nothing on her part but to sit gracefully and fearlessly on the pony's back, while she vaulted through a flower-wreathed hoop suspended in the air. The horse was so thoroughly trained as to need no urging to perform his part; but though she had nothing else to do, Dely found it at first very difficult, naturally fearless as she was, to preserve a graceful easy carriage and a calm smiling face, and to kiss her hand gayly to the audience as she took the leap. But now, after repeated rehearsals, she thought that she could do it; and Signor Bonaldi thought so, too, or he would not have said

that it might be done in public, for he was very careful not to have failures made by any of his pupils.

Mr. Lamm and Mr. Pennant were a little afraid to have her attempt such a feat so soon, for as yet she had never appeared on horseback. But Signor Bonaldi's enthusiasm conquered all scruples. The public were clamoring for a sight of the child since her first triumph, he said, and in this feat she would create a sensation that would cause the tent to be crowded nightly. There was not the slightest danger, he assured Mr. Lamm, for the child was the very personification of nerve and coolness.

Dely added her assurances to Signor Bonaldi's; she was not at all afraid, and she was sure that she could do it. So, at last, it was decided that she was to appear in her "wonderful feat of horsemanship" on the next evening.

Great preparations were made for the event. Bills were posted all over the city announcing it. Whichever way Dely turned she saw her name—or the name

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by THOMAS & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

which had grown so familiar to her already that it seemed her own. A new dress was made for her, of pink silk and lace, and she had a tiara of brilliants that glittered like diamonds.

"It's ridiculous—the way in which they put that child forward! She's nothing but a little beggar, and she doesn't know how to ride any more than a monkey!—but then, no more does Sarah Junkins, for that matter, and they make a fool of her. For my part, I think I shall leave, and go where talent is appreciated! The rest of us are nowhere beside Sarah Junkins and that little pauper!"

These were the sentiments of Miss McFadden, and they were expressed to Mr. Murray, the "First Clown," whom she now favored with her smiles, having turned the cold shoulder upon Monsieur Dumas, since his rescue of Dely.

"I am sure that nothing could dim the lustre of the 'Star of the Harem!'" said Mr. Murray, gallantly.

(This was in allusion to Miss McFadden's having once appeared, with a wealth of raven tresses—from the hair-dresser's—and an exquisite complexion—from the apothecary's—as the "World Renowned Circassian Beauty," known as the "Star of the Harem!")

"O pshaw! don't talk such nonsense to me! That will do for Sarah Junkins. But there is one thing sure, I won't stay here to have that little wretch's name put above mine on the bills. She ran away from the poorhouse, and they tried once to get her back again, and I wish to goodness they had! I'd do anything I could to help them."

"If I could do anything to serve you, you know I should be only too happy!" said the gallant Mr. Murray, upon whose susceptible heart Miss McFadden's charms had made a deep impression.

"I expect she'll get a fall to-night, and I shouldn't care at all if she did get hurt a little; it would be a good lesson to her and the silly fools that make such a fuss over her! It fairly makes me sick to see Sarah Junkins hugging and kissing her all the time, and pretending she adores her, just because she's in love with Mr. Lamm, and trying to make him marry her!—when anybody can see that he doesn't care a sixpence about her! I could tell her a few things about Mr. Lamm's likes and dis-

likes, if I chose, that would make her change her tune considerably!"

And Miss McFadden bridled complacently, and tried to blush.

"I don't see how anybody can admire Miss Junkins, especially when her charms are so entirely eclipsed by so much greater ones. Any man who could have helped losing his heart when you performed the rope dance, must—ahem!—must not have owned one!"

"They'll be having that child on the rope next, if she doesn't break her neck to-night!" said Miss McFadden, whose anger was not appeased by Mr. Murray's compliments. "She is such a bold little imp!—she would dare to do anything! If she doesn't come to grief to-night, I will see if I can't do something to get rid of her."

By which it will be seen that poor Dely had by this time gained an enemy in the circus company. Several times since those bills were posted, in which Dely's name was given the principal place, Miss McFadden had made spiteful remarks in her hearing. Miss Junkins comforted her by saying, with her usual theatrical gestures:

"Envy and jealousy, my beauchus child! Mary McFadden has the face of a crocodile and the heart of a stone! Thy transcendent loveliness and grace, which entrance all hearts, touch her not, or arouse her only to anger. She is a serpent, whose spiteful hissings can never harm thee!"

It troubled Dely, in spite of Miss Junkins's assurance, that she should have an enemy in the troupe, where she had felt sure that all would befriend and protect her from her enemies without. But she forgot all her griefs when the time for the performance came. She was not to appear until the middle of the evening, and she was wild with excitement, as she waited for her turn to come, running from the dressing-room into the outer room where the horses were kept, and whispering in Blanchette's ear what a wonderful thing they were to do together! It really seemed to her that the pony understood, and she wanted to impart all the encouragement she could.

For it would be such a dreadful thing if they should fail! She had no fear of danger, but she thought how the audience would sneer and laugh if she should not be able to do it, and how mortified Mr.

Lamm, and Signor Bonaldi, and Mr. Pen-
nant would be!

She was to go into the ring just after the
Fat Lady and Mademoiselle Titania the
"Marvellous Dwarf" came out.

"It is a great pity that you are to come
just after me," said Mademoiselle Titania,
when she and the Fat Lady came out, "for
you probably won't find the audience very
good-natured. They are always disap-
pointed at seeing so little of me!"

"That is because there is so little of you
to see, Mademoiselle Titania!" said Dely.
And then she rode gayly into the ring on
Blanchette's back.

In spite of Mademoiselle Titania's pre-
diction, the audience seemed to be in very
good-humor. They greeted her with
shouts of applause. The flower-wreathed
hoop hung a little lower than it had done
in the rehearsals. They could surely do it
—she and Blanchette—thought Dely.

Blanchette looked knowingly at the hoop
as they rode swiftly round the ring in nar-
rowing circles, each time nearer to it.

There was a breathless hush in the au-
dience. Blanchette poised herself splen-
didly for the leap. A sharp crash!—a panic
and uproar in the audience! Dely was on
the ground, and Blanchette had fallen
upon her! A stream of blood was flowing
upon the ground! What had happened?
Nobody seemed to know. Had they fallen?
The crash had sounded more like a pistol
shot, and two men had escaped hurriedly
from the audience, everybody being too
panic-stricken to think of following them.
However it was, there lay Dely, with a
white still face, and her gay dress stained
with blood, and Blanchette evidently in
her death-throes.

CHAPTER X.

IT was a dark and narrow street, in the
poorest and most obscure part of the city
—the same city of M— in which "Pen-
nant's Great American and European Cir-
cus" had been for so long a time exhibit-
ing. In a back room of a squalid and
dingy house, which displayed a sign of
"Lodging Rooms to Let" in its front win-
dows, sat the man with the dark and evil
face which had haunted Dely so long.

It looked even more evil now than usual,
for it was lighted by a fiendish triumph as
he talked with his companion—a woman

whom we have seen before, though with
very different surroundings.

"I guess she'll trouble nobody again!"
he said. "I flatter myself that the job
was pretty well done. I've often hit a
bird on the wing but I never did it any
prettier than that; she came down just
like one!"

"Hush! why can't you be a little more
careful?" said the woman, in a low tone.
"How do you know but somebody may
hear you? You don't seem to realize that
the city's all alive about it by this time."

"What if it is? What are they going to
do about it?" said the man, with a chuc-
kle. "There's nobody to tell; Wilkins is
as true as steel—when there's a chance of
getting any money. And now, Maria, that
makes me think that I'll take my half of
the money right away. I know very well
that you got it out of the old lady long
ago, by tellin' her, and makin' her believe,
that the young one was out of the way;
and now if you don't fork it over, there'll
be trouble between you and me!"

"Don't talk so, Roger! it's too foolish.
You know very well that you and I can't
afford to have any trouble. I'll give you
the money as soon as I can, but you must
get away from here at once. It is fool-
hardy for you to stay here a minute! Don't
you know that those who sat beside you
must have seen you fire the pistol, and
would be sure to recognize you? If you
want to save yourself from the gallows,
you won't lose a moment in getting away
from this place."

"Don't you suppose I know whether
there is danger or not?—and do you sup-
pose I am going off before I know whether
the young one is dead?"

"You don't really think there is any
doubt that she is dead, do you?" said the
woman, in a changed tone.

"How can I tell whether there is any
doubt or not?" said the man, impatiently.

"I thought your aim never missed. I
thought you were called the best shot in
New York."

"Everybody's shot misses sometimes;
and a pretty time it would be to clear out
and leave her, when everybody far and
near will be talking about her, and her
whole history, or as much as anybody
knows of it, will come out in the news-
papers; and if her father is on the search,
as you say he is, he would be sure to find

her. And then, where would our pretty little fortune be, my girl?"

"I never saw a job so foolishly, clumsily managed in my life as you have managed this one!" the woman broke out, vehemently. "Anybody would think you might have been smart enough to carry her off from that poorhouse, with Nancy, and Lucindy, and Nathan Robinson all to help you! A child could have done it. Instead of that, you let her slip through your fingers, and here, for nearly two months since, you've been shilly-shallying round, when you might have had a dozen chances of taking her. And at last, instead of carrying her off in a safe and sensible way, you had to do the most far-fetched, and risky, and ridiculous thing you could think of—shooting her when she was in the ring at the circus, when there were nine chances out of ten that you'd be caught at it! And now, after you've run all that risk, you don't know whether she's dead or not. And yet, not five minutes ago you were boasting that she would never trouble anybody again! I don't know what you mean."

"I mean just what I say!" answered the man, angrily. "I *think* she is dead, but I don't *know* it. As for the way I have managed the job—I should like to see anybody do it any better! Who would have thought of the little devil's running away? If your precious sister had had sense enough to treat her decently, she wouldn't have done it. Then I got a blow from the circus scamp—when I find out which one it was, I am going to attend to him!—that laid me up for weeks. Since I've been here, haven't I made a dozen plans to carry her off?—but they watched her so close that nobody could have done it. I did the only thing there was to be done, and I did it well, too! But nobody can be certain of making a sure shot under such circumstances, and I aint going to clear out till I know for certain that it's all right. You can go back right away if you're afraid to stay."

"I am not afraid, but the old lady will be suspicious if I stay. She is so nervous, now that she knows Mr. Hugh is on the search all the time, that I have hard work to make her believe the child is taken care of, so he wont find her. My sakes! to think he was right here in this very city!—and he told his mother that he saw a child

that was the very image of his little Adele. It fairly made my blood run cold to think how near we were to losing everything?"

"Well, he never shall get her! I promise you that, Maria, if she isn't dead now. I don't care if the old lady is getting nervous; it will be all the better for us; we can scare her into giving us every cent she has got."

"Yes, if you only don't get caught. I only wish I could do the business. I know I could do it better!"

"O yes! you and Wilkins are very smart and brave! Wilkins knew so many ways to get her and carry her off in broad daylight, and now, at the first hint of danger, Wilkins has cleared out, and you want me to! But there is no use in so much talk. The morning papers ought to be out by this time; you run out and get me one, and we can find out whether she is dead or not."

The woman started eagerly, but hesitated, and looked carefully out of the windows, and listened at the door, before she ventured out.

"O, if you are afraid, I'll go!" said the man, with a sneer.

She hurried out, and was back again in an almost inconceivably short space of time.

Together they unfolded the sheet, still damp from the press.

"Dastardly Attempt at Murder," in very large print, was the first thing they saw.

"A most brutal and cowardly outrage, which has thrown the whole community into a state of excitement, was perpetrated at 'Pennant's Great American and European Circus' last night. As Mademoiselle Sylphina, the Infant Phenomenon, whose beauty and grace have created such a sensation in this city, was about to leap through a hoop suspended in the air, on the back of her beautiful pony, a pistol shot was fired at her from the audience. The shot passed through her arm, inflicting, fortunately, only a flesh wound, which, though painful, is not dangerous, and buried itself in the pony's side, killing him instantly. The audience was thrown into such a panic that the cowardly ruffian escaped."

"A flesh wound in her arm!—the little devil seems fated to escape me!" And the man ground his teeth savagely. "But she shan't! My blood is up now, and I'd put

an end to her if I never expected to get a cent for it! It'll be a strange thing if I aint smart enough, after all the risky jobs I've done in my life! But, by Jove! it seems as if the little imp was helped by the devil and all his angels."

"Say rather by a Being more powerful than the devil who helps us," said the woman, with a look of awe upon her face. "I don't know but you had better let her alone, Roger."

"Well, Maria, that beats all!—if you're getting to canting! If it is Old Nick that

helps me, he has done me too many good turns for me to go back on him now. You just cheer up, Maria! I'll promise you that I never'll try that way again. It aint sure, and, as you say, it is pretty risky; but in a month from now Miss Adele Livingston, or Dely Robinson, or Mademoiselle Sylphina, or whatever you please to call her, will be—where nobody'll ever hear of her again, or my name's not Roger Dennett!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHESTER'S SHARE.

BY M. A. ALDEN.

A SENSE of terror brooding everywhere, a sky lurid with smoke and flame, raining cinders instead of the gentle drops so needed.

Clang, clang, clang! the bells speaking their brazen-tongued warning. The sounds of hurrying feet and eager voices.

Chester Tracy found himself borne along with the crowd that hastened to the fire. He heard the cries of alarm as the remorseless flames gained ground, he saw the heavens grow dusky red as the buildings yielded to their destroyer; as if fascinated he drew nearer and nearer the dreadful scene.

The doors of a shop in front of him were burst suddenly open, and the people rushed headlong in, himself among them. The building was doomed and the goods were the prey of the people. Chester found himself stuffing his pockets, and loading himself in other ways; then, as the flames gained ground, with the crowd he rushed precipitately away.

Where to proceed with his plunder he had not considered, neither had he fully considered that it was plunder, but following the lead of some one in front of him, he paused at last in an open space away from the fire, one of a motley group each laden with spoil.

"Look a here, youngster," said some one at his side, "you've got more'n b'longs to you." And he snatched a portion of Chester's possessions and ran off.

Others, profiting by his example, plun-

dered the bewildered boy still further, and when, half dead with fatigue and bewilderment, he made his way home, he was empty-handed, he believed, as when he had left there early in the evening; more so, he found when he stopped to consider, for his employer's establishment was in close proximity to the burning portion of the city, and would, in all probability, be nothing on the morrow but a desolate ash-heap.

With this forlorn thought Chester entered the room where his mother and sister waited his coming with anxious hearts; and each exclaimed joyfully upon seeing him.

"Why, Chester, what is that?" his mother asked, noticing something shining that hung over the edge of his pocket.

Chester looked down at it.

"I don't know" he said; "I had a pocketful of something, but it was all grabbed."

"For shame, Charlie," said his sister; "how could you go about at such a time filling your pockets with other people's property?"

"I couldn't help it," said Chester; "I was just shoved into it." And he examined curiously the chain that in some incomprehensible way had found an abiding-place in his pocket.

"You haven't an idea where you got it?" his mother asked.

"Not the slightest." And Chester put his hand into his pocket to see if there were anything more remaining, and drew thence a pair of gloves, and several yards

of ribbon wrapped about with a paper bearing the name of the firm where it had belonged.

Chester read the name, and his mother advised him to lay the chain and other articles away until such a time as he could take them to the firm, and find out, if possible, to whom the chain belonged.

A day or two passed before Chester could follow this advice. The ribbon and the gloves of course found their rightful owner, who, asking Chester if he had a sister, bade him take them home to her. The chain he advised Chester to advertise, with little hope, however, that the owner would be found.

But Fortune seemed to wish to smile somewhere at such a time, and she smiled upon our hero; for the owner of the chain, valuing it more for the associations that surrounded it than for itself, insisted upon rewarding Chester in a very disproportionate manner—giving him a sufficient sum of money to more than compensate for the loss the fire was sure to bring him, as his employers had saved nothing, and could not pay him at once that which was due him.

More than this, the gentleman fancied

Chester, and took him into his own counting-room on trial, so that Chester said to his mother:

"I feel almost wicked, mother, I am so fortunate. So many have suffered from this fire, while I have gained so much—and without doing anything good or heroic either."

"Such contrasts are hard to explain," his mother said; "but since we have been so especially blessed at this sad time, we ought, I think, to look about for some others less fortunate, and share as much as possible with them."

"Yes," said Chester, "there's Jakey Evans that was with me at — & —'s; I mean to lend him a helping hand."

And, full of that purpose, Chester put on his cap and walked once more in the direction of the burning district, pondering with a sober face upon the terrible event, and wondering more and more at the share of it that had fallen to himself—a share that Jakey Evans had in time to be as thankful for as Chester, since it helped to keep him in employment, and relieved the poverty that threatened his home, alas, too often.

GOING TO TOWN.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

SADIE GOODRICH had a rich mother, and a beautiful home; but she had no father. He had been dead so many years that Sadie could not remember him. There were no other children, and Sadie and her mother lived just out of the city, and were as happy as the days were long. But once in a while Mrs. Goodrich would sigh, and say, "I wish I knew where poor Carrie is!"

Carrie was Mrs. Goodrich's only sister, whom she had not seen for ten or twelve years. She didn't even know where she lived. Carrie had married very young, and gone away out West and to California, and there had been some trouble between her and her father and Mr. Goodrich. I believe these two gentlemen did not like the man she married. So they separated, and wrote no letters. And by-and-by Mrs. Goodrich's father died very suddenly, and then Mr. Goodrich died, and no answer came to the letters that were sent here and

there to Mrs. Carrie Blake telling her. And sometimes Mrs. Goodrich thought that her sister was still angry, and didn't want to have anything to do with them, and then she thought that poor Carrie might be sick, or poor, or dead, and then she felt bad about her.

"I used to be very fond of my sister," she said to her little girl; "just as you would be of yours, if you had a sister a good deal younger than you. Carrie was ten years younger than me, and only nineteen when she married. She would be twenty-nine now. If you had a little sister as much younger, she could be only a year old; for you are only eleven. Carrie was very pretty, and I used to be proud of her. She had yellow curly hair, and large black eyes, and her skin was as white as milk. This looks like her, only not so pretty."

Mrs. Goodrich would then show Sadie a miniature painted on ivory, and Sadie

would look at it, and say; "O, isn't she pretty! I wish she would come and live with us, mamma."

This happened over and over; but Sadie never got tired of hearing the story, and seeing the beautiful picture.

One day Mrs. Goodrich came from town with a rocking-carriage for a little boy in the neighborhood.

"Put it in the garden, John," she said to the coachman. "And this evening I want you to carry it over to Mrs. Porter's."

It was then about six o'clock, and in half an hour they would have their tea.

"Just time for me to have a good ride in Charlie's rocking-carriage," Sadie said.

So she ran down the walk, and got into the carriage.

It was a delightful ride, for the seat was nicely cushioned with garnet velvet; there were garnet silk reins, and the rockers were smooth, and the carriage prettily painted.

"I'm going to town, mamma," called out Sadie, seeing her mother pass by the door on her way up stairs. "What shall I buy for you."

Mrs. Goodrich came and stood in the front door, smiling down on her daughter.

"You may bring you and me each of us a sister," she said. "And be sure you get back to tea."

Then the mother went up stairs to change her dress, and Sadie chirruped at the wooden horse, and rocked as hard as she could. "I'm going to town, horse," she said. "Hurry! I'm going after two sisters, one for ma and one for me."

Then she rocked harder still till the gravel flew, and the carriage did really go a little way at a time, getting nearer and nearer the gate, just as you have seen a rocking-chair rock all round the room. John the coachman came past leading the horses to the stable; the gardener came in, and a visitor went out. Each one stopped a moment to look at the little girl in the rocking-carriage, and to each one she said that she was going to town.

By-and-by she found herself close to the gate, and then she was tired enough to rest. As she stopped, pulled her horse in with a "Whoa!" and then dropped the reins, she saw that there was a little girl standing and looking at her through the gate. She was one of the most beautiful little girls that ever was seen, though she looked pale, and her clothes were very poor. Her eyes were

large and black, and had a bluish-velvet shade to them, like ripe grapes, but her skin was as fair as a lily, and her long wavy hair was a light yellow. This little girl could not have been more than five or six years old, and she looked at Sadie with sad and steady eyes.

"O little girl! who are you?" cried Sadie. "You look just like my Aunt Carrie."

The child said nothing, only looked steadily through the gate at the pretty garden and house, and the nicely dressed little girl riding in that most beautiful carriage. Sadie jumped out and ran down to the gate.

"Come right in and let my mother see you!" she said, eagerly, grasping the little stranger's arm.

The child looked frightened, and tried to pull away, turning and holding out her hands to somebody. Then Sadie saw that there was a poor woman sitting down by the roadside.

"I didn't mean to frighten her," Sadie said. "I only wanted her to come in for mamma to see. Would you come too, and rest? And if you want some supper, you shall have some."

The woman got up and came slowly toward the gate, taking the child's hand when she met her, leading her back. She looked very pale and tired.

"I have walked a good way," she said, "and I would like to rest. Come, Isa, the little girl wants us to go in."

When she saw that her mother was going, little Isa went quite willingly, and they all walked up the garden-path together, the two children in advance, and the woman following.

When Sadie and her little friend reached the front door, Mrs. Goodrich was just coming down stairs.

"Why, my child!" she said, "who have you got there? Why, what a pretty child!"

"I've been to town, and this is my little sister," Sadie said. "And your big sister is just outside the door."

"What do you mean?" her mother said, but kept looking at the little girl. She sat down in one of the hall chairs and drew the child to her.

"Who does she look like, mamma?" asked Sadie. "I thought in a minute, and made her come in for you to see. Isn't she just like Aunt Carrie's picture?"

Mrs. Goodrich still kept looking at the child. "It is strange!" she said to herself. "I didn't think there were two in the world with such eyes and hair together."

Sadie glanced toward the door, and saw the child's mother standing there, looking at little Isa and Mrs. Goodrich, and tears were rolling over her cheeks. As Sadie looked, the woman exclaimed, "Isa!"

The child turned quickly, and Mrs. Goodrich lifted her face as quickly, and the two women looked steadily at each other.

The stranger never moved, only leaned against the door, never even noticed the child when Isa went to her, only looked over her head toward Mrs. Goodrich.

Sadie began to think that it was very odd, and she was a little frightened when she saw that her mother's face turned very red, then very pale, then that she got up and almost ran toward the door.

"Who are you? What is your name?" Mrs. Goodrich cried out.

"O Isa, am I so changed that my own sister does not know me?" exclaimed the stranger, bursting into tears.

Then Sadie began to think that she was losing her senses. For her mother cried out, and threw her arms around the woman's neck, and the woman fainted, and

the servants came running with water and smelling-salts, and they carried the woman into the parlor, and laid her on a sofa, and Sadie's mother cried over her, and kissed her, and called her poor dear.

But at last it all came round right. The stranger was better, and sat up, and then Mrs. Goodrich brought Sadie to her, and told her to kiss her dear Aunt Carrie and coax her to stay and live forever with them.

For this was indeed Mrs. Goodrich's sister, Carrie Blake. Her husband was dead, and she was poor, and she had come there to see if her sister still cared anything about her.

"I got no letters, and I didn't know that father was dead till I reached town," said she. "And I only dared to come to you, because I thought you must be lonely."

Well, they made Mrs. Blake and Isa stay there and live with them, and never were people happier.

But Sadie always said that she brought her aunt and cousin from town, when she went there in the rocking-carriage.

Mrs. Blake looked poor and old when she came, but she has got back her good looks now, and there isn't a prettier woman in town.

GOOD LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.—One day a lady came home from shopping. Her little boy did not meet her and throw his arms around her neck, as he was in the habit of doing, to show how glad he was to have her home again. Instead of this he seemed to be afraid to look his mother in the face, and kept out of her way as much as he could all day. His mother thought it very strange, and wondered what was the matter.

At the close of the day she found the reason. When she was undressing him to go to bed, he said:

"Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," she said, "he can see us at all

times and his eye is on us in all places."

"Then God saw me," said the little fellow. "When you were gone out, I went into the closet, and ate up all the cake. I am very sorry. Please forgive me." And he laid his head on his mother's lap, and cried bitterly.

"Johnny," said a man, winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry-goods store, "you must give me extra measure. Your master is not in."

Johnny looked up in the man's face very seriously, and said:

"My master is always in."

Johnny's master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong adopt Johnny's motto—"My Master is always in." It shall save us from many a sin, and also from much sorrow.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to March Puzzles.

34. Hardship; Unco; Mishap; Eve. (HUME; POPE.) 35. Cockatoo. 36. Rabid, raid, rid. 37. Psalms, palms. 38. Friend fiend. 39. Thorn, torn.

M
P A C
P A T H S
P A T R I C O
M A T R I M O N Y
C H I M E R A
S C O R N
O N A
Y

41. P-urging. 42. S-having. 43. R-ailing. 44. C-heating. 45. C-cleaning. 46. Thomas Balley Aldrich. 47. Craft, raft, aft. 48. Start, tart, art. 49. Escape, scape, cape, ape. 50. Belfast, stable. 51. Part, par, pa. 52. Heaven, heave. 53. Cartallecticant. 54. Cartilaginous. 55. Cartilagification.

80.—*Prize Charade.*

While my first is using my second, which is a tool, he is my whole, which is an animal.

A copy of "New and Old Friends" will be given for the first answer.

"BEAU K."

81.—*Letter Enigma.*

The 1st is in white, the 2d in night;
The 3d is in tight, the 4th in write;
The 5th is in mite, the 6th in sprite;
The 7th is in hate, the 8th in grate;
The 9th is in late, the 10th in narrate;
The 11th is in create, the 12th in fate;
The whole is a great evil.

WILSON.

Anagrams.

82. Ten pears into mires.

83. Lid T. beat city ruins.

84. R. I. over captain.

CYRIL DEANE.

85.—*Double Acrostic.*

The primals name an animal, the finals a bird.

1. A reptile; 2. A girl's name; 3. Spirit and water; 4. A boy's name; 5. A serpent. "ITALIAN BOY."

Additions.

86. Add a letter to a tract of ground, and make a particle of fire.

87. To a fish, and make a nail.

88. To a kind of medicine, and make to pour.

89. To a small fastener, and make to twist.

90. To a tree, and make a part of the body. WILSON.

91.—*Diamond Puzzle.*

A consonant; an animal; what we could not do without; a number; a consonant.

DEXTER E. CHAMBERLIN.

92.—*Word Square.*

A city of France; to ward off; to relate; a girl's name; to scatter.

"HOODLUM."

Hidden States.

93. Don't exasperate me beyond endurance.

94. Has Theodere gone to school so early?

95. Oh! I only wish it was, as you say.

96. He was ever Montgomery's friend.

97. Is Emma in Europe now?

98. I am mistaken, tuck your dress in clusters. M. A. G.

99.—*Numerical Enigma.*

The answer contains 12 letters.

The 11, 10, 5, 6, is an article of apparel.

The 1, 2, 8, 4, 3, is a piece of furniture.

The 9, 12, 11, 10, 3, is to divide.

The 7, 8, 5, 6, is part of a ship.

The whole comes only once in a year, and causes many children to rejoice.

"AUNT JERUSHA."

100.—*Curtailment.*

Curtail a body, and leave a remedy; again, and leave an administration.

"BEAU K."

Answers in Two Months.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

THE SOKO.—Livingstone describes the Soko—a species of Chimpanzee—thus: “He is an ungainly beast, especially when he stands erect. He is a bandy-legged villain. He has a light yellow face, ugly whiskers, and a faint apology for a beard. The forehead is low, the ears high, the teeth human, though the large development of the canine shows the beast. He is exceedingly knowing, and is amusing to the last degree. He has a pretty trick of kidnapping children and running up trees with them, but is often induced to come down by the offer of bananas. In lifting the present he drops the child. He has sharp eyes, and is rarely to be stalked in front. He is often killed by attacks in the rear, and the natives surround herds of them with nets, and spear them from the rear. Their method of defence is peculiar. It consists simply of seizing the wrist of an assailant and biting off his fingers. He eats no flesh, the banana being his favorite dish. He is harmless except when he sees that his neighbors have designs upon his welfare. A man without a spear in his hand is always safe from him, and he never attacks a woman. They beat hollow trees as drums with their hands, and then scream, as if to make music to the sound.”

A BOTTOMLESS WELL IN GEORGIA.—The Sandersville, Ga., Herald says there is a well in that place which seems to have no bottom, and to be supplied by an inexhaustible stream of water. Repeated attempts have been made to draw all the water out, but after hours of hard labor by a number of hands, using ten-gallon kegs as buckets, the amount of water in the well appeared to be quite as great as when the drawing commenced.

A WITCHES' CAVE.—A strange discovery has recently been made in the suburbs of Parma, in the shape of a vast cavern, containing all the utensils by which the famous witches of olden time exercised their profession. In addition to several

human skulls, there are caldrons, vases of copper, and other instruments; among them a tripod, which, for its exquisite workmanship, is of very great value. The articles discovered are interesting, not only for the time to which they refer, but for the many artistic merits which they possess.

A POMPEIAN HOUSE.—The *Giornale di Napoli* states that the important discovery has been made, near Scafati, at a short distance from the surface, of a Pompeian house in good preservation. It consists of four chambers, the peristyle being not yet uncovered; in one of them is a marble basin and a statue of the same material, representing Flora of Pomona. On the pedestal is the following inscription:

RURIS FERTILITAS

TU MURUS

AENEUS ESTO.

POWER OF COAL.—Few realize the power stored in coal for man's use. It is stated as a scientific fact, that in a boiler of fair construction, a pound of coal will convert nine pounds of water into steam. Each pound of steam will represent an amount of energy or capacity for performing work equivalent to 746,866 foot pounds, or for the whole nine pounds, 6,720,000 foot pounds. In other words, one pound of coal has done as much work in evaporating nine pounds of water into nine pounds of steam, as would lift 2232 tons ten feet high.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—An interesting archæological discovery has just been made at the watering-place of Bourbannes-Bains, in the Department of the Haute-Marne, France. In cleansing the reservoir of the thermal waters, over four thousand bronze coins or medals, and a few gold coins, have been extracted from the mire. The gold coins have the diameter of an English florin, and bear the effigies of Nero, Honorius, Hadrian and Faustina Senior.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

SUGAR SNAPS.—One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; four cups of flour; one egg; stir sugar and butter to a cream; add the egg well beaten, and a teacupful of water with a quarter of a teacupful of soda dissolved in it; stir half a spoonful of cream tartar into the flour; roll out very thin and bake in a moderate oven.

RICE MERINGUE.—Rice, peach preserve, whites of two eggs, one-half large cup of sugar. Steam the rice. Add milk and salt. Butter the dish in which it is to be served. Put a layer of rice in it, then a layer of preserve. Other layers of rice and preserve until the dish is full. Smooth the top. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth; stir in the sugar. Put this on the rice. Place the dish in the oven, to remain there until the frosting is a handsome brown. To be served warm, not hot.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Two loaves of baker's bread, seven eggs, one pint bowl of suet, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one grated nutmeg, a little clove. Soak the bread in cold water. Then after getting it as dry as possible, and the eggs well beaten, the suet chopped fine, stoned raisins, currants (which have been rubbed in a little dry flour), nutmeg and clove, boil for two hours. To be eaten hot, with a rich sauce.

DELICATE GRUEL.—Let Indian corn be browned as we roast coffee, ground fine in a mill, and made into mush, gruel or thin cakes, baked a light brown. This will be retained by the most enfeebled stomach. Parched corn and meal boiled in skim milk, is a sure cure for summer diarrhoea in children.

HEBBARD'S BROWN BREAD.—One heaping cup Graham flour, one heaping cup rye meal, one heaping cup corn meal, one cup sour milk, two cups sweet milk, two-thirds cup molasses, one egg, heaping teaspoon soda, a little salt; steam about three hours. Set in the oven about twenty minutes before eating.

POTATO PUFFS.—One pint of milk boiled, quarter pound of butter or lard, a small tablespoonful of sugar, six good-sized potatoes mashed hot, and enough flour to make a thick batter; let it rise very light, then knead into a soft dough, and roll out thin, and put two together, and let them rise two hours before baking; bake in a quick oven.

RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Two large tablespoonfuls of rice to one quart of milk, one small cup of white sugar, one cup of cut-up raisins. Let it stand in a warm place three hours, and bake one hour. However paradoxical it may appear, the addition of one or two eggs spoils the pudding, rendering it firm and dry. Half a dozen eggs and half the rice, previously boiled, will make a delicious custard, with a few grains of rice at the bottom.

EGGS DRESSED SPANISH FASHION.—In a frying-pan toss a slice of rich bacon for the sake of the fat it will render; take away the bacon; mix a teaspoonful of honey with the bacon fat; break into it a dozen new-laid eggs, and do them slowly; take them up with a skimmer, place them in a dish, and almost musk them with pickled red and green capsicums, sliced.

FRIED OYSTERS—are delicious but indigestible, and will therefore seldom be brought to the table, by those who value the health of their family. Select the very largest and finest oysters for this purpose. Have ready a skillet of boiling lard. Dip your oysters, one at a time, in beaten yolk of egg, then in grated bread crumbs; lastly, in sifted meal, and then drop into the lard. Turn, and allow them to become only slightly browned. Drain upon a sieve, and send to table hot.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Put over the fire with salt and water, and bring to a scald, then put away to cool; when cool, remove the peel; cover with cold vinegar. Boil the spices in vinegar and add.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

"Is there a ford here?" asked an English gentleman, who, in making a tour in the west of Ireland, was suddenly stopped by a mountain stream. "O, to be sure, your honor!" said an honest native, "there was once a ford here." "When was it?" asked the gentleman. "It was before the bridge was built, yer honor," answered the good-humored Hibernian; "but after the passengers used the bridge it got out of habit." "Well," said the traveller, "now that the bridge is broken down, I suppose the ford may have got into habit again. Is it safe?" "To be sure, yer honor—all but in the middle—but that is nothing; and if you can swim, why, there is not a better ford in all the country." "But I cannot swim," replied the gentleman. "Then, yer honor," retorted Paddy, "the only safe way that I know of is as soon as you get out of your depth, to walk back again."

Many years ago a rich man foreclosed a mortgage on a poor man, and, with contemptuous words and gestures, turned the poor man into the street. The poor man came to Chicago and became a millionaire; the rich man went to St. Louis and bought a newspaper. Time at last made all things even, and the St. Louis journalist came to Chicago last with a linen duster, and by accident met his debtor of many years ago. The latter recognized his heartless creditor, but did not jeer at his misery or refuse to help him. "Smith," he said, kindly, "let bygones be bygones. I will do what I can for you. Take this note to Mr. Webb, and he will find you a berth on the Van Buren Street cars as driver." And Mr. Webb did, and Smith froze nine toes, eight fingers, two thumbs, his nose and both cheeks, that night. The debtor was avenged.

A person in a most passionate frame of mind made his appearance in Burlington, Iowa, the other day. He mentioned that he was from Yellow Spring township, he was. He had with him a gun, a big dog, a slungshot and a black-snake whip. He

was in quest of the fellow-creature who lately sold him a package purporting to contain 12 fine gold pens, 12 Faber lead pencils, 12 sheets of paper, 12 envelopes, and 1 bottle of "Super. Writing Fluid"—all for a quarter of a dollar! He earnestly observed that he would be "gosh all pestered" if he didn't have that quarter back. Hearing of the dishonest dealer at the State fair, the Yellow Springer started for Keokuk, gun in hand, and the bull pup followed lively.

Two hoodlums were "piking" up Woodward Avenue yesterday, when they encountered a boy acquaintance who asked where they were going. "Going hum to get our ha'r combed, and then going to slip in with the infant class up at the church. There's a bag of popcorn and candy for everybody, and if a feller looks kinder good and sad, they wont know but what he belongs to the church!"

The exactness with which the man of the house shovels off his sidewalk is remarked as amusing. He will go at it fiercely until he comes to the line that separates his territory from that of the next door neighbor, and there he stops and squints his eye, and treats the snow that lies just over the boundary as though it were so much poison.

Physician—"So you've taken all the medicine and find no relief, eh? Well, we must try something else; so to-morrow I will call the first thing in the morning, and shave your head, and apply a blister, cut the nerves in your upper jaw, and pull your back teeth; and if you find no relief then, why, we'll have to give you something stronger."

Two ladies met on Woodward Avenue yesterday, and one inquired of the other, "Why, you look very happy this morning—what's happened?" "O, I've just been up having my fortune told," was the reply, "and the woman says I am to marry twice more, have diamonds and a camel's hair

shawl, and that I can go to the opera six nights in a week if I want to." "Dear me, I don't wonder that you are happy. But you won't say anything to your husband?" "O, of course not. Poor man! He's good to me, and it might hurt his feelings to know that I am going to marry twice more. I think I'll tell him I'm likely to die first."

Notice to Cannibals—M. Moca, a French scientist, has discovered that the flesh of the Caucasian is bitter and salty, while that of the black is of fine flavor, and will keep much longer.

A man about two-thirds drunk was riding on a Fort Street car yesterday, and he hadn't yet unbosomed himself when a nice-looking young man, highly scented, entered the car and took a seat opposite the inebriate. The perfume floated over, and the man snuffed and turned his head this way and that. He finally got his eyes on the young man, and pointing his finger at him, inquired, "Y-young man—d-do your f-feet smell—smell that way all the t-time?" There was dead silence in the car.

A Yankee out West, who recently wrote home to his mother that he had seen a live Hoosier, has sent her home another epistle on Western etiquette. Here it is: "Western people go to their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down East, without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling two of his neighbors, in my hearing, a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper.' Says he, 'Lay there, stranger,' and in a twinkling of an eye I found myself in a ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed him, 'That isn't a specimen of your Western women, is it?' Says he, 'You are afraid of the fever and ague,

aren't you, stranger?' 'Very much,' says I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols'—which he held in his hands—"shall cure you of the disorder entirely; so don't fear, stranger.' So I knelt down and apologized. I admire the country much, but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me unawares."

A congregation of worshippers in Buck's County, Pa., met with a comical mishap a few Sundays since. The pews of the church had been newly painted and varnished, and it was not good drying weather. Everything was lovely until the minister was about to deliver the benediction and the congregation endeavored to respond by rising. They remained steadfast to the church and steadfast to their seats. Each seemed to fear that something mysterious, religious—probably a judgment—was the matter with them, and they were seized simultaneously with a panic. They tore themselves loose, with a desperate effort, and rushed out of the church in fluttering rags, leaving samples of the silks and clothes they wore for the inspection of the horrified minister and dumfounded sexton. It would not be astonishing if some of that congregation said bad words on the way home.

A popular clergyman says it is interesting to observe how many people go to the circus "just to please the children," and very curious to notice that sometimes it takes several able-bodied men and motherly women to look after one little boy or girl on such an occasion.

At Ennis, Ireland, recently, a man three feet four inches in height was married to a woman who is five feet ten inches. He probably wanted to have the figures average as well as possible.

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1873, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

Address THOMES & TALBOT, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF
BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
*The Best, the Cheapest, and the most Interesting Publication of the kind
in the World.*

AND

THE AMERICAN UNION,
The Largest and Oldest Literary Weekly Paper in the Country.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS! BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS!

Six Handsome Chromos Given to Subscribers.

REMEMBER TO SEND THE MONEY TO PREPAY POSTAGE. IT MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

The publishers of **BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE**—the cheapest and most interesting publication of the kind in the country—and **THE AMERICAN UNION**—the largest and oldest weekly journal in the United States—respectfully announce to their friends and patrons, which extend to every State in the Union, that for the year 1875 they will give as Premiums to subscribers some of the most elegant Chromos ever produced in this country. They were prepared expressly for our establishment, and can be obtained from no other parties. The names of these elegant and artistic Chromos are:

SUNRISE.
SUNSET.
MORNING GLORIES.
LILIES OF THE VALLEY.
THE BETROTHED.
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Many of our last year's subscribers have written to us in favor of our giving as Premiums "MORNING GLORIES," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," "THE BETROTHED," and "THE POWER OF MUSIC," so that they can this year have the companion pictures of last year. For this reason we have retained them on our list, but "SUNRISE" and

"SUNSET" are entirely new, and will be found fully equal to anything ever issued from this or any other office.

These Chromos are printed in oil, in many colors, and are wonderful for their beautiful and great originality.

PREMIUMS FOR BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!

As a great inducement to Clubs, we offer the following liberal terms:—For a Club of **FIVE** copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$7.50, and a copy gratis to the person who gets up the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" or "SUNSET" (which are entirely new), or the Premiums which we offered last year, "MORNING GLORIES" or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

TEN copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$13.00, and a copy gratis to the person who obtains the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

Be sure and name which picture you prefer. Also send *ten cents* for each subscriber to prepay postage. Or five cents for six months.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.—Single subscriptions \$1.50 each (and ten cents for postage), and either of the Chromos, "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," as the subscriber may elect; and be sure and name the Chromo you want in your letter.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE AND THE AMERICAN UNION.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE and **THE AMERICAN UNION** combined for \$3.75; and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY." Or **BALLOU'S** and **THE UNION** for \$3.50, without the Chromos, and ten cents postage for **BALLOU'S**, and fifteen cents for the **UNION**, in addition. Or for \$4.00 we will send **THE AMERICAN UNION** and **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** and all four of the Chromos, "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or we will send either two of the above, and "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED."

PREMIUMS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.—We will send **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year for \$2.50, and also give every subscriber the two Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or either "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED," just which the subscriber may prefer, and fifteen cents additional for postage, or eight cents for six months.

This is a splendid offer, and should be taken advantage of by thousands who wish to adorn their homes with beautiful pictures.

CLUBS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

For \$15.00 we will send six copies of **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year, and a copy of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** to the person who gets up the Club, and also to each member of the Club the Chromos "SUN-

RISE" and "SUNSET," or "THE BETROTHED," or "THE POWER OF MUSIC." The subscriber must state which of these last beautiful Chromos is desired, and it will be immediately forwarded; or "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" will be sent, if preferred.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Be sure and send money by a post-office order, a registered letter, or by check on New York or Boston. We are not responsible for money lost on its way to us through the mails. Post-office orders are safe and cheap.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Subscribers can commence at any time, and not wait for their subscriptions to expire. Let them roll in their names as early as possible.

A VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—LET ALL HEED IT.

By a new law of Congress, publishers are compelled to prepay all postage on Magazines and Newspapers; consequently all subscribers will please forward with their subscriptions for **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** the sum of **TEN CENTS**, in addition to their regular subscriptions. This will save to each subscriber *two cents*, the usual postage having been twelve cents per annum. *Let every one remember this, for it is very important to us that it should be understood and acted on, as we can't afford to prepay postage unless it is refunded to us.*

The Postage on **THE AMERICAN UNION** will be, as near as we can calculate, **FIFTEEN CENTS**, a saving of *five cents*; and this must be sent with the subscription, as we are compelled to prepay the postage at the Boston office. Pray do not forget this important information when you send in your subscriptions. Eight cents for six months.

Be careful in writing, to give State, County and Post-Office for each subscriber; and also to designate the name of the getter-up of the club.

Address **THOMES & TALBOT,**
36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



HUMANE OLD GENT.—"My friend, why do you punish the boy so severely?"
UNMERCIFUL PARENT.—"Well, de fact an, Boss, he's mouf look so much (like a 'hoss-collar, I nebber ketch dat colt; fo' de Lord!"



Come like shadows,



And so depart — SHAKESPEARE.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI.—No. 6.

JUNE, 1875.

WHOLE No. 246.

LILIES.

Among all the beautiful flowers that spring up so gayly to decorate the earth, and to gladden the eye and heart of man, some few are preeminent for their graceful forms and exquisite coloring; in this group the Lily occupies a place by the side of the

more awe-inspiring might have been chosen, but with that sweet and gentle wisdom which we revere, and gaining an untold charm from the heavenly music of his voice, came the words, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil



LILIUM LANCIFOLIUM.

glowing Rose, that universal favorite. From the earliest times the praises of the lily have been sung, and to all lovers of the beautiful it is especially dear. Blessed above other flowers is it, also, in that it has been honored by mention from those lips upon whose utterances the whole Christian world depends for light and guidance. The eyes of Jesus of Nazareth doubtless often rested with loving admiration on those brilliantly beautiful children of Nature, the lilies of Palestine, and he selected them as the most fitting examples of natural splendor in the floral kingdom with which to rebuke the unseemly pride of man. Ah, happy, happy flower! to which was granted the inestimable privilege of winning for itself such glorious immortality! A thousand objects grander and

not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Like



LILIUM CF. ALCEDONICUM.

an echo to our thoughts sound the words of the poetess;

"Imperial beauty! fair, unrivalled one!
What flower of earth has honor high as thine,—
To find its name on His unsullied lips,
Whose eye was light from heaven?"

In vain the power
Of human voice to swell the strain of praise
Thou hast received; and which will ever sound
Long as the page of inspiration shines—
While mortal songs shall die as summer winds,
That, wafting off thine odors, sink to sleep!
I will not praise thee, then; but thou shalt be
My hallowed flower! The sweetest, purest
thoughts

Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
On the green polished stalk, that puts them forth!
I will consider thee, and melt my cares
In the bland accents of *His* soothing voice,
Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
For a specimen of skill divine;
And, pointing out the *Lily of the field*,
Declared, the wisest of all Israel's kings,
In his full glory, not arrayed like thee!"

The pen of another has given to the world a yet sweeter tribute than the above, and, charmed by the combined thought and music of Mrs. Hemans, we cannot refrain from quoting her delicate lines:

"Flowers! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew
Eternal, universal as the sky—
Then in the bosom of your purity,

A voice he set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.

And though too oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of workday care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste,

Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed
hour,

Than yours, ye lilies! chosen thus and graced!"

One species of the Lily of Palestine, and probably the very same referred to by the great Teacher, is now cultivated in our gardens, where its wonderful splendor at once attracts the eye and compels admiration. It is called the *Lilium Chalcedonicum*, and is not very large, being about the size of our native lily, but its color is a scarlet, so beautiful and so vivid that no representations either in words or on canvas can do it justice. It is, indeed, a hue that is beyond the reach of art, and can only be produced in the secret laboratory of Nature. That power which adorns the azure halls of sunrise and sunset with floating, changing draperies of rose and purple, crimson and gold, which clothes in jewel-like splendor bird and butterfly, and tints the leaves of autumn so gorgeously, can likewise paint the petals of the lily in hues that defy all the alchemy of mortal art, while they arouse feelings of delight in the beholder. Yet the secrets of Nature are

the laws of God; and though we may not understand the mysteries of the powers of earth and air, which, when combined, produce such exquisite results, Nature herself is kind, and allows us by study and observation to become familiar with some of her processes. She permits us to learn the habits and necessities of her children, of which flowers would seem to be her favorites, since she lavishes upon them so much beauty of form and color. The successful florist is one who has been taught of Nature in her great garden of the world, and who has minutely and humbly followed out her eloquent though silent suggestions. To such our thanks are due for the great variety of lovely flowers, transplanted from almost all portions of the earth, that fill our gardens with brightness and perfume, some of them even gladdening us in our windows during winter.

A favorite with all is the pretty modest *lily of the valley*, whose tiny drooping bells of snow contrast so prettily with its broad green leaves. It seems the very impersonation of purity and delicacy, and charms by its unpretending grace, thus proving itself a worthy member of the lily family. In the garden in summer, or in the house when snow covers the ground, the lily of the vale is always a welcome sight. Some one has written:

"There is a pale and modest flower,
In garb of green arrayed,
That decks the rustic maiden's bower
And blossoms in the glade;
Though other flowers around me bloom,
In gaudy splendor drest,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
I love the lily best."

Our own native field lily is too well known to need description, and is a gay pretty flower, enlivening the fields and roadsides with its beauty. It is also cultivated in gardens, and with good results.

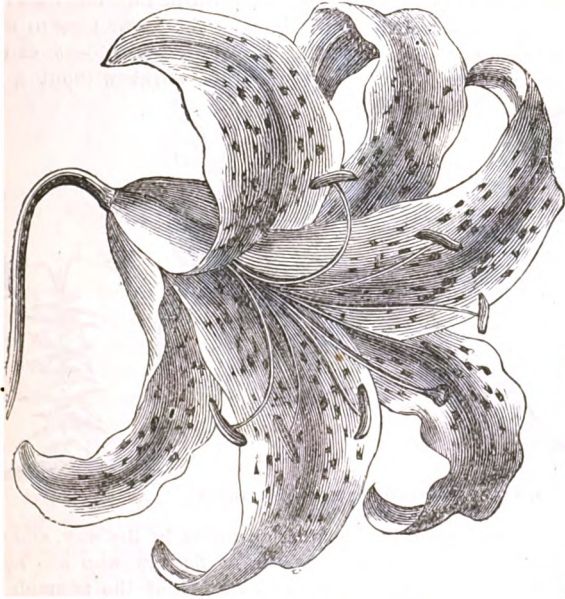
We now come to a group of lilies upon which Nature would seem to have lavished her choicest gifts; and the terms *splendid* and *magnificent* are not too pronounced to be applied to them, for they call forth such expressions at once. We allude, of course, to the famous Japan lilies, which for beauty of form and color cannot be excelled; the exquisite hues of their petals are beyond description in words, and are at once delicate and brilliant. The variety of these lilies called

Lilium Lancifolium is not only a rarely beautiful flower to the eye, but is also very fragrant. Its flowering stems grow to the height of four or five feet, and each stem bears from two to twelve flowers. These lilies have six petals of a pure frosted white, which is flushed with deep rose-color; and dotted with ruby-like spots of deepest red. The texture of the whole adds greatly to its beauty, and the blossom must be seen to be appreciated.

A truly royal lily is the *Auratum*, or the great lily of Japan, sometimes called the Golden-Banded Lily. It measures ten to twelve inches across, and like the *Lancifo-*

its successful cultivation easy. The plant grows to the height of eighteen inches, and will thrive in the house as well as out-of-doors, so that it may form one of the floral delights of winter.

A more common species of lily is the *Lilium Candidum*, the frequently seen white lily, which needs no word of praise from us since its loveliness is evident to every observer. A more charming sight than a large cluster of these pure fragrant lilies it would be difficult to imagine; and their presence in large bouquets is always an improvement. It must have been a blossom of this order that suggested to



LILIUM AURATUM.

lium, has six petals having the appearance of the purest ivory. Each of these parts is covered with crimson spots, while through the centre runs a golden band. Imagine a dozen of these truly magnificent flowers on a single stem, and you have some idea of the beauty that will spring from a single *Auratum* bulb, when properly planted and treated. Time only improves the bulbs, and though the number of blossoms may not be large the first season, it will increase every year for a long time.

Another Japan lily is the *Longiflorum*, a pure white trumpet-shaped lily, four or more inches long. It is beautiful, hardy and healthy, the two latter qualities making

the mind of Percival these beautiful lines:

"I had found out a sweet green spot
Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not;
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love was there.

"I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill;
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a sweet perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

"I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day;—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing spell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away."

The *Praecox*, or *speciosum album*, is a very beautiful species of lily, and one lately introduced for public favor, it being a recent importation from Japan. It is of the purest white, with a central band and stem of light or pea-green. This lovely stranger will doubtless be highly prized by those who can afford to indulge their taste for rare and beautiful flowers.

A very delicate buff lily is the *Excelsum*, which is also exceedingly fragrant. It blossoms very freely, and will grow to the height of four feet or more, a great cluster of the lilies bending their graceful heads from the summit of the tall flower stem.

The attention of florists has been directed to the fine lilies that are natives of California and Oregon, and quite a number of the

The thought of possessing such a "thing of beauty" as a fine plant of this order must be enough to arouse the enthusiasm of every lover of flowers, and it would seem as if there should be little need of disappointment with this, or other floral treasures, if the admirably clear and sensible directions given in the "Guide" were followed. It is, indeed, a model publication, and one that may be relied upon as trustworthy, since it does not seek to raise false hopes of success attained without care and judgment, but plainly points out the difficulties in the way of successful gardening, while at the same time it tells in easily-understood terms how to overcome them. No desirable object can be attained in this world without a struggle



LILIUM JAPONICUM LONGIFLORUM

varieties have been experimented upon in order to ascertain if they were of a nature suitable for garden culture. One of the most exquisite of these lilies is the *Washingtonianum*, which is of a pure waxen white, the surface of the leaves shining with a gloss like that imparted by varnish, and dotted with fine purple spots. The clear whiteness of the petals changes after the flower opens to pink, which grows darker each day, the result of this modification of color being that on the same stalk blossoms may be seen ranging in hue from white to a deep purplish pink. In speaking of this variety of lily, Mr. Vick, in his always welcome "Floral Guide," says, with his usual frankness and sincerity, that failure with the bulbs of the *Washingtonianum* and other California lilies lately introduced to notice is possible to new beginners, while there is every probability of success.

against obstacles in the way, and only the cultivator of flowers who has succeeded knows how much of the triumph was due to sensible advice and individual good judgment. The latter quality cannot very well be dispensed with in any pursuit, and the person who imagines that floriculture is mere child's-play only shows his extreme ignorance of the subject. A true love of the beautiful ennobles heart and mind, and leads us to "look through nature up to nature's God."

Two more of the California lilies deserve a mention here—the *Humboldtii* and the *Pardalinum*. The first is of a yellowish color, diversified with large brown spots, and is very pretty, growing to the height of four feet. When wild, it is found opening its petals beneath the shade of trees, and upon the banks of streams, and a hint for its successful cultivation can of course be gained from these facts, since sufficient

shade and moisture will be as necessary in the garden as in its native retreats. The *Pardalinum* is a small lily, and grows in quite large clusters. Its prevailing colors are red and yellow, the lower half of each petal being red spotted with brown, and



LILIUM CANDIDUM.

the upper half red bordering on crimson. This combination of hues makes the flowers very bright and attractive. The foliage is composed of narrow slender leaves, and the bulbs are said to be very healthful.

The *Funkia*, or Day Lily, is quite a favorite in our gardens, as, indeed, it deserves to be, and exists in two varieties—the white and blue, each of which has the same peculiarity—one of the pretty flowers opening daily. It blossoms in the autumn, the white variety having a snowy trumpet-shaped blossom about five inches long, and the buds forming in clusters on the stem, which is usually about six inches long; the flowers of the blue species are not so large, but exceed the white in number. The latter grows to a greater height, and is a desirable addition to a garden, though not equal to the white.

Our list of lilies would lack an important addition did we omit to mention that favorite among house-plants, the royal Egyptian *Calla*, or Lily of the Nile, which unfolds its broad green leaves and superb waxen blossoms in the depth of a northern winter. It is a familiar object on the flower-stand, and to gaze into the

stainless heart of a perfect *Calla* blossom is like getting a glimpse of fairy-land, so pure, so marvellously beautiful it is. The *Calla* loves moisture, and has been recommended for aquaria, to which it is extremely well-adapted. Fine as we sometimes think our carefully-kept specimens are, we can gain but little idea from them of the luxuriant growth and great dimensions to which the Egyptian lily attains in the more congenial air of the south, where it flourishes without need of extra warmth or protection. In those favored lands,

“Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,”

the cherished exotics which we coax into scanty blossoming, show a richness of foliage and a splendor of coloring, unattain-

able, except in rare instances, under our northern skies. But though we cannot boast the blooms of the tropics, we have a host of beautiful flowers that well repay such cultivation as the amateur florist can give. The exquisite lilies of which we have endeavored to give some description, take kindly to our climate, and are, in fact, very hardy, most of them requiring



LILIUM WASHINGTONIANUM.



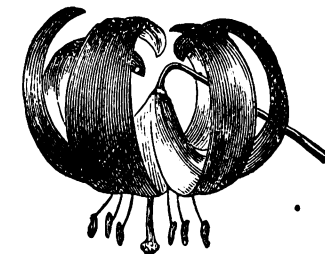
very little or no extra care. To see them in their full perfection one should pay a visit, in the lily season, to the great establishment of Mr. James Vick, at Rochester,

New York, where the glorious beauty of the immense lily-beds is beyond expression. There the lover of flowers may revel in sights and odors that will make him think himself for the time in paradise. After the first intoxication of delight at the splendor of the lilies, he will be attracted by many and many other beauties, and will be likely to wander on and on, continually finding something to excite pleasure and admiration. In those extensive grounds he will see the grand results of constant care and supervision, and will leave them penetrated with the truthful idea that there are few such spots on earth. That day will always be a pleasant one to remember, and the treasured "Floral Guide" will be studied more diligently than ever, that the secret may be discovered, if possible, which has led to such magnificent success. Then, and then only, perhaps, will the visitor begin to partially comprehend the care and attention that the florist bestows upon his flowers, and the patience that he has to exercise in regard to his experiments.

The following poem, from the pen of an Irish poetess—Mrs. Tighe—is the most excellent description of the seeming worthlessness of a lily-bulb to one ignorant of its nature, and of the beauty really lying dormant within it, to come forth at the call of sunshine and shower, that we have yet read:

"How withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

"The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.



LILIAM PARDALINUM.

"Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The Lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

"Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

"O, many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,



LILIAM HUMBOLDTII.

While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth:

"And Ignorance, with skeptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view:
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

"Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And Nature bid her blossoms bloom.

"And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

"Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

"So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient cheerful eye;

"And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom;
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom."

The culture of flowers is one of the pleasantest of employments, and the delight of watching the gradual growth and unfoldment of these beautiful children of nature can only be appreciated by those who have experienced it. In this northern latitude, where the earth is covered with

snow for a great portion of the year, and we are thus restricted to a few house-plants for our comforters during the winter, the advent of spring is like an inspiration. The great heart of nature throbs and bounds with renewed life and vigor, and our own pulses respond to the universal joy. Only a short time before we had been locked in the icy bonds of Winter, and in our weariness of his fetters were ready to exclaim with Whittier:

"O, soul of the springtime, its balm and its breath!
O, light of its darkness, and life of its death!
Why wait we thy coming? why linger so long
The warmth of thy breathing, the voice of thy song?"

Renew the great miracle! let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise as of old!"

But however tardy the Spring may be in coming, at last her presence is acknowledged, and the tender green of grass and trees delights the eyes weary of the desolate winter landscapes. The bluebird's carol is heard, the robins and sparrows come around the door, the earliest flowers make their appearance, and it is time for all who take pride in the beauty of their gardens to be at work. Under energetic hands the preparatory work is soon done, and in due time the growth of all things is perceptible. And what a host of familiar faces come forth one by one, smile upon the summer world, live out their bright brief day, and then fade from sight, to be succeeded by others no less fair! From the dear little crocus that lifts its pretty head before the snow has really disappeared, to the proud dahlia that displays its rich colors until destroyed by frost, what a multitude of intermediate blossoms come and go, each lovely in its place, and calling for appreciation! In this vast number there are some families which have from early times won especial notice for their exceeding beauty or merit. Among these the rose, the lily and the violet are as famous as any, though there are others that nearly, if not quite, equal them in grace and loveliness. The rose is often called the Queen of Flowers, and poets have celebrated its charms in verse times without number.

"For the rose, ho, the rose! is the eye of the flowers,

Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair,—
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers
On pale lovers that sit in the glow unaware."

We have already spoken of the exquisite beauty of the lilies, sisters and companions of the roses, and by many deemed as royally endowed. Everybody loves the sweet violet, that modest little flower which has always been regarded as the symbol of fidelity, and there are not a few who could say:

"Let Nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nursed;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first."

Franklin has said, "Flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on the hills and fields mysterious truths." It has been the pleasure of fanciful minds to invent a "language of flowers," attributing to each blossom a meaning appropriate to its nature and appearance; perhaps the following definitions may not be uninteresting to those of our readers who are fond of flowers:

"The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purple rose a figure of unfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty by the fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; unassumingness by the corn flower; and the auricula, 'how friendly they look upon us with their childlike eyes.' Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness by the angelica; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again by the starwort; the night rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus Nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men are able to do?"

A language of their own they do indeed possess, these fair faced flowers, and

whether we put it in so many words or not,
they comfort and brighten the world none
the less, for—

“They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest
heaven,
And blessed what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers.

“That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,

And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of all earth's flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister, Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then
The bright, bright flowers!

“The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
The woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as the proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home;
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The just in the world to come—
The bright, bright flowers!”

OUR TABBY.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.



OUR OLD TABBY.

O, she had a gentle air,
She was very sleek and fair,
And she stepped about with care,
Our Tabby!
Her sides were white and gray,
Striped in a witching way,
And potent was her sway—
Our Tabby.

Her eyes were yellow-green,
“Sweetest eyes were ever seen”
For a cat's, were they, I ween—
Our Tabby's:
For their look was soft and kind,
When content was in her mind,
And no mouse she wished to find—
Our Tabby.

As she purred upon your lap,
Thinking there to take a nap,
She for love your hand would lap,
Our Tabby!
While you softly stroked her fur,
She would give her softest purr,
Till you fell in love with her,
Our Tabby.

Cat of cats she surely was,
And she rarely showed her claws—
Never, without active cause,
Our Tabby;
But her dignity was great,
And unlucky was the fate
Of the one who gained her hate,
Our Tabby!

Mice were few where she had been,
Rats dared not to venture in,
For she thought it was no sin,
Our Tabby,
To despatch such foes as these;
On them she would quickly seize,
As if such pursuit did please
Our Tabby!

Underneath the velvet paws
Slept the long and cruel claws,
Nor did she in mercy pause,
Our Tabby—
Gone the gentle look and mild
From the eyes so fierce and wild,
“Little Panther” then we styled
Our Tabby.

Once, with look of conscious pride,
She dragged something to our side,
And with horror we espied,
By Tabby,
A green snake which she had found
Wriggling o’er the garden-ground,
And had captured at a bound—
Fierce Tabby!

But alas! that I should say
That she sought for other prey
In a very wicked way,
Our Tabby!
For a bird upon the wing
Was the signal for a spring,
And an evil look would bring
To Tabby.

Once when she was fast asleep
In the sunshine, dreaming deep
Of such fancies as will creep
Over Tabbies,

She heard a little sound—
Oped her eyes and looked around—
Caught a robin at a bound—
Bad Tabby!

Just then her mistress came
Softly calling out her name—
Tabby shook for very shame—
Sly Tabby!
Little robin mistress, spies,
Staring with his wild bright eyes,
Held in such a cruel wise,
O Tabby!

Stamping sternly with her foot,
Cased in such a tiny boot—
Words she spoke which did not suit
Proud Tabby.
Robin flew away unharmed,
Only very much alarmed,
Mistress’ wrath was somewhat calmed
Toward Tabby.

“For a cat will be a cat,
Reason says as much as that,”
Argued she beneath her hat,
For Tabby,
“And perhaps no more she’ll be
Guilty of such cruelty
As this day I chanced to see—
O Tabby!

Tabby read her mistress’ face,
Understood her own disgrace.
And failed not the cause to trace,
Wise Tabby!
Robins thenceforth need not fear,
Even if they ventured near,
They to her no more were dear,
Nice Tabby!

CRYSTAL BASKETS.—These ornaments are not difficult to make. The basket, or any other ornament, is first fashioned with copper wire, as a skeleton of the pattern desired. For blue crystals, take a saturated solution of sulphate of copper in hot water, place the pattern in this liquor, and set it in a quiet place; as the solution cools, crystals of the sulphate will be deposited on the wire; the first crystals will be small, but, to increase their size, it is only necessary to place the ornaments in a fresh and perfectly saturated solution of the copper salt. For yellow crystals, use the yellow prussiate of potash; for ruby use the red prussiate

of potash; for white, use alum. The salts of chromium, and many others, are equally applicable for this purpose, if greater variety of color be wanted. To preserve these ornaments in all their beauty, they should be kept under glass shades. All the salts named are more soluble in hot than in cold water; hence, as the hot solutions become cold, a part of the material is deposited; in so doing each metallic salt assumes a particular shape of crystal, as if endowed with vitality. These crystals vary in form according to the salt, but are invariably the same for the same salt, and as characteristic of their origin.

THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

PART I.—[CONTINUED.]

Mr. Linnere played and sang with exquisite taste and skill—he was a complete master of the art, and, in spite of herself, Margie listened to him with a delight which was almost fascination, but which subsided the moment the melody ceased.

He judged her by the majority of women he had met, and finding her indifferent, he sought to rouse her jealousy by flirting with Miss Lee, who was by no means averse to his attentions. But Margie hailed the transfer with a relief which was so evident that Mr. Linnere, piqued and irritated, took up his hat to leave, in the midst of one of Miss Lee's most brilliant descriptions of what she had seen in Italy, from whence she had but just returned. He went over to the sofa where Margie was sitting.

"I hope to please you better next time," he said, lifting her hand. "Good-night, Margie, dear." And before she was aware, he touched his lips to her forehead. She tore her hand away from him, and a flush of anger sprang to her cheek. He surveyed her with admiration. He liked a little spirit in a woman, especially as he intended to be able to subdue it when it pleased him. Her anger made her a thousand times more beautiful. He stood looking at her a moment, then turned and withdrew.

Margie struck her forehead with her hand, as if she would wipe out the touch he had left there.

"It burns like fire," she muttered. "O heaven! am I to become the wife of that man? Will God permit it? Is it my duty?"

Alexandrine came and put her arm around her waist.

"I almost envy you, Margie," she said, in that singularly purring voice of hers.

"Ah, Linnere is magnificent! Such eyes, and hair, and such a voice! Well, Margie, you are a fortunate girl."

And Miss Lee sighed, and shook out the heavy folds of her violet silk, with the air of one who has been injured, but is determined to show a proper spirit of resignation.

Mr. Paul Linnere hurried along through an unfrequented street to his suite of rooms at the St. Nicholas. He was very angry with everybody; he felt like an ill-treated individual. He had expected Margie to fall at his feet at once. A man of his attractions to be snubbed as he had been! by a mere chit of a girl, too! He, with whom a duchess had once been in love!

"I will find means to tame her, when once she is mine," he muttered. "By heaven! but it will be rare sport to break that fiery spirit! It will make me young again!"

Something white and shadowy bound his path. A spectral hand was laid on his arm, chilling like ice, even through his clothing. The ghastly face of a woman—a face framed in jet black hair, and lit up by great black eyes bright as stars, gleamed through the mirk of the night.

The man gazed into the weird face, and shook like a leaf in the blast. His arm sank nerveless to his side, palsied by that frozen touch, his voice was so unnatural that he started at the sound.

"My God! Arabel Vere! Do the dead come back?"

The great unnaturally brilliant eyes seemed to burn into his brain. The cold hand tightened on his arm. A breath like wind freighted with snow crossed his face.

"Speak, for heaven's sake!" he cried. "Am I dreaming?"

"Remember the banks of the Seine!" said a singularly sweet voice, which sounded to Mr. Paul Linmere as if it came from leagues and leagues away. "When you sit by the side of the living love, remember the dead! Think of the dark rolling river, and of what its waters covered!"

He started from the strange presence, and caught at a post for support. His self-possession was gone; he trembled like the most abject coward. Only for a moment—and then, when he looked again, the apparition had vanished. All was silent save the distant clock of St. Stephens, striking twelve. Not so much as the sound of a footfall, to tell him that his visitor had been mortal.

"Good God!" he cried, putting his hand to his forehead. "Do the dead indeed come back! I saw them take her from the river—O heaven! I saw her when she sank beneath the terrible waters! Is there a hereafter, and does a man sell his soul to damnation who commits what the world calls murder?"

He stopped under a lamp and drew out his pocket-book, taking therefrom a soiled scrap of paper.

"Yes, I have it here. 'Found drowned, the body of a woman. Her linen was marked with the name of Arabel Vere. Another unfortunate—' No, I will not read the rest. I have read it too often, now, for my peace of mind. Yes, she is dead. There is no doubt. I have been dreaming to-night. Old Trevlyn's wine was too strong for me. Arabel Vere, indeed! Pshaw! Paul Linmere, are you an idiot?"

Not daring to cast a look behind him, he hurried home, and up to his spacious parlor on the second floor. Everything that money could purchase was there. From the wreck of his fortune Linmere had saved all that was valuable in the way of costly trinkets and rare curiosities. He had a *pendant* for such things.

The velvet carpet was so thick that it gave back no echo from the heaviest footfall, and its roses and lilies looked like those which grow in living gardens. You felt almost tempted to stop and inhale their fragrance. The chairs and sofas were curiously wrought by the fair fingers of the Persian women, and were soft as Turkish divans. A deep voluptuous rose color pervaded the gold-embossed wall-paper, and

lingered in the silver hangings, giving to the atmosphere the mellowness of summer, and making the marble Psyche blush at her own loveliness. Bronzes, rare and exquisite, loaded the fanciful brackets, a goldfinch was asleep in a gilded cage, with his head beneath his wing, and on the hearthrug a slender greyhound was dozing the time away, with half-shut eyes.

Linmere turned up the gas into a flare, and, throwing off his coat, flung himself into an armchair, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He looked about the room with half-frightened searching eyes. He dreaded solitude, and he feared company, yet felt the necessity of speaking to something. His eyes lighted on the dog.

"Leo, Leo," he called, "come here, sir!"

The dog opened his eyes, but gave no responsive wag of his tail. You saw at once that though Leo was Mr. Paul Linmere's property, and lived with him, he did not have any attachment for him.

"Come here, sir!" said Linmere, authoritatively.

Still the animal did not stir. Linmere was nervous enough to be excited to anger by the veriest trifle, and the dog's disobedience aroused his rage.

"Curse the brute!" he cried. And putting his foot against him, he sent him spinning across the room. Leo did not growl, or cry out, but his eyes gleamed like coals, and he showed his white teeth with savage but impotent hatred. It was easy to see that if he had been a bulldog instead of a greyhound, he would have torn Mr. Paul Linmere limb from limb.

Linmere went back to his chair, and sat down with a sullen face; but he could not rest there. He tried the sofa, and then an ottoman by the open window. He rose, and going into an inner room, brought out an ebony box, which he opened, and from which he took a miniature in a golden case. He hesitated a moment before touching the spring, and when he did so the unclosing revealed the face of a young girl. Linmere's countenance changed singularly at sight of that face. He dropped the locket, and covered his eyes with his hands. Leo crept up to his feet, and caressed the locket, uttering a pitiful whine which arrested the attention of his master. Linmere snatched up the locket, and looked on the pictured face.

A fair young girl in her early youth—not more than eighteen summers could have scattered their roses over her, when that beautiful impression was taken. A ripe southern face, with masses of jet-black hair, and dark brilliant eyes. There was a dewy crimson on her lips, and her cheeks were red as damask roses. A bright happy face, upon which no blight had fallen.

"She was beautiful—beautiful as a houri!" said Mr. Paul Linnere, speaking slowly, half unconsciously, it seemed, his thoughts aloud. "And when I first knew her, she was sweet and innocent. I made her sin. I led her into the temptation she was too weak to resist. Women are soft and silly when they are in love, and because of that, men have to bear all the blame. She was willing to trust me—she ought to have been more cautious. Who blames me, if I tired of her? A man does not always want a moping complaining woman hanging about him! and she had a deuced unpleasant way of forcing herself upon me when it was particularly disagreeable to have her do so. Well—but there is no use in retrospection. I had strong objections to being called father when there were such brilliant prospects for me in another quarter. She was drowned—she and her unborn child, and the dead never come back—no, never!"

He shuddered as he spoke, and looked half-fearfully, half-expectantly around him. He felt as if he were not alone in the room. Some unseen presence oppressed him with vague dread. He seemed to feel that cold hand on his arm, and again that icy breath swept across his face. He sprang up and rang the bell sharply. Directly his valet, Pietro, a sleepy-looking and swarthy Italian, appeared.

"Bring me a glass of brandy, Pietro; and look you, sir, you may sleep to-night on the lounge in my room. I am not feeling quite well, and may have need of you before morning."

The man looked surprised, but made no comment. He brought the stimulant, his master drank it off, and then threw himself, dressed as he was, on the bed.

Upper Tendom was ringing with the approaching nuptials of Miss Harrison and Mr. Linnere. The bride was so beautiful, so wealthy, and so insensible to her good fortune in securing the most eligible man

in her set. Half the ladies in the city were in love with Mr. Linnere. He was so *distingue*, carried himself so loftily, and yet was so gallantly condescending, and so inimitably fascinating. He knew Europe like a book, sang like a professor, and knew just how to hand a lady her fan, adjust her shawl, and take her from a carriage. Accomplishments which make men popular, always.

Early in July Mr. Trevlyn and Margie, accompanied by a gay party, went down to Cape May. Mr. Trevlyn had long ago forsworn everything of the kind; but since Margie Harrison had come to reside with him he had given up his hermit habits, and been quite like other nice gouty old gentlemen. He was fretful and overbearing at times, and liked his own way on all occasions; but he did a great deal to make Margie happy in her new home, and bore patiently with the troops of gay young people she gathered around her. He might not so far have come out of his retirement as to have visited a fashionable watering-place, had not his physician prescribed sea-bathing; and Mr. Trevlyn had too great a dread of death to disregard the first symptoms of disease.

The party went down on Thursday—Mr. Paul Linnere followed on Saturday. Margie had hoped he would not come; in his absence she could have enjoyed the sojourn, but his presence destroyed for her all the charms of sea and sky. She grew frightened, sometimes, when she thought how intensely she hated him. And in October she was to become his wife. So it was arranged. Mr. Linnere knew that there was truth in the old proverb, and did not mean the cup should slip before it reached his lips. His creditors were importunate, and it would not do to wait too long.

Some way, Margie felt strangely at ease on the subject. She knew that the arrangements were all made, that her wedding *trousseau* was being got up by a fashionable *modiste*, that Delmonico had received orders for the feast, and that the oranges were budded which, when burst into flowers were to adorn her forehead on her bridal day. She despised Linnere with her whole soul, she dreaded him inexpressibly, yet she scarcely gave her approaching marriage with him a single thought. She wondered that she did not; when she thought of it

at all, she was shocked to find herself so impassive. She could not have a heart like other women, she thought, or she should have it manifesting itself.

Her party had been a week at Cape May, when Archer Trevlyn came down, with the wife of his employer, Mr. Belgrade. The lady was in delicate health, and had been advised to try sea air and surf-bathing. Mr. Belgrade's business would not allow of his absence at just that time, and he had shown his confidence in his head clerk by selecting him as his wife's escort.

Introduced into society by so well-established an aristocrat as Mrs. Belgrade, Arch might, at once, have taken a prominent place among the fashionables; for his singularly handsome face and highbred manners made him an acquisition to any company. But he never forgot that he had been a street-sweeper, and he would not submit to be patronized by the very people who had once, perhaps, grudged him the pennies they had thrown to him as they would have thrown bread to a starving dog. So he avoided society, and attended only on Mrs. Belgrade. But from Alexandrine Lee he could not escape. She fastened upon him at once. She had a habit of singling out gentlemen, and giving them the distinction of her attentions, and no one thought of noticing it, now. The nine days' wonder at her eccentricities had long been a thing of the past. Arch was ill at ease beneath the infliction, but he was a thorough gentleman, and could not repulse her rudely.

A few days after the arrival of Mrs. Belgrade, Arch took her down to the beach to bathe. All the world was out. The beach was alive with the gorgeous grotesque figures of the bathers. The air was bracing, the surf splendid.

Mr. Trevlyn's carriage drove down soon after Mrs. Belgrade had finished her morning's "dip;" and Margie and Mr. Linmere, accompanied by Alexandrine Lee, alighted. They were in bathing costume, and Miss Lee, espying Arch, fastened upon him without ceremony.

"O Mr. Trevlyn," she said, animatedly, "I am so glad to have come across you! I was just telling Mr. Linmere that two ladies were hardly safe with only one gentleman, in such a surf as there is this morning. I shall have to depend on you to take care of me. Shall I?"

Of course, Arch could not refuse; and apologizing to Mrs. Belgrade, who good-naturedly urged him forward, he took charge of Miss Lee.

Linmere offered Margie his hand to lead her in, but she declined. He kept close beside her, and when they stood waist deep in the water, and a huge breaker was approaching, he put his arm around her shoulders. With an impatient gesture she tore herself away. He made an effort to retain her, and in the struggle Margie lost her footing, and the receding wave bore her out to sea!

Linmere grew pale as death. He was so susceptible, dear man! the ladies said, looking on in pity and horror. Yes, he *was* susceptible. He knew if Margie was drowned, he was a ruined man! His pictures and statues would have to go under the hammer—his creditors were only kept from striking by his prospect of getting a rich wife to pay his debts. He cast an imploring eye on the swimmers around him, but he was too great a coward to risk his life among the swirling breakers.

Only one man struck boldly out to the rescue. Arch Trevlyn threw off the clinging hand of Miss Lee, and with a strong arm pressed his way through the white-capped billows. He came near to Margie, he saw the chestnut gleam of her hair on the bright treacherous water, and in an instant it was swept under a long line of snowy foam. She rose again at a little distance, and her eyes met his pleadingly. Her lips syllabled the words, "Save me!"

He heard them, above all the deafening roar of the waters. They nerved him on to fresh exertions. Another stroke, and he caught her arm, drew her to him, held her closely to his breast, touched her wet hair with his lips. Then he controlled himself, and spoke coolly:

"Take my left hand, Miss Harrison, and I think I can tow you safely to the shore. Do not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," she said, quietly.

How his heart leaped at the sound of her voice! How happy he was that she was not afraid—that she trusted her life to him! Of how little value he would have reckoned his own existence, if he had purchased hers by its loss! Ah, well—love is love, the world over.

A hundred pairs of hands were outstretched to receive Margie, when Arch

brought her to the shore. Her dear devoted friends crowded around her, and in their joy at her escape, Arch retreated for his lodgings. But Miss Lee had been watching him, and seized his arm the moment he was clear of the crowd.

"O Mr. Trevlyn, it is just like a novel!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Only you cannot marry the heroine, for she is engaged to Mr. Linnere; and she perfectly dotes on him."

Trevlyn's countenance did not change. Miss Lee was watching him closely, but she could not detect the slightest variation of color. Her usual astuteness was at fault.

"Allow me to escort you to the house," he said, politely. "I see Mr. Weldon looking daggers at me."

"Mr. Weldon has no right to look daggers at any one on my account, Mr. Trevlyn. As if I cared for that little dandy!"

"All the ladies think him sweet," said Trevlyn, descending to small talk because he wished to avoid all serious subjects with Miss Lee. She jarred so disagreeably upon all the finer feelings of his nature.

"All but myself, Mr. Trevlyn; I beg you to make me an exception. But I will not keep you in your wet clothes. Good-morning."

She flitted away, and Trevlyn went up to his chamber.

That evening there was a "hop" at the hotel, but Arch did not go down. He knew if he did, the inevitable Miss Lee would anchor herself on his arm for the evening; and his politeness was not equal to the task of entertaining her. She was beautiful, and brilliant when she cared to be, and Arch felt that, if he liked, he might marry her and her fortune, and step at once into the very highest circles of society; but he did not aspire to the honor.

The strains of music reached him, softened and made sweet by the distance. He stole down on the piazza, and sat under the shadow of a flowering vine, looking at the sky, with its myriads of glittering stars. There was a light step at his side, and glancing up, he saw Margie Harrison.

She was in evening dress, her white arms and shoulders bare, and glistening with snowy pearls. Her soft unbound hair fell over her neck in a flood of light, and a subtle perfume, like the breath of blooming water-lilies, floated around her.

"I want to make you my captive for a little while, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, gayly.

"Will you wear the chains?"

"Like a garland of roses," he responded.

"Yes, to the world's end, Miss Harrison?"

The unconscious fervor of his voice brought a crimson flush to her face. She dropped her eyes, and toyed with the bracelet on her arm.

"I did not know you dealt in compliments, Mr. Trevlyn," she said; a little reproachfully. "I thought you were always sincere."

"And so I am, Miss Harrison."

"I take you at your word, then," recovering her playful air. "You will not blame me, if I lead you into difficulty?"

"Certainly not. I give myself into your keeping."

She put her hand within his arm, and led him up the stairs, to a private parlor on the second floor. Under the jet of light sat old Mr. Trevlyn. Archer's heart throbbed fiercely, and his lips grew set and motionless, as he stood there before the man he hated—the man against whom he had made a vow of undying vengeance. Margie was looking at her guardian, and did not observe the startling change which had come over Arch. She spoke softly, addressing the old man.

"Dear guardian, this is the man who this morning so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave. I want you to help me thank him."

Mr. Trevlyn arose, came forward, and extended his hand. Arch stood erect, his arms folded on his breast. He did not move, nor offer to take the proffered hand. Mr. Trevlyn gave a start of surprise, and seizing a lamp from the table, held it up to the face of the young man. Arch did not flinch; he bore the insulting scrutiny with stony calmness.

The old man dashed down the lamp, and put his hand to his forehead. His face was livid with passion, his voice choked so as to be scarcely audible.

"Margie, Margie Harrison," he exclaimed, "what is this person's name?"

"Archer Trevlyn, sir," answered the girl, amazed at the strange behaviour of the two men.

"Just as I thought! Hubert's son?"

"Yes," said Arch, speaking with painful calmness, "I am Hubert's son; the son of the man your wicked cruelty murdered."

Mr. Trevlyn seized his cane and rushed upon his grandson; but Margie sprang forward and threw her arm across the breast of Arch. Her eyes blazed, her cheeks burnt with indignant crimson.

"Strike him, if you dare!" she said, "but you shall strike a woman!"

Mr. Trevlyn looked at her, and the weapon dropped to the floor.

"Margaret Harrison," he said, sternly, "leave this room. This is no place for you. Obey me!"

"I am subject to no man's authority," she said, boldly, "and I will not leave the room. You shall not insult a gentleman to whom I owe my life, and who is here as my invited guest."

"I shall defend myself! There is murder in that fellow's eye, if ever I saw it in that of any human being!"

"I am answerable for his conduct," she said, with proud dignity. "He will do nothing of which a lady need stand in fear. I brought him here, ignorant of the relationship existing between you and him, and unconscious of the truth that I should be called upon to defend him from the causeless rage of his own grandfather!"

Again the cane was uplifted; but Margie laid her hand resolutely upon it.

"Give it to me. Will you—you, who pride yourself upon your high and delicate sense of honor—will you be such an abject coward as to strike a defenceless man?"

He yielded her the weapon, and she threw it from the window.

"You may take away my defence, Margaret," said the old man, resolutely, "but you shall not prevent me from cursing him! A curse be upon him—"

"Hold, sir! Remember that your head is white with the snows of time! It will not be long before you will go to the God who sees you every moment, who will judge you for every sin you commit."

"You may preach that stuff to the dogs! There is no God! I defy him and you! Archer Trevlyn, my curse be upon you and yours, now and forever! Child of a disobedient son! child of a mother who was a harlot!"

Arch sprang upon him with a savage cry. His hand was on his throat—God knows what crime he would have done, fired by the insult offered to the memory of his mother, had not Margie caught his hands, and drawn them away.

"O Archer, Archer Trevlyn!" she cried, imploringly, "grant me this one favor—the very first I ever asked of you! For my sake, come away! He is an old man. Leave him to God, and his own conscience. You are young and strong; you would not disgrace your manhood by laying violent hands on the weakness of old age!"

"Did you not hear what he called my mother? the purest woman the world ever saw! No man shall repeat that foul slander in my presence, and live!"

"He will not repeat it. Forgive him. He is fretful, and he thinks the world has gone hard with him. He has sinned, and those who sin, suffer always. It has been a long and terrible feud between him and yours. I brought you here—let me take you away."

Her soft hands were on his—her beautiful tear-wet eyes lifted to his face. He could not withstand that look. He would have given up the plans of a lifetime, if she had asked him, with those imploring eyes.

"I yield to you, Miss Harrison—only to you," he replied. "If John Trevlyn lives, he owes his life to you. He judged rightly—there was murder in my soul, and he saw it in my eyes. Years ago, after they laid my poor heart-broken mother out of my sight, I swore a terrible vow of vengeance on the old man whose cruelty had hurried her into the grave. But for you, I should have kept the vow this moment! But I will obey you. Take me wherever you will."

She led him down the stairs, across the lawn, and out on the lonely beach, where the quiet moon and the passionless stars dropped down their crystal rain. The sweet south wind blew up cool from sea, and afar off the tinkle of a sheep-bell stirred the silence of the night. The lamp in the distant lighthouse gleamed like a spark of fire, and at their feet broke the tireless billows, white as the snowdrifts of December.

There was something inexpressibly soothing in the serenity of the night. Arch felt its influence. The hot color died out of his cheek, his pulse beat slower, he lifted his eyes to the purple arch of the summer sky.

"All God's universe is at rest," said Margie, her voice breaking upon his ear like a strain of music. "O Archer Trevlyn, be at peace with all mankind!"

"I am—with all but *him*."

"And with *him*, also. The heart which bears malice cannot be a happy heart. There has been a great wrong done—I have heard the sad story—but it is divine to forgive. The man who can pardon the enemy who has wrought him evil, rises to a height where nothing of these earthly temptations can harm him more. He stands on a level with the angels of God. If you have been injured, let it pass. If your parents were hurried out of the world by his cruelty, think how much sooner they tasted the bliss of heaven! Every wrong will in due time be avenged. Justice will be done, for the Infinite One has promised it. Leave it in his hands. Archer, before I leave you, promise me to forgive Mr. Trevlyn."

"I cannot! I cannot!" he cried, hoarsely. "O Margie, Miss Harrison, ask of me anything but that, even to the sacrifice of my life, and I will willingly oblige you; but not that! not that!"

"That is all I ask. It is for your good and my peace of mind that I demand it. You have no right to make me unhappy, as your persistence in this dreadful course will do. Promise me, Archer Trevlyn!"

She put her hand on his shoulder; he turned his head and pressed his lips upon it. She did not draw it away, but stood, melting his hard heart with her wonderfully sweet gaze. He yielded all at once—she knew she had conquered. He sank down on one knee before her, and bowed his face upon his hands. She stooped over him, her hair swept his shoulders, the brown mingling with the deeper chestnut of his curling locks.

"You will promise me, Mr. Trevlyn?"

He looked up suddenly.

"What will you give me, if I promise?"

"Ask for it."

He lifted a curl of shining hair.

"Yes," she said. "Promise me what I ask, and I give it to you."

He took his pocket-knife and severed the tress.

"I promise you. I break my vow; I seek no revenge. I forgive John Trevlyn, and may God forgive him, also. He is safe from me. I submit to have my parents sleep on unavenged. I leave him and his sins to the God whom he denies; and all because you have asked it of me."

He rose up, and stood silently by her side. The moon had been clouded for a moment—it burst forth with almost daz-

zling radiance. Arch Trevlyn touched the white hand on his arm with reverent tenderness. The hour was late. He could have lingered there with her forever, but her long absence would excite remark.

Slowly and silently they went up to the house. At the door he said no good-night—he only held her hand a moment, closely, and then turned away. He could not trust himself to speak, lest his voice might reveal something his duty would not allow him to think of. She was the promised wife of Mr. Paul Linmere. A cold shudder ran over him at the thought. The beautiful night took on a face of darkness and gloom.

He walked rapidly back to the beach, and threw himself down on the sands where she had stood. He looked up at the mysterious sky, and out at the mysterious ocean. A peace came and settled over him. His tortured heart lapsed into an infinite state of content. He seemed to desire nothing beyond what he had. The present contented and satisfied him. He had forgiven an enemy. Had he indeed risen and entered upon the enjoyment vouchsafed to the angels?

PART II.

PAUL LINMERE's wedding-day drew near. Between him and Margie there was no semblance of affection. Her coldness never varied, and after a few fruitless attempts to excite in her some manifestation of interest, he took his cue from her, and was as coldly indifferent as herself.

A few days before the tenth of October, which was the day appointed for the bridal, Dick Turner, one of Paul's friends, gave a supper at the Bachelors' Club. A supper in honor of Paul, or to testify the sorrow of the Club at the loss of one of its members. It was a very hilarious occasion, and the toasting and wine-drinking extended far into the small hours.

In a somewhat elevated frame of mind, Mr. Paul Linmere left the rooms of the Club at about three o'clock in the morning, to return home. His way lay along the most deserted part of the city—a place where there were few dwellings, and the buildings were mostly stores and warehouses. He was hurrying along, thinking of the last song Dick had sung, and trying, in his maudlin way, to hum a bar of it before the air escaped his memory.

Suddenly a touch on his arm stopped him. The same cold deathly touch he had felt once before. He had drank just enough to feel remarkably brave, and turning, he encountered the strangely-gleaming eyes that had frozen his blood that night in early summer. All his bravado left him. He felt weak and helpless as a child. His breath was suspended—his eyes refused to turn away from the livid face that confronted him.

Not ten rods off he heard, like one in a dream, the steady tramp of a watchman, but he had no power to call to him, though he would have given all the world for the society of something human.

"What is it? what do you want?" he asked, brokenly.

"Justice!" said the mysterious presence; and, as before, the voice seemed to travel through infinite space before it reached him.

"Justice? For whom?"

"Arabel Vere."

"Arabel Vere! Curse her!" he cried, savagely.

The figure lifted a spectral white hand.

"Paul Linnere—beware! The vengeance of the dead reaches sometimes unto the living! There is not water enough in the Seine to drown a woman's hatred! Death itself cannot annihilate it! Beware!"

He struck savagely at the uplifted hand, but his arm met no resistance. He beat only against the impalpable air. His spectral visitor had flown, and left nothing behind to tell of her presence.

With unsteady steps Mr. Paul Linnere hurried home, entered his rooms, and double-locked the doors behind him. Pietro was sleeping in his bed-chamber—he slept there every night now—and his master did not disturb him.

Leo lay on the hearthrug, but gave no other sign of recognition than to half close his eyes at the opening of the door. Paul went to the grate to warm his benumbed fingers, and stumbled over the dog as he did so.

"Curse the brute!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I hate it, and yet I dare not kill it! It was *hers*—ay, it was Arabel Vere's. Who says I am afraid to speak her name aloud? Whoever says so lies! I think if the dog were dead I might forget her and hers! I wish he would die! I wish I had the courage to dash his brains out with

this!" He took down a heavy bronze vase, and eyed the dog with fierce hatred. But something in the steady unflinching gaze of the sagacious brute seemed to deter him. He put up the bronze, and began pacing the floor.

"A little more than a week to my wedding-day! How happy I ought to be! Half New York is envious of me! A beautiful wife and a splendid fortune! But I should hate Margaret Harrison if I dared to. Paul Linnere, are you afraid of her? I should hope not. Certainly not. But she freezes a fellow so! And I know she loathes me! Only think of her telling me last night, when I offered her a late rose, that she did not care for the flowers over which the serpent had trailed! Well, in a few days I shall have her fast, and then trust me to tame her! And if I cannot—if I cannot—she *may* die. People do sometimes. Ha, ha! Arabel Vere did!"

He went to a marble shelf on which stood a costly cut-glass decanter and a slender Bohemian wineglass. He tossed off glass after glass of brandy, until the decanter was empty. Then he flung it down on the marble slab, and it was broken into fragments. * * *

Mr. Trevlyn had decided that the marriage of his ward should take place at Harrison Park, the old country-seat of the Harrisons, on the Hudson. Here Margie's parents had lived always in the summer; here they had died within a week of each other, and here in the cypress grove by the river they were buried. There would be no more fitting place for the marriage of their daughter to be solemnized. Margie neither opposed nor approved the plan. She did not oppose anything. She was passive, almost apathetic.

The admiring dressmakers and milliners came and went, fitting, and measuring, and trying on their tasteful creations, but without eliciting any signs of interest or pleasure from Margie Harrison. She gave no orders, found no fault; expressed no admiration, nor its opposite. It was all the same to her.

The bridal dress came home a few days before the appointed day. It was a superb affair, and Margie looked like a queen in it. It was of white satin, with a point-lace overskirt, looped up at intervals with tiny bouquets of orange-blossoms. The corsage was cut low, leaving the beautiful shoul-

ders bare, and the open sleeve displaying the perfectly-rounded arms in all their perfection. The veil was point-lace, and must have cost a little fortune. Mr. Trevlyn had determined that everything should be on a magnificent scale, and had given the whole arrangement of the affair to Mrs. Colonel Weldon, the mother of Henry Weldon, and the most fashionable woman in her set.

Mrs. Weldon liked nothing better than the purchase of finery. She enjoyed herself perfectly; she would not have been happier, she said to her son, if the things had been her own.

Mr. Trevlyn had the diamonds, which were the wonder of the city, richly set, and Margie was to wear them on her bridal night, as a special mark of the old man's favor. For next to the diamonds, the sor-did man loved Margie Harrison.

Linnere's gift to his bride was very simple, but in exquisite taste, Mrs. Weldon decided. A set of torquoise, with his initials and hers interwoven. Only when they were received did Margie come out of her cold composure. She snapped together the lid of the casket containing them with something very like angry impatience, and gave the box to her maid.

"Take them away, Florine, instantly, and put them where I shall never see them again!"

The woman looked surprised, but she was a discreet piece, and strongly attached to her mistress, and she put the ornaments away without comment.

The tenth of October arrived. A wet lowering day, with alternate snatches of rain and sunshine, settling down towards sunset into a steady uncomfortable drizzle. A dismal enough wedding-day.

The old servants shook their heads, and said the weather foreboded trouble for their young mistress. They had never thought the match would be a happy one; they were sure of it now.

"Ay, ye may depend upon it," said Mrs. Sullivan, who occupied a sort of halfway position between housemaid and companion in general, "a wedding on a day like this can never be a lucky one. I've known many and many a one, and never in a single instance were they prospered. There'll be trouble and difficulty enough before it's over."

"Don't croak, Mistress Sullivan," said

Pat Dooley, the coachman. "Signs fall sometimes, I'm thinking. And shure there's no harm to come to Miss Margaret, bless her swate face! or fate will be making a mistake of it! There may be trouble, but not for her—not for her!"

"I hope ye're right, Pat," said Mrs. Sullivan, smoothing out her spotless apron to straighten out an imaginary wrinkle, "but I fear me ye may not be. There was John Russell, as bonny a fellow as ever trod, and he married sweet Mary Gray on just such a weeping day as this, and before that day year they were both under the sods. And Nellie Haley, too. Who ever had a brighter prospect than she? and she in a madhouse this day, and her husband a miserable drunkard. And 'how it rained the day that made her bride! Sure it was I went to the wedding—it was at St. John's of a Sunday, and the church was crowded, and my new merino dress was ruined with the rain and mud, coming home. Ay, I tell ye all, I always tremble when it rains on a wedding-day!"

The ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock in the evening, and the invited guests were numerous. Harrison Park would accommodate them all royally.

Mr. Linnere was expected out from the city in the six o'clock train, and as the stopping-place was not more than five minutes' walk from the Park, he had left orders that no carriage need be sent. He would walk up. He thought he should need the stimulus of the fresh air to carry him through the fiery ordeal, he said, laughingly.

The long day wore slowly away. The preparations were complete. Mrs. Weldon, in her violet moire antique and family diamonds, went through the stately parlors once more, to assure herself that everything was *au fait*. Her son surveyed himself in the tall pier-glasses, adjusted his buff necktie, and wondered if Miss Alexandrine Lee would not think him perfectly killing in his white gloves, and the bridal favor in his buttonhole. He was in the seventh heaven, for Alexandrine had consented to stand up with him on the occasion, and this he regarded as a favorable sign.

At five o'clock the task of dressing the bride began. The bridesmaids were in ecstasies over the finery, and they took almost as much pains in dressing Margie

as they would in dressing themselves for a like occasion. For next to being a bride herself, a woman enjoys assisting at making some other woman one — provided always she has never had any tender regard for the bridegroom.

Margie's cheeks were as white as the robes they put upon her. One of the girls suggested rouge, but Alexandrine demurred.

"A bride should always be pale," she said; "it looks so interesting, and gives every one the idea that she realizes the responsibility she is taking upon herself — doesn't that vell fall sweetly?"

And then followed a shower of feminine expressions of admiration from the four charming bridemaids.

"Is everything ready?" asked Margie, wearily, when at last they paused in their efforts.

"Yes, everything is as perfect as one could desire," said Alexandrine. "How do you feel, Margie dear?"

"Very well, thank you."

"You are so self-possessed! Now, I should be all of a tremble. Dear me! I wonder people *can* be so cool on the eve of such a great change. But then, we are so different! Will you not take a glass of wine, Margie?"

"Thank you, no. I do not take wine, you know."

"I know, but on this occasion. Hush! that was the whistle of the train. Mr. Linmere will be here in a few minutes. Shall I bring him up to see you? It is not etiquette for the groom to see the bride on the day of their marriage until they meet at the altar, but you look so charming, dear! I would like him to admire you. He has such exquisite taste!"

Margie's uplifted eyes had a half-frightened look which Alexandrine did not understand.

"No, no!" she said, hurriedly; "do not bring him here! We will follow etiquette for this time, if you please, Miss Lee."

"O well, just as you please, my dear."

"And now, my friends, be kind enough to leave me alone," said Margie. "I want the last hours of my free life to myself. I will ring when I desire your attendance."

Margie's manner forbade any objection on the part of the attendants, and they

somewhat reluctantly withdrew. She turned the key upon them, and went to the window. The rain had ceased falling, but the air was damp and dense.

Her room was on the first floor, and the windows, furnished with balconies, opened to the floor. She stood looking out into the night for a moment, then gathering up her flowing drapery, and covering herself with a heavy cloak, stepped from the window. The damp earth struck a chill to her delicately-shod feet, but she did not notice it. The mist and fog dampened her hair unheeded. She went swiftly down the shaded path, the dead leaves of the linden trees rustling mournfully as she swept through them. Past the garden and its deserted summer-houses, and the grapery, where the purple fruit was lavishing its sweets on the air, and climbing a stile, she stood beside a group of shading cypress trees. Just before her was a square enclosure, fenced by a hedge of arbor vitae, from the midst of which, towering white and spectral up into the silent night, rose a marble shaft, surmounted by the figure of an angel, with drooping head and folded wings. Margie passed within the enclosure, and stood beside the graves of her parents. She stood a moment, silent, motionless; then, forgetful of her bridal garments, she flung herself down on the turf.

"O my father! my father!" she cried, "why did you doom me to such a fate? Why did you ask me to give that fatal promise? O look down from heaven and pity your child!"

The winds sighed mournfully in the cypresses, the belated crickets and katydids droned in the hedge, but no sweet voice of sympathy soothed Margie's strained ear. For, wrought up as she was, she almost listened to hear some response from the lips which death had made mute forever.

What sympathy have the angels in heaven with the woes of the children of men? Do they ever pity us there? ever drop a tear—if tears are not unknown in heaven—over the sorrows of those they loved on earth, whom they have left behind them to drag out the existences of grief and weariness that we must all pass through?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN LOVE WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY KATE SEAFOAM.

I DID not wonder, as I looked at that fair sweet face, that Fred was, as he had said, in love with a photograph. It was such a lovely face—such soft flexible lines and curves defined the graceful contour, such intellectual susceptibility beamed from the soulful dark eyes—not a regular pink-and-white doll-like beauty, but something deeper, far sweeter.

The artist had a most expressive subject, and he had done the sweet face justice as much as art can do. You seemed to see just how those clear deep eyes could beam with sentiment or flash with joy; you knew how soft the pure face was, how fine and glossy the abundant dark hair clustering around the broad brow—a face tender, strong and true, a pure womanly woman. I gazed long and intently at it, and Fred said, impatiently:

"Isn't she a beauty, Harry? Just my ideal, you see."

"Yes, very beautiful," I answered, dreamily, wondering at the fanciful spell this lovely picture had cast over me, and where I had seen a face like, yet unlike, this one.

"You say it as if you hardly meant it!" he cried out, in his impetuous way, mistaking my absent manner for indifference. "Give it to me! You are such a heartless creature, you can't appreciate anything, not even such glorious beauty as that! But there, what can one expect of such an obdurate old bachelor as you are, Hal?" And he snatched the picture from me.

"Isn't it queer about my finding it, Harry?" Fred continued, rousing me from the dreamy reverie into which I was falling.

"Yes; how did it happen, Fred?"

"Walking leisurely along Tremont St., contemplating the exquisite fit of my new boots, I saw a neat-looking little package on the pavement. I took it up, wondering, listlessly, what it contained; but listlessness changed to intense admiration, I assure you, Hal, when I saw that lovely face."

"I've seen a face so very like it somewhere, Fred," I said, musingly, for somehow that young lovely face awakened an

olden memory. An old-fashioned substantial farmhouse, widely-spreading elms bending lowly over the moss-covered well, the heavy branches creaking dismally as they swept against the weather-beaten stoop in the storms I remembered so well—or swayed lightly by the gentle summer breeze, low sweet murmurs of the whispering leaves blending, a pleasing monotone, with the wild birds' gay minstrelsy. A bright sweet face, so sunny and fair, shaded by shining golden hair; a petite graceful form bending over an aged man's chair, the golden tresses of youth resting lovingly among the silvery locks of age. Sleek cattle, gentle but spirited horses; geese, turkeys and chickens, a lively cackling brood around the old porch in the morning, fed by a dainty white hand, a sweetly shy face raised to my greeting—a calm peaceful scene, then a dark blank uncertainty.

"What in the deuce ails you, Hal? If you have seen the original of that sweet picture, why can't you tell me about it? Here I've asked you three times, and you haven't answered." And Fred gave me a forcible reminder with his elbow.

"I—well, really, there is nothing to tell," I stammered.

"Humph! I can keep the picture, I suppose, and I mean to find the original if possible," Fred said, surlily, as he left me.

I was like one in a dream the day succeeding Fred's revelation, and at night the sweetly-sad illusion continued, and I wandered through fields and pastures fresh with summer's verdure, dreamed idly by the murmuring brook, casting my line for the shining speckled trout, a saucy smiling face beaming from the clear water.

Three days afterwards, when the busy world had nearly dispelled the sweet dream, and I was the cold calculating man again, Fred entered my office with a dubious face, and seating himself violently, he exclaimed:

"Just my luck, Hal! Showed that picture to Brown, because I knew he was such a good judge of beauty, being an ar-

tist, you see; and then I let a few see my treasure, hoping some of them might enlighten me as to the original. Well, you see, Brown, soon as he caught a glimpse of that face, he just gave me a rousing slap, and says he, 'Good, Fred! Much obliged to you for restoring property. I felt a little blue over the loss of this—such a fine face, you see. Confounded careless in me to drop it on the street, I know, but I suppose I pulled it out with my handkerchief.' And he took the picture from me, coolly.

"Look here, now, Brown! what do you mean?" I asked.

"Mean, Fred? I mean to say this pretty picture belongs to me, and I'm much obliged to you for restoring it.' And then he goes on to tell a lot about taking that picture some three years ago, when he was a travelling artist. You see, he's changed all of that since his uncle died and left him a handsome property, but he'd kept this picture, with others of his finest ones, and he was taking it over to Carlton's, it seems; and the lovely face enlarged, will, I presume, hold a prominent place in a painting he is getting up. Well, I had to give it up, you see, Hal, without learning anything about the original. Too bad, wasn't it?"

I do not know what strange impulse actuated me. We are often led, as it would seem, by some overpowering influence apart from ourselves, and are at a loss to account for the inexplicable freaks which sometimes possess us in the most absurd involuntary manner.

Truly, it seemed wholly involuntary on my part, that abrupt turn and hasty entrance to the dingy pawnbroker's shop that dreary drizzly March day; a strange freak even for one of my odd restless disposition.

I scarcely realized where I was, till the palavering man in attendance drew near to know my wishes. No, most assuredly, I did not want anything here. A feeling akin to disgust crept over me as I glanced around the dingy place, and the question rose in my mind:

"Why had I come here?"

To him I answered, rather crustily, I fear:

"Not anything."

He drew back a step, and looked at me

suspiciously. From beyond the gaudy but dirty screen, that separated the low dark room, came the sound of voices; at first but an indistinct murmur, as I heard them heedlessly, then a sweet tremulous voice roused me completely, stirring my cold heart, and quickening my sluggish pulses as they had not been quickened for years, by its mournful pathetic sweetness. But dingy pawnbroker's shop and dreary March day faded away beneath the brightness of a fond memory.

I stood among the newmown hay, on a fair June day, and heard a bonnie lassie's ringing laughter, as she fled from amongst the sweet-scented clover I heaped up around her, instead of a sorrowful woman's pathetic voice.

Did you ever think how many of the most important effective events of our lives hinge, as it were, upon trifles?

Then these words, in a pleading way:

"And you won't let that go? Please, sir, give me longer time to redeem it, for I prize it very highly, and am loth to part with it, even for a while. I brought everything else of value, hoping to have more work, and keep this."

How sadly plaintive the soft voice was! A few more low words, indistinct to me, and then the screen was drawn aside. With a hasty gliding step, grace itself, a lady passed me, her face hidden by a thick veil, and hurried out to the street. My breath came hurriedly, and a strange giddy sensation nearly overpowered me as she passed me.

A peculiar sensation for such a staid bachelor as I was, having been considered wholly exempt for years, in that way, from that troublesome organ called a heart.

"Yes, a very pretty trinket," the coarse voice said, and roused me from my strange trancelike state.

The two men were examining the trinket the lady had left. Then, holding it out for my inspection, he said:

"Very curious pretty trinket."

Was I dreaming? I took the trinket from him, that peculiar sensation nearly overpowering me again.

A tiny locket of fretted gold of most unique peculiar design. Again the scene changed, and in a quickly panoramic view the years of toil and strife rose before me—the years of hardening bitterness in which

I had gained wealth. I recalled vividly that day, far back in the years ago, when the nearly beardless youth unearthed his first nugget of glittering metal, far away from the green valleys and rugged hills of his Northern home, murmuring, sullenly, "Gold! I live for wealth now;" shutting his mouth firmly, working in bitterness as that lovely face kept rising tantalizingly before him. And the years went on, years of toil and heart bitterness, and the farmer boy who had been so proud and happy when he had saved enough from his scanty earnings to purchase the cunning curious locket for his little sweetheart, became a rich hardened man in those years. I touched the tiny spring—the boyish face and the lock of hair had been removed. Then, with sadly forcible reiteration the low tremulous words came to me, bringing strange emotions. All the dark years of hardening bitterness and doubt rolled back with a mighty surge before the sweetly-assuring conviction. She had kept my gift all of these years! She had parted with everything else of value, through dire necessity, before this, *my* gift. I had heard the sweet voice say that. It was but a momentary retrospection, so quickly does thought travel, so deftly does tenacious Memory unveil her cherished treasures; and the bleary-eyed pawnbroker was holding out his hand for the treasure-trove I held in nearly frantic grasp. I realized I must give it up, and then the terrible conviction flashed over me why this gift was here. My darling, the one sweet love of my life, was suffering, grappling with the relentless monster poverty, while I was living in ease, revelling in wealth; all of which I felt I would gladly yield now for one glimpse of that loved face.

With a quick start I came back to a realization of the stern reality. I questioned the man with eagerness. Yes, she was needy, suffering. He knew where she did reside a while ago—had taken some furniture from her. He directed me to the place. I hastened away, but on inquiry learned that no such person dwelt there now; poverty had forced her to a cheaper place. With heart-sickening anxiety and loathing I could not prevent, I sought among all of the squalid dens where the affluent city's poor huddled together for nearly a week, vainly, for my lost one.

Then, one day, when wearied and disgusted with all of the misery and vain show of this life, I was returning to my luxurious rooms from my fruitless search, all at once, quick as a flash, this bitter truth came home to me—my love, the woman I was now searching for, had married years ago, was probably the wife of another now. I stopped still among the hurrying crowd on the busy street, transfixed by the harsh truth I had known years before.

The crowd jostled me. I passed along, and then came the sweetly-assuring thought that she had kept, prized my gift through all these years, and, well, it did not matter whether she loved me or not. I loved her, and I knew that she was suffering, and my love was sufficient for that evil; I must find her and care for her. I never had much opinion of a love that did not make its object an especial care, extending a watchful, provident interest under all circumstances, in spite of everything and everybody. I quickened my lagging steps under this inspiring determination, when suddenly my progress was arrested by a crowd collected around some object prostrate upon the pavement. I pressed forward as some one in the crowd said, excitedly, "She is surely dead!"

A fair pale face, marked indelibly with suffering and care, was upturned to the curious gaze. My heart gave one wild bound. I had found my darling! I pushed them rudely aside and took her in my arms, a restful feeling of sweet thankfulness and gratitude pervading every sense as I held her closely to me a moment; the first sensation of rest I had experienced for years.

"Is she dead, Mr. Seymour? She dropped right down in front of us, all of a sudden, poor thing!" said a lady beside me; and I was roused to a sense of existing circumstances.

I took her to an apothecary close by, and dispersing the curious crowd, commenced the work of resuscitation. She was not dead, but exhausted vitality had yielded in the street—she was nearly in a state of starvation, utter destitution. How fervently I thanked God for the means the years had given me, and still more for the sweet rest given back to my bitter life.

The years of suffering had swept away all the harshness from the remembrance of that youthful parting, when I had pleaded for her love; her answer, so ardent-

ly besought, had banished the sweetest dream of my life. She confessed with girlish shyness that she loved me "ever so much," but she could not, would not marry a poor farmer. She should wed a rich man, if any; one who could give her the position she desired in life, and support her in style in the city; she was tired of dull country life, of plodding farmers. Such a life she could not think of accepting when she married. She was very, *very* sorry to give me such an answer, but I must not think of her in that way any more. She would be a friend, a sister to me ever—that was all. Of course my impetuous heart was maddened, and I said hot angry words and left her in tears, bidding her marry the concelted dandy if she wished to, I would have none of her friendship. You see I was insanely jealous, too, for I knew well whence came this, to me, cruel change in one whom I had loved so dearly. The concelted dandy as I had called him, had boarded in our neighborhood for a while, and from the first I had disliked and distrusted him, before he paid such assiduous attention to my chosen one.

So we parted, and I turned from quiet paths and love to the worldly struggle for wealth. She married the city idler who coveted the fine farm her aged grandfather left his pet, and she woke from the gilded dream, a bitter illusion, the gold all dross, and her valuable possession of arable land sold to be squandered by the insatiate gambler.

It was but a brief infatuation which can never bring the satisfying rest of true love. The old story of dissipation, neglect and want. The downward road is steep and quickly travelled. Soon all was squandered, the gambler died a violent death, and left his widow and two children destitute. For a time the mother and eldest daughter had struggled bravely against want, then on account of dull times they were unable to obtain work. Little Nellie, the darling and pet of mother and sister, after a long distressing illness, was taken to that better land where want and suffering are unknown.

Wearied and heart-sick the enfeebled mother was for a while nearly prostrated by this bereavement, only to be rudely aroused by pressing daily wants to the realization of their destitution. Nearly everything of value was sold to minister to daily

necessities, and in a protracted fruitless search for work Maud took a violent cold, and when I took my lost love to her humble home, one small room in the suburbs occupied by mother and daughter, I found her just recovering from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. She was still very beautiful, although the fair cheeks had lost, in this early struggle of life, some of the rounded symmetry portrayed in the lovely picture. But, thank God, it was right at last—after the darkness the light. Nearly three months later Fred returned to the city, from some of his erratic wanderings, and entered my office, his sunny face quite cloudy. I met him with a jovial hearty greeting, for I never was more pleased to see the dear son of my deceased friend, left by his dying father in my care, for I had pleasant news to tell him. "What's the matter, Fred?" I asked, after the greeting.

"Not much, only bored to death, nearly. But what ails you, Wal? I should say this dull world had treated you to some superb luck, judging by that radiant phiz of yours," he replied.

"I've good news for you, my boy. I have got a pleasant home for you, and I have found your lovable photograph, and she is lovable, truly, Fred."

Fred caught his breath quickly as he flung away his cigar, and seizing my arm nervously, he demanded explanations, which were readily given.

Suffice it to say that the wooing was successful. In six months I gave the hand, and I was fully assured the whole heart also of my beautiful Maud, my loved wife's daughter, to my adopted son, my noble-hearted Fred. They are as handsome loving a couple as one would wish to see.

"But not happier in their buoyant youthful love than we who have passed through the valley of bitterness, unto the restful peace of satisfied affection," says my fair wife, as she nestles closely to me—my sweet loving wife from whose broad pure brow many of the lines of suffering have passed beneath the light of love.

"No, my love, that they could not be, for, after all, dear one, it is only through suffering that we reach the full satisfying measure of happiness. Our richest blessings are always suffering-bought, and

"Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far
Than all spring's dewy posies."

OVER MY PIPE.

BY M. A. TAINTOR.

I sit and smoke my brier-wood pipe
 Within my crimson easy-chair,
 And watch with half-shut dreamy eyes
 The smoke-wreaths curling on the air.

And Duke, my noble greyhound, rests
 His slender head upon my knee,
 While I smoke on and dream of one
 Who once was all the world to me.

The queen month of the year has come,
 Without the golden lilies bloom,
 The air is heavy with their breath,
 And their rich fragrance fills the room.

'Tis like the June night that I walked
 Beside her through the winding lane;
 I see her blue eyes softly veiled,
 And fold her to my heart again.

She vowed she loved me—yes, she said,
 “Ralph, I shall love you to the end;”
 But now she curls her crimson lip,
 And scorns to call me even friend.

Now years have come and years have gone
 Since last I looked upon her face,
Clinton, Conn., October. 1874.

Or kissed the rose-bloom on her cheek,
 And held her in my fond embrace.

For as the summer days went by,
 Sad changes came 'twixt her and me;
 She graces now another's home,
 In distant land beyond the sea.

Rich jewels flash upon her arms,
 Rare flowers deck her golden hair,
 And costly laces deck her form,
 To make her beauty still more fair.

And yet to me the simple girl,
 Who wore a snow-white muslin dress,
 Was dearer far unto my heart
 Than all this pomp of loveliness.

I have outlived my boyish dreams,
 Blue eyes, they have no charm for me,
 They've proved themselves, though fair
 yet false,
 And fickle as the changing sea.

Ah, Duke, my boy, you need not look
 With those great sober eyes at me.
 My pipe is out; so goes my love—
 So much for woman's constancy.

THE MIDNIGHT TRIBUNAL.

A Lieutenant's Adventure in Salt Lake City.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

“No more trips down town after dark!”
 shouted Lieutenant George Payson, enter-
 ing my tent and venting his spite on the
 campstools.

It was years ago, before the great Pacific
 Railroad was more than a dream; Platte
 Bridge, Denver, Laramie, Omaha, and
 other towns and cities were hardly no-
 ticed by the map makers, and the Indian,
 wolf and buffalo held possession of the
 country from Omaha to Salt Lake. It was,
 too, during the palmy days of “the insti-
 tution,” when Mormons ruled with bloody
 hands, and when Gentiles were dogged
 and shot as they left the city, or “snatch-
 ed” while in it, spirited away, and never
 heard of afterwards.

Camp Conner was Camp Conner then,

and situated just where the present mili-
 tary post is. It sometimes contained two
 hundred soldiers, and sometimes not more
 than forty or fifty. Detachments were
 sent from there to do duty at other posts,
 to escort mail carriers or government
 trains, but there was always a body of men
 and a number of officers at the post. The
 administration had an idea (so it seemed)
 that the presence of soldiers so near the
 city was a great protection to the “sin-
 ners” who halted in the town or passed
 it, but we never had occasion to believe
 that Brigham Young and his numerous
 saints cared a fig whether we went away or
 remained. He had “avenging angels” in
 numbers sufficient to have captured us all
 at any hour; and but for fear of a conflict

with the government, a soldier would not have been safe from these scoundrels anywhere within fifty miles of Salt Lake.

"There, read that," continued Payson, handing out a "general order" as I looked up.

"Having reason to believe that Sergeant Britton was killed in the city by some of the Mormon population, and knowing that Brigham Young's so-called 'avenging angels' make it their business to dog the steps of soldiers and officers; and believing that our peril will be lessened by remaining within our camp after night, now

*"Therefore—*From and after this date, no soldier or officer will be permitted to visit the city after sundown except upon the written permission of the colonel commanding."

So read the order; and while I saw that it cut short our little plans for pleasure and recreation, I also saw the motive which had induced it, and realized as well as the colonel that there was reason for us to fear evil from the murdering bands which had been christened "avenging angels" by one whose hands were never free from blood.

I did not, therefore, express my indignation toward the colonel, my intention to immediately throw up my commission and return East to go into the grocery business; nor did I say that we should kick up such a rumpus that the military tyrant would be forced to rescind the order. And, after a few minutes' conversation with Payson, I brought him around to see matters as I saw them, and he agreed that the colonel was right.

A month or two previous the non-commissioned officer spoken of in the general order had paid a visit to the city, and never returned. He was known to many of the Mormons as an inveterate enemy of their creed and practices, he being an upright Christian man, and having his wife and child at the camp. He was always free to express his sentiments, even to the Mormons, of whom he was purchasing in the city, and we believed that they had captured and murdered him. An attempt had been made to work out the case, but one detective might as well have tried to work against all the thieves of London. The fellows were impudent, bold and overbearing, and even declared that they were glad if the sergeant had

finally received what would soon be dealt out to all other meddling "sinners."

So the order was timely and sensible, and the officers did not rebel.

There were four of us lieutenants—two middle-aged married men, sober as deacons, and Payson and myself, we two being less than twenty-five years old, and rather inclined to excitement and sensation. Having but little to do, paid off regularly, no one but ourselves to care for, a city near at hand, it was no wonder that we were a little wild. We had been in the habit of attending at the tabernacle on Sunday, to hear Young preach, and to count up his wives and children. We often attended the theatre; we occasionally stopped over night at the hotel; played billiards, encouraged bear-fights, and had what we called a good time generally. So long as we kept out of trouble, were at the camp for parade, and put the soldiers through their twice-a-day drill, the colonel had no reproofs. It would come our turn directly to go to Laramie, to go on to California, to be sent hundreds of miles away from civilization, and he knew that we should then have monotony enough to make us as dignified as Uncle Sam himself.

For two weeks after the order came out not an officer visited the city after dark, and only an occasional visit was made by daylight. The rule then became exceedingly irksome, and taking advantage of the fact that a new play was to be put on the boards of the theatre, Payson and I sought and obtained the colonel's permission to be absent until midnight. He cautioned us to be careful of our speech and our company, and warned us to go well armed.

The tramp down was a mere nothing for our stout limbs. We entered the city just after dark, it being a June evening, but had not proceeded far when Payson insisted that we should have a glass of wine. We stepped into a saloon, called the boy, and were just drinking, when we heard a succession of sharp screams and shrieks, as of some female in distress.

"O, that aint nothing!" remarked the boy, noticing our looks of surprise and anxiety. "It's old Treadway giving one of his fifteen wives a flogging!"

We heard shouts, oaths, blows, shrieks, and then a heavy fall. The boy took it all as a matter of course, having often heard

the Mormon at work, but we were considerably excited—Payson so much so that he wanted to interfere.

"Ten thousand million curses on the cursed city and its beastly population!" he exclaimed, after abandoning his idea of rushing to the rescue. "I wish Uncle Sam would give the word to clean it out to-morrow!"

I was about to express a like feeling when I heard a soft step behind me, and turned in time to catch sight of a retreating form.

"You'd better look sharp now!" warned the boy, who was a deep one for his years. "That was 'The Dagger,' who came just in time to hear your speech, and he will keep his eye on you from this time out!"

"And who is the loafer you call 'The Dagger?'" inquired Payson. "And why should we look out for him?"

"To keep from being served in this way!" replied the boy, drawing his finger across his throat. "He is the leader of the 'Avenging Angels,' and he wont forget you. We aint Mormons ourselves, but we have to play off on them; and if you take my advice, you wont get into any dark corners to-night!"

We had both cooled off considerably as we started for the street, for we had reason to know that there was sense in the lad's warning. We talked the matter over, agreed to keep close together, and trusted that we were prepared to successfully defend ourselves if attacked.

The theatre was densely crowded, and we found it impossible to obtain seats. We had come to see the play, and so concluded to stand up and make the best of it.

In about half an hour I had become so absorbed in the transactions on the stage that I did not notice when Payson left my side and went over to have a confab with an acquaintance. A number of the audience came between us, and so, when I at last looked around, my friend was nowhere to be seen. I was not anxious, but was yet looking this way and that, when a man came up to me, looked keenly into my face, and said:

"Your friend has got into trouble over on Hill Street, and wants you to come to him."

"But, who are—"

"Never mind who I am," he replied,

"but come along as fast as you can. Your friend is being murdered."

This was enough. I remembered Payson's words in the saloon, the boy's warning, and I concluded that "The Dagger" had in some way decoyed my friend out of the theatre and attacked him.

I followed the unknown from the building up the street, down another, a turn to the left, and then I halted. We were at the entrance of a dark and lonely street, no one was in sight, and I began to have suspicion that all was not right.

"Come on—come on; it's only one more block!" urged the man, also stopping. At the same moment the cry of "help!" was shouted from down the street, and we dashed forward on the run.

We had not traversed more than half the block when I heard a movement as I passed a doorway, and the next moment was down on the walk, struggling to free myself from the grasp of three men who had vaulted upon me. A gag was thrust into my mouth, a pair of handcuffs snapped together around my wrists, and then the men, who had not spoken a word, picked me up and carried me into the building. I was taken through a long hall, up a flight of stairs, through another hall, all dimly lighted, and then found myself in a room about thirty feet square. It was lighted by four candles, had matting on the floor, and contained six chairs, placed in a row before a table on which were pen, ink and paper.

"Take out the gag and unlock the handcuffs," commanded a voice; and directly I stood on my feet, unfettered.

"What does this mean—this outrage—knocking down and gagging a United States officer?" I exclaimed, looking from one evil face to another.

"You will soon learn," replied one of the men. And then they withdrew to the door and held a conversation in whispers. One of their number passed out, came back in about five minutes, and then the four approached me.

"Well, can you explain your brutal conduct now?" I inquired.

"You are to be conducted to No. 1, to wait until the Tribunal of Seven assembles, and then you are to be tried for your life!"

So spoke the leader of the party, an evil-faced fellow, whom I would not have

cared to meet on the open highway in broad daylight. I looked from one to the other, but each face was evil, unreadable and stern.

"But I wont go!" I replied. "I have had enough of this nonsense, and I now propose to return to the theatre. Mormons or Gentiles, you will think twice before you stretch out a hand to stop me!"

They had removed my revolver before taking off the handcuffs, and I was consequently without a weapon. I stood close to one of the chairs, and as I saw that they were about to rush, I seized it, whirled it aloft, and sent one of the men to the floor. The others rushed upon me, but I beat them back, knocked another down, and rushed to the door.

It was locked! As I turned, the four closed in on me, despite my blows, and they soon had me down. They did not gag me again, but one of them seized my foot and dragged me through a hall, opened a door, and I was hauled into a room not over ten feet square.

"We will call for you at midnight!" spoke one of the men, and the door was shut and locked.

There was no light in the cell, but the light from a window half a block away streamed in and allowed me to see, first, that my only window was barred and grated until a mouse could hardly have got out or in; second, there was a pitcher of water and a stool; third, the walls were thick and massive, and the door as solid as iron.

I took in all these things as I rested on my elbow, and a closer inspection when I rose up only proved how well I had seen. I tried the door, the window, sounded the walls, tested the floor, and sat down on the stool with a conviction that I must remain a prisoner so long as my captors saw fit. It was easy to understand the game which had been played. The unknown had got me out of the theatre on purpose to trap me, and it was also easy to understand that I was in the power of the "Avenging Angels," and that escape from their clutches was a matter scarcely to be thought of.

I could not bear the idea that I was a prisoner, and I made the round of the cell again, hoping that the door or the window might be made to yield. The door was too stout to be attacked, but I determined to give the bars a trial. I had no tools to work with, but there was the stool. I

pulled out a leg, searched over the lattice-work until I found a spot to suit, and then inserted the leg. The bars bent back a trifle as I sagged my weight upon the stick, and there was a loud snap, and the leg was broken.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a voice outside the door, and then I knew that one of the men was standing sentry. He knew I would seek to escape, but he knew that I could not.

I sat down on the floor, sick at heart. What did they mean by the Tribunal of Seven—that mysterious committee who were going to put me on trial at midnight? I had been in the Mormon country long enough to know how to answer the question. It meant that seven Mormon dignitaries were to give me the farce of a trial, condemn me as an enemy of their religion and social habits, and then hand me over to the Avengers to be murdered!

It seemed an age to midnight. I made no more efforts toward regaining my liberty, heard no sound from street or building, and was almost glad as the door was at last unlocked, and I was conducted to the judgment-room. I felt a chill as I looked around. Six masked men occupied the six chairs, and the seventh one sat behind the table. A chair was placed for me at his left hand. I sat down, and for a moment not a sound was heard. The seven masked men and the four Avengers were as motionless as statues. Then the silence was interrupted. A bell, sounding as if in the cellar of the building, struck one, two, three—eleven, twelve, and I could think of nothing but a funeral procession as I counted the strokes.

"Prisoner, stand up!" commanded the masked judge, his voice being low and stern.

I was at first determined to resist all said and done, believing that they would not dare to murder an officer of the government, but there was something in the tone of the judge which made me obey the command.

"Prisoner, you are charged with having been in the company of those who cursed our religion and desired to shed our blood—with being yourself an enemy of our creed—with having attempted to incite members of the true faith to rebel against us. You are now on trial for your life! Are you guilty or not guilty?"

I hesitated a moment, and then answered him that I had not been arrested by any process of law, was not in the presence of any court, could not summon witnesses, and should decline to plead.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he commanded, raising his hand in a warning way.

Again I hesitated, and then asked him if he would allow me an attorney and give me the privilege of summoning witnesses.

"The Tribunal of Seven knows no lawyers—allows no privileges. You are on trial for your—plead or be condemned without hearing!"

Forced into it, I plead "Not guilty," and was told to sit down as "The Dagger" was motioned to take the stand. He stood near the judge, related what he had overheard at the saloon, and further related that Payson and myself had long been known to have exhibited a bitter animosity toward the Mormon church and toward leading Mormons.

It had not been fifteen minutes since the muffled bell struck twelve, but now it struck again—*one!* one against me!

I demanded that I should be allowed to cross-examine the witness, but the judge raised his hand, and the second Avenger took the stand. His testimony was about the same, except that he reported several fictitious conversations to make out that I had sought to induce certain Mormons to leave the church. He sat down and the bell struck again—*two!* The other two were called up, testified to suit the occasion, the bell struck for each, and then the judge rose up and asked:

"Prisoner, what have you to say to this?"

"Nothing!" I replied—"not a single word! You convicted me even before you saw me, and your tribunal is a grand humbug! I am an officer of the United States government, and if you dare to lay a finger on me, your cursed adulterous tribe hasn't lives enough to satisfy the revenge which will be taken!"

My temper was up, and I cared not what I said. I believed they meant to kill me, and was determined to free my mind, if no more. I also had a slight hope that a bold course, and putting in Uncle Sam as a backer, might cause them to hesitate. But they were Mormons—arrogant, powerful, fearless.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge, his lips never moving. "Ha! ha! ha!"

laughed each juror—a laugh which made chill after chill creep up my back.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up and receive your sentence!" commanded the judge, as the jurors rose up and each made a sign—a sign to show that I had been found guilty. "Prisoner, you have had a fair and impartial trial, and a jury of your peers pronounce you guilty. The sentence of this tribunal is that you be turned over to the Avenging Angels, to be taken back to your friends!"

Did I hear aright! Had I succeeded in frightening the tribunal? Was I to be restored to liberty? I thought so for half a minute.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge—a laugh which made my flesh creep.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the jurors and Avengers—a laugh sounding like the terrible "yah!" "yah!" of the caged hyenas.

The judge moved slowly down, the jurors formed by twos, and the seven marched slowly out of the room; their long black gowns trailing behind. I was watching them, when I was suddenly jerked down from behind, handcuffed again, and the four Avengers carried me along on their shoulders. We went through a hall, down a pair of stairs, made a turn to the right, passed the length of another hall, and then entered a room about fifteen feet square.

I was placed on my feet, the handcuffs removed, and then, while three of the men drew their knives, the fourth advanced to the wall and seized the end of a cord. He made a motion, and the three raised their knives.

They were going to murder me!

They came closer, and I retreated. Closer, and I stood very nearly in the centre of the room, facing them. Not a word had been spoken. Words were not needed with them, and I knew that no entreaties of mine could change my fate.

The man at the cord gave it a pull; I felt a trembling motion beneath my feet, and I gave a loud yell and a long leap just as a trap door fell down, opening to my gaze the mouth of a deep black pit. An odor came up—an odor of decaying bodies, a smell so strong that it sickened me. The Avengers were on one side and I on the other. They waited a moment, surprised, and then, with a flourish of their knives, advanced to force me into the pit. The nearest was not three feet away, when we heard a sound that

made them pause. There was a bang, a crash, a rush of feet and a rattle of muskets, and six soldiers from the camp, headed by Payson, rushed into the room.

There was a shout; several shots; one of the avengers tumbled backward into the pit, and when the smoke rose up, the other three were safe away. I was saved, but they had not come a moment too soon.

To explain; Payson had seen me leave the theatre, after all, and he soon followed in company with his friend, who was suspicious of a trick. They were almost at hand as I was carried into the doorway, and the citizen was greatly alarmed for my safety, recognizing the building as a sort of private prison. Under his advice, Payson

started for the camp, detailed events to the colonel, and was given the soldiers in the forlorn hope of rescuing me. They had just stopped at the basement door as I shouted. Recognizing the voice, Payson had ordered the door dashed in, and you have the result.

It was the intention to sift the matter to the bottom, as we now believed the sergeant to be in the pit, but before the colonel had taken any steps, he was assigned to other duties. Payson was sent up the Yellowstone, and my would-be murderers never received what we intended for them. A month after, I saw the corpse of "The Dagger," shot by a ranchman, and this was the only consolation I ever had.

THE CRUISE OF THE ARIADNE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

A LONG low line of ragged coast lay half enveloped in fog, one May morning, years ago. The mists were rolling off the green hills above the sea, and the air was full of the rich scent of apple blossoms, from the orchards beyond. A light breeze stole up softly from the west—too softly, as yet, to fill the sails of the trim little brig that stood outward bound. At intervals, the fog was pierced, for a moment, with a bright ray from the sun; but its filmy curtains closed again, as if to warn the commander not to trust the deceitful ray. The sails loosely flapping, seemed to answer the appeal, and to declare that some time must yet elapse before the brig would "walk the waters."

On the deck of the brig a young man was standing, in the half careless, half commanding position that denoted his authority. This was Captain St. Maur, the commander of the little brig, and half owner of the same.

Low in stature and somewhat broad-shouldered, the figure of Captain St. Maur was not one that generally pleases a lady's eye; yet few could look twice upon the thoughtful and intelligent face, with its calm smile, the firm red lips enclosing teeth white as ivory, the wide brow, with its wealth of glossy brown hair, and the pleasant blue eyes, that lighted up the whole, without feeling that he was no common man, even if his form were not of the Apollo build.

The thoughtful face, however, wore, upon the morning we speak of, a graver look than was its wont. Something was busy beneath those white eyelids, beside the care for the brig. The fog lifted and cleared away—but not so did the captain's face. That was still half clouded, as if there was some memory that disturbed, or some anticipation that knocked unpleasantly at the door of his mind.

"You are grave to-day, Arthur," said his cousin, Stephen Millwood, who had come on board to bid him farewell. "Are you ill? or has the parting from Leila proved too much for you?"

"Don't jest with me to-day, Steve; I cannot bear it. I have unpleasant thoughts which I cannot conquer. I will make a clean breast of it to you; for a trouble shared is half cured, they say. And yet, it is foolish to disturb myself with an idle dream, or to repeat it to you either."

"Say on, my dear fellow. Perhaps I can comfort you, somehow."

"Listen, then. You know Edgerton, who sailed a fortnight since. He was my particular friend. We have been in port together often, and were constant companions. We were hoping to meet again, as I was to sail so soon after him. But last night and the two preceding nights, I was tormented by ugly dreams about Edgerton, which have left an impression on my mind that I cannot rid myself of. There were

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



HUMANE OLD GENT.—"My friend, why do you punish the boy so severely?"
UNMERCIFUL PARENT.—"Well, de fact an, Boss, he's mouf look so much (like a 'hoss-collar, I nebber ketch dat colt; fo' de Lord!"



Come like shadows,



And so depart —SHAKESPEARE.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI.—No. 6.

JUNE, 1875.

WHOLE No. 246.

LILIES.

Among all the beautiful flowers that spring up so gayly to decorate the earth, and to gladden the eye and heart of man, some few are preeminent for their graceful forms and exquisite coloring; in this group the Lily occupies a place by the side of the

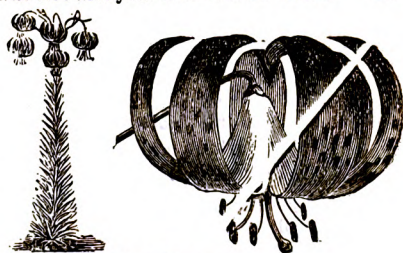
more awe-inspiring might have been chosen, but with that sweet and gentle wisdom which we revere, and gaining an untold charm from the heavenly music of his voice, came the words, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil



LILIUM LANCIFOLIUM.

glowing Rose, that universal favorite. From the earliest times the praises of the lily have been sung, and to all lovers of the beautiful it is especially dear. Blessed above other flowers is it, also, in that it has been honored by mention from those lips upon whose utterances the whole Christian world depends for light and guidance. The eyes of Jesus of Nazareth doubtless often rested with loving admiration on those brilliantly beautiful children of Nature, the lilies of Palestine, and he selected them as the most fitting examples of natural splendor in the floral kingdom with which to rebuke the unseemly pride of man. Ah, happy, happy flower! to which was granted the inestimable privilege of winning for itself such glorious immortality! A thousand objects grander and

not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Like



LILIUM CF. ALCEDONICUM.

an echo to our thoughts sound the words of the poetess;

"Imperial beauty! fair, unrivalled one!
What flower of earth has honor high as thine,—
To find its name on His unsullied lips,
Whose eye was light from heaven?"

In vain the power
Of human voice to swell the strain of praise
Thou hast received; and which will ever sound
Long as the page of inspiration shines—
While mortal songs shall die as summer winds,
That, wafting off thine odors, sink to sleep!
I will not praise thee, then; but thou shalt be
My hallowed flower! The sweetest, purest
thoughts

Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
On the green polished stalk, that puts them forth!
I will consider thee, and melt my cares
In the bland accents of *His* soothing voice,
Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
For a specimen of skill divine;
And, pointing out the *Lily of the field*,
Declared, the wisest of all Israel's kings,
In his full glory, not arrayed like thee!"

The pen of another has given to the world a yet sweeter tribute than the above, and, charmed by the combined thought and music of Mrs. Hemans, we cannot refrain from quoting her delicate lines:

"Flowers! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew
Eternal, universal as the sky—
Then in the bosom of your purity,

A voice he set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.

And though too oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of workday care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste,

Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed
hour,

Than yours, ye lilies! chosen thus and graced!"

One species of the Lily of Palestine, and probably the very same referred to by the great Teacher, is now cultivated in our gardens, where its wonderful splendor at once attracts the eye and compels admiration. It is called the *Lilium Chalcedonicum*, and is not very large, being about the size of our native lily, but its color is a scarlet, so beautiful and so vivid that no representations either in words or on canvas can do it justice. It is, indeed, a hue that is beyond the reach of art, and can only be produced in the secret laboratory of Nature. That power which adorns the azure halls of sunrise and sunset with floating, changing draperies of rose and purple, crimson and gold, which clothes in jewel-like splendor bird and butterfly, and tints the leaves of autumn so gorgeously, can likewise paint the petals of the lily in hues that defy all the alchemy of mortal art, while they arouse feelings of delight in the beholder. Yet the secrets of Nature are

the laws of God; and though we may not understand the mysteries of the powers of earth and air, which, when combined, produce such exquisite results, Nature herself is kind, and allows us by study and observation to become familiar with some of her processes. She permits us to learn the habits and necessities of her children, of which flowers would seem to be her favorites, since she lavishes upon them so much beauty of form and color. The successful florist is one who has been taught of Nature in her great garden of the world, and who has minutely and humbly followed out her eloquent though silent suggestions. To such our thanks are due for the great variety of lovely flowers, transplanted from almost all portions of the earth, that fill our gardens with brightness and perfume, some of them even gladdening us in our windows during winter.

A favorite with all is the pretty modest *lily of the valley*, whose tiny drooping bells of snow contrast so prettily with its broad green leaves. It seems the very impersonation of purity and delicacy, and charms by its unpretending grace, thus proving itself a worthy member of the lily family. In the garden in summer, or in the house when snow covers the ground, the lily of the vale is always a welcome sight. Some one has written:

"There is a pale and modest flower,
In garb of green arrayed,
That decks the rustic maiden's bower
And blossoms in the glade;
Though other flowers around me bloom,
In gaudy splendor drest,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
I love the lily best."

Our own native field lily is too well known to need description, and is a gay pretty flower, enlivening the fields and roadsides with its beauty. It is also cultivated in gardens, and with good results.

We now come to a group of lilies upon which Nature would seem to have lavished her choicest gifts; and the terms *splendid* and *magnificent* are not too pronounced to be applied to them, for they call forth such expressions at once. We allude, of course, to the famous Japan lilies, which for beauty of form and color cannot be excelled; the exquisite hues of their petals are beyond description in words, and are at once delicate and brilliant. The variety of these lilies called

Lilium Lancifolium is not only a rarely beautiful flower to the eye, but is also very fragrant. Its flowering stems grow to the height of four or five feet, and each stem bears from two to twelve flowers. These lilies have six petals of a pure frosted white, which is flushed with deep rose-color, and dotted with ruby-like spots of deepest red. The texture of the whole adds greatly to its beauty, and the blossom must be seen to be appreciated.

A truly royal lily is the *Auratum*, or the great lily of Japan, sometimes called the Golden-Banded Lily. It measures ten to twelve inches across, and like the *Lancifol-*

its successful cultivation easy. The plant grows to the height of eighteen inches, and will thrive in the house as well as out-of-doors, so that it may form one of the floral delights of winter.

A more common species of lily is the *Lilium Candidum*, the frequently seen white lily, which needs no word of praise from us since its loveliness is evident to every observer. A more charming sight than a large cluster of these pure fragrant lilies it would be difficult to imagine; and their presence in large bouquets is always an improvement. It must have been a blossom of this order that suggested to



LILIUM AURATUM.

lilium, has six petals having the appearance of the purest ivory. Each of these parts is covered with crimson spots, while through the centre runs a golden band. Imagine a dozen of these truly magnificent flowers on a single stem, and you have some idea of the beauty that will spring from a single *Auratum* bulb, when properly planted and treated. Time only improves the bulbs, and though the number of blossoms may not be large the first season, it will increase every year for a long time.

Another Japan lily is the *Longiflorum*, a pure white trumpet-shaped lily, four or more inches long. It is beautiful, hardy and healthy, the two latter qualities making

the mind of Percival these beautiful lines:

"I had found out a sweet green spot
Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not;
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love was there.

"I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill;
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a sweet perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

"I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day;—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing spell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away."

The *Praecox*, or *speciosum album*, is a very beautiful species of lily, and one lately introduced for public favor, it being a recent importation from Japan. It is of the purest white, with a central band and stem of light or pea-green. This lovely stranger will doubtless be highly prized by those who can afford to indulge their taste for rare and beautiful flowers.

A very delicate buff lily is the *Excelsum*, which is also exceedingly fragrant. It blossoms very freely, and will grow to the height of four feet or more, a great cluster of the lilies bending their graceful heads from the summit of the tall flower stem.

The attention of florists has been directed to the fine lilies that are natives of California and Oregon, and quite a number of the

The thought of possessing such a "thing of beauty" as a fine plant of this order must be enough to arouse the enthusiasm of every lover of flowers, and it would seem as if there should be little need of disappointment with this, or other floral treasures, if the admirably clear and sensible directions given in the "Guide" were followed. It is, indeed, a model publication, and one that may be relied upon as trustworthy, since it does not seek to raise false hopes of success attained without care and judgment, but plainly points out the difficulties in the way of successful gardening, while at the same time it tells in easily-understood terms how to overcome them. No desirable object can be attained in this world without a struggle



LILIUM JAPONICUM LONGIFLORUM

varieties have been experimented upon in order to ascertain if they were of a nature suitable for garden culture. One of the most exquisite of these lilies is the *Washingtonianum*, which is of a pure waxen white, the surface of the leaves shining with a gloss like that imparted by varnish, and dotted with fine purple spots. The clear whiteness of the petals changes after the flower opens to pink, which grows darker each day, the result of this modification of color being that on the same stalk blossoms may be seen ranging in hue from white to a deep purplish pink. In speaking of this variety of lily, Mr. Vick, in his always welcome "Floral Guide," says, with his usual frankness and sincerity, that failure with the bulbs of the *Washingtonianum* and other California lilies lately introduced to notice is possible to new beginners, while there is every probability of success.

against obstacles in the way, and only the cultivator of flowers who has succeeded knows how much of the triumph was due to sensible advice and individual good judgment. The latter quality cannot very well be dispensed with in any pursuit, and the person who imagines that floriculture is mere child's-play only shows his extreme ignorance of the subject. A true love of the beautiful ennobles heart and mind, and leads us to "look through nature up to nature's God."

Two more of the California lilies deserve a mention here—the *Humboldtii* and the *Pardalinum*. The first is of a yellowish color, diversified with large brown spots, and is very pretty, growing to the height of four feet. When wild, it is found opening its petals beneath the shade of trees, and upon the banks of streams, and a hint for its successful cultivation can of course be gained from these facts, since sufficient

shade and moisture will be as necessary in the garden as in its native retreats. The *Pardalinum* is a small lily, and grows in quite large clusters. Its prevailing colors are red and yellow, the lower half of each petal being red spotted with brown, and



LILIAM CANDIDUM.

the upper half red bordering on crimson. This combination of hues makes the flowers very bright and attractive. The foliage is composed of narrow slender leaves, and the bulbs are said to be very healthful.

The *Funkia*, or Day Lily, is quite a favorite in our gardens, as, indeed, it deserves to be, and exists in two varieties—the white and blue, each of which has the same peculiarity—one of the pretty flowers opening daily. It blossoms in the autumn, the white variety having a snowy trumpet-shaped blossom about five inches long, and the buds forming in clusters on the stem, which is usually about six inches long; the flowers of the blue species are not so large, but exceed the white in number. The latter grows to a greater height, and is a desirable addition to a garden, though not equal to the white.

Our list of lilies would lack an important addition did we omit to mention that favorite among house-plants, the royal Egyptian *Calla*, or Lily of the Nile, which unfolds its broad green leaves and superb waxen blossoms in the depth of a northern winter. It is a familiar object on the flower-stand, and to gaze into the

stainless heart of a perfect *Calla* blossom is like getting a glimpse of fairy-land, so pure, so marvellously beautiful it is. The *Calla* loves moisture, and has been recommended for aquaria, to which it is extremely well-adapted. Fine as we sometimes think our carefully-kept specimens are, we can gain but little idea from them of the luxuriant growth and great dimensions to which the Egyptian lily attains in the more congenial air of the south, where it flourishes without need of extra warmth or protection. In those favored lands,

“Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,”

the cherished exotics which we coax into scanty blossoming, show a richness of foliage and a splendor of coloring, unattain-

able, except in rare instances, under our northern skies. But though we cannot boast the blooms of the tropics, we have a host of beautiful flowers that well repay such cultivation as the amateur florist can give. The exquisite lilies of which we have endeavored to give some description, take kindly to our climate, and are, in fact, very hardy, most of them requiring



LILIAM WASHINGTONIANUM.



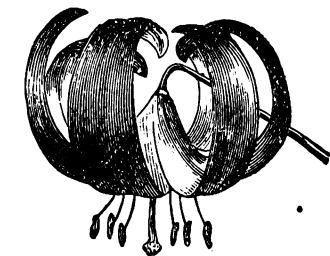
very little or no extra care. To see them in their full perfection one should pay a visit, in the lily season, to the great establishment of Mr. James Vick, at Rochester,

New York, where the glorious beauty of the immense lily-beds is beyond expression. There the lover of flowers may revel in sights and odors that will make him think himself for the time in paradise. After the first intoxication of delight at the splendor of the lilies, he will be attracted by many and many other beauties, and will be likely to wander on and on, continually finding something to excite pleasure and admiration. In those extensive grounds he will see the grand results of constant care and supervision, and will leave them penetrated with the truthful idea that there are few such spots on earth. That day will always be a pleasant one to remember, and the treasured "Floral Guide" will be studied more diligently than ever, that the secret may be discovered, if possible, which has led to such magnificent success. Then, and then only, perhaps, will the visitor begin to partially comprehend the care and attention that the florist bestows upon his flowers, and the patience that he has to exercise in regard to his experiments.

The following poem, from the pen of an Irish poetess—Mrs. Tighe—is the most excellent description of the seeming worthlessness of a lily-bulb to one ignorant of its nature, and of the beauty really lying dormant within it, to come forth at the call of sunshine and shower, that we have yet read :

"How withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

"The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

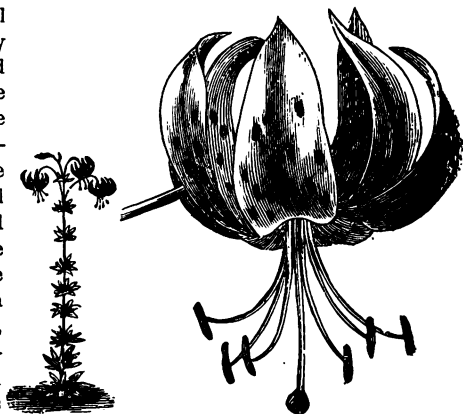


LILIIUM PARDALINUM.

"Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The Lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

"Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

"O, many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,



LILIIUM HUMBOLDTII.

While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth:

"And Ignorance, with skeptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view:
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

"Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And Nature bid her blossoms bloom.

"And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

"Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

"So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient cheerful eye;

"And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom;
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom."

The culture of flowers is one of the pleasantest of employments, and the delight of watching the gradual growth and unfoldment of these beautiful children of nature can only be appreciated by those who have experienced it. In this northern latitude, where the earth is covered with

snow for a great portion of the year, and we are thus restricted to a few house-plants for our comforters during the winter, the advent of spring is like an inspiration. The great heart of nature throbs and bounds with renewed life and vigor, and our own pulses respond to the universal joy. Only a short time before we had been locked in the icy bonds of Winter, and in our weariness of his fetters were ready to exclaim with Whittier:

"O, soul of the springtime, its balm and its breath!

O, light of its darkness, and life of its death!
Why wait we thy coming? why linger so long
The warmth of thy breathing, the voice of thy song?

Renew the great miracle! let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise as of old!"

But however tardy the Spring may be in coming, at last her presence is acknowledged, and the tender green of grass and trees delights the eyes weary of the desolate winter landscapes. The bluebird's carol is heard, the robins and sparrows come around the door, the earliest flowers make their appearance, and it is time for all who take pride in the beauty of their gardens to be at work. Under energetic hands the preparatory work is soon done, and in due time the growth of all things is perceptible. And what a host of familiar faces come forth one by one, smile upon the summer world, live out their bright brief day, and then fade from sight, to be succeeded by others no less fair! From the dear little crocus that lifts its pretty head before the snow has really disappeared, to the proud dahlia that displays its rich colors until destroyed by frost, what a multitude of intermediate blossoms come and go, each lovely in its place, and calling for appreciation! In this vast number there are some families which have from early times won especial notice for their exceeding beauty or merit. Among these the rose, the lily and the violet are as famous as any, though there are others that nearly, if not quite, equal them in grace and loveliness. The rose is often called the Queen of Flowers, and poets have celebrated its charms in verse times without number.

"For the rose, ho, the rose! is the eye of the flowers,

Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair,—
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers
On pale lovers that sit in the glow unaware."

We have already spoken of the exquisite beauty of the lilies, sisters and companions of the roses, and by many deemed as royally endowed. Everybody loves the sweet violet, that modest little flower which has always been regarded as the symbol of fidelity, and there are not a few who could say:

"Let Nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nursed;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first."

Franklin has said, "Flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on the hills and fields mysterious truths." It has been the pleasure of fanciful minds to invent a "language of flowers," attributing to each blossom a meaning appropriate to its nature and appearance; perhaps the following definitions may not be uninteresting to those of our readers who are fond of flowers:

"The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purple rose a figure of unfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty by the fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; unassumingness by the corn flower; and the auricula, 'how friendly they look upon us with their childlike eyes.' Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness by the angelica; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again by the starwort; the night rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus Nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men are able to do?"

A language of their own they do indeed possess, these fair faced flowers, and

whether we put it in so many words or not,
they comfort and brighten the world none
the less, for—

“They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest
heaven,
And blessed what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers.

“That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,

And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of all earth's flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister, Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then
The bright, bright flowers!

“The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
The woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as the proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home;
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The just in the world to come—
The bright, bright flowers!”

OUR TABBY.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.



OUR OLD TABBY.

O, she had a gentle air,
She was very sleek and fair,
And she stepped about with care,
Our Tabby!
Her sides were white and gray,
Striped in a witching way,
And potent was her way—
Our Tabby.

Her eyes were yellow-green,
“Sweetest eyes were ever seen”
For a cat's, were they, I ween—
Our Tabby's:
For their look was soft and kind,
When content was in her mind,
And no mouse she wished to find—
Our Tabby.

As she purred upon your lap,
Thinking there to take a nap,
She for love your hand would lap,
Our Tabby!
While you softly stroked her fur,
She would give her softest purr,
Till you fell in love with her,
Our Tabby.

Cat of cats she surely was,
And she rarely showed her claws—
Never, without active cause,
Our Tabby;
But her dignity was great,
And unlucky was the fate
Of the one who gained her hate,
Our Tabby!

Mice were few where she had been,
Rats dared not to venture in,
For she thought it was no sin,
Our Tabby,
To despatch such foes as these;
On them she would quickly seize,
As if such pursuit did please
Our Tabby!

Underneath the velvet paws
Slept the long and cruel claws,
Nor did she in mercy pause,
Our Tabby—
Gone the gentle look and mild
From the eyes so fierce and wild,
“Little Panther” then we styled
Our Tabby.

Once, with look of conscious pride,
She dragged something to our side,
And with horror we espied,
By Tabby,
A green snake which she had found
Wriggling o’er the garden-ground,
And had captured at a bound—
Fierce Tabby!

But alas! that I should say
That she sought for other prey
In a very wicked way,
Our Tabby!
For a bird upon the wing
Was the signal for a spring,
And an evil look would bring
To Tabby.

Once when she was fast asleep
In the sunshine, dreaming deep
Of such fancies as will creep
Over Tabbies,

She heard a little sound—
Oped her eyes and looked around—
Caught a robin at a bound—
Bad Tabby!

Just then her mistress came
Softly calling out her name—
Tabby shook for very shame—
Sly Tabby!
Little robin mistress, spies,
Staring with his wild bright eyes,
Held in such a cruel wise,
O Tabby!

Stamping sternly with her foot,
Cased in such a tiny boot—
Words she spoke which did not suit
Proud Tabby.
Robin flew away unharmed,
Only very much alarmed,
Mistress’ wrath was somewhat calmed
Toward Tabby.

“For a cat will be a cat,
Reason says as much as that,”
Argued she beneath her hat,
For Tabby,
“And perhaps no more she’ll be
Guilty of such cruelty
As this day I chanced to see—
O Tabby!

Tabby read her mistress’ face,
Understood her own disgrace.
And failed not the cause to trace,
Wise Tabby!
Robins thenceforth need not fear,
Even if they ventured near,
They to her no more were dear,
Nice Tabby!

CRYSTAL BASKETS.—These ornaments are not difficult to make. The basket, or any other ornament, is first fashioned with copper wire, as a skeleton of the pattern desired. For blue crystals, take a saturated solution of sulphate of copper in hot water, place the pattern in this liquor, and set it in a quiet place; as the solution cools, crystals of the sulphate will be deposited on the wire; the first crystals will be small, but, to increase their size, it is only necessary to place the ornaments in a fresh and perfectly saturated solution of the copper salt. For yellow crystals, use the yellow prussiate of potash; for ruby use the red prussiate

of potash; for white, use alum. The salts of chromium, and many others, are equally applicable for this purpose, if greater variety of color be wanted. To preserve these ornaments in all their beauty, they should be kept under glass shades. All the salts named are more soluble in hot than in cold water; hence, as the hot solutions become cold, a part of the material is deposited; in so doing each metallic salt assumes a particular shape of crystal, as if endowed with vitality. These crystals vary in form according to the salt, but are invariably the same for the same salt, and as characteristic of their origin.

THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

PART I.—[CONTINUED.]

Mr. Linnere played and sang with exquisite taste and skill—he was a complete master of the art, and, in spite of herself, Margie listened to him with a delight which was almost fascination, but which subsided the moment the melody ceased.

He judged her by the majority of women he had met, and finding her indifferent, he sought to rouse her jealousy by flirting with Miss Lee, who was by no means averse to his attentions. But Margie hailed the transfer with a relief which was so evident that Mr. Linnere, piqued and irritated, took up his hat to leave, in the midst of one of Miss Lee's most brilliant descriptions of what she had seen in Italy, from whence she had but just returned. He went over to the sofa where Margie was sitting.

"I hope to please you better next time," he said, lifting her hand. "Good-night, Margie, dear." And before she was aware, he touched his lips to her forehead. She tore her hand away from him, and a flush of anger sprang to her cheek. He surveyed her with admiration. He liked a little spirit in a woman, especially as he intended to be able to subdue it when it pleased him. Her anger made her a thousand times more beautiful. He stood looking at her a moment, then turned and withdrew.

Margie struck her forehead with her hand, as if she would wipe out the touch he had left there.

"It burns like fire," she muttered. "O heaven! am I to become the wife of that man? Will God permit it? Is it my duty?"

Alexandrine came and put her arm around her waist.

"I almost envy you, Margie," she said, in that singularly purring voice of hers.

"Ah, Linnere is magnificent! Such eyes, and hair, and such a voice! Well, Margie, you are a fortunate girl."

And Miss Lee sighed, and shook out the heavy folds of her violet silk, with the air of one who has been injured, but is determined to show a proper spirit of resignation.

Mr. Paul Linnere hurried along through an unfrequented street to his suite of rooms at the St. Nicholas. He was very angry with everybody; he felt like an ill-treated individual. He had expected Margie to fall at his feet at once. A man of his attractions to be snubbed as he had been! by a mere chit of a girl, too! He, with whom a duchess had once been in love!

"I will find means to tame her, when once she is mine," he muttered. "By heaven! but it will be rare sport to break that fiery spirit! It will make me young again!"

Something white and shadowy bound his path. A spectral hand was laid on his arm, chilling like ice, even through his clothing. The ghastly face of a woman—a face framed in jet black hair, and lit up by great black eyes bright as stars, gleamed through the mirk of the night.

The man gazed into the weird face, and shook like a leaf in the blast. His arm sank nerveless to his side, palsied by that frozen touch, his voice was so unnatural that he started at the sound.

"My God! Arabel Vere! Do the dead come back?"

The great unnaturally brilliant eyes seemed to burn into his brain. The cold hand tightened on his arm. A breath like wind freighted with snow crossed his face.

"Speak, for heaven's sake!" he cried. "Am I dreaming?"

"Remember the banks of the Seine" said a singularly sweet voice, which sounded to Mr. Paul Linnere as if it came from leagues and leagues away. "When you sit by the side of the living love, remember the dead! Think of the dark rolling river, and of what its waters covered!"

He started from the strange presence, and caught at a post for support. His self-possession was gone; he trembled like the most abject coward. Only for a moment—and then, when he looked again, the apparition had vanished. All was silent save the distant clock of St. Stephens, striking twelve. Not so much as the sound of a footfall, to tell him that his visitor had been mortal.

"Good God!" he cried, putting his hand to his forehead. "Do the dead indeed come back! I saw them take her from the river—O heaven! I saw her when she sank beneath the terrible waters! Is there a hereafter, and does a man sell his soul to damnation who commits what the world calls murder?"

He stopped under a lamp and drew out his pocket-book, taking therefrom a soiled scrap of paper.

"Yes, I have it here. 'Found drowned, the body of a woman. Her linen was marked with the name of Arabel Vere. Another unfortunate—' No, I will not read the rest. I have read it too often, now, for my peace of mind. Yes, she is dead. There is no doubt. I have been dreaming to-night. Old Trevlyn's wine was too strong for me. Arabel Vere, indeed! Pshaw! Paul Linnere, are you an idiot?"

Not daring to cast a look behind him, he hurried home, and up to his spacious parlor on the second floor. Everything that money could purchase was there. From the wreck of his fortune Linnere had saved all that was valuable in the way of costly trinkets and rare curiosities. He had a *penchant* for such things.

The velvet carpet was so thick that it gave back no echo from the heaviest footfall, and its roses and lilies looked like those which grow in living gardens. You felt almost tempted to stop and inhale their fragrance. The chairs and sofas were curiously wrought by the fair fingers of the Persian women, and were soft as Turkish divans. A deep voluptuous rose color pervaded the gold-embossed wall-paper, and

lingered in the silver hangings, giving to the atmosphere the mellowness of summer, and making the marble Psyche blush at her own loveliness. Bronzes, rare and exquisite, loaded the fanciful brackets, a goldfinch was asleep in a gilded cage, with his head beneath his wing, and on the hearthrug a slender greyhound was dozing the time away, with half-shut eyes.

Linnere turned up the gas into a flare, and, throwing off his coat, flung himself into an armchair, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He looked about the room with half-frightened searching eyes. He dreaded solitude, and he feared company, yet felt the necessity of speaking to something. His eyes lighted on the dog.

"Leo, Leo," he called, "come here, sir!"

The dog opened his eyes, but gave no responsive wag of his tail. You saw at once that though Leo was Mr. Paul Linnere's property, and lived with him, he did not have any attachment for him.

"Come here, sir!" said Linnere, authoritatively.

Still the animal did not stir. Linnere was nervous enough to be excited to anger by the veriest trifle, and the dog's disobedience aroused his rage.

"Curse the brute!" he cried. And putting his foot against him, he sent him spinning across the room. Leo did not growl, or cry out, but his eyes gleamed like coals, and he showed his white teeth with savage but impotent hatred. It was easy to see that if he had been a bulluog instead of a greyhound, he would have torn Mr. Paul Linnere limb from limb.

Linnere went back to his chair, and sat down with a sullen face; but he could not rest there. He tried the sofa, and then an ottoman by the open window. He rose, and going into an inner room, brought out an ebony box, which he opened, and from which he took a miniature in a golden case. He hesitated a moment before touching the spring, and when he did so the unclosing revealed the face of a young girl. Linnere's countenance changed singularly at sight of that face. He dropped the locket, and covered his eyes with his hands. Leo crept up to his feet, and caressed the locket, uttering a pitiful whine which arrested the attention of his master. Linnere snatched up the locket, and looked on the pictured face.

A fair young girl in her early youth—not more than eighteen summers could have scattered their roses over her, when that beautiful impression was taken. A ripe southern face, with masses of jet-black hair, and dark brilliant eyes. There was a dewy crimson on her lips, and her cheeks were red as damask roses. A bright happy face, upon which no blight had fallen.

"She was beautiful—beautiful as a houri!" said Mr. Paul Linnere, speaking slowly, half unconsciously, it seemed, his thoughts aloud. "And when I first knew her, she was sweet and innocent. I made her sin. I led her into the temptation she was too weak to resist. Women are soft and silly when they are in love, and because of that, men have to bear all the blame. She was willing to trust me—she ought to have been more cautious. Who blames me, if I tired of her? A man does not always want a moping complaining woman hanging about him! and she had a deuced unpleasant way of forcing herself upon me when it was particularly disagreeable to have her do so. Well—but there is no use in retrospection. I had strong objections to being called father when there were such brilliant prospects for me in another quarter. She was drowned—she and her unborn child, and the dead never come back—no, never!"

He shuddered as he spoke, and looked half-fearfully, half-expectantly around him. He felt as if he were not alone in the room. Some unseen presence oppressed him with vague dread. He seemed to feel that cold hand on his arm, and again that icy breath swept across his face. He sprang up and rang the bell sharply. Directly his valet, Pietro, a sleepy-looking and swarthy Italian, appeared.

"Bring me a glass of brandy, Pietro; and look you, sir, you may sleep to-night on the lounge in my room. I am not feeling quite well, and may have need of you before morning."

The man looked surprised, but made no comment. He brought the stimulant, his master drank it off, and then threw himself, dressed as he was, on the bed.

Upper Tendom was ringing with the approaching nuptials of Miss Harrison and Mr. Linnere. The bride was so beautiful, so wealthy, and so insensible to her good fortune in securing the most eligible man

in her set. Half the ladies in the city were in love with Mr. Linnere. He was so *distingue*, carried himself so loftily, and yet was so gallantly condescending, and so imitably fascinating. He knew Europe like a book, sang like a professor, and knew just how to hand a lady her fan, adjust her shawl, and take her from a carriage. Accomplishments which make men popular, always.

Early in July Mr. Trevlyn and Margie, accompanied by a gay party, went down to Cape May. Mr. Trevlyn had long ago forsworn everything of the kind; but since Margie Harrison had come to reside with him he had given up his hermit habits, and been quite like other nice gouty old gentlemen. He was fretful and overbearing at times, and liked his own way on all occasions; but he did a great deal to make Margie happy in her new home, and bore patiently with the troops of gay young people she gathered around her. He might not so far have come out of his retirement as to have visited a fashionable watering-place, had not his physician prescribed sea-bathing; and Mr. Trevlyn had too great a dread of death to disregard the first symptoms of disease.

The party went down on Thursday—Mr. Paul Linnere followed on Saturday. Margie had hoped he would not come; in his absence she could have enjoyed the sojourn, but his presence destroyed for her all the charms of sea and sky. She grew frightened, sometimes, when she thought how intensely she hated him. And in October she was to become his wife. So it was arranged. Mr. Linnere knew that there was truth in the old proverb, and did not mean the cup should slip before it reached his lips. His creditors were importunate, and it would not do to wait too long.

Some way, Margie felt strangely at ease on the subject. She knew that the arrangements were all made, that her wedding *trousseau* was being got up by a fashionable *modiste*, that Delmonico had received orders for the feast, and that the oranges were budded which, when burst into flowers were to adorn her forehead on her bridal day. She despised Linnere with her whole soul, she dreaded him inexpressibly, yet she scarcely gave her approaching marriage with him a single thought. She wondered that she did not; when she thought of it

at all, she was shocked to find herself so impassive. She could not have a heart like other women, she thought, or she should have it manifesting itself.

Her party had been a week at Cape May, when Archer Trevlyn came down, with the wife of his employer, Mr. Belgrade. The lady was in delicate health, and had been advised to try sea air and surf-bathing. Mr. Belgrade's business would not allow of his absence at just that time, and he had shown his confidence in his head clerk by selecting him as his wife's escort.

Introduced into society by so well-established an aristocrat as Mrs. Belgrade, Arch might, at once, have taken a prominent place among the fashionables; for his singularly handsome face and highbred manners made him an acquisition to any company. But he never forgot that he had been a street-sweeper, and he would not submit to be patronized by the very people who had once, perhaps, grudged him the pennies they had thrown to him as they would have thrown bread to a starving dog. So he avoided society, and attended only on Mrs. Belgrade. But from Alexandrine Lee he could not escape. She fastened upon him at once. She had a habit of singling out gentlemen, and giving them the distinction of her attentions, and no one thought of noticing it, now. The nine days' wonder at her eccentricities had long been a thing of the past. Arch was ill at ease beneath the infliction, but he was a thorough gentleman, and could not repulse her rudely.

A few days after the arrival of Mrs. Belgrade, Arch took her down to the beach to bathe. All the world was out. The beach was alive with the gorgeous grotesque figures of the bathers. The air was bracing, the surf splendid.

Mr. Trevlyn's carriage drove down soon after Mrs. Belgrade had finished her morning's "dip," and Margie and Mr. Linmere, accompanied by Alexandrine Lee, alighted. They were in bathing costume, and Miss Lee, espying Arch, fastened upon him without ceremony.

"O Mr. Trevlyn," she said, animatedly, "I am so glad to have come across you! I was just telling Mr. Linmere that two ladies were hardly safe with only one gentleman, in such a surf as there is this morning. I shall have to depend on you to take care of me. Shall I?"

Of course, Arch could not refuse; and apologizing to Mrs. Belgrade, who good-naturedly urged him forward, he took charge of Miss Lee.

Linmere offered Margie his hand to lead her in, but she declined. He kept close beside her, and when they stood waist deep in the water, and a huge breaker was approaching, he put his arm around her shoulders. With an impatient gesture she tore herself away. He made an effort to retain her, and in the struggle Margie lost her footing, and the receding wave bore her out to sea!

Linmere grew pale as death. He was so susceptible, dear man! the ladies said, looking on in pity and horror. Yes, he was susceptible. He knew if Margie was drowned, he was a ruined man! His pictures and statues would have to go under the hammer—his creditors were only kept from striking by his prospect of getting a rich wife to pay his debts. He cast an imploring eye on the swimmers around him, but he was too great a coward to risk his life among the swirling breakers.

Only one man struck boldly out to the rescue. Arch Trevlyn threw off the clinging hand of Miss Lee, and with a strong arm pressed his way through the white-capped billows. He came near to Margie, he saw the chestnut gleam of her hair on the bright treacherous water, and in an instant it was swept under a long line of snowy foam. She rose again at a little distance, and her eyes met his pleadingly. Her lips syllabled the words, "Save me!"

He heard them, above all the deafening roar of the waters. They nerved him on to fresh exertions. Another stroke, and he caught her arm, drew her to him, held her closely to his breast, touched her wet hair with his lips. Then he controlled himself, and spoke coolly:

"Take my left hand, Miss Harrison, and I think I can tow you safely to the shore. Do not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," she said, quietly.

How his heart leaped at the sound of her voice! How happy he was that she was not afraid—that she trusted her life to him! Of how little value he would have reckoned his own existence, if he had purchased hers by its loss! Ah, well—love is love, the world over.

A hundred pairs of hands were outstretched to receive Margie, when Arch

brought her to the shore. Her dear devoted friends crowded around her, and in their joy at her escape, Arch retreated for his lodgings. But Miss Lee had been watching him, and seized his arm the moment he was clear of the crowd.

"O Mr. Trevlyn, it is just like a novel!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Only you cannot marry the heroine, for she is engaged to Mr. Linnmere; and she perfectly dotes on him."

Trevlyn's countenance did not change. Miss Lee was watching him closely, but she could not detect the slightest variation of color. Her usual astuteness was at fault.

"Allow me to escort you to the house," he said, politely. "I see Mr. Weldon looking daggers at me."

"Mr. Weldon has no right to look daggers at any one on my account, Mr. Trevlyn. As if I cared for that little dandy!"

"All the ladies think him sweet," said Trevlyn, descending to small talk because he wished to avoid all serious subjects with Miss Lee. She jarred so disagreeably upon all the finer feelings of his nature.

"All but myself, Mr. Trevlyn; I beg you to make me an exception. But I will not keep you in your wet clothes. Good-morning."

She flitted away, and Trevlyn went up to his chamber.

That evening there was a "hop" at the hotel, but Arch did not go down. He knew if he did, the inevitable Miss Lee would anchor herself on his arm for the evening; and his politeness was not equal to the task of entertaining her. She was beautiful, and brilliant when she cared to be, and Arch felt that, if he liked, he might marry her and her fortune, and step at once into the very highest circles of society; but he did not aspire to the honor.

The strains of music reached him, softened and made sweet by the distance. He stole down on the piazza, and sat under the shadow of a flowering vine, looking at the sky, with its myriads of glittering stars. There was a light step at his side, and glancing up, he saw Margie Harrison.

She was in evening dress, her white arms and shoulders bare, and glistening with snowy pearls. Her soft unbound hair fell over her neck in a flood of light, and a subtle perfume, like the breath of blooming water-lilies, floated around her.

"I want to make you my captive for a little while, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, gayly. "Will you wear the chains?"

"Like a garland of roses," he responded. "Yes, to the world's end, Miss Harrison!"

The unconscious fervor of his voice brought a crimson flush to her face. She dropped her eyes, and toyed with the bracelet on her arm.

"I did not know *you* dealt in compliments, Mr. Trevlyn," she said; a little reproachfully. "I thought you were always sincere."

"And so I am, Miss Harrison."

"I take you at your word, then," recovering her playful air. "You will not blame me, if I lead you into difficulty?"

"Certainly not. I give myself into your keeping."

She put her hand within his arm, and led him up the stairs, to a private parlor on the second floor. Under the jet of light sat old Mr. Trevlyn. Archer's heart throbbed fiercely, and his lips grew set and motionless, as he stood there before the man he hated—the man against whom he had made a vow of undying vengeance. Margie was looking at her guardian, and did not observe the startling change which had come over Arch. She spoke softly, addressing the old man.

"Dear guardian, this is the man who this morning so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave. I want you to help me thank him."

Mr. Trevlyn arose, came forward, and extended his hand. Arch stood erect, his arms folded on his breast. He did not move, nor offer to take the proffered hand. Mr. Trevlyn gave a start of surprise, and seizing a lamp from the table, held it up to the face of the young man. Arch did not flinch; he bore the insulting scrutiny with stony calmness.

The old man dashed down the lamp, and put his hand to his forehead. His face was livid with passion, his voice choked so as to be scarcely audible.

"Margie, Margie Harrison," he exclaimed, "what is this person's name?"

"Archer Trevlyn, sir," answered the girl, amazed at the strange behaviour of the two men.

"Just as I thought! Hubert's son!"

"Yes," said Arch, speaking with painful calmness, "I am Hubert's son; the son of the man your wicked cruelty murdered."

Mr. Trevlyn seized his cane and rushed upon his grandson; but Margie sprang forward and threw her arm across the breast of Arch. Her eyes blazed, her cheeks burnt with indignant crimson.

"Strike him, if you dare!" she said, "but you shall strike a woman!"

Mr. Trevlyn looked at her, and the weapon dropped to the floor.

"Margaret Harrison," he said, sternly, "leave this room. This is no place for you. Obey me!"

"I am subject to no man's authority," she said, boldly, "and I will not leave the room. You shall not insult a gentleman to whom I owe my life, and who is here as my invited guest."

"I shall defend myself! There is murder in that fellow's eye, if ever I saw it in that of any human being!"

"I am answerable for his conduct," she said, with proud dignity. "He will do nothing of which a lady need stand in fear. I brought him here, ignorant of the relationship existing between you and him, and unconscious of the truth that I should be called upon to defend him from the causeless rage of his own grandfather!"

Again the cane was uplifted; but Margie laid her hand resolutely upon it.

"Give it to me. Will you—you, who pride yourself upon your high and delicate sense of honor—will you be such an abject coward as to strike a defenceless man?"

He yielded her the weapon, and she threw it from the window.

"You may take away my defence, Margaret," said the old man, resolutely, "but you shall not prevent me from cursing him! A curse be upon him—"

"Hold, sir! Remember that your head is white with the snows of time! It will not be long before you will go to the God who sees you every moment, who will judge you for every sin you commit."

"You may preach that stuff to the dogs! There is no God! I defy him and you! Archer Trevlyn, my curse be upon you and yours, now and forever! Child of a disobedient son! child of a mother who was a harlot!"

Arch sprang upon him with a savage cry. His hand was on his throat—God knows what crime he would have done, fired by the insult offered to the memory of his mother, had not Margie caught his hands, and drawn them away.

"O Archer, Archer Trevlyn!" she cried, imploringly, "grant me this one favor—the very first I ever asked of you! For my sake, come away! He is an old man. Leave him to God, and his own conscience. You are young and strong; you would not disgrace your manhood by laying violent hands on the weakness of old age!"

"Did you not hear what he called my mother? the purest woman the world ever saw! No man shall repeat that foul slander in my presence, and live!"

"He will not repeat it. Forgive him. He is fretful, and he thinks the world has gone hard with him. He has sinned, and those who sin, suffer always. It has been a long and terrible feud between him and yours. I brought you here—let me take you away."

Her soft hands were on his—her beautiful tear-wet eyes lifted to his face. He could not withstand that look. He would have given up the plans of a lifetime, if she had asked him, with those imploring eyes.

"I yield to you, Miss Harrison—only to you," he replied. "If John Trevlyn lives, he owes his life to you. He judged rightly—there was murder in my soul, and he saw it in my eyes. Years ago, after they laid my poor heart-broken mother out of my sight, I swore a terrible vow of vengeance on the old man whose cruelty had hurried her into the grave. But for you, I should have kept the vow this moment! But I will obey you. Take me wherever you will."

She led him down the stairs, across the lawn, and out on the lonely beach, where the quiet moon and the passionless stars dropped down their crystal rain. The sweet south wind blew up cool from sea, and afar off the tinkle of a sheep-bell stirred the silence of the night. The lamp in the distant lighthouse gleamed like a spark of fire, and at their feet broke the tireless billows, white as the snowdrifts of December.

There was something inexpressibly soothing in the serenity of the night. Arch felt its influence. The hot color died out of his cheek, his pulse beat slower, he lifted his eyes to the purple arch of the summer sky.

"All God's universe is at rest," said Margie, her voice breaking upon his ear like a strain of music. "O Archer Trevlyn, be at peace with all mankind!"

"I am—with all but *him*."

"And with *him*, also. The heart which bears malice cannot be a happy heart. There has been a great wrong done—I have heard the sad story—but it is divine to forgive. The man who can pardon the enemy who has wrought him evil, rises to a height where nothing of these earthly temptations can harm him more. He stands on a level with the angels of God. If you have been injured, let it pass. If your parents were hurried out of the world by his cruelty, think how much sooner they tasted the bliss of heaven! Every wrong will in due time be avenged. Justice will be done, for the Infinite One has promised it. Leave it in his hands. Archer, before I leave you, promise me to forgive Mr. Trevlyn."

"I cannot! I cannot!" he cried, hoarsely. "O Margie, Miss Harrison, ask of me anything but that, even to the sacrifice of my life, and I will willingly oblige you; but not that! not that!"

"That is all I ask. It is for your good and my peace of mind that I demand it. You have no right to make me unhappy, as your persistence in this dreadful course will do. Promise me, Archer Trevlyn!"

She put her hand on his shoulder; he turned his head and pressed his lips upon it. She did not draw it away, but stood, melting his hard heart with her wonderfully sweet gaze. He yielded all at once—she knew she had conquered. He sank down on one knee before her, and bowed his face upon his hands. She stooped over him, her hair swept his shoulders, the brown mingling with the deeper chestnut of his curling locks.

"You will promise me, Mr. Trevlyn?"

He looked up suddenly.

"What will you give me, if I promise?"

"Ask for it."

He lifted a curl of shining hair.

"Yes," she said. "Promise me what I ask, and I give it to you."

He took his pocket-knife and severed the tress.

"I promise you. I break my vow; I seek no revenge. I forgive John Trevlyn, and may God forgive him, also. He is safe from me. I submit to have my parents sleep on unavenged. I leave him and his sins to the God whom he denies; and all because you have asked it of me."

He rose up, and stood silently by her side. The moon had been clouded for a moment—it burst forth with almost daz-

zling radiance. Arch Trevlyn touched the white hand on his arm with reverent tenderness. The hour was late. He could have lingered there with her forever, but her long absence would excite remark.

Slowly and silently they went up to the house. At the door he said no good-night—he only held her hand a moment, closely, and then turned away. He could not trust himself to speak, lest his voice might reveal something his duty would not allow him to think of. She was the promised wife of Mr. Paul Linmere. A cold shudder ran over him at the thought. The beautiful night took on a face of darkness and gloom.

He walked rapidly back to the beach, and threw himself down on the sands where she had stood. He looked up at the mysterious sky, and out at the mysterious ocean. A peace came and settled over him. His tortured heart lapsed into an infinite state of content. He seemed to desire nothing beyond what he had. The present contented and satisfied him. He had forgiven an enemy. Had he indeed risen and entered upon the enjoyment vouchsafed to the angels?

PART II.

PAUL LINMERE'S wedding-day drew near. Between him and Margie there was no semblance of affection. Her coldness never varied, and after a few fruitless attempts to excite in her some manifestation of interest, he took his cue from her, and was as coldly indifferent as herself.

A few days before the tenth of October, which was the day appointed for the bridal, Dick Turner, one of Paul's friends, gave a supper at the Bachelors' Club. A supper in honor of Paul, or to testify the sorrow of the Club at the loss of one of its members. It was a very hilarious occasion, and the toasting and wine-drinking extended far into the small hours.

In a somewhat elevated frame of mind, Mr. Paul Linmere left the rooms of the Club at about three o'clock in the morning, to return home. His way lay along the most deserted part of the city—a place where there were few dwellings, and the buildings were mostly stores and warehouses. He was hurrying along, thinking of the last song Dick had sung, and trying, in his maudlin way, to hum a bar of it before the air escaped his memory.

Suddenly a touch on his arm stopped him. The same cold deathly touch he had felt once before. He had drank just enough to feel remarkably brave, and turning, he encountered the strangely-gleaming eyes that had frozen his blood that night in early summer. All his bravado left him. He felt weak and helpless as a child. His breath was suspended—his eyes refused to turn away from the livid face that confronted him.

Not ten rods off he heard, like one in a dream, the steady tramp of a watchman, but he had no power to call to him, though he would have given all the world for the society of something human.

"What is it? what do you want?" he asked, brokenly.

"Justice!" said the mysterious presence; and, as before, the voice seemed to travel through infinite space before it reached him.

"Justice? For whom?"

"Arabel Vere."

"Arabel Vere! Curse her!" he cried, savagely.

The figure lifted a spectral white hand.

"Paul Linnere—beware! The vengeance of the dead reaches sometimes unto the living! There is not water enough in the Seine to drown a woman's hatred! Death itself cannot annihilate it! Beware!"

He struck savagely at the uplifted hand, but his arm met no resistance. He beat only against the impalpable air. His spectral visitor had flown, and left nothing behind to tell of her presence.

With unsteady steps Mr. Paul Linnere hurried home, entered his rooms, and double-locked the doors behind him. Pietro was sleeping in his bed-chamber—he slept there every night now—and his master did not disturb him.

Leo lay on the hearthrug, but gave no other sign of recognition than to half uncloze his eyes at the opening of the door. Paul went to the grate to warm his benumbed fingers, and stumbled over the dog as he did so.

"Curse the brute!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I hate it, and yet I dare not kill it! It was *hers*—ay, it was Arabel Vere's. Who says I am afraid to speak her name aloud? Whoever says so lies! I think if the dog were dead I might forget her and hers! I wish he would die! I wish I had the courage to dash his brains out with

this!" He took down a heavy bronze vase, and eyed the dog with fierce hatred. But something in the steady unfaltering gaze of the sagacious brute seemed to deter him. He put up the bronze, and began pacing the floor.

"A little more than a week to my wedding-day! How happy I ought to be! Half New York is envious of me! A beautiful wife and a splendid fortune! But I should hate Margaret Harrison if I dared to. Paul Linnere, are you afraid of her? I should hope not. Certainly not. But she freezes a fellow so! And I know she loathes me! Only think of her telling me last night, when I offered her a late rose, that she did not care for the flowers over which the serpent had trailed! Well, in a few days I shall have her fast, and then trust me to tame her! And if I cannot—if I cannot—she *may* die. People do sometimes. Ha, ha! Arabel Vere did!"

He went to a marble shelf on which stood a costly cut-glass decanter and a slender Bohemian wineglass. He tossed off glass after glass of brandy, until the decanter was empty. Then he flung it down on the marble slab, and it was broken into fragments. * * *

Mr. Trevlyn had decided that the marriage of his ward should take place at Harrison Park, the old country-seat of the Harrisons, on the Hudson. Here Margie's parents had lived always in the summer; here they had died within a week of each other, and here in the cypress grove by the river they were buried. There would be no more fitting place for the marriage of their daughter to be solemnized. Margie neither opposed nor approved the plan. She did not oppose anything. She was passive, almost apathetic.

The admiring dressmakers and milliners came and went, fitting, and measuring, and trying on their tasteful creations, but without eliciting any signs of interest or pleasure from Margie Harrison. She gave no orders, found no fault; expressed no admiration, nor its opposite. It was all the same to her.

The bridal dress came home a few days before the appointed day. It was a superb affair, and Margie looked like a queen in it. It was of white satin, with a point-lace overskirt, looped up at intervals with tiny bouquets of orange-blossoms. The corsage was cut low, leaving the beautiful shoul-

ders bare, and the open sleeve displaying the perfectly-rounded arms in all their perfection. The veil was point-lace, and must have cost a little fortune. Mr. Trevlyn had determined that everything should be on a magnificent scale, and had given the whole arrangement of the affair to Mrs. Colonel Weldon, the mother of Henry Weldon, and the most fashionable woman in her set.

Mrs. Weldon liked nothing better than the purchase of finery. She enjoyed herself perfectly; she would not have been happier, she said to her son, if the things had been her own.

Mr. Trevlyn had the diamonds, which were the wonder of the city, richly set, and Margie was to wear them on her bridal night, as a special mark of the old man's favor. For next to the diamonds, the sordid man loved Margie Harrison.

Linmere's gift to his bride was very simple, but in exquisite taste, Mrs. Weldon decided. A set of torquoise, with his initials and hers interwoven. Only when they were received did Margie come out of her cold composure. She snapped together the lid of the casket containing them with something very like angry impatience, and gave the box to her maid.

"Take them away, Florine, instantly, and put them where I shall never see them again!"

The woman looked surprised, but she was a discreet piece, and strongly attached to her mistress, and she put the ornaments away without comment.

The tenth of October arrived. A wet lowering day, with alternate snatches of rain and sunshine, settling down towards sunset into a steady uncomfortable drizzle. A dismal enough wedding-day.

The old servants shook their heads, and said the weather foreboded trouble for their young mistress. They had never thought the match would be a happy one; they were sure of it now.

"Ay, ye may depend upon it," said Mrs. Sullivan, who occupied a sort of halfway position between housemaid and companion in general, "a wedding on a day like this can never be a lucky one. I've known many and many a one, and never in a single instance were they prospered. There'll be trouble and difficulty enough before it's over."

"Don't croak, Mistress Sullivan," said

Pat Dooley, the coachman. "Signs fail sometimes, I'm thinking. And shure there's no harm to come to Miss Margaret, bless her swate face! or fate will be making a mistake of it! There may be trouble, but not for her—not for her!"

"I hope ye're right, Pat," said Mrs. Sullivan, smoothing out her spotless apron to straighten out an imaginary wrinkle, "but I fear me ye may not be. There was John Russell, as bonny a fellow as ever trod, and he married sweet Mary Gray on just such a weeping day as this, and before that day year they were both under the sods. And Nellie Haley, too. Who ever had a brighter prospect than she? and she in a madhouse this day, and her husband a miserable drunkard. And 'how it rained the day that made her bride! Sure it was I went to the wedding—it was at St. John's of a Sunday, and the church was crowded, and my new merino dress was ruined with the rain and mud, coming home. Ay, I tell ye all, I always tremble when it rains on a wedding-day!"

The ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock in the evening, and the invited guests were numerous. Harrison Park would accommodate them all royally.

Mr. Linmere was expected out from the city in the six o'clock train, and as the stopping-place was not more than five minutes' walk from the Park, he had left orders that no carriage need be sent. He would walk up. He thought he should need the stimulus of the fresh air to carry him through the fiery ordeal, he said, laughingly.

The long day wore slowly away. The preparations were complete. Mrs. Weldon, in her violet moire antique and family diamonds, went through the stately parlors once more, to assure herself that everything was *au fait*. Her son surveyed himself in the tall pier-glasses, adjusted his buff necktie, and wondered if Miss Alexandrine Lee would not think him perfectly killing in his white gloves, and the bridal favor in his buttonhole. He was in the seventh heaven, for Alexandrine had consented to stand up with him on the occasion, and this he regarded as a favorable sign.

At five o'clock the task of dressing the bride began. The bridesmaids were in ecstasies over the finery, and they took almost as much pains in dressing Margie

as they would in dressing themselves for a like occasion. For next to being a bride herself, a woman enjoys assisting at making some other woman one — provided always she has never had any tender regard for the bridegroom.

Margie's cheeks were as white as the robes they put upon her. One of the girls suggested rouge, but Alexandrine demurred.

"A bride should always be pale," she said; "it looks so interesting, and gives every one the idea that she realizes the responsibility she is taking upon herself—doesn't that veil fall sweetly?"

And then followed a shower of feminine expressions of admiration from the four charming bridesmaids.

"Is everything ready?" asked Margie, wearily, when at last they paused in their efforts.

"Yes, everything is as perfect as one could desire," said Alexandrine. "How do you feel, Margie dear?"

"Very well, thank you."

"You are so self-possessed! Now, I should be all of a tremble. Dear me! I wonder people can be so cool on the eve of such a great change. But then, we are so different! Will you not take a glass of wine, Margie?"

"Thank you, no. I do not take wine, you know."

"I know, but on this occasion. Hush! that was the whistle of the train. Mr. Linmere will be here in a few minutes. Shall I bring him up to see you? It is not etiquette for the groom to see the bride on the day of their marriage until they meet at the altar, but you look so charming, dear! I would like him to admire you. He has such exquisite taste!"

Margie's uplifted eyes had a half-frightened look which Alexandrine did not understand.

"No, no!" she said, hurriedly; "do not bring him here! We will follow etiquette for this time, if you please, Miss Lee."

"O well, just as you please, my dear."

"And now, my friends, be kind enough to leave me alone," said Margie. "I want the last hours of my free life to myself. I will ring when I desire your attendance."

Margie's manner forbade any objection on the part of the attendants, and they

somewhat reluctantly withdrew. She turned the key upon them, and went to the window. The rain had ceased falling, but the air was damp and dense.

Her room was on the first floor, and the windows, furnished with balconies, opened to the floor. She stood looking out into the night for a moment, then gathering up her flowing drapery, and covering herself with a heavy cloak, stepped from the window. The damp earth struck a chill to her delicately-shod feet, but she did not notice it. The mist and fog dampened her hair unheeded. She went swiftly down the shaded path, the dead leaves of the linden trees rustling mournfully as she swept through them. Past the garden and its deserted summer-houses, and the grapery, where the purple fruit was lavishing its sweets on the air, and climbing a stile, she stood beside a group of shading cypress trees. Just before her was a square enclosure, fenced by a hedge of arbor vitae, from the midst of which, towering white and spectral up into the silent night, rose a marble shaft, surmounted by the figure of an angel, with drooping head and folded wings. Margie passed within the enclosure, and stood beside the graves of her parents. She stood a moment, silent, motionless; then, forgetful of her bridal garments, she flung herself down on the turf.

"O my father! my father!" she cried, "why did you doom me to such a fate? Why did you ask me to give that fatal promise? O look down from heaven and pity your child!"

The winds sighed mournfully in the cypresses, the belated crickets and katydids droned in the hedge, but no sweet voice of sympathy soothed Margie's strained ear. For, wrought up as she was, she almost listened to hear some response from the lips which death had made mute forever.

What sympathy have the angels in heaven with the woes of the children of men? Do they ever pity us there? ever drop a tear—if tears are not unknown in heaven—over the sorrows of those they loved on earth, whom they have left behind them to drag out the existences of grief and weariness that we must all pass through?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN LOVE WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY KATE SEAFOAM.

I DID not wonder, as I looked at that fair sweet face, that Fred was, as he had said, in love with a photograph. It was such a lovely face—such soft flexible lines and curves defined the graceful contour, such intellectual susceptibility beamed from the soulful dark eyes—not a regular pink-and-white doll-like beauty, but something deeper, far sweeter.

The artist had a most expressive subject, and he had done the sweet face justice as much as art can do. You seemed to see just how those clear deep eyes could beam with sentiment or flash with joy; you knew how soft the pure face was, how fine and glossy the abundant dark hair clustering around the broad brow—a face tender, strong and true, a pure womanly woman. I gazed long and intently at it, and Fred said, impatiently:

"Isn't she a beauty, Harry? Just my ideal, you see."

"Yes, very beautiful," I answered, dreamily, wondering at the fanciful spell this lovely picture had cast over me, and where I had seen a face like, yet unlike, this one.

"You say it as if you hardly meant it!" he cried out, in his impetuous way, mistaking my absent manner for indifference. "Give it to me! You are such a heartless creature, you can't appreciate anything, not even such glorious beauty as that! But there, what can one expect of such an obdurate old bachelor as you are, Hal?" And he snatched the picture from me.

"Isn't it queer about my finding it, Harry?" Fred continued, rousing me from the dreamy reverie into which I was falling.

"Yes; how did it happen, Fred?"

"Walking leisurely along Tremont St., contemplating the exquisite fit of my new boots, I saw a neat-looking little package on the pavement. I took it up, wondering, listlessly, what it contained; but listlessness changed to intense admiration, I assure you, Hal, when I saw that lovely face."

"I've seen a face so very like it somewhere, Fred," I said, musingly, for somehow that young lovely face awakened an

olden memory. An old-fashioned substantial farmhouse, widely-spreading elms bending lowly over the moss-covered well, the heavy branches creaking dismally as they swept against the weather-beaten stoop in the storms I remembered so well—or swayed lightly by the gentle summer breeze, low sweet murmurs of the whispering leaves blending, a pleasing monotone, with the wild birds' gay minstrelsy. A bright sweet face, so sunny and fair, shaded by shining golden hair; a petite graceful form bending over an aged man's chair, the golden tresses of youth resting lovingly among the silvery locks of age. Sleek cattle, gentle but spirited horses; geese, turkeys and chickens, a lively cackling brood around the old porch in the morning, fed by a dainty white hand, a sweetly shy face raised to my greeting—a calm peaceful scene, then a dark blank uncertainty.

"What in the deuce ails you, Hal? If you have seen the original of that sweet picture, why can't you tell me about it? Here I've asked you three times, and you haven't answered." And Fred gave me a forcible reminder with his elbow.

"I—well, really, there is nothing to tell," I stammered.

"Humph! I can keep the picture, I suppose, and I mean to find the original if possible," Fred said, surlily, as he left me.

I was like one in a dream the day succeeding Fred's revelation, and at night the sweetly-sad illusion continued, and I wandered through fields and pastures fresh with summer's verdure, dreamed idly by the murmuring brook, casting my line for the shining speckled trout, a saucy smiling face beaming from the clear water.

Three days afterwards, when the busy world had nearly dispelled the sweet dream, and I was the cold calculating man again, Fred entered my office with a dubious face, and seating himself violently, he exclaimed:

"Just my luck, Hal! Showed that picture to Brown, because I know he was such a good judge of beauty, being an ar-

list, you see; and then I let a few see my treasure, hoping some of them might enlighten me as to the original. Well, you see, Brown, soon as he caught a glimpse of that face, he just gave me a rousing slap, and says he, 'Good, Fred! Much obliged to you for restoring property. I felt a little blue over the loss of this—such a fine face, you see. Confounded careless in me to drop it on the street, I know, but I suppose I pulled it out with my handkerchief.' And he took the picture from me, coolly.

"Look here, now, Brown! what do you mean?" I asked.

"Mean, Fred? I mean to say this pretty picture belongs to me, and I'm much obliged to you for restoring it.' And then he goes on to tell a lot about taking that picture some three years ago, when he was a travelling artist. You see, he's changed all of that since his uncle died and left him a handsome property, but he'd kept this picture, with others of his finest ones, and he was taking it over to Carlton's, it seems; and the lovely face enlarged, will, I presume, hold a prominent place in a painting he is getting up. Well, I had to give it up, you see, Hal, without learning anything about the original. Too bad, wasn't it?"

I do not know what strange impulse actuated me. We are often led, as it would seem, by some overpowering influence apart from ourselves, and are at a loss to account for the inexplicable freaks which sometimes possess us in the most absurd involuntary manner.

Truly, it seemed wholly involuntary on my part, that abrupt turn and hasty entrance to the dingy pawnbroker's shop that dreary drizzly March day; a strange freak even for one of my odd restless dispositions.

I scarcely realized where I was, till the palavering man in attendance drew near to know my wishes. No, most assuredly, I did not want anything here. A feeling akin to disgust crept over me as I glanced around the dingy place, and the question rose in my mind:

"Why had I come here?"

To him I answered, rather crustily, I fear:

"Not anything."

He drew back a step, and looked at me

suspiciously. From beyond the gaudy but dirty screen, that separated the low dark room, came the sound of voices; at first but an indistinct murmur, as I heard them heedlessly, then a sweet tremulous voice roused me completely, stirring my cold heart, and quickening my sluggish pulses as they had not been quickened for years, by its mournful pathetic sweetness. But dingy pawnbroker's shop and dreary March day faded away beneath the brightness of a fond memory.

I stood among the newmown hay, on a fair June day, and heard a bonnie lassie's ringing laughter, as she fled from amongst the sweet-scented clover I heaped up around her, instead of a sorrowful woman's pathetic voice.

Did you ever think how many of the most important effective events of our lives hinge, as it were, upon trifles?

Then these words, in a pleading way:

"And you won't let that go? Please, sir, give me longer time to redeem it, for I prize it very highly, and am loth to part with it, even for a while. I brought everything else of value, hoping to have more work, and keep this."

How sadly plaintive the soft voice was! A few more low words, indistinct to me, and then the screen was drawn aside. With a hasty gliding step, grace itself, a lady passed me, her face hidden by a thick veil, and hurried out to the street. My breath came hurriedly, and a strange giddy sensation nearly overpowered me as she passed me.

A peculiar sensation for such a staid bachelor as I was, having been considered wholly exempt for years, in that way, from that troublesome organ called a heart.

"Yes, a very pretty trinket," the coarse voice said, and roused me from my strange trancelike state.

The two men were examining the trinket the lady had left. Then, holding it out for my inspection, he said:

"Very curious pretty trinket."

Was I dreaming? I took the trinket from him, that peculiar sensation nearly overpowering me again.

A tiny locket of fretted gold of most unique peculiar design. Again the scene changed, and in a quickly panoramic view the years of toil and strife rose before me—the years of hardening bitterness in which

I had gained wealth. I recalled vividly that day, far back in the years ago, when the nearly beardless youth unearthed his first nugget of glittering metal, far away from the green valleys and rugged hills of his Northern home, murmuring, sullenly, "Gold! I live for wealth now;" shutting his mouth firmly, working in bitterness as that lovely face kept rising tantalizingly before him. And the years went on, years of toil and heart bitterness, and the farmer boy who had been so proud and happy when he had saved enough from his scanty earnings to purchase the cunning curious locket for his little sweetheart, became a rich hardened man in those years. I touched the tiny spring—the boyish face and the lock of hair had been removed. Then, with sadly forcible reiteration the low tremulous words came to me, bringing strange emotions. All the dark years of hardening bitterness and doubt rolled back with a mighty surge before the sweetly-assuring conviction. She had kept my gift all of these years! She had parted with everything else of value, through dire necessity, before this, *my* gift. I had heard the sweet voice say that. It was but a momentary retrospection, so quickly does thought travel, so deftly does tenacious Memory unveil her cherished treasures; and the bleary-eyed pawnbroker was holding out his hand for the treasure-trove I held in nearly frantic grasp. I realized I must give it up, and then the terrible conviction flashed over me why this gift was here. My darling, the one sweet love of my life, was suffering, grappling with the relentless monster poverty, while I was living in ease, revelling in wealth; all of which I felt I would gladly yield now for one glimpse of that loved face.

With a quick start I came back to a realization of the stern reality. I questioned the man with eagerness. Yes, she was needy, suffering. He knew where she did reside a while ago—had taken some furniture from her. He directed me to the place. I hastened away, but on inquiry learned that no such person dwelt there now; poverty had forced her to a cheaper place. With heart-sickening anxiety and loathing I could not prevent, I sought among all of the squalid dens where the affluent city's poor huddled together for nearly a week, vainly, for my lost one.

Then, one day, when wearied and disgusted with all of the misery and vain show of this life, I was returning to my luxurious rooms from my fruitless search, all at once, quick as a flash, this bitter truth came home to me—my love, the woman I was now searching for, had married years ago, was probably the wife of another now. I stopped still among the hurrying crowd on the busy street, transfixed by the harsh truth I had known years before.

The crowd jostled me. I passed along, and then came the sweetly-assuring thought that she had kept, prized my gift through all these years, and, well, it did not matter whether she loved me or not. I loved her, and I knew that she was suffering, and my love was sufficient for that evil; I must find her and care for her. I never had much opinion of a love that did not make its object an especial care, extending a watchful, provident interest under all circumstances, in spite of everything and everybody. I quickened my lagging steps under this inspiring determination, when suddenly my progress was arrested by a crowd collected around some object prostrate upon the pavement. I pressed forward as some one in the crowd said, excitedly, "She is surely dead!"

A fair pale face, marked indelibly with suffering and care, was upturned to the curious gaze. My heart gave one wild bound. I had found my darling! I pushed them rudely aside and took her in my arms, a restful feeling of sweet thankfulness and gratitude pervading every sense as I held her closely to me a moment; the first sensation of rest I had experienced for years.

"Is she dead, Mr. Seymour? She dropped right down in front of us, all of a sudden, poor thing!" said a lady beside me; and I was roused to a sense of existing circumstances.

I took her to an apothecary close by, and dispersing the curious crowd, commenced the work of resuscitation. She was not dead, but exhausted vitality had yielded in the street—she was nearly in a state of starvation, utter destitution. How fervently I thanked God for the means the years had given me, and still more for the sweet rest given back to my bitter life.

The years of suffering had swept away all the harshness from the remembrance of that youthful parting, when I had pleaded for her love; her answer, so ardent-

ly besought, had banished the sweetest dream of my life. She confessed with girlish shyness that she loved me "ever so much," but she could not, would not marry a poor farmer. She should wed a rich man, if any; one who could give her the position she desired in life, and support her in style in the city; she was tired of dull country life, of plodding farmers. Such a life she could not think of accepting when she married. She was very, *very* sorry to give me such an answer, but I must not think of her in that way any more. She would be a friend, a sister to me ever—that was all. Of course my impetuous heart was maddened, and I said hot angry words and left her in tears, bidding her marry the conceited dandy if she wished to, I would have none of her friendship. You see I was insanely jealous, too, for I knew well whence came this, to me, cruel change in one whom I had loved so dearly. The conceited dandy as I had called him, had boarded in our neighborhood for a while, and from the first I had disliked and distrusted him, before he paid such assiduous attention to my chosen one.

So we parted, and I turned from quiet paths and love to the worldly struggle for wealth. She married the city idler who coveted the fine farm her aged grandfather left his pet, and she woke from the gilded dream, a bitter illusion, the gold all dross, and her valuable possession of arable land sold to be squandered by the insatiable gambler.

It was but a brief infatuation which can never bring the satisfying rest of true love. The old story of dissipation, neglect and want. The downward road is steep and quickly travelled. Soon all was squandered, the gambler died a violent death, and left his widow and two children destitute. For a time the mother and eldest daughter had struggled bravely against want, then on account of dull times they were unable to obtain work. Little Nellie, the darling and pet of mother and sister, after a long distressing illness, was taken to that better land where want and suffering are unknown.

Wearied and heart-sick the enfeebled mother was for a while nearly prostrated by this bereavement, only to be rudely aroused by pressing daily wants to the realization of their destitution. Nearly everything of value was sold to minister to daily

necessities, and in a protracted fruitless search for work Maud took a violent cold, and when I took my lost love to her humble home, one small room in the suburbs occupied by mother and daughter, I found her just recovering from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. She was still very beautiful, although the fair cheeks had lost, in this early struggle of life, some of the rounded symmetry portrayed in the lovely picture. But, thank God, it was right at last—after the darkness the light. Nearly three months later Fred returned to the city, from some of his erratic wanderings, and entered my office, his sunny face quite cloudy. I met him with a jovial hearty greeting, for I never was more pleased to see the dear son of my deceased friend, left by his dying father in my care, for I had pleasant news to tell him. "What's the matter, Fred?" I asked, after the greeting.

"Not much, only bored to death, nearly. But what ails you, Wal? I should say this dull world had treated you to some superb luck, judging by that radiant phiz of yours," he replied.

"I've good news for you, my boy. I have got a pleasant home for you, and I have found your lovable photograph, and she is lovable, truly, Fred."

Fred caught his breath quickly as he flung away his cigar, and seizing my arm nervously, he demanded explanations, which were readily given.

Suffice it to say that the wooing was successful. In six months I gave the hand, and I was fully assured the whole heart also of my beautiful Maud, my loved wife's daughter, to my adopted son, my noble-hearted Fred. They are as handsome loving a couple as one would wish to see.

"But not happier in their buoyant youthful love than we who have passed through the valley of bitterness, unto the restful peace of satisfied affection," says my fair wife, as she nestles closely to me—my sweet loving wife from whose broad pure brow many of the lines of suffering have passed beneath the light of love.

"No, my love, that they could not be, for, after all, dear one, it is only through suffering that we reach the full satisfying measure of happiness. Our richest blessings are always suffering-bought, and

"Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far
Than all spring's dewy posies."

OVER MY PIPE.

BY M. A. TAINTOR.

I sit and smoke my brier-wood pipe
 Within my crimson easy-chair,
 And watch with half-shut dreamy eyes
 The smoke-wreaths curling on the air.

And Duke, my noble greyhound, rests
 His slender head upon my knee,
 While I smoke on and dream of one
 Who once was all the world to me.

The queen month of the year has come,
 Without the golden lilies bloom,
 The air is heavy with their breath,
 And their rich fragrance fills the room.

'Tis like the June night that I walked
 Beside her through the winding lane;
 I see her blue eyes softly veiled,
 And fold her to my heart again.

She vowed she loved me—yes, she said,
 "Ralph, I shall love you to the end;"
 But now she curls her crimson lip,
 And scorns to call me even friend.

Now years have come and years have gone
 Since last I looked upon her face,
Clinton, Conn., October, 1874.

Or kissed the rose-bloom on her cheek,
 And held her in my fond embrace.

For as the summer days went by,
 Sad changes came 'twixt her and me;
 She graces now another's home,
 In distant land beyond the sea.

Rich jewels flash upon her arms,
 Rare flowers deck her golden hair,
 And costly laces deck her form,
 To make her beauty still more fair.

And yet to me the simple girl,
 Who wore a snow-white muslin dress,
 Was dearer far unto my heart
 Than all this pomp of loveliness.

I have outlived my boyish dreams,
 Blue eyes, they have no charm for me,
 They've proved themselves, though fair
 yet false,
 And fickle as the changing sea.

Ah, Duke, my boy, you need not look
 With those great sober eyes at me.
 My pipe is out; so goes my love—
 So much for woman's constancy.

THE MIDNIGHT TRIBUNAL.

A Lieutenant's Adventure in Salt Lake City.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

"No more trips down town after dark!" shouted Lieutenant George Payson, entering my tent and venting his spite on the campstools.

It was years ago, before the great Pacific Railroad was more than a dream; Platte Bridge, Denver, Laramie, Omaha, and other towns and cities were hardly noticed by the map makers, and the Indian, wolf and buffalo held possession of the country from Omaha to Salt Lake. It was, too, during the palmy days of "the institution," when Mormons ruled with bloody hands, and when Gentiles were dogged and shot as they left the city, or "snatched" while in it, spirited away, and never heard of afterwards.

Camp Conner was Camp Conner then,

and situated just where the present military post is. It sometimes contained two hundred soldiers, and sometimes not more than forty or fifty. Detachments were sent from there to do duty at other posts, to escort mail carriers or government trains, but there was always a body of men and a number of officers at the post. The administration had an idea (so it seemed) that the presence of soldiers so near the city was a great protection to the "sinners" who halted in the town or passed it, but we never had occasion to believe that Brigham Young and his numerous saints cared a fig whether we went away or remained. He had "avenging angels" in numbers sufficient to have captured us all at any hour; and but for fear of a conflict

with the government, a soldier would not have been safe from these scoundrels anywhere within fifty miles of Salt Lake.

"There, read that," continued Payson, handing out a "general order" as I looked up.

"Having reason to believe that Sergeant Britton was killed in the city by some of the Mormon population, and knowing that Brigham Young's so-called 'avenging angels' make it their business to dog the steps of soldiers and officers; and believing that our peril will be lessened by remaining within our camp after night, now

"Therefore—From and after this date, no soldier or officer will be permitted to visit the city after sundown except upon the written permission of the colonel commanding."

So read the order; and while I saw that it cut short our little plans for pleasure and recreation, I also saw the motive which had induced it, and realized as well as the colonel that there was reason for us to fear evil from the murdering bands which had been christened "avenging angels" by one whose hands were never free from blood.

I did not, therefore, express my indignation toward the colonel, my intention to immediately throw up my commission and return East to go into the grocery business; nor did I say that we should kick up such a rumpus that the military tyrant would be forced to rescind the order. And, after a few minutes' conversation with Payson, I brought him around to see matters as I saw them, and he agreed that the colonel was right.

A month or two previous the non-commissioned officer spoken of in the general order had paid a visit to the city, and never returned. He was known to many of the Mormons as an inveterate enemy of their creed and practices, he being an upright Christian man, and having his wife and child at the camp. He was always free to express his sentiments, even to the Mormons, of whom he was purchasing in the city, and we believed that they had captured and murdered him. An attempt had been made to work out the case, but one detective might as well have tried to work against all the thieves of London. The fellows were impudent, bold and overbearing, and even declared that they were glad if the sergeant had

finally received what would soon be dealt out to all other meddling "sinners."

So the order was timely and sensible, and the officers did not rebel.

There were four of us lieutenants—two middle-aged married men, sober as deacons, and Payson and myself, we two being less than twenty-five years old, and rather inclined to excitement and sensation. Having but little to do, paid off regularly, no one but ourselves to care for, a city near at hand, it was no wonder that we were a little wild. We had been in the habit of attending at the tabernacle on Sunday, to hear Young preach, and to count up his wives and children. We often attended the theatre; we occasionally stopped over night at the hotel; played billiards, encouraged bear-fights, and had what we called a good time generally. So long as we kept out of trouble, were at the camp for parade, and put the soldiers through their twice-a-day drill, the colonel had no reproofs. It would come our turn directly to go to Laramie, to go on to California, to be sent hundreds of miles away from civilization, and he knew that we should then have monotony enough to make us as dignified as Uncle Sam himself.

For two weeks after the order came out not an officer visited the city after dark, and only an occasional visit was made by daylight. The rule then became exceedingly irksome, and taking advantage of the fact that a new play was to be put on the boards of the theatre, Payson and I sought and obtained the colonel's permission to be absent until midnight. He cautioned us to be careful of our speech and our company, and warned us to go well armed.

The tramp down was a mere nothing for our stout limbs. We entered the city just after dark, it being a June evening, but had not proceeded far when Payson insisted that we should have a glass of wine. We stepped into a saloon, called the boy, and were just drinking, when we heard a succession of sharp screams and shrieks, as of some female in distress.

"O, that aint nothing!" remarked the boy, noticing our looks of surprise and anxiety. "It's old Treadway giving one of his fifteen wives a flogging!"

We heard shouts, oaths, blows, shrieks, and then a heavy fall. The boy took it all as a matter of course, having often heard

the Mormon at work, but we were considerably excited—Payson so much so that he wanted to interfere.

"Ten thousand million curses on the cursed city and its beastly population!" he exclaimed, after abandoning his idea of rushing to the rescue. "I wish Uncle Sam would give the word to clean it out to-morrow!"

I was about to express a like feeling when I heard a soft step behind me, and turned in time to catch sight of a retreating form.

"You'd better look sharp now!" warned the boy, who was a deep one for his years. "That was 'The Dagger,' who came just in time to hear your speech, and he will keep his eye on you from this time out!"

"And who is the loafer you call 'The Dagger?'" inquired Payson. "And why should we look out for him?"

"To keep from being served in this way!" replied the boy, drawing his finger across his throat. "He is the leader of the 'Avenging Angels,' and he wont forget you. We aint Mormons ourselves, but we have to play off on them; and if you take my advice, you wont get into any dark corners to-night!"

We had both cooled off considerably as we started for the street, for we had reason to know that there was sense in the lad's warning. We talked the matter over, agreed to keep close together, and trusted that we were prepared to successfully defend ourselves if attacked.

The theatre was densely crowded, and we found it impossible to obtain seats. We had come to see the play, and so concluded to stand up and make the best of it.

In about half an hour I had become so absorbed in the transactions on the stage that I did not notice when Payson left my side and went over to have a confab with an acquaintance. A number of the audience came between us, and so, when I at last looked around, my friend was nowhere to be seen. I was not anxious, but was yet looking this way and that, when a man came up to me, looked keenly into my face, and said:

"Your friend has got into trouble over on Hill Street, and wants you to come to him."

"But, who are—"

"Never mind who I am," he replied,

"but come along as fast as you can. Your friend is being murdered."

This was enough. I remembered Payson's words in the saloon, the boy's warning, and I concluded that "The Dagger" had in some way decoyed my friend out of the theatre and attacked him.

I followed the unknown from the building up the street, down another, a turn to the left, and then I halted. We were at the entrance of a dark and lonely street, no one was in sight, and I began to have suspicion that all was not right.

"Come on—come on; it's only one more block!" urged the man, also stopping. At the same moment the cry of "help!" was shouted from down the street, and we dashed forward on the run.

We had not traversed more than half the block when I heard a movement as I passed a doorway, and the next moment was down on the walk, struggling to free myself from the grasp of three men who had vaulted upon me. A gag was thrust into my mouth, a pair of handcuffs snapped together around my wrists, and then the men, who had not spoken a word, picked me up and carried me into the building. I was taken through a long hall, up a flight of stairs, through another hall, all dimly lighted, and then found myself in a room about thirty feet square. It was lighted by four candles, had matting on the floor, and contained six chairs, placed in a row before a table on which were pen, ink and paper.

"Take out the gag and unlock the handcuffs," commanded a voice; and directly I stood on my feet, unfettered.

"What does this mean—this outrage—knocking down and gagging a United States officer?" I exclaimed, looking from one evil face to another.

"You will soon learn," replied one of the men. And then they withdrew to the door and held a conversation in whispers. One of their number passed out, came back in about five minutes, and then the four approached me.

"Well, can you explain your brutal conduct now?" I inquired.

"You are to be conducted to No. 1, to wait until the Tribunal of Seven assembles, and then you are to be tried for your life!"

So spoke the leader of the party, an evil-faced fellow, whom I would not have

cared to meet on the open highway in broad daylight. I looked from one to the other, but each face was evil, unreadable and stern.

"But I wont go!" I replied. "I have had enough of this nonsense, and I now propose to return to the theatre. Mormons or Gentiles, you will think twice before you stretch out a hand to stop me!"

They had removed my revolver before taking off the handcuffs, and I was consequently without a weapon. I stood close to one of the chairs, and as I saw that they were about to rush, I seized it, whirled it aloft, and sent one of the men to the floor. The others rushed upon me, but I beat them back, knocked another down, and rushed to the door.

It was locked! As I turned, the four closed in on me, despite my blows, and they soon had me down. They did not gag me again, but one of them seized my foot and dragged me through a hall, opened a door, and I was hauled into a room not over ten feet square.

"We will call for you at midnight!" spoke one of the men, and the door was shut and locked.

There was no light in the cell, but the light from a window half a block away streamed in and allowed me to see, first, that my only window was barred and grated until a mouse could hardly have got out or in; second, there was a pitcher of water and a stool; third, the walls were thick and massive, and the door as solid as iron.

I took in all these things as I rested on my elbow, and a closer inspection when I rose up only proved how well I had seen. I tried the door, the window, sounded the walls, tested the floor, and sat down on the stool with a conviction that I must remain a prisoner so long as my captors saw fit. It was easy to understand the game which had been played. The unknown had got me out of the theatre on purpose to trap me, and it was also easy to understand that I was in the power of the "Avenging Angels," and that escape from their clutches was a matter scarcely to be thought of.

I could not bear the idea that I was a prisoner, and I made the round of the cell again, hoping that the door or the window might be made to yield. The door was too stout to be attacked, but I determined to give the bars a trial. I had no tools to work with, but there was the stool. I

pulled out a leg, searched over the lattice-work until I found a spot to suit, and then inserted the leg. The bars bent back a trifle as I sagged my weight upon the stick, and there was a loud snap, and the leg was broken.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a voice outside the door, and then I knew that one of the men was standing sentry. He knew I would seek to escape, but he knew that I could not.

I sat down on the floor, sick at heart. What did they mean by the Tribunal of Seven—that mysterious committee who were going to put me on trial at midnight? I had been in the Mormon country long enough to know how to answer the question. It meant that seven Mormon dignitaries were to give me the farce of a trial, condemn me as an enemy of their religion and social habits, and then hand me over to the Avengers to be murdered!

It seemed an age to midnight. I made no more efforts toward regaining my liberty, heard no sound from street or building, and was almost glad as the door was at last unlocked, and I was conducted to the judgment-room. I felt a chill as I looked around. Six masked men occupied the six chairs, and the seventh one sat behind the table. A chair was placed for me at his left hand. I sat down, and for a moment not a sound was heard. The seven masked men and the four Avengers were as motionless as statues. Then the silence was interrupted. A bell, sounding as if in the cellar of the building, struck one, two, three—eleven, twelve, and I could think of nothing but a funeral procession as I counted the strokes.

"Prisoner, stand up!" commanded the masked judge, his voice being low and stern.

I was at first determined to resist all said and done, believing that they would not dare to murder an officer of the government, but there was something in the tone of the judge which made me obey the command.

"Prisoner, you are charged with having been in the company of those who cursed our religion and desired to shed our blood—with being yourself an enemy of our creed—with having attempted to incite members of the true faith to rebel against us. You are now on trial for your life! Are you guilty or not guilty?"

I hesitated a moment, and then answered him that I had not been arrested by any process of law, was not in the presence of any court, could not summon witnesses, and should decline to plead.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he commanded, raising his hand in a warning way.

Again I hesitated, and then asked him if he would allow me an attorney and give me the privilege of summoning witnesses.

"The Tribunal of Seven knows no lawyers—allows no privileges. You are on trial for your—plead or be condemned without hearing!"

Forced into it, I plead "Not guilty," and was told to sit down as "The Dagger" was motioned to take the stand. He stood near the judge, related what he had overheard at the saloon, and further related that Payson and myself had long been known to have exhibited a bitter animosity toward the Mormon church and toward leading Mormons.

It had not been fifteen minutes since the muffled bell struck twelve, but now it struck again—*one!* one against me!

I demanded that I should be allowed to cross-examine the witness, but the judge raised his hand, and the second Avenger took the stand. His testimony was about the same, except that he reported several fictitious conversations to make out that I had sought to induce certain Mormons to leave the church. He sat down and the bell struck again—*two!* The other two were called up, testified to suit the occasion, the bell struck for each, and then the judge rose up and asked:

"Prisoner, what have you to say to this?"

"Nothing!" I replied—"not a single word! You convicted me even before you saw me, and your tribunal is a grand humbug! I am an officer of the United States government, and if you dare to lay a finger on me, your cursed adulterous tribe hasn't lives enough to satisfy the revenge which will be taken!"

My temper was up, and I cared not what I said. I believed they meant to kill me, and was determined to free my mind, if no more. I also had a slight hope that a bold course, and putting in Uncle Sam as a backer, might cause them to hesitate. But they were Mormons—arrogant, powerful, fearless.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge, his lips never moving. "Ha! ha! ha!"

laughed each juror—a laugh which made chill after chill creep up my back.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up and receive your sentence!" commanded the judge, as the jurors rose up and each made a sign—a sign to show that I had been found guilty. "Prisoner, you have had a fair and impartial trial, and a jury of your peers pronounce you guilty. The sentence of this tribunal is that you be turned over to the Avenging Angels, to be taken back to your friends!"

Did I hear aright! Had I succeeded in frightening the tribunal? Was I to be restored to liberty? I thought so for half a minute.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge—a laugh which made my flesh creep.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the jurors and Avengers—a laugh sounding like the terrible "yah!" "yah!" of the caged hyenas.

The judge moved slowly down, the jurors formed by twos, and the seven marched slowly out of the room; their long black gowns trailing behind. I was watching them, when I was suddenly jerked down from behind, handcuffed again, and the four Avengers carried me along on their shoulders. We went through a hall, down a pair of stairs, made a turn to the right, passed the length of another hall, and then entered a room about fifteen feet square.

I was placed on my feet, the handcuffs removed, and then, while three of the men drew their knives, the fourth advanced to the wall and seized the end of a cord. He made a motion, and the three raised their knives.

They were going to murder me!

They came closer, and I retreated. Closer, and I stood very nearly in the centre of the room, facing them. Not a word had been spoken. Words were not needed with them, and I knew that no entreaties of mine could change my fate.

The man at the cord gave it a pull; I felt a trembling motion beneath my feet, and I gave a loud yell and a long leap just as a trap door fell down, opening to my gaze the mouth of a deep black pit. An odor came up—an odor of decaying bodies, a smell so strong that it sickened me. The Avengers were on one side and I on the other. They waited a moment, surprised, and then, with a flourish of their knives, advanced to force me into the pit. The nearest was not three feet away, when we heard a sound that

made them pause. There was a bang, a crash, a rush of feet and a rattle of muskets, and six soldiers from the camp, headed by Payson, rushed into the room.

There was a shout; several shots; one of the avengers tumbled backward into the pit, and when the smoke rose up, the other three were safe away. I was saved, but they had not come a moment too soon.

To explain; Payson had seen me leave the theatre, after all, and he soon followed in company with his friend, who was suspicious of a trick. They were almost at hand as I was carried into the doorway, and the citizen was greatly alarmed for my safety, recognizing the building as a sort of private prison. Under his advice, Payson

started for the camp, detailed events to the colonel, and was given the soldiers in the forlorn hope of rescuing me. They had just stopped at the basement door as I shouted. Recognizing the voice, Payson had ordered the door dashed in, and you have the result.

It was the intention to sift the matter to the bottom, as we now believed the sergeant to be in the pit, but before the colonel had taken any steps, he was assigned to other duties. Payson was sent up the Yellowstone, and my would-be murderers never received what we intended for them. A month after, I saw the corpse of "The Dagger," shot by a ranchman, and this was the only consolation I ever had.

THE CRUISE OF THE ARIADNE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

A LONG low line of ragged coast lay half enveloped in fog, one May morning, years ago. The mists were rolling off the green hills above the sea, and the air was full of the rich scent of apple blossoms, from the orchards beyond. A light breeze stole up softly from the west—too softly, as yet, to fill the sails of the trim little brig that stood outward bound. At intervals, the fog was pierced, for a moment, with a bright ray from the sun; but its filmy curtains closed again, as if to warn the commander not to trust the deceitful ray. The sails loosely flapping, seemed to answer the appeal, and to declare that some time must yet elapse before the brig would "walk the waters."

On the deck of the brig a young man was standing, in the half careless, half commanding position that denoted his authority. This was Captain St. Maur, the commander of the little brig, and half owner of the same.

Low in stature and somewhat broad-shouldered, the figure of Captain St. Maur was not one that generally pleases a lady's eye; yet few could look twice upon the thoughtful and intelligent face, with its calm smile, the firm red lips enclosing teeth white as ivory, the wide brow, with its wealth of glossy brown hair, and the pleasant blue eyes, that lighted up the whole, without feeling that he was no common man, even if his form were not of the Apollo build.

The thoughtful face, however, wore, upon the morning we speak of, a graver look than was its wont. Something was busy beneath those white eyelids, beside the care for the brig. The fog lifted and cleared away—but not so did the captain's face. That was still half clouded, as if there was some memory that disturbed, or some anticipation that knocked unpleasantly at the door of his mind.

"You are grave to-day, Arthur," said his cousin, Stephen Millwood, who had come on board to bid him farewell. "Are you ill? or has the parting from Leila proved too much for you?"

"Don't jest with me to-day, Steve; I cannot bear it. I have unpleasant thoughts which I cannot conquer. I will make a clean breast of it to you; for a trouble shared is half cured, they say. And yet, it is foolish to disturb myself with an idle dream, or to repeat it to you either."

"Say on, my dear fellow. Perhaps I can comfort you, somehow."

"Listen, then. You know Edgarton, who sailed a fortnight since. He was my particular friend. We have been in port together often, and were constant companions. We were hoping to meet again, as I was to sail so soon after him. But last night and the two preceding nights, I was tormented by ugly dreams about Edgarton, which have left an impression on my mind that I cannot rid myself of. There were

strange confused scenes, in which his was the prominent figure. Strife, and bloodshed, and death were all there; and in each, Edgarton had his part. I know not what it betokens, but I feel that wherever he is, he is not safe. I would give worlds to be assured that nothing evil had befallen him; but the presentiment is strong, and will not be controlled."

"But it was only a dream, my dear fellow, and, like a thousand others, has no foundation for alarm. You will laugh over this with Edgarton, when you arrive in port and find him there, unharmed, before you."

"Pray God I may, Steve! If your prediction proves true, I will never trust to dreams again. I never thought myself superstitious, but this has really almost unmanned me. I dwell upon it constantly. Even through the foggy atmosphere of this morning, I have had glimpses of horror that made me shudder; and in every one of them, I have seen Edgarton's face."

"But see, Arthur, the fog has cleared away, and even so will the mists that have temporarily obscured your mind. Promise me that you will try to exorcise your demon, and fill his place with some more agreeable object—Mademoiselle Leila, or any other that pleases you."

St. Maur tried to catch a ray of consolation from Stephen Millwood's sunny temper, but in vain. On board Captain's Edgarton's bark, the jaunty little *Arabella*, named after Edgarton's wife, St. Maur had noticed, on the very morning of sailing, a countenance which had sent a thrill of mingled disgust and horror to his impressionable nerves. He had even spoken to Captain Edgarton, calling his attention to the almost demoniac face; but had failed in obtaining any other answer than the laughing one of, "O, Priest is no beauty, I know; but he is not a bad fellow, I think. At any rate, he will not show me the wrong side of his temper but once. I am not such a tender-hearted chicken as you, St. Maur, and I should make nothing of stringing him as high as Haman, if I discovered any attempt to molest any one on board."

Hence were engendered the distressing visions that had so tormented St. Maur in regard to his friend; and, after dreaming of the bark of Edgarton and the ugly-looking sailor, for three successive nights, St. Maur had become almost a victim to the

embittered thoughts which, until now, he had kept in his own breast.

St. Maur sailed on that day, notwithstanding his convictions that a storm was at hand; and the consequence was, that the brig was driven back again. A storm, such as seldom arises in the balmy month of May, came on, and the only safety lay in returning. There was a tempest—a dark rainy sea, dense gloomy clouds overhead, and the *Ariadne* came back.

Again all a sailor's superstition seized Captain St. Maur. It was an unlucky voyage that did not keep on its unbroken route. If St. Maur did not rouse himself to soar above this weakness, let us remember that greater men than he have also proved themselves weaker than he.

But on the last day of May the brig sailed anew. The sky was propitious, its blue dome reflected in the sea below. The winds were fair, and the *Ariadne* danced upon the waves, amidst the glitter and glow of their shining surface. The eyes that watched her until she disappeared from sight, were those of maiden, mother, wife. The lips that had kissed the beloved at parting sent up prayers to Heaven for their safe return. *They* were gone—but every wave that rolled upon the shore would bring back their memories—every storm would wake new fear and dread in loving hearts for the dwellers on the sea.

It was near the sunset hour of the fourth day of Captain St. Maur's outward passage, that the man at the lookout called his attention to a bark, the wavering and unsteady course of which had awakened his curiosity for some minutes. Sometimes approaching, sometimes putting about, as if to sail away altogether, she attracted the eyes of all on board. The captain raised his glass to his eye, but dropped it almost instantly.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "it is Edgarton's bark!"

At the same moment, two or three voices repeated the name of the bark. One man had made two voyages with Captain Edgarton, and declared that it was the *Arabella*; and Clarkson, the mate, was equally sure.

The bark was now making signals of distress. St. Maur ordered the men to stand out for her, and, when near enough, to hail her. They did so, and the brave captain, who was never known to show signs of fear, actually stumbled, and was near fainting

when the answer came to his ear:

"Captain Edgarton has been murdered! What brig is that?"

The mate caught up the speaking-trumpet which his captain had dropped, and answered:

"The *Ariadne*—St. Maur master."

A joyful cry was the response.

"For God's sake, come on board the bark!"

Stunned and shocked as he was, St. Maur managed to leap into the boat and gain the deck of the *Arabella*. What a sight met his eye! There lay his friend, the life-blood poured out like water on the deck; and around the body stood several of the crew, with faces blanched to the hue of death. It was horrible, indeed.

"Who has done this frightful deed?" he asked, in a voice that strove to be firm, but trembled with emotion which could not be controlled.

The men pointed to two of the crew who were lashed to one of the masts, and were heavily ironed. One of these men was a negro. He was weeping violently, and shuddered whenever the scene on deck met his eye.

In the dim twilight that soon came on, it was fearful enough, indeed, for any beholder. What must it be for one who had committed the deed, and was compelled to look upon the terrible evidences of his crime?

St. Maur felt himself nearly unmanned. He had known and loved Captain Edgarton like a brother. And now to find him thus—O how could he bear up against it? Never had he felt so completely overcome with grief and indignation. But he felt called upon to make an effort, and he tried to be brave, and to look this dreadful matter in the face.

The mate, who had received several heavy blows in defence of his captain, and who was suffering greatly in consequence, called him aside, to confer with him privately.

He informed him that he did not feel secure as to the character of another whom they had on board. This man, with the white man now lashed to the mast, was taken from a wreck a week before. They had also saved from the wreck a lady, who he hoped was in ignorance of the dreadful affair on deck. She was in the cabin, and he trusted she was sleeping, and would not

come on deck until all vestige of the deed was removed.

"And do, for Heaven's sake, Captain St. Maur, transfer the lady to your brig; for there is everything here to terrify her imagination, and I am too weak to offer her such protection as she needs."

St. Maur promised to convey her to the brig as soon as the darkness should hide the deck from her sight; also to put on board the bark two strong able men, capable of standing by him, in case of further mutiny. He decided to send the bark to the port from which she had sailed, in order that the prisoners might be secured in jail at once.

The mate, or rather, captain, as he now was, agreed with him as to the necessity of so doing.

"But I frankly confess to you," he said, "that in my present state, I dread to encounter the passage home, with such desperate men on board; and yet, I fear you will be seriously inconvenienced by losing two men from your crew, and I feel that I ought not to take them from you."

"No," answered St. Maur. "My brig is only on a cruise, and we shall soon be in a port where I can supply their places. Do not distress yourself on that account."

"Thank you, sir; and thank you, too, for taking the lady. I should have suffered on her account, more than I can express. But let me introduce you to her. She must be awake now."

They descended to the cabin. The lady was awake, and was about to ascend to the deck. She started at sight of the mate's bruised head, but he hastened to assure her that it was nothing serious. He then told her, gently, that the captain was dead, and that Captain St. Maur's vessel being better adapted for passengers, he had thought it would be pleasanter for her to take passage with him.

She was shocked at his news, but professed herself willing to do what her preservers thought best. He then introduced St. Maur, who asked her if she would go on board immediately.

"When I have taken my last look at Captain Edgarton, I shall be ready," was her answer.

"I entreat you not to think of it," said St. Maur. "The men are making preparations to enclose the body in spirits, and it will be important that they shall do it

speedily—" He hesitated to say more.

"I am sorry. He was very kind and friendly to me. I regret his death, and wish I could have seen him once more; but I will not detain you long."

"Will you remain here, then, until I call for you?"

"Certainly."

St. Maur left her, and went on deck to superintend the arrangements he had suggested. When all was done, he guided the lady to the deck, from which all traces of the recent tragedy had been hastily removed, and where she took leave of the mate. In a few moments she was on board the brig, and sailing quickly away, where she was unknowing of any greater disaster than the death of one she had known so little while.

Not until she was comfortably situated and supper was over, did St. Maur reveal to her what had happened. Shocked and sorrowful, yet inexpressibly grateful for the kindly care St. Maur had taken to keep her in ignorance until now, and thankful to be still under his protection, she could only express her sense of it by her tears.

St. Maur had watched her from the time she had come on board. While they were in the cabin of the *Arabella*, he was too excited to observe her at all. Now, he was aware that she was a very lovely woman. Her face and figure, her quiet and modest demeanor, the interest which her lonely and unprotected state gave her, all awakened an interest unfelt by him before. The "*Leila*" about whom Stephen Millwood had attempted to jest with him, was a protegee of the mother of St. Maur. There was no attachment between them that could possibly conflict with his marriage to another, if he should find a person suited to his fastidious taste.

As yet, the name and circumstances of his passenger were wrapped in mystery; but this did not prevent St. Maur from admiring her as he had never admired woman until he saw her.

Before the evening was over, she had regained her composure sufficiently to explain her situation. Her name was Olive Rochester, the daughter of a West Indian, a merchant, who had recently died. Her mother had died long before, and Olive had been under the care of a governess. Mr. Rochester had made it his dying command that Olive and the governess should

go to the United States, where her mother was born, and where he supposed some of her friends were still living. They had embarked from Porto Rico in a vessel bound to Baltimore; had encountered heavy gales, and were taken from the wreck by the *Arabella*. Only one man was saved. The poor governess, whom she could not mention without tears, was too ill and frightened to bear up under the hardship she was undergoing, and had died the night before. Miss Rochester was more courageous than her friend; but when she saw her committed to the waters, she, too, lost all presence of mind, and gave herself up for lost, until the welcome sails of the *Arabella* caught her eye. Worn out by suffering, she had slept away most of the time after she was rescued, and even the unusual noises on board the bark, on that fatal afternoon, had failed to arouse her benumbed senses.

"And, strangely enough, Miss Rochester," said St. Maur, "I am bound for the port from which you sailed. Do you wish to see home so soon?"

"O, I do indeed! It will seem so much better than to go among strangers, in the worn and listless state I am now in. Though I shall sadly miss my poor friend when I get there. She had been my companion from childhood, and was the only mother I ever knew."

"But will you not carry out your father's wish in visiting the United States?"

"Perhaps I may; but it will be some time before I shall have courage to try the ocean again. Then my home is very dear to me, desolate as it is. I should never have left it, had I been left to my own free will. And I think I must wait now until I ascertain if I have any relatives in Baltimore, who care to see me. Besides, no one can take the place of my poor Juanita, in accompanying me on a voyage."

Every day spent by St. Maur in the society of this charming girl deepened the interest he had taken in her. He was too thoroughly honorable, however, to acquaint her with any sentiments he cherished toward her, save those of the greatest kindness and friendliness. She felt the delicacy and nobleness of his conduct toward her, and showed her sense of it by trying to appear cheerful and even happy.

St. Maur had supplied himself with read-

ing matter of the best and most refined sort; and this was a source of untiring interest to both. Both, too, were skillful chess-players, and this, too, helped to wile away the time. Each had inward griefs; but they strove to hide the pain that they inflicted.

And so the voyage wore on, until the destined port came in sight. Then came the thought that all this companionship might be ended forever. To St. Maur this idea was inexpressibly sad. He knew not if Olive Rochester would care if she should never see his face again. His stay must necessarily be short; and if he would know his fate, it must be important that he should tell the story of his love for her as soon as she should reach her home.

To one as reticent as himself, it was no easy task to broach a subject upon which he was so wholly in the dark, as that of Miss Rochester's feeling in regard to himself. By no chance show of affection had she ever intimated that she felt for him anything save the calm courtesy and serene trust in his honor which all must feel toward a man like St. Maur. At all times and from all people, he received this courtesy and this trust.

It was only when he parted from her at her own door that she showed emotion, and the sight of it sent a thrill to his heart. He never forgot her look, nor the clasp of her hand at that parting.

When the *Ariadne* sailed from Porto Rico, Olive Rochester was the promised bride of St. Maur. In her beautiful home, six months afterwards, she became his wife. If we fail to give more than this passing record, it is because the wooing was so calm and serene—so free from passionate emotion, that it needs no burning and fervid words to depict it. And in the tranquil years that have passed since the meeting of those two souls, St. Maur has grown into the realization of all his hopes of happiness, and can truly say, "How much the wife is dearer than the bride."

The murderers of Captain Edgerton met with their punishment, when the bark arrived home. The negro affirmed to the last that the white man was the instigator of the crime, and compelled him, by dreadful threats, to perform his bidding. God alone knows!

LOVE AT THE BALL.

BY T. JEFFERSON CHAMBERS.

When floating through the dance's maze
Your "airy fairy form" I see,
And watch the witchery of your ways,
So artless, innocent and free—

The while the viol's soulful strains
Fill me with vague unhappiness—
The blood flows fast through all my veins,
My pulses leap with painful bliss.

O midnight eyes, so soft, so bright,
And from Love's saddening sweetness
free,

I'd give my hopes of heaven to-night
For one shy glance of love from thee!

Still with the music's ebb and flow
You float the dreamy dances through;
You know not, you will never know,
How my lone spirit follows you—
Ryerson's Station, Pa., Jan., 1875.

How, as I watch your matchless charms,
Or feel your soft hair brush my cheek,
I long to clasp you in my arms
And kiss the love I cannot speak.

O for one kiss from lips so red!
O for one touch of cheek so white!
O even, till the day I'm dead,
Your loveliness must haunt my sight.

Though well I know that not for me
Is kiss, or touch, or word from you,
My love is boundless as the sea,
And pure as heaven's arch of blue.

Still with the music's witching swell
You float the dreamy dances through—
My love, my sweet, farewell, farewell!
May life's best blessings follow you.

MY PATRIMONY.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

It had been bequeathed to me in my grandfather's will when I was little more than a baby. My grandfather had married a young girl after his own sons and daughters had families about them, and there was a coldness between father and children from that time. Then in his old age another child was born to him; a fair delicate little thing, which crept into the old man's heart as no other child had ever done, until love grew into positive idolatry, and then God took her.

I think this softened the hearts of the other children, for at my birth, which happened soon after, I was named Dilly, the name *she* had borne, making it, to my grandfather, at least, the sweetest name in all the world. In less than two years from this time my grandfather died also, and to the surprise of all the family, "Willow-Brook Farm" was bequeathed to me.

The years had come and gone, bringing many and grave changes, but, gravest and saddest of all, I was left fatherless. My mother was one of those pretty, gentle, fragile women who are constitutionally dependent. She made our home fair and sweet by all the tender charms of grace, and beauty, and affection. It was enough for twenty long happy years—years when my father's strong arm and brave heart bore the brunt of life for us all. But when that failed, she, too, failed. I do not say this in blame, but my heart bleeds even now when I think of that terrible year of struggle, when, to shield her, at the cost of his own life, my father fought that fearful hand-to-hand conflict with death, facing the foe bravely, even to the moment when the crimson lifeblood covered his breast.

It was in the chill twilight of a raw March day that we came to Willow-Brook Farm—I mean that we came to take possession. There were four of us: my mother, Alice, Harry and myself. I do not think we had any definite object in coming here; it was because it was the only thing we could do. It was a home and a shelter, at least, and that was something.

The house set in from the road, and was

reached by a narrow lane, one side of which was bordered by a shallow brook, half hidden by a thick undergrowth of willows. The little bridge at the foot of the lane was half rotted away, and a general aspect of neglect and decay brooded over the place.

"O Dilly!" my mother cried, hysterically, as we were driven up the lane in the ghostly uncertain light, "why have you brought us to this dreadful place? Let us go back, children. Dilly, ask the man to drive us back!"

I put my arm about my mother's slight figure. She was trembling like one in an ague. The man who was driving cast a curious glance back at us, and I saw him smile faintly. I was angry that he should discover our secrets. What business was it of his? And yet I was silly enough to seek to excuse my poor mother.

"She is ill and weak," I said, in an undertone, as he lifted me out in his strong arms, as if I were a baby.

"Yes, I see," he replied, laconically.

"Indeed! I congratulate you upon your powers of observation!" I replied, stiffly.

"Thank you!" he said, nonchalantly, with another of those faint smiles.

Just at this moment the great oaken door, with its ponderous brass knocker, swung open, and Tom Allen's cheery laugh greeted us like a benediction. Tom had been my father's best friend, proving the sincerity of his friendship by helping and advising his dear ones when he could do it no longer. It was he who had strengthened my resolution to come to Willow-Brook when I wavered under my mother's and Alice's opposition. It was he, also, who had come out before us with his energetic little wife, and "set our house in order."

"Come right in, Mrs. Clifton," he said, cheerily, tucking my mother under his arm, and looking back over his shoulder at the rest of us. "Molly and I are all ready for company!" And he laughed such a genial heartsome laugh that I hardly knew which was brightest, it or the broad flood of soft firelight that poured through the

open door at the end of the great hall. I only know that together they completely chased away the gloom which had enveloped us a moment before; and even my mother smiled as she looked in our friend's jolly and kindly face.

I bethought me, all at once, and stepped back. I had not paid the man for driving us over from Acton Centre, some four miles. He was just turning the horse when I ran down the path, feeling vexed at myself for my forgetfulness, and thinking it would give him a chance to laugh at me again in his cool annoying way.

"Sir," I said, in what I see now must have been a ludicrously dignified manner, "you will please give me your price for driving us from the station."

"But if I do not please—what then?" he asked, deliberately getting into the wagon and taking up the reins.

"But I insist upon paying you?" I said, hotly.

"Ah? I'm sorry, then, but I am afraid I cannot gratify you. I did not bring you for pay. Good-night, Miss Clifton." And giving his horse a sharp cut with the whip, he rode down the lane and out of sight before I had fairly mastered my surprise, and, I will confess, indignation.

"Tom," I exclaimed, coming into the room where the family were gathered (we all called him Tom, he would have it so), "who is that fellow?"

Tom stopped and gazed at my flushed face with a slightly-puzzled expression, which almost instantly broadened into a laugh, I knew, at my perturbed look.

"O, you mean Cleaveland? I fancy you wouldn't call him 'that fellow' if you knew him better. Dilly, John Cleaveland is one of nature's noblemen. I have known him ever since he was a mere baby, and I never knew him do a mean or ungenerous thing. What is the indictment against him, my girl?" And he came and looked straight in my eyes, an unusual seriousness in his own.

"He's a disagreeable, impertinent person!" I said, shortly, vexed that Tom should praise him so warmly. "And—and he said he 'didn't drive us here for pay,' and called me 'Miss Clifton'—as if I were an old and particular friend!"

The way Tom Allen laughed is altogether indescribable. There was always something peculiarly infectious about Tom's

laughter, and on looking up I saw that every one was laughing also. It was no use. I gave in and joined the general chorus, though in my secret heart I was angrier than ever with the cause of it all—John Cleaveland—and disliked him more than ever.

I can see it now, the bright quaint picture that flashed upon me, as, recovering my composure, I stood and looked about me. The great open chimney was one glowing mass of rosy flame, that, like a brilliant sunset, dyed with its own rare splendor everything it touched. The floor was bare and snowy white, and was worn here and there by the tread of feet that had been dust for many long, long years. The low-ceiled walls stretched away into—it seemed—illimitable space, and narrow curiously-panelled doors opened in all directions. The walls had been blue originally, but time had dimmed and faded them, till, in the soft firelight, there was about them a sort of pale halo, like the soft flush of a summer dawn against the cool azure of the firmament. My mother's fair face took on the bloom of youth in this rare light; and even the strange pallor that had of late given me such a sad sinking of the heart whenever I looked at Harry's thoughtful young face, seemed to have banished like some painful dream.

"O Dilly, this is beautiful!" Harry said, softly, touching my hand in a pretty caressing way he had. "I am afraid, though, it will make me want to stay more," he added, dreamily, as if to himself.

My heart gave a fierce throb, but I put the unwelcome thought away from me with a resolute hand. I could not have it so—I would not! Harry was so young—only fifteen, and country air and country living would make him strong immediately, I was sure—at least I tried to persuade myself that I was.

The next morning, before any of the family had arisen, I went over the house, and the nearer portions of the farm with Tom Allen. Alas! the beautiful glamour of the rosy firelight had faded and vanished, and under the gray gusty skies my "patrimony" looked little enough like Eden, I must confess. Tom pushed back the great barn doors, and I looked in. It was "empty, swept and garnished."

"I must have something to put in here, Tom," I said, in a tone of desperation;

"I must! What can I get the cheapest?"

"Well, cats, perhaps," he replied, with ludicrous gravity. "I shouldn't wonder if for five dollars you could stock the old concern pretty well."

I knew the good fellow was trying to divert my mind from the general dreariness and desolation that pervaded the place, and inwardly thanked him the while I made a pretence of anger. After this we held a long consultation, the result of which was that before noon there were a cow, half a dozen hens, and the smallest atom of a pig, fairly domiciled in the old barn; and Harry and I, at least, were in a pleasant state of excitement over the matter. There was a delightful sense of ownership about our new possessions that was altogether novel and charming. We could not do enough for them, and to this day it is a perfect marvel to me how that small morsel of a pig could have held all we managed to put into him.

But it was not till Tom Allen and his good wife had gone back to their home that a full sense of the care, and toil, and responsibility of our new life came upon me. It looked a rather hopeless experiment, I knew; but when one has no choice, what is one to do? My mother was utterly despondent, and Alice angry at me for "getting us out here," as she called it. Harry stood by me bravely, and we two resolved ourselves into a committee of "ways and means," the result of which was that I decided to apply for the school at Acton Centre.

"It's what the heroine of a story invariably does," Harry said, by way of recommendation.

"Or else goes out as governess," I added, laughing, "where there is an irresistible father, surrounded by nine small children, who, alas! are motherless."

We decided to say nothing about the matter to mother or Alice at present, and if I was unsuccessful, as I very much expected to be, we promised each other never to mention it at all. I do not think that I had the faintest idea that I should secure the school, and yet I went on planning the expenditure of my salary with a coolness and deliberateness that was altogether amazing.

I sent in my name to the committee, and was notified to appear for examination on either the seventeenth or eighteenth day

of April. I chose the former, to have it the sooner over, for, with all my powers of self-control, I found myself getting suspiciously nervous, and I had a morbid fear that my mother or Alice would discover my purpose, and raise a storm of opposition about my ears.

How distinctly I remember, even to the minutest detail, everything which occurred that morning! The most commonplace and trivial things seem cut into my memory with sharp ineffaceable lines that the years do not touch. I had been politic enough to discover from time to time certain little articles needed at the Centre; and so, when I proposed carelessly, as I cleared away the breakfast-table, to go to the village, my mother at once declared that I "couldn't have a better time," and she was glad I could "think of *something* besides this dismal old place."

It was a lovely morning, one of April's fairest and brightest children. The softly-rounded hills, flushed faintly with tender green; the quiet stirless river, over which hovered a tremulous fleecy mist, through which gleamed the lithe-limbed willows, showing goldenly green in the slant sunlight; and over all the soft delicious sunshine, melting into the fathomless blue of the bending heavens, were enough to stir the blood and quicken the pulses of a far less susceptible nature than mine. I walked on in a sort of transport of feeling, till the hoarse rattle of the coach that carried passengers from the outlying districts to the Centre, broke in upon my consciousness, warning me that my delightful reverie was at an end.

Once fairly inside the coach, all my nervousness returned, and a curious feeling of giddiness took possession of me. I felt as if I were swinging in measureless space, with neither foothold nor support. I was vaguely conscious that there were other passengers, but I had not the faintest interest in them, and did not even glance at them; and not until some one pronounced my name, in a clear deep voice, as I alighted at the house of one of the committee, where I had been directed, do I think I *really* saw one of my fellow-passengers.

I hardly know whether I felt most pleased or vexed when I looked up and met the cool gray eyes of John Cleaveland quietly regarding me as he assisted me from the coach. I think there was a faint

feeling of relief, curiously mingled with a vague sense of annoyance. I had seen him at church, and had twice met him in the street, but he had not spoken to me since the night he brought me to Willow-Brook, till now. As he preceded me up the long cobble-stone walk to the front door, he glanced back over his shoulder and smiled that terribly-provoking smile again.

"I hardly think you will be drawn and quartered, Miss Clifton," he said, I thought, contemptuously.

I felt the hot indignant blood flood my face. What right had he to notice my weakness and comment on it in this impertinent way? I do not think I was ever so thoroughly angry in my life as I was at this moment with John Cleaveland. It roused me completely, and I made a sudden inward vow that I *would* succeed, if for no other purpose than to let this man, who had taken it upon himself to criticise me, see that I was not the weak inefficient creature he thought me.

We went up the steps in silence, and my companion rang the bell. The door opened noiselessly, and he stood aside for me to enter. I bowed coldly, without looking up, and went in, he following me. It flashed upon me all at once that this John Cleaveland was one of the "committee."

We were ushered into a great ghostly room, smelling of damp and must. A line of straight high-backed chairs was drawn up against the wall, and four of them were occupied by "candidates." I think they were the most thoroughly frightened-looking quartet I ever beheld. I will also be candid enough to confess that only my temper kept me from outdoing the rest in that respect.

The committee, three in number, sat in the centre of the room beside a great square baize-covered table, on which were piled half a dozen formidable-looking books, with writing materials beside them.

The examination began, not of each separately, as I had supposed, but of all together as a class, the committee taking turns in asking questions. I shall never forget the chairman of that committee. He was supernaturally tall and thin, with a closely-shaven face, and overhanging brows of dusky blackness, from under which looked out a pair of keen alert eyes, that had a habit of growing as he gazed at

one into two bright and terribly distinct interrogation points. It was the Rev. Simon Appleton, of the Acton First Parish, as I afterward learned.

This gentleman informed us that there were four more applicants, and when all had had a hearing, the one who, in the opinion of the committee, had passed the most satisfactory examination, would be immediately notified. There was nothing more to be said, and one by one we arose and glided out, like a procession of unshrived ghosts.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed one of the number, as we gained the street, "the long agony is over. Talk about the Inquisition and the Council of Ten! They needn't take the trouble to 'notify' me. I wouldn't live in daily dread of a visit from that 'committee' to save the whole rising generation from utter barbarism! Count me out, girls." And, with a nod to the others and a little ripple of gay laughter, she ran lightly across the street, and into a bit of a brown cottage whose windows were all aglow with scarlet geraniums and white and purple petunias.

Two days afterward I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Appleton, wherein he informed me, very briefly, that I was the successful candidate for the post of teacher in the Acton Centre Intermediate School, and I would please hold myself in readiness to enter on my duties the second week in May.

With the letter in my hand, I sought my mother and sister, and communicated its contents. Of course I was blamed and upbraided for the course I had taken. Mother was sure there was no necessity for such a step. Hadn't we a thousand dollars in the bank, which we could draw upon if necessary? And then, what did I know about teaching school? Besides, it was so far away, and it would make me ill, and then what would become of us?

Here she broke down and cried, and wished we had stayed in the city with our friends, as they had asked us; it would have been so much easier and pleasanter. We never could make anything of "this old place," and the sooner we gave it up and went back the better.

"But, mother," I said, resolutely, "I am *not* going to give it up at all. Mr. Gordon says that in my grandfather's day it was reckoned well worth five thousand

dollars; and all it wants is improvement to make it even more valuable. Do you think I will leave this, and be a dependant on somebody's charity? Never! It is my patrimony, and I am resolved—"

A very decided rap on the door, which stood open, made me pause suddenly and look up. John Cleaveland stood on the broad flagstone, a faint shade of embarrassment on his usually cool face.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I had rapped twice before."

I felt my face grow hot, partly from the thought that he must have overheard our conversation, and partly from the peculiar look I saw in his eyes, as he let them rest a moment on my perturbed face. "He is doubtless speculating on my temper," I said to myself, savagely. I was also annoyed and irritated that he should have heard so much of our family affairs.

"I called, Miss Clifton, at the request of Mr. Appleton," he said, quietly. "You accept the situation, do you not?"

"I should not have gone through the farce of an application if I had not been ready to do so," I replied, quickly. I had not regained my composure, and could not divest myself of the impression that he was secretly amused at the fact.

"No, I know you would not," he said, in a sort of grave thoughtful way. "Well, now in regard to the salary. We have heretofore paid teachers in that department thirty-six dollars a month; this year we shall give forty, provided, of course, that you do not object," he added, with a quick glance at my eager face. But he did not smile, yet there was a look in his face that I did not understand, and which irritated me.

Indeed, I never felt at ease in this man's presence. I knew that I was constantly presenting my weakest and most unamiable side to him, and I was vexed at him for it. I wished that he would keep out of my sight, and that I had never seen him, and a score more of similar things. Of one thing I was positive: I disliked him utterly and entirely, and always should. I was a firm believer in first impressions, and had he not angered me at the outset? Tom Allen might laud him to the skies if he liked, I should detest him all the same.

"About the matter of transportation," he proceeded, in his easy nonchalant way, "as I presume you would like to board

with your family. The coach is too late for you; besides, it is often crowded, and goes over half the town, taking up passengers. I fancy your time will be too much taken up for mere *pleasure-riding*,"—and he smiled in an amused way;—"and so I have another plan to suggest, namely: Mr. Livingston, who lives on the hill yonder" (pointing across a sunny little interval, golden with cowslips, to a softly-rounded hill, whereon stood a charmingly old house, the walls of gray stone almost hidden by wandering vines, it was said, in summer-time), "is an attorney, having an office at the Centre. He goes up every morning about eight o'clock, and returns somewhere from four to six at night. I am of the opinion he would carry you at a trifling expense, if you have no better arrangement in view."

"Thank you," I said, more cordially than I had ever spoken to him before.

"O, it is not I, but our worthy chairman to whom you are indebted for this suggestion," he answered, carelessly.

"Indeed! I might have known—" I began, and stopped short in confusion.

"That it was not mine?" he said, laughing. "You doubtless think I should have proposed to take you myself."

"Only that you 'don't carry people for pay,' " I retorted.

His cool face flushed suddenly, and he turned half away. Then, raising his hat with ceremonious politeness, he said "good-evening," and walked leisurely away.

"What a magnificent-looking man your Mr. Cleaveland is!" Alice said, watching him as he went down the lane.

"My Mr. Cleaveland!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "I am sure I don't see what I have to do with him more than you. I think him the most disagreeable man I ever met."

Alice laughed softly, in such a provoking way!

"Dilly, my dear," my mother said, reprovingly, "I am afraid you were a little rude to Mr. Cleaveland. It is not at all like you to be irritable and ill-tempered. You remember Tom Allen praised him highly; and I should be sorry for you to be rude to a friend of his. Indeed, I should be sorry for my daughter to be rude to any one," she added, with a sort of gentle pride.

It was not at all like me to do so, but I did—I broke into a little hysterical fit of weeping; and then my mother put her arms about me, and kissed me and petted me in her sweet graceful fashion till I laughed, and declared myself “cured.” I believe I even went further, and made some excuse for my conduct, to the effect that I had been feeling so anxious about getting this school, and about her and Alice’s opposition to my plans, that I had got nervous, I supposed. But I carefully avoided any reference to John Cleaveland in any way.

I could not have taken a more politic course if I had studied a lifetime, though I did not think of it till afterward. My mother and Alice made no further objections to my plans; indeed, they went further, and developed a cordial interest in my prospective duties; and that evening went up and called on Mr. Livingston, in regard to the “transportation” business, my mother saying that it would be more proper for her to do so. It seemed so strange for her to be careful on my account—I, who for nearly a year now had had the full care and management of both family and financial affairs!

Mr. Livingston drove my mother and Alice home in his pretty basket-phaeton through the soft April dusk. I went out to the steps to meet them. He came forward and offered his hand, with such frank and open cordiality that I felt as much at ease as if I had known him all my life.

“I suppose we may as well be getting acquainted, Miss Clifton,” he said, laughingly, “since it has got to be done sooner or later. I only hope you will be as pleased with the arrangement your mother and myself have made as I am.”

“Then it is arranged, and you will take me?” I said, eagerly. “You are sure it is not going to inconvenience you too much, because—”

“Stop! Miss Clifton,” he interrupted, with a comical look of alarm, “there is to be no backing out on your part—haven’t you just given me your hand on it? As for the ‘inconvenience,’ you shall compensate me by gratuitous lessons on ‘parts of speech’ as we go along.”

“If you will promise to be a diligent pupil,” I answered, laughingly.

“Trust me for that!” he exclaimed,

gayly. “I make a ‘specialty,’ as horticulturists say, of that particular branch of science.”

He tarried some little time, talking in his easy cordial way, and making us all like him by the genial heartiness and friendliness of his manner.

“Well,” I said, after he had gone, “I think it’s worth while coming to Acton, if only to know Mr. Livingston.”

“And Mr. Cleaveland,” added Alice, demurely.

I did not deign to reply, but I felt the blood rush to my face, and felt hot, and angry, and uncomfortable, and wished the thought or mention of John Cleaveland might never intrude upon me again so long as I lived.

As April faded into May, and the new creation unfolded its wonderful marvel of life from death, I think we all felt as if we were under some mysterious spell of enchantment, everything was so strange, and new, and beautiful to us. How charming the old place grew under the magical fingers of the sunshine and the soft spring rain! How thick the willows grew with their delicate golden-green fringes, and how ridiculously swollen were the buds on every tree, and shrub, and bush! Under the front windows was a wide border where were all manner of old-fashioned flowers waking into life—lilies, pinks, daffodils, columbine, flower-de-luce, and a host beside, which were a constant subject for speculation to Harry and myself.

I was feeling altogether easy about Harry now. There was a lovely fresh color in his cheeks, and he had gained considerably both in flesh and strength. It is true, I was sometimes startled by that same peculiar cough which had been the herald of my father’s fatal illness, but it was at such rare intervals that I persuaded myself there was no real cause for uneasiness; and as neither mother nor Alice seemed to notice it, I tried to believe that my own morbid anxiety magnified the danger.

Tom Allen came out and stayed a few days, making arrangements for me about the farmwork, which was to be let on shares to a Mr. Gordon living in the neighborhood, and who had worked on the farm when a boy for my grandfather. This Gordon—Sam Gordon, his name was—believed in Willow-Brook Farm as religiously as he did in the catechism, and I was his

most devout disciple. Our enthusiasm, Mr. Livingston declared, was the "most simple and touching thing he had ever witnessed."

Mr. Livingston had fallen into the habit of dropping in upon us in the most neighborly and informal manner; and though I rode to the Centre with him each morning and returned with him, if he was through business in good season (otherwise I took the coach), still, the day seemed incomplete and unsatisfactory if he did not run in for a moment in the evening. I think we all grew to feel in this way—to expect him, and to feel disappointed if he did not come, though Alice pretended indifference, and ridiculed our "infatuation," as she called it.

It was the week before my summer vacation began;—how well I remember everything connected with that day, even to the peculiar oppressiveness of the thick languorous atmosphere which had hung like a leaden weight upon my spirits all day. It was precisely twenty-five minutes to three—I can see the exact position of the hands on the great dial-plate to this moment—when a low firm rap on the inner schoolroom door caused me to look hastily up. John Cleaveland was standing just outside, but came slowly forward when I looked up. The first feeling was one of vexation that he should come this, of all days—for I supposed he came, of course, to visit the school—when I was looking and feeling ill and worn out. But as he came toward me, something in the expression of his face changed the whole current of my feelings. There was in it such a look of infinite tenderness, pity and pain, that I cried out, involuntarily:

"O Mr. Cleaveland! what is it?"

He took my hands, which were cold and trembling, between his strong firm palms a moment, and placed me quietly in a seat. Then he told the scholars very briefly that Miss Clifton's mother had sent for her to come home, and they could be dismissed. I heard it all in a vague way, as one hears in a dream, and then I realized that we were alone. Something about that thought sent the blood—that had seemed congealing about my heart—to my face, and even to my finger-tips, with a fierce sudden bound that almost took my breath away.

"Is it about Harry?" I asked then, more quietly than I thought I could speak.

"Yes," he said, coming and standing by my chair. "But there is no cause for alarm now—at least there is no immediate peril. Harry has had an attack of hemorrhage, but is comfortable, and the doctor does not consider it very serious, *as yet*."

I did not faint, I did not cry out, but I think the agony in my heart stamped itself on my face, for my companion's grew strangely white as he turned and walked to the door, for an instant. I have a distinct remembrance of his bringing me my hat and shawl, and of his wrapping the latter about me carefully and tenderly, but I seemed somehow to have lost all care or thought of myself; I could think only of *him*—my "bright handsome young brother, whom I loved better than my own life.

I do not remember that anything was said during the half hour we were driving to the farm. I could not talk, and my companion instinctively understood, and was silent. But as we came in sight of the house, he turned to me, and said, firmly:

"Miss Clifton, till you can command yourself, I shall consider it my duty to your brother to keep you away from Willow-Brook. There is helplessness and inefficiency enough there already."

"Mr. Cleaveland," I exclaimed, fiercely, "keep me away from my brother, if you dare!" And I half rose from the seat. He put out his hand and drew me down again, and for the first time, I think, in all our acquaintance, our eyes fairly met. Mine, I knew, were almost wild with pain, and grief, and anger, but his I could not understand. I felt the strength and power in them, however, and knew that he was master. His face was graver than I had ever seen it, and I thought sterner.

"I dare do what is right, Miss Clifton," he said, quietly; "and it is *not* right to add another element of weakness where calmness and courage are so imperatively demanded. O, why will you persist in misunderstanding me always?" he added, in a sharp intense voice.

"Pardon me," I said, gently. "I did not mean to be rude or unreasonable, but it came so suddenly—this blow to my dearest hopes—that it was not an easy thing to command myself. But I see the necessity of it—and you can trust me now?" I asked, humbly.

"Most implicitly!" he answered, with

such confident heartiness that it gave me new faith in my own strength.

I will not dwell on the need there was of some one to be brave, and calm, and efficient during those first few terrible days of grief and dread. My mother was utterly prostrated, physically and mentally, and I was forced to exclude her altogether from Harry's presence, as she could not—or did not—control either her speech or her emotions in the smallest degree; and excitement, in the critical state he was in, was simply murderous.

Alice, on the other hand, shrank from any contact with pain, or suffering, or care, constitutionally. I believe I have not mentioned that my sister was very beautiful, and very attractive, with a certain power or charm about her that some people call fascination. I had been proud of the beauty and grace of my younger sister all my life, and had rejoiced in her social successes; but we were so radically unlike in temperament, tastes and habits, that there was not that perfect sympathy between us which I would have liked. Alice was made for "society," while to me the whole thing was simply "vanity and vexation of spirit." With a nature that hungered for love and tenderness, I had a strong will, a sensitive independence, and a certain indomitableness that would not yield—to which difficulty was but another name for opportunity, and opposition the surest incentive to effort.

And so, being so differently constituted, I do not take it as any merit that I was able to do for Harry what Alice could not do. She liked sunshine and soft airs, luxury and ease, and, like certain flowers, only blossomed in the sunlight. I, on the contrary, needed the strengthening tonic of adverse winds to fully develop my capabilities and quicken my thoughts.

While Harry's condition was considered critical I do not think I knew what discouragement or fatigue meant. I would not yield to them—I must not, I knew, if I would save him, and that was the one absorbing thought and desire of my life. Everything else faded into a dim and vague insignificance before this one great wish of my heart. It was not till the great peril was lifted, and he was able to walk out, that my mind came back to other interests and hopes. I had realized through all the kindness and attention of Mr. Liv-

ingston, but as my heart grew lighter it also grew more grateful and tender toward him. I hardly know how I could have gone through those first few days had it not been for his thoughtful kindness in a score of ways. I was thinking it all over, and thinking particularly of something he had said to me that evening.

It had happened in this wise: I was suffering from a severe headache, and looked forlorn and wretched enough to excite any one's sympathy, I dare say. I was leaning against the window-sill as he came up to the house. I knew he had come to take Alice out for a drive; he had done it nearly every day since Harry had been ill, and I felt as grateful to him for this as for anything, for she had quite recovered her usual bright spirits and bright looks.

"My dear little girl," he said, laying his hand caressingly on my drooping head, "you have had a hard time of it, but you have been so brave! Do you know, little Dilly, that you are my exact ideal of a heroine?"

He had always been gentle, and in a certain way affectionate; it was in his nature to be; but he had never spoken to me like this before, and had never called me "Dilly." I felt ill and weak, and, like every other woman who is a real woman, felt a hungry longing for love and tenderness. I had never analyzed my feelings towards Ray Livingston; our relations had been so pleasant always that I had felt altogether content that they should continue unchanged. But his words suggested new thoughts and new possibilities, and I could not answer him with my old ease, and so was silent altogether. After a little pause he added, with more embarrassment than I had ever seen him manifest:

"You must not think of taking up that school business again. I have a *right* now to say this much."

Alice came out at this moment, and they went down the steps together. How beautiful she was! I thought I had never seen her look so lovely before, and as they rode slowly down through the green shadowed lane, the sunset light wrapping them in a warm bright glow, I felt a faint pang of bitterness stir in my heart. But it was only momentary, and my mind went back over Ray Livingston's words and tones, and I tried to understand my own heart, and could not. And, as if to confuse me

still more, I kept making little involuntary comparisons between him and John Cleaveland, which only vexed me, because I did not wish to think of Mr. Cleaveland at all.

It was one of those stirless summer nights when nature seems taking a siesta. Harry was in mother's room, and I stepped out softly, and went down through the dusk and the silence to a little rustic arbor under the willows. I had scarcely sat down when a quick firm step broke the stillness, and looking through the trees, I easily distinguished the form of John Cleaveland; indeed, I knew it was he, even before that, though I hardly can explain how I knew. I suppose he saw my light dress, for he came to the edge of the path, and asked if he might venture into the "new garden of Eden."

"I came up about the school," he said, coming and leaning against one of the trees. "The vacation will end in two weeks, and a teacher must be provided. I had—I mean we had heard nothing from you personally, though Mr. Livingston has informed us that you will not teach longer. I do not question his authority,"—he said this very icily—"but choose, nevertheless, your personal confirmation."

"I shall not teach if you do not want me, of course," I said, feeling grieved and angry, and altogether wretched.

"Want you?" he exclaimed, sharply. "Have I ever given you cause to say this to me, Miss Clifton?"

I knew that he had not, and I was ashamed and sorry, for it came to me all at once, his kindness and helpfulness—the exact help I needed—at a time when I had needed it so sorely. What could he think of me, save to pity or despise me?

The quick light whirr of carriage wheels broke a silence that was becoming unbearable. I drew a breath of relief as I saw Mr. Livingston and Alice riding up the lane. They came into a slow walk as they neared us, and, all unconscious of our proximity, they continued their conversation.

"There is no reason for a day's delay," he was saying, very earnestly. "I can help you then as I cannot now. It will be easier, financially, for your family, and I will be a faithful son and brother to them all, for your sake, my darling! I am going to ask Dilly, who is always sensible and

prompt, to help me convince you," he said, with a soft laugh.

I do not think I ever came so near what people call "hysterics," before or since, as I did then. My physical and nervous system were overwrought, and the sudden discovery of the cause of all Mr. Livingston's friendship to our family made me for an instant giddy and faint with pain. And I had been weak enough only two hours before to fancy he cared for me! "As if any one could do that in his senses!" I said, bitterly, to myself, feeling my own lack of beauty, and grace, and accomplishments as I had never felt it before. And he saw it all—all my pain and humiliation, and was pitying me. He, of all men in the world! It seemed for a moment as if I should go wild. I think it was the look of pain and pity in my companion's face that restored me to my senses. It roused my pride, for I knew he thought my emotion wholly caused by this chance discovery of Mr. Livingston's love for my sister, and that he had in some way deceived me, and won my love only to cast it heartlessly aside. And I—I could not explain an affair like this to make any one understand—and to *him*! Well, he might think what he chose; why should I care what he might believe? And yet I did care, in spite of my will or reason; and as I went over the whole subject again and again, this troubled me most sorely of all.

The next day Mr. Livingston came over very early, and in his frank easy way told his story, and asked for the family sanction. Of course it was granted, for had he not seemed like one of us always? And when I thought of it more, the only wonder I felt was that I had not foreseen it from the outset. And if I had any vague regret or sense of loss at first, it faded quietly out in the genial air of tender brotherly interest and affection he continually manifested toward me.

It was a very quiet affair—my sister's marriage—and not at all to her taste; but Harry was so delicate, none of us was willing for her to go away. And so she went quietly to her husband's house, and I prepared to take up my school duties again, though Ray strongly protested against it, and got almost angry at my "stubbornness," as he called it.

It was the early part of the last week of the vacation. I was getting restless and

uneasy, and longed for the commencement to come. I wanted to get my mind off myself a little, for, disguise it as I might, I knew I was nervous, or morbid, or something which made me unlike my former self. I was thinking it all over, and wondering if I should ever again feel quite as strong and hopeful as I had felt last spring. It seemed such a very long time ago that I came to Willow-Brook!

"Dilly dear, are you there?" came suddenly, in a strange stifled whisper from Harry's room.

I sprang to my feet instantly; I knew so well what it meant; I had heard that strange gurgling whisper once before—could I ever mistake or forget its terrible import?

I cannot, even now, dwell on that dreadful time, bringing back as it did so vividly my father's last hours, without something of the fierce anguish I suffered at that time.

"Dilly," he whispered, clinging to my hand, "it is very hard to leave you—I love you so! And the world is so beautiful," his eyes turning wistfully toward the open window where the sunshine lay in a yellow flood, "and I am so young!"

I heard a quiet step in the room, and looking up, saw John Cleaveland close beside me. I put out my hand, and he clasped it in silence. A faint smile trembled across Harry's face, and he whispered, softly:

"It is all right, Dilly. I am—going—home." His voice and breath going out together, and only the smile remaining.

Ray and Alice came to the farm for a while, it was so lonely. Ray said it was "no use to think of my school any more, there was no need of it, and it was my duty to stay at home." Duty! Yes, it was always that for me. I wondered, in a vague way, if, by any possibility, I owed any duty to myself.

Mr. Cleaveland came in the first of the week to say that the school would wait a week or two for me, if I felt as if I could go on.

"Cleaveland," Mr. Livingston exclaimed, quite warmly, "why do you haunt Dilly with your paltry school? Have you no consideration at all for her?"

John Cleaveland's calm face flushed suddenly, and then grew very white.

"I think Miss Clifton *needs* to do this,

Mr. Livingston," he said, firmly; "yet she shall choose for herself. What do you say?" he asked, turning abruptly to me.

"If I could consult my own personal wishes, I should certainly go on with the school," I said, quickly. "But if it is my duty to give it up, that decides the matter."

"We shall depend on you to teach the school, Miss Clifton," he replied, in a tone of quiet decision. "The vacation will be extended two weeks." And bowing quietly and coolly, he withdrew.

"Really, this interference is unwarrantable," Ray declared, indignantly. "I do not wonder you dislike him, Dilly."

"I used to think he was a gentleman," my mother said, in an aggrieved way, "but he has no regard for my feelings at all—he doesn't seem to even think of me."

"It does seem odd that one should think of *my* needing any change of scene or diversion of thought," I said.

"There! that is just like Dilly!" Alice exclaimed. "If we say three words more against John Cleaveland, she will be irrevocably in love with him."

I felt my face grow hot, and not caring for them to see, I ran up to my room. I could hide it from others—that my pride helped me to do—but I could no longer hide it from myself. I did love John Cleaveland, and against my will, my reason, and my determination! I had tried my best to hate him—I really believed at one time that I did hate him—and this was the end! And I had always held such very high notions about this matter. No woman of sense or delicacy would ever give her love unsought, I had maintained. And this was the end of that also.

I went up in the coach quite frequently after the fall term began, and sometimes I walked home. Alice liked to drive in with Mr. Livingston, and when his business admitted it, they rode about the outlying country, often returning home by quite another route. On one of these occasions I had missed the coach, and there was no other way but to walk. It was one of those gray dreary autumnal days so common in November. It had been thickening all day, and the wind was raw and damp, with an occasional sprinkle of rain. I was unusually tired, and, though I made all the haste I could, I had got but little more than half way home when the storm broke with sudden fierceness. I looked

about me despairingly. There was no house near, and the wind and rain made locomotion almost impossible. To my infinite relief I saw a close carriage approaching. I resolved to appeal to his humanity, whoever he might be, to turn about and take me home. But I had no need; for the carriage stopped, a man sprang out, lifted me in his arms, and put me in the carriage, before I had fairly got breath.

"O Mr. Cleaveland!" I exclaimed, with a little hysterical sob, "I am so glad!"

"Are you?" he asked, looking down in my face. "Then I am. I was not sure you would ride with me when I found you."

"But did you come to find me?—how did you know that I—?"

"How did I know?" he interrupted. "As if I had not thought of you all this dismal afternoon, and watched for you in vain when the coach came in! I waited as long as I could endure it, and then started to find you. I saw Livingston and your sister come home soon after dinner." I knew he was looking at me sharply when he said this, and I knew of what he was thinking, and it irritated me.

"Mr. Cleaveland," I said, hastily, "I would like to correct an impression you have somehow got. It—it is about Ray." I hardly knew how to go on, now that I had begun.

"Well, what about him?" he asked, not moving his eyes from my face.

"You think I was in love with him, and that he jilted me for my sister, because she was more beautiful and attractive; and you feel a sort of lofty pity for my forlorn condition. I dare say that is why you came after me to-day."

His face grew suddenly white and stern.

"I wish to Heaven it was!" he exclaimed, bitterly, "since I am so utterly unbearable to you."

I knew he would think me weak and silly, but if my life had depended, I could not have helped it. I broke down and cried as if my heart would break.

He put his arm about me, and drew me to him in a sort of fierce clasp.

"Why will you persist in misunder-

standing me, Dilly Clifton?" he exclaimed, passionately. "I, who would give my life to save you an instant of pain or sorrow! I know you don't want to hear it," he went on, in a rapid intense voice, "but I *must* tell you now—you have made me do it in very self-defence! You remember the night I brought you to Willow-Brook? Well, ever since that night I have struggled to overcome my love for you, because I saw how strongly you disliked me. I have resolved scores of times never to trouble you with a presence so distasteful to you, and yet, understanding your peculiar nature well enough to see the kind of help you have needed at certain times, I could not refrain from giving it, though I believe I almost always have angered you in so doing."

"But it was because I thought you pitied my weakness, or despised me for my temper," I interrupted. "I could not bear your contempt with indifference."

"Dilly!"—and he bent his face close to mine—"why did you care? Tell me!"

"I shall not!" I exclaimed, struggling to get free.

"But you shall!—and now, this very moment! Do you think I am going to be put off by any sort of a subterfuge? I am too much in earnest for dallying."

And, as it had been from the first, so it was now. I yielded, and he got his answer; an answer that I was as glad to give as he to receive, perhaps, after all.

"It is just the thing I intended," Tom Allen said, complacently, when he came out to our wedding at New Year's. "John Cleaveland is the only man I ever knew who I thought could manage Dilly," he said, laughingly, to my mother; "or whom I thought to be worthy of her," he added, in an undertone, to me. He always had a foolish partiality for me—perhaps because I loved the dear honest fellow so warmly and thoroughly.

Willow-Brook Farm is, John and I think, the dearest and brightest place on the globe; and no day goes by but in my happy heart I bless the memory of him who so thoughtfully, and, I think, providentially, left me this dear old homestead for MY PATRIMONY.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"OPEN SESAME."

THE flirtation between Bulwer and Alice progresses satisfactorily, and the *denouement* is expected daily. Little Arthur has sickened with the measles, which keeps his mother in attendance on him in the nursery; and Mr. O'Connor has returned to Ballybroogan. But Captain Staunton still lingers on at Castle Valence, and Everil is thrown so much in his company, that she has begun to regard their constant meetings almost with indifference.

"I don't care for that story," she says one day as he returns a novel to him.

"What fault do you find with it, Lady Valence?"

"It is immoral—grossly so. The woman had married with her eyes open. What right had she afterwards to quarrel with her condition?"

"The right of love. Has love no rights? You used to say it was all-powerful."

She has no answer ready. She turns away without speaking.

"I have another novel I am very anxious you should read. Here it is," continues Maurice Staunton, offering the book to her.

"I don't wish to read any more, thank you. I am rather tired of them."

"Only this one. It treats of a subject which I know will deeply interest you. By the way, how is Lord Valence's health?"

"*Lord Valence's health!*" She starts, for a moment really not comprehending the allusion.

"Yes; it was so indifferent, you may remember, at the time you married. Is it improved?"

"Greatly improved." She says the words steadily, though she knows they are not true. "Cannot you see it for yourself?"

"I confess I have not observed much difference; and, from Mrs. West's account, I was led to fear that I was correct."

"O, what *did* she say?" cries the countess, eagerly.

"Only the old story. But you should know best, of course. What a relief the

improvement in his lordship's condition must be to you!"

She does not note his sarcasm. All she aims at is to deaden, by the sophistry of an unconscious love, the pang he has raised in her heart.

"He is not really ill. I assure you he is not. Agatha always tries to make him out worse than he is, and I think she encourages him in the belief. But he eats and drinks well, as any one can see. And he takes plenty of exercise; and—and—"

"Don't let me distress you. I am so sorry I spoke," says Maurice Staunton, coldly. His voice recalls her to herself. She remembers to *whom* she is speaking, and, with a sudden look of pride, she takes the book which he has placed beneath her hand, and withdraws from his presence.

Lady Valence has a headache that evening—an unaccountable headache, that has sprung no one knows whence, and renders her incapable of appearing at dinner. Every one who has a right to do so appears in turn to demand the reason of her defection; but she only confesses herself languid and heavy, and disinclined to move; says jestingly she thinks she is sickening for the measles, and sends them away as perplexed as when they came. Agatha is angry, declares it is all nonsense, and she could appear at the dinner-table perfectly well if she chose. Alice hangs about her for a few minutes with a red face, and suggests that "Mr. Bulwer will be so disappointed" if she doesn't join them in the evening. Only Lord Valence, after the first brief inquiry, does not express an opinion either way, except to beg that she will please herself. So she pleases herself by sitting in her dressing-room, loosely attired, perusing the novel which Staunton has lent her, and which (notwithstanding her asseverations to the contrary) proved so interesting, from the few glances she cast between its pages, that she is fain to read it through. At first the story simply attracts her attention; next, she is struck with its wonderful similarity to her own case; then her eyes become riveted on the pages, and her mind absorbed with curiosity to learn the end of

the narrative. It is the history of a man and a woman (what history is there one could write, to prove interesting, that did not contain a man and a woman to poison or bless the existence of each other?) thrown together, as she was thrown with Maurice Staunton, ignorant that any obstacle existed to their becoming lovers. They are at the height and fervor of their feeling—they have grown so necessary to each other's happiness that nothing but death seems capable of parting them, when they receive the shock of the knowledge that the woman's father is a bankrupt, and must sell his daughter to the highest bidder. The man is poor, the lovers are torn asunder, and the woman is married to a wealthy old and feeble suitor. The lover whispers courage to her. "Be strong, my friend—be patient. This cannot last forever. The time must come when our affection will be rewarded—when you shall again be free." But the prophecy is not fulfilled. His new condition agrees with the old man; he revives again, becomes rejuvenated, and threatens to maintain his rights for an unlimited number of years.

The lovers, after the French fashion, continue to hold secret assignations with one another; but this is not sufficient for their happiness—they want to enjoy the old husband's wealth publicly and together. At last one day, when they have been discussing their mutual misfortunes, the man insinuates how easy it is to make Fate succumb to our inclinations. He argues the point sophistically and well, and he ends by drawing a small vial from his pocket. "How strange," he continues, "it is to think, my friend, that a few drops of this harmless-looking liquid, placed in his drink or food, should have the power to take away the life of a man with such subtlety, as to render detection next to impossible. What wonderful discoveries this age has brought us!"

He says no more, but he leaves the vial behind him on the table. When night comes, and the wretched woman is querulously demanded by her old husband to rise and get him something to drink, the temptation comes to her to empty the contents of the vial into his glass. She does so hastily, allowing herself no time to think, and with a trembling hand carries the fatal draught into his bedchamber. She approaches the bedside—withdraws the cur-

tain—gives one look at the old man's face—a scream—and the glass falls from her hand, and is dashed to atoms on the floor. Her husband has died in her absence; it is a corpse that lies before her!

The would-be murderess is free, and the romance ends with the clash of wedding-bells and the reward of virtue.

* * * * *

Everil has finished the recital. The book has fallen from her hand—it lies upon the ground at her feet. The evening has faded into night; but she has read it with locked doors, and no one has gained admittance to her solitude. Agatha and Alice have passed by on their way to bed, and whispered their good wishes and good-nights through the keyhole. She has heard the gentlemen go noisily up stairs; her maid has knocked, and been summarily dismissed. She has had no wish for any companion but her own thoughts.

This tale—this terrible tale—how it has affected her! How her cheeks have burned with shame as she divined the miserable heroine's motives, and followed her career! How her heart has beat with eagerness to learn whether her good angel would triumph over her bad angel, or what would be the punishment to follow her guilty love! And then, the end—the sickening end—when she went to her lover's arms with hands which, but for the interposition of Providence, might have been red with her husband's blood! As Everil ponders on the plot of the tale she has just read—on its false sentiment, its loose morality, and unevenhanded justice, she feels she has lowered herself by perusing it. What right, she asks angrily, had Maurice Staunton to place such a book within her hands?

But here an awful sense of sickness overpowers her, as she recalls the conversation that took place between them on the day they parted, and remembers how she then permitted him to comment on her future husband's slender chance of life, without rebuke! What was it that he said on that occasion? *That he should wait.* For what? For Valence's death?

Ah!—

As the thought strikes her, the cry that accompanies it would have been heard in an ordinary-sized house from basement to attic. But Castle Valence is built after so rambling and solid a fashion, that a woman's voice had need be loud to penetrate its

walls even from one room to another. But with that cry all Everil's look of thought and contemplation has vanished. Her face becomes pained and restless—she leaves her chair, and paces up and down her room like a caged animal.

For Valence's death! Every other consideration—every other feeling is for the moment swallowed up in that!

Valence's death!—Valence gone!—Valence hidden away in the silent grave—and she, left here *alone* without him—without her love! her darling!—her dear, dear husband!

The truth is out at last! Everil is looking on her own heart, bared and defenceless, and can see the treasures scattered there.

* * * * *

It will be remembered that, in the old story, familiar to all of us, of the "Forty Thieves," when Ali Baba goes up to the rock, and pronounces the magic words of "*Open sesame*," the door flies open. "Ali Baba expected to find only a dark and gloomy cave, and was much astonished at seeing a large, spacious, well-lighted room. He observed in it numerous bales of rich merchandise, a store of silk stuffs and brocade, rich and valuable carpets, and, besides all this, large quantities of money, both silver and gold. At the sight of all these things it seemed to him that this cave must have been used not only for years, but for centuries."

This is a picture of her feelings. At that cry of horror at the prospect of the death she thought she could contemplate with equanimity, the door of her heart flies open, and instead of the dark, desponding receptacle she supposed it to be, she sees a warm, loving, womanly spirit, filled with the treasures of faith, and hope, and charity—treasures which, to judge from their accumulation, must have lain there for some time—and only longing to fly to its kindred soul to gain the rest it sighs for. That book, placed in her hand with no such noble purpose, has proved the "*Open Sesame*" to her heart.

Everil loves her husband!

As the astonishing truth, overwhelming from its suddenness, dawns on her mind, how much she hates the thought of Maurice Staunton!

He gave her that tale to read, knowing the moral it contained, believing it would interest and please her! What did he

mean? What could he have intended to insinuate? Does he think she has fallen so low as to be able to live with Valence as his daily companion and his wife, and still wish to compass his death? *Still!* could she *ever* have harbored so base a thought? She covers her face with both her hands at the idea. O! she is unworthy of him—unworthy of all his confidence and care. She will go at once—this very minute—and fall at his feet, and tell him everything—*everything!* This night shall not pass without a full confession. And then, when Valence knows all her weakness and her sin, and sees how penitent she is, perhaps he will take her in her arms, and let her love him for the little—sobbingly—the little time that is left!

* * * * *

With Everil all is impulse. She must have what she requires at the moment, or she no longer cares for it. From her childhood she has been indulged in this foible, until it has grown into a habit with her; the spoilt and petted heiress has never known what it is to *wait*; and now that her heart is clamoring for relief she gratifies its instinct.

She therefore leaves her room, careless where the pursuit of her strong desires may lead her, and walks almost blindly into the next, which is her bedchamber. But it is deserted and still. Valence has evidently not yet sought its solitude. She glances at her watch—all in the same eager, hurried way; it points to a quarter past one! Her husband must be in the library. Everil has never approached that door after dark since the night she was repulsed from its threshold by the behaviour of her husband and his sister-in-law; but she does not heed that circumstance. Had the thought that Agatha might be there even now flashed across her mind, it would not have the power to stay her footsteps. A mighty determination to tell Valence *all*—to let him know the worst—has seized her; and she would make the atonement in the presence of twenty witnesses if it were impossible to gain him alone.

She passes out into the corridor, which feels chill and lonely—wraps a shawl, which she has hurriedly thrown on, more closely round her shoulders, and makes her way towards her husband's private apartment. The door is locked as usual. She rattles fiercely at the handle. He calls out

from within, as though starting from a reverie, "Who is there?"

"It is I, Valence! It is Everil. Do let me in."

"*You!*" he exclaims, as she hears the voice come nearer. "Why, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No! no! but I must come in. I want to speak to you. Valence! pray open the door!"

"I would rather not. You have heard me say that before. Go to bed, my dear! It will not be long before I go myself."

"But, Valence! O! for God's sake, listen to me! I have something to say. I cannot rest until I have seen and spoken to you!"

"Something to say?" and as he echoes her words he unlocks the door and stands before her. "What can you have to say that will not wait until to-morrow?"

"It has waited too long—too long already," she answers, as she throws herself into his arms. "O Valence! my Valence! *I love you!*"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I WILL TELL YOU ALL."

To say that the earl is astonished is to say little. A dozen conflicting emotions pass rapidly over his countenance as he closes his arms about the form of his wife, and holds her firmly to him. His fair face flushes and turns pale; his delicate features work with agitation; his limbs tremble as though he had the ague; yet all is silence between them. Everil is sobbing violently, and in the darkness (for the library is unlighted, except for the moonbeams straying through the painted windows), they stand together, united at last, though scarcely able to comprehend the blessedness of being so.

"Let me light the lamp, dearest," whispers Valence, as soon as he can command his voice to speak.

"No! no! let us remain in the dark. I have so much to tell you, so much to confess. Let me say it as I stand here in the dark."

"There is no need to stand," he answers gently, as he draws her towards a sofa, and places himself by her side. She feels his breath drawing nearer to her face. She knows he is about to seal his pardon beforehand on her lips, and, shrinking from the

contact, slides downward until she rests upon the floor at his feet.

"Why, Everil, what is this?"

"My proper place, Valence, and I will not quit it till you have heard everything. O, you do not know how vile—how wicked I have been!"

Had the room been lighted then, she would have seen his face grow anxious and more sad.

"This is a grave accusation, Everil! I think you must be exaggerating matters."

"Indeed, indeed, I am not; but I will tell you all. I came here for no other purpose."

"Kiss me first, dearest! Tell me that you love me, again, first!"

She cannot resist the pleading tone. She throws her arms about his neck, and half smothers him in her impetuous embrace as she keeps on exclaiming, "I love you! I love you!"

"I could not help it," she says, half apologetically, when it is over, "and it may be for the last time, Valence! When you married me you thought that I was at least free to accept your affection. I was not."

"Poor darling!" he says, compassionately, as he strokes her hair. "I almost feared so. How I must have made you suffer!"

"I was not free to marry any honorable man, because I had given my heart away to a worthless fortune-hunter, not worthy the name of gentleman, who cared nothing for me in return."

"The scoundrel!" cries Lord Valence, starting. "Only tell me his name, Everil, and you shall be avenged as thoroughly as your heart could desire."

She lays her hand upon his arm. A sudden thought has struck her. Would it be honorable of her, in her turn, to give up to no purpose the name of the man who is at that moment staying in the castle as their mutual guest? What good could she do by it? In what way remedy the evil of the past?

"What signifies his name?" she answers.

"I have done with him and with his name forever. The confession I come to make to you to-night concerns myself alone. I married you, Valence, with less than love. I almost hated you."

"I guessed it, Everil," he says mournfully.

"At first I thought no power on earth

could make me marry you; but this man—this wretch—who pretended that he cared for me, but who was too poor to marry me without a fortune, insinuated—O Valence, how can I tell you?—He insinuated—he pointed out to me—that—that—”

“My darling! I can guess it for myself. He pointed out to you that my life wasn’t worth a brass farthing; and that, once a widow, your hand would be again at your own disposal.”

“And—and—that he could wait until that time came,” says Everil, sobbing. “And I—I was base enough to listen to him, and to believe it; and to feel glad, if I must marry you, that it would be for so short a time! And now—now—O Valence! put me from you—send me away. I have been as bad as a murderess, that slays her own flesh and blood. O my God! my God!”

Her grief is so violent that she has flung herself prostrate on the ground. The earl rises, gropes about for a means of lighting the lamp, and then, retracing his footsteps, raises his wife tenderly from the floor.

“Don’t—don’t! I am not worthy!” she exclaims.

“Not worthy! Are you so anxious to get rid of me still, then, Everil?”

At that thought she bursts into a shrill scream, and flings herself hysterically upon him.

“To get rid of you? O, that I could die ten thousand deaths for yours! But it is not true, Valence!—tell me it is not true! You are well—you can eat, you can drink—you can go about like other men. Tell me—for heaven’s sake tell me this has been all a horrid dream, and you will live to let me love you, and make amends for the bitter past!”

“My darling! you have made me wish to-night for the first time that I *could* say no.”

She stares at him with silent horror.

“To hear you speak to me as you have spoken this evening, Everil, has been the great wish of my heart ever since I knew you. I loved you from the first, though it was long before I would acknowledge it to myself; and to feel that you return my love at last, is greater happiness than I ever hoped for. It makes all the rest easy—even”—he adds in a lower key—“death!”

“Valence, you must not speak so. O my husband! how could you die with my warm heart beating against yours? Agatha says

so. Agatha always drives me mad with her insinuations about your failing health; but I cannot believe it—I will not believe it! It is not true.”

“It is true. Everil, my darling, you must learn to believe it.”

She commences to weep afresh, hanging about him. “How can you know it?” she says, passionately.

He places her on the sofa, and throwing one arm around her, draws down her head to rest upon his shoulder.

“You love me,” he says, tenderly, “and you have a courageous heart. Shall I make a clean breast to you, Everil, as you have done to me? Have you the strength to hear *everything*?”

“About yourself?”

“About the mystery that envelops me—that is attached to this dark room, where you so often find me sitting by myself—about the source from which I draw my internal conviction, that not only is my early death a certainty, but that even the day and the hour are already fixed.”

“I have courage to hear anything you wish to tell me,” she answers, shuddering as she hides her face in his breast.

“You have been brought up, perhaps, to laugh at the idea of the appearance of spirits or apparitions as something deserving of the profoundest contempt and ridicule.”

“Valence, there are no such things, surely! I have always regarded the tales concerning them as old wives’ fables.”

“Just so; and therefore it is that, for fear of being regarded by you as a lunatic or a visionary, I have hitherto carefully avoided the subject. But, Everil, it is not a fable—it is a truth that spirits can revisit this earth, and make their appearance palpable to more mortal senses than one.”

She does not answer him. The old fear that he is mad is stealing over her again; yet it does not make her shrink. She only creeps closer to his side, and turns her face inwards, so that her lips lay against his heart.

“Go on,” she whispers, faintly.

“From quite a boy I have been a student of the occult sciences that treat of the subject, and from being myself what is called a ‘medium,’ or ‘seer,’ I have enjoyed unusual advantages in its pursuit. It is the spirits who have told me, Everil, that I shall not live.”

"The spirits! But how can spirits speak to you, Valence?"

"By many ways, dearest, but chiefly in the way you are speaking now."

"Do you mean to say that they have voices?"

"Voices, and bodies, and minds. Sometimes they are impalpable to touch, at others they are as material as ourselves."

"Valence, you must be dreaming!—or are you saying this to try how far my credulity can go?"

"Do you think me likely to jest on such a matter, Everil? You don't know the wild longing—the fierce burning pain that has seized on me from time to time since our marriage, because I knew it all to be so true. And now—at the very moment when I hear your sweet lips confess you love me—O how I long to stay with you now!"

"You *shall* stay—you are going to stay. O my Valence! this indeed is mere fancy. You have studied so hard that it has affected your judgment. Who ever heard of such a thing before? Indeed, indeed, you must be mistaken."

"You think me mad, in fact," he answers, bitterly.

"No, love!—no, darling!—don't say that! But the wisest of men have sometimes had to acknowledge themselves in error; and I think—this story is so wild—so improbable. Why not ask the advice of some older, more practical thinker than yourself?"

"Why not set myself up as a laughing-stock for the world?—who, when the prophecy is fulfilled, would say I had worried myself into my grave. No, Everil. I will die as I have lived—alone—except now for your sweet companionship and sympathy."

"I shall talk to you night and day, until I have talked you out of your belief in apparitions. I cannot understand it. I thought all such superstition had been swept from the earth long ago."

"Everil, if you saw those apparitions with your own eyes would you believe in them?"

"Perhaps so—IF I saw them—which I never shall."

"Would you have the courage to remain with me and watch?"

"I would have the courage to remain anywhere with you, Valence."

"I will put it to the test. I would have saved you this; but I cannot bear that you should think me such a slave to superstition. Everil, if you will stay here with me

to-night, you shall see the spirit who has forewarned me of my death."

"Are you sure?" she says, incredulously.

"I am almost sure. She has seldom disappointed me. Still there is just the chance that your presence may disturb the influence. Will you risk it?"

"Anything, so that you do not send me from you."

"Only promise me one thing—that when the spirit appears you will neither scream nor attempt to grasp it, nor even to move from the seat where I have placed you. The most disastrous consequences might follow your want of faith. Will you promise me?"

"I promise. Henceforth I am yours only, to command as you will."

They extinguish the lamp after that, and lock the door, and sit together on the sofa, murmuring the fondest protestations of attachment into each other's ears. The beauty, the holiness of first love is upon them both, increased by the knowledge that what has become their highest pleasure is their duty. Everil pours forth her confidences in one continuous stream; her distrust of Agatha—her fears for himself—all the doubts she had before her marriage, all the jealousy she has experienced since, she tells to Valence as frankly as is natural to her. Whilst he, between many a fond endearment and expression of gratitude, gives her a more detailed account of his past and present experiences, explaining the mystery of the trances into which she has seen him fall; of the scrawled handwriting she found upon his desk, and the lengthened vigils he has been in the habit of observing.

They talk as rapidly as the ideas come into their heads; everything that has been so long pent up in their hearts wells forth at once; and in an hour's time they know more of each other's minds than they have ever learned before. Once or twice they pass a brief term of silence, when their love seems to have reached its climax, and nothing more is needed to express their feelings. These intervals, notwithstanding the prospect before him, are almost happiness to Valence; but Everil, though deeply grateful for the explanation with her husband, is disturbed and anxious. Can it really be true that he believes in the appearance of ghosts?—and if so, is it consistent to credit him with being in his right senses? And yet how calm and collected he appears.

Everil has heard of people's brains being diseased on one point only, and wonders, with a shudder, whether it can be his case; but she presses all the closer to him for the thought, resolving that, come what may, her life shall be devoted to him to the end.

"Valence," she says, presently, in an unusually tender voice, "you have not forgiven me yet."

"Forgiven you! What for, my darling?"

"For the dreadful thoughts I harbored against you before our marriage. If I could only tell you how bitterly they have been repented of since!"

"My love, you did not love me then. Love has no claims against you. But if it will make you happier to hear me say so, I forgive you for them a thousand times over. They were all wiped off with the first kiss you gave me of your own accord. But listen! What sound was that?"

"I heard no sound."

"Hush!—wait one moment. I think that she is coming."

He sits upright on the sofa, and by the light of the moonbeams Everil can trace his figure bent forward in the attitude of listening, and his earnest preoccupied air.

"My darling, it is nothing," she says.

"Will you promise me to remain here," he says, hastily, "without moving or making a sound?"

"I have already promised you."

"Even should I speak to her or touch her, you will not attempt to do either?"

"I promise you," she repeats, mournfully, looking upon the precaution as but another proof of her husband's terrible weakness.

He rises suddenly, pushing the sofa back into the shadow. Then he takes her in his arms, and embraces her fondly. "O my love! my darling! if it could but be averted for your sake! Do not mind what I may say or do. Remember! I shall return to you."

He stands by her side for a moment, and straining her eyes through the darkness, Everil presently perceives the faint glimmer of a light. It flickers first against the stained glass of the window opposite to them; then passes to a second one at the further end of the room.

"It is she," says Valence, with suppressed excitement.

She would beg him to be calm, but is fearful of giving him offence. The light

stays at the further window, then brightens gradually, and Everil's intense curiosity (now thoroughly aroused) never permits her afterwards quite to satisfy herself how it passed through the window, and appeared in the room.

But there it is, far from them, yet distinct, widening in degree, with every moment, until it reveals a mass of white—a face—a woman's bust and shoulders—diaphanous drapery—and a veil of flowing golden hair!

"Isola!" cries Valence, starting forward.

The apparition raises its arm; he stops half way between it and Everil.

"What have you come for—to repeat again the lesson I have learned so well?"

The figure bows its head.

"Tell it me then. I have courage now to bear everything. *How long have I to live?*"

The apparition speaks, slowly, and in a whisper.

"Four months—November, December, January, February. On the 28th of February, at noon, I come to you. Beware! prepare!"

"God in heaven! can it be true? Four months only, and when life has but just opened upon me! Isola, listen to me. I have but just learned what happiness is. My wife loves me!"

The spirit does not answer.

"Will not love bind us to the earth? Can it be possible for the spirit to leave the flesh whilst it is full of energy and sweet ripe hopes and human affection? May you not have made a mistake?"

"On the 28th of February, at noon."

"Isola! I never longed so much to live as now. My earthly hopes are so transcendent, so absorbing. Is there no respite—no delay?"

"On the 28th of February, at noon, I come to you. Beware! prepare!"

He hides his face for a minute in his hands. When he lifts it again the apparition has disappeared.

Valence gropes his way to the sofa.

"My sweet brave girl! how calmly you have behaved through it all. We cannot avert destiny, my Everil; but we will at least meet it in each other's arms."

He essays to raise her as he speaks, but her form is heavy and motionless. Alarmed, he rekindles the lamp. His wife is not so brave as he imagined. She has fainted!

CHAPTER XXIV.

"SAY THAT YOU WILL SAVE HIM!"

DR. NEWALL, now an old man, almost past the allotted span of life, is acknowledged on all sides, and invariably spoken of as the "castle physician." Not that Lord Valence holds so much by the customs of past ages (when noble families invariably maintained a chaplain and a doctor among their retinue) as to pretend to keep Dr. Newall to himself; but the old man attended the deathbeds of both his mother and his father, and, having always proved a faithful and trustworthy friend, the late earl bequeathed him an annuity on condition that he remained near the castle during the lifetime of his sons. So that virtually his services belong to the family. Valence would give Dr. Newall house-room in the castle, did he not prefer to occupy a little cottage on the estate, where he lives in quiet content, doctoring the bodies of the poor of the village, while his brother, the priest, who resides with him, looks after their souls.

Everil knows both these gentlemen by sight. One of the first things that Valence did, after his return from abroad, was to bring his old friends to introduce to his wife, and she received them with all the courtesy due to their position. But she has thought little of them since. Dr. Newall, she is aware, pays a periodical visit to the castle, and she has sometimes met him walking in the grounds; but she has never engaged in any private conversation with him, far less approached the subject of her husband's health. But as she wakes on the morning following her vigil in the library—wakes to such a mingled amount of joy and sorrow as she never felt in her life before—the first thought that flashes across her mind is to ask Dr. Newall's advice. He brought Valence into the world, and has attended him through all the ailments of infancy and youth. Surely he must know more about his constitution and mental organization than any one else. Agatha has often told her that Dr. Newall has confessed himself puzzled by Valence's complaint; that he has said that his mind was working on his body to such an extent that if some efficient remedy were not soon discovered he must succumb to its influence. But if Agatha knows this dread

secret, which Valence has disclosed to her, why has she not communicated it to Dr. Newall, and thrown some light on what now appears a mystery to him. Everil has always distrusted Agatha. She distrusts her still more as this idea occurs to her. How false must be her pretence of concern for her brother-in-law's health when she can neglect to make use of such a weapon as this may prove in the physician's hands. She thinks of all this as she is dressing; but she says nothing to her husband.

He rises from his couch, joyous as a bridegroom, the sad eyes that have so often haunted and reproached her in her dreams, brimming over with his new-found happiness. He has been so long used to the idea of death, that the mere reiteration of a prophecy he has schooled himself to accept as true is powerless to disturb his present peace; and Everil has not the heart to communicate the cloud that hangs over her own mind to his by referring to it. So they laugh and love, and are to all appearance blissfully content through the morning hours, and descend to breakfast (but for that sword of Damocles suspended over their heads) as happy in their mutual affection as ever were Eve and Adam when first presented to each other.

"O, if it might but last!"

Everil finds herself repeating this ejaculation over and over again. Heaven's doors are opened; she stands upon the threshold of all bliss, only to know they have already commenced to swing slowly but surely to again. Yet even this thought cannot prevent an unusual look of excitement pervading her countenance as she enters the breakfast-room leaning on her husband's arm, the first time she has ever done so.

She is not restful; but she is wildly happy, and the knowledge of her pain and of her joy makes her do strange and fitful things. She laughs loudly without reason; talks fast; helps herself to half a dozen different dishes, eating really of none; and asks the same question several times over. Valence, on the contrary, is rather silent; but there is an expression on his face which is very foreign to it—the look of happiness. Mrs. West glances from the wife to the husband, and the husband to the wife, and is anything but satisfied with the scrutiny. At first she makes no comment on the alteration in their behaviour, except such as is conveyed to Mau-

rice Staunton by an elevation of her eyebrows; but after a while her patience is exhausted, and, considering her position in the castle, the widow forgets herself.

"What on earth is the matter?" she says, snappishly. "I declare, you are getting quite hoydenish again, Everil. It is not generally considered dignified for a married woman to come scuttling down stairs like a schoolgirl."

"Indeed! not when she is dreadfully late, and in a state of mental terror lest her guests should have eaten up everything worth eating before she makes her appearance?" replies the countess, feigning indifference.

"You seem 'dreadfully' hungry into the bargain."

Everil glances at her wasted food with amusement.

"Well! and why should I not be? How is Arthur this morning?"

But at this juncture Lord Valence, who has been carrying a dish assiduously round the table (the castle people make a custom of waiting on themselves at breakfast) reaches Everil's chair, and places one hand upon her shoulder. The start—the flush—the sudden look of happiness, tell Mrs. West too plainly (if she requires telling) what the matter is. Everil does not know that she is observed. Lovers are far too much like the ostrich, who sticks his head into the sand, and forgets that his pursuers will trace him by his tail. She turns her face towards her husband and their eyes meet.

Neither she nor Valence, were they married for a hundred years, would dream of making love in public. Love is with them too sacred to be made the sport of general comment. But though the tongue may utter commonplaces, it is not so easy to curb the language of the eyes. Agatha West sees the look which they exchange, and from being anxious and uneasy, becomes bitter.

"Miss Mildmay is waiting for some omelet," she remarks, in an unpleasant voice; "and I should like some too, Valence—when you have time to attend to us. I thought you always professed to have such a contempt for public displays, Everil."

The countess blushes. But she is not the woman to be attacked with impunity. She draws herself up at once.

"So I have — of uncalled-for interference."

Mrs. West giggles uneasily.

"Well! I call that rather hard on poor me. What harm was there in my remark? I shall be afraid to open my mouth next."

Everil does not answer. She is beginning to distrust and dislike this woman more and more every day. She treats her question with silent contempt, and addresses herself to her husband.

"What are you going to do this morning, Valence?"

"I had engaged to drive Staunton over to Ballybroogan, to say good-by to the O'Connors. I am afraid we must lose Captain Staunton, Everil. He cannot get any more leave after Monday."

"Indeed!"

How glad she is to hear that he is going! —that she shall lose even the remembrance of the time of folly during which she thought she loved him! and how she wishes they would all go—Alice, and Agatha, and all, and leave her all alone with *him*.

"But I hope not for long," says Maurice Staunton. "I have some leave due again at Christmas, and Lord Valence has most kindly asked me to spend it here."

"O, that *will* be charming!" cries Agatha, with an apparently irrepressible burst of delight. And then she remembers herself, and titters, and blushes, and glances round the table from under her long eyelashes, and says, timidly:

"I didn't *quite* mean that; but *you* will like to see Captain Staunton again—wont you, Everil? It makes the castle so much more lively to have a few friends staying in it."

"Of course she will like it," replies Valence, good-humoredly (he is disposed to be in a good humor with all the world this morning). "I shouldn't have asked Staunton to come again if I hadn't known it would be agreeable to her. So no apologies, Agatha," laughingly, "and no more blushes. I have no doubt Staunton will take your natural expression of pleasure at the news of his return for as great a compliment as, under similar circumstances, I should have done myself. Wont you, Staunton?"

"I can never feel sufficiently grateful for the kind interest Mrs. West takes in me, nor for the friendship she accords me," replies Maurice Staunton, looking at

Everil the while. "And my best thanks are due to you and Lady Valence for the prospect your invitation affords me of meeting you all here again."

"All right, old fellow! Don't say anything more about it; but come and go as you like, and as you may have the opportunity. The doors of Castle Valence will always be open to you—remember that."

Everil will not join in her husband's invitation. She longs to say that she disapproves of it; that she will not have this man, who has dared to insult her by his base insinuations, and whom she loathes as though he were a reptile, within the walls of any house that owns her as mistress. But she knows that such an outburst would seriously offend and vex her husband, and for his sake she is silent. He thinks that Maurice Staunton comes here for the sake of Agatha. Agatha herself has told him so—and perhaps Agatha may be right. Men's minds sometimes change so quickly, that Staunton may have already transferred his allegiance to her sister-in-law. And, in that case, they will get rid of both of them. Blessed thought! So Everil resolves to wait, and bear, and be silent for a little longer. But this resolution cannot make her cordial to either of the culprits. Forbearance even is unnatural to her: cordiality would make her false. So she treats them both with coolness during the rest of breakfast-time; and rises to leave the room, without, as usual, communicating her plans for the morning.

"Are you going to drive this morning, dear?" asks Mrs. West, who, with the announcement of her friend Captain Staunton's speedy return, appears to have regained her good-humor.

"No!" says the countess, shortly.

"I thought we were going to shop at C—," interposes Alice Mildmay, naming the nearest town.

"Did I say so, Alice? Well, if you'll excuse me, I'd rather put it off. I do not feel inclined for a day's shopping."

"What should you like to do best?" demands her husband, tenderly.

"I should like to have this morning to myself, Valence," she answers.

Neither addresses the other by a term of endearment, yet there is a tone in their voices that seems to say more than any words could do. As Mrs. West hears it

she glances again at Maurice Staunton, and as the earl, and countess, and Alice disappear, she draws him within the shelter of one of the deep bay windows.

"What do you make of that?" he says inquiringly.

"It is some absurd romance they have got into their heads, but it will not last," she answers. "You are sure to be back at Christmas?"

"Sure as anything can be in this world. But what is the reason of her behaviour towards me? Is it real or feigned?"

"Feigned, of course! Do you suppose women are like yourselves, and able to love and unlove at will? But Everil is fighting with her conscience, and cannot quite make up her mind about it. It is early days as yet. I think perhaps your present departure is about the best thing that could happen."

"How?"

"It will give her time for reflection. Besides, she will miss you, and women always get tender in absence. But don't stay away too long."

"You seem to have overcome some of the scruples you favored me with when this marriage was first decided on."

"Ah, my dear boy! it's no use fighting against fate. Not that I would have Everil do anything wrong, for worlds. But if she is to marry again—and of course she will marry again—why not you as well as any one else? I am sure you would do your best to make the poor child happy."

"You seem very certain still that she will be in a position to marry again."

"O, there is no doubt of it! She does not see the change—she has been too little accustomed to think of him or his well-doing; but there has been a great change for the worse in Valence since his marriage. I was speaking to Dr. Newall about it only last week."

"Well, I confess, with every desire to the contrary, that I can't see it. The man seems well enough to me. A trifle thin, perhaps, and rather hectic in appearance, but otherwise not worse than dozens of my acquaintance."

"Ah! you look at the body, whilst the disease all lies in the mind. His trances, or fits, or whatever you like to call them, have been much prolonged of late. The other night I almost thought he never would have come to himself again. Dr.

Newall thinks now the heart is affected as well as the head. But come and take a turn in the grounds, and I will tell you more about it. I hate talking in the house—one is apt to be overheard." And so the worthy pair saunter off together.

* * * * *

It is about twelve o'clock when Dr. Newall's factotum rushes into the back garden to inform him that Lady Valence is in the cottage, waiting to speak to him. The announcement takes the good old doctor quite by surprise. He is very busy hoeing up some potatoes to send to a poor family in distress, and not at all what he considers in a fit condition to hold an interview with the wife of his patron. Besides, the countess and he are almost strangers; he has never thought of her except as a very magnificent, highly-bred young lady, and he is not at all sure of what she will think of a breach of etiquette. So he comes into the cottage parlor with rather muddy boots and disorderly apparel, and full of apologies.

"I really must beg your ladyship's pardon for appearing before you in such a costume, but rather than keep your ladyship waiting, I have ventured to attend your summons just as it found me."

"O, it is so good of you to come at all," replies her ladyship, in a trembling voice.

She has only a garden-hat upon her head and a warm shawl thrown hastily about her shoulders, and she seems agitated and uneasy, and her eyes are red. Dr. Newall rubs his own and looks at her again. Can this be the Countess of Valence, across whose face he has never yet seen any feeling pass except one of proud indifference? He guesses directly that something must be the matter.

"I trust nothing is wrong?" he says, anxiously. "Is there anything in which I can help your ladyship?"

Her only answer is a burst of tears.

"O yes! indeed you can—I hope you can!" she says, between her sobs. "O Dr. Newall, my husband! my husband!"

Dr. Newall, guessing what is to come, turns round, and walking to the door, deliberately locks it; next, opening a small cheffonier, procures thence a glass of wine, and makes Everil drink it. Then drawing a chair close to hers, he sits down and takes her hand between his own as though he had known her all his life.

The touch of nature has broken down all barriers of etiquette between them.

"Now, my dear child," he says, "tell me all. Remember I have known him from his birth. You need have no scruples in letting me know the truth."

"I never knew it till last night," she answers, with a moan, "and I feel I must tell it to some one who is wiser than myself. And I thought that you, who have known him all along, and are such a friend of his, must be better able to counsel me than anybody else."

"My dear (I trust your ladyship will forgive the familiarity)—"

"O, call me anything you like," she says, clinging to the hand which she believes can preserve Valence to her.

"But are you speaking of your husband's health?"

"Yes!—no!—not exactly. I must begin from the beginning—from before our marriage. Valence told me then that he had been given over—that he could not live more than six months or so, and—and—I don't know if I believed him or not—I—" in a failing voice—"I did not *care* then—it was all the same to me if he lived or—O heaven! if he died! But when we went abroad, and I found he had those dreadful fainting fits, I got frightened."

"Does he often have them?"

"He had four or five attacks during our wedding tour; and Mrs. West says he has had some very alarming ones of late, that lasted for more than an hour at a time."

"Why has Mrs. West never mentioned the subject to me, I wonder!" remarks the doctor.

"She tells me you know all about them, and say they are incurable, and connected with his heart," replies Everil, with surprise.

"My dear lady, this is the first news I have ever had that Lord Valence was subject to anything of the kind. I have often suspected it. I have often seen him of a morning languid, pulseless, heavy, and with all the appearance of a man who has had such an attack as you describe; but I have never been able to make him confess to it. What can be the reason of such reticence?"

"I think I can tell you. When we returned to the castle I found that he and Agatha used to sit up very late together, long after the servants had all gone to bed,

and they would not tell me what for. Once I went down to the library, where they were sitting together, long after midnight, and I found them in the dark, and Valence would not let me cross the threshold. That made me very angry, and for some time afterwards I felt too proud to ask any more questions. Only my husband often alluded to the near approach of his death, and the time when it should have happened."

"Well, my dear—well!" interposes the doctor, anxiously, seeing she falters in her narrative.

"But last night, after I had gone to bed, I was very unhappy, and I wanted to tell him something. He had not come up stairs, so I rose and went down to the library, where I found him, as usual, in the dark. I implored him to tell me the truth—and he told it me. He said," continues Everil, looking up in her companion's face the while to mark what effect her strange communication will have upon him, "that he had seen *spirits*, and talked to them all his life, and that it is a spirit that has told him he must die so soon."

Dr. Newall looks very grave, but he does not evince any surprise.

"I could not believe it," she goes on, passionately. "I have heard of ghosts and banshees, and such things, of course, but I always thought such stories nonsense, and only credited by ignorant people who

knew no better. But Valence asked me to watch with him and prove what he said was true; and I did—and I *saw* it with my own eyes—and—and—"

"Did you hear it speak?"

"Yes—I think so, but I hardly remember. Valence says I fainted. I know I was frightened and miserable enough for anything. But this is what I came to say. O Dr. Newhall, do you think it is true—that he really will leave me? O, say that you will cure him—that you will save him from himself—or I shall go mad!"

She has slid from her chair and thrown herself on her knees at the old man's feet; she has seized his wrinkled hand, fresh from the toils of gardening, and is kissing and clinging to it as though he had been her guardian angel, and had all good things within his gift.

"My dear, dear lady!" he says, as he tries to raise her.

"No! I will not get up until you have promised me to save him. O Dr. Newall, I could lay down my life to purchase his! Surely it is impossible that he can die!"

"If you will be good and reasonable, we will discuss the point together," he answers, quietly. Then she rises, ashamed of her sudden outburst of feeling, and sits down, cold and despondent, in a chair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LOST LOVE.

BY MARIE OLIVER.

Before I ever knew her name,
Or took her gently by the hand,
I loved her with a fervent love
Which you will hardly understand.

I lived as live the happy birds
That twitter careless in the air;
My music was her tender voice,
My sunshine was her golden hair.

But time and seasons both rolled on,
As time and seasons ever will,
And of love's cheery fountain bright
I found that I had drained my fill.
Boston, March, 1875.

Our roads in life simply diverged—
She went her way, and I went mine;
My after-life a bit more sweet
For having quaffed of love's rich wine.

I thought it hard, that cruel day
When snapped the friendly cord in twain,
But now, were India's rich ores mine,
I'd ask not to relink the chain.

For with the glimpses I have had
Of all that is and yet must be,
I stoop and kiss the hand which dealt
This bitter measure out to me.

THE LITTLE BLUE JOCKEY.

BY ANNA MASON.

EARLY in the season the usually quiet town of W — was all alive with excitement and gayety. Fine equipages filled its thoroughfares, while strangers crowded its hotels, keeping the proprietors and their supernumerary assistants on the verge of despair with their exactions, only bearing up under them through the powerful incentive of money being lavishly squandered.

Besides all this, the wave from the outer world had brought into the quiet town a style and elegance in dress usual in fashionable localities, but astonishing to the town's people, awakening them to a sense of their own deficiencies, and turning many a pretty little head with foolish longings, hitherto unfelt.

For the first time, except on the most insignificant scale, horse-racing had found its way to the secluded town. Heretofore it had been confined to farmers' lads mounted on miserable grass-fed specimens of equine creation; although it must be admitted that Judge Harris's son, seated in his light sulky behind a fast horse, had, occasionally, raced on the road against Brack Turner and his celebrated La Purcelle.

Turner was a professional trainer, employed on the estate of Mr. Tremaine, the magnate, *par excellence*, of the place on grounds purely mercenary.

As the first rosy dawn prophesies the full effulgence of approaching day, so these small beginnings were premonitory signs of a mighty "turf-fever," that rapidly increased and culminated in the grand races, stirring the great world beyond W —, and bringing surging into it men of wealth, ladies of fashion, lovers of the turf, and a host of speculators, gamblers and adventurers. The great wave swept over the little town, and it scarcely knew itself.

Mr. Tremaine, a gentleman of large means, was very fond of horses, and had always kept a number on his place. He was somewhat given to trading, and unusually fortunate in his transactions; for when he bought horses whose fine points—

or, more correctly, latent possibilities of fine points—no one else seemed to appreciate, he would, after due care and training, part with them on terms extremely advantageous to himself.

There was one little mare bred on his place of pedigree that would have led to no great expectations on the part of turfmen, that early exhibited marked traits. She was difficult to break in, and rebelled so fiercely at work that she was at last turned loose, and allowed to roam about the place at her own sweet will.

Occasionally she was called into requisition by Tom Snow, the groom's son, when sent on some errand, until that worthy discovered that the small, irritable, nervous mare had remarkable speed; after which he surreptitiously led her out at night and won many trifling wagers of peanuts and grog.

It so chanced that she was seen by Brack Turner, who at once perceived her great capabilities. He demanded a private interview with Mr. Tremaine, and, as its result, was at once installed as Dolly's trainer; whereupon he proceeded to break her in and bring out her fine points.

Many times did Mr. Tremaine meditate parting with her, for it seemed as if even with her patient trainer she never could be broken into a steady trot, while the expense of keeping Turner was no trifle. On the other hand, the trainer prophesied a glorious career for Dolly, and held his faith in her unshaken, while with great earnestness he urged Mr. Tremaine not to part with her.

The event justified his confidence and recommended his penetration. Racing men came from a distance to see Dolly; fabulous prices were offered for her; and when a race course was finally laid out in the suburbs of the town, she was entered in competition with horses of famous record.

Mr. Tremaine's only daughter Mai—a pretty girl of eighteen, sharing her father's enthusiasm for horses, and herself a fine horse-woman—rechristened her as La Purcelle, and she was no more known as Dolly.

On the first day of the races the little town was as gay as Rome at carnival time. To be sure, there were a few good old-fashioned conservative folks who closed their blinds and remained at home in shady rooms; but the gay city people wielded a mighty influence, and their countenance seemed to lend to the whole affair an air of respectability, so that even grave and sober people were drawn into the vortex.

In one carriage, whirling rapidly through a cloud of dust, was seated Mr. Tremaine, a fat and pompous gentleman whose rubicund and rather coarse-featured face was beaming complacently. His obesity rather added to than detracted from a self-important air. He wore fine broadcloth; a white silk vest, opening low over an expansive chest adorned by an embroidered shirt-front, on which sparkled a diamond of exquisite lustre; a wide-spreading hat, refreshingly lined with green, and adorned with a scarf of tulle; a pair of yellow kid gloves, stitched with red, drawn tightly over his little podgy hands; and sleeve-studs of enormous dimensions, representing with the finest touches of the goldsmith's art heads of his equine idols.

Like his friend Mr. Tracy, who was seated beside him, and who shared his faith in La Purcelle, he wore on the left breast of his coat a rosette of blue and maroon ribbons.

Opposite to these two gentlemen was a boy of some fourteen years, but small and slightly built for his age, possessing a face, however, remarkably spirited and intelligent. Sunny hair fell in curling rings over his broad forehead, and was surmounted by a jockey's hat of blue and maroon, set jauntily on to one side; a fine color lighted his thin cheek and deepened the scarlet in lips arched like Cupid's bow; and there was inimitable drollery and humor in his merry blue eyes, that changed in expression with every thought that chased through his active young brain. Now and then he slyly stretched out his limbs to admire his silken hose, and complacently patted his knee-breeches of pale blue satin, slashed over linings of maroon-color silk, or his jacket of the same materials, heavy with embroidery.

Thus attired, he reminded one of nothing so much as one of those pretty pages

of mediæval days—perhaps of noble birth, the pet of some fair queen of love and beauty—learning in her courts chivalrous devotion to her sex, ere going forth into the world to learn of grim and armed knights sterner lessons of combat and warfare.

This was the boy known as "The Little Blue Jockey."

Driving out one day, with old Snow the groom seated beside him, Brack Turner had discovered him. The little urchin, with a very dirty face, had crossed his path, vaulted over a fence at a single bound, turned a somersault in the grass, and risen to his feet with a laugh of triumph, to spring upon the back of a colt free in the meadow, there to cling like a monkey, notwithstanding the colt's frantic behaviour, till they both rolled over in the grass together.

"Who in the name of mischief is that?" demanded Turner.

"O, one of them wild Irish!" was the careless reply of Snow, who prided himself to an unreasonable degree on his Yankee origin.

"Come here with you, boy!" shouted Turner.

The specimen approached.

"Now, then, what's your name, sir?"

"That's a conundrum, and perhaps you will have to give it up," replied the boy, with a saucy shake of the head. "Besides, I don't *pick up* acquaintances, but only associate with quality that are introduced to me by the minister, the governor, or some of my friends."

"The d—ll! Where do you live, I'd like to know?"

"Just wherever I happen to be. At present I'm living here, you observe;" with the slightest touch of Milesian brogue in his young sweet voice.

"Who is your mother?"

"You've just said it, old cove. As near as I can make out, she is my mother."

"Now see here, have done with this fooling!" cried Turner, impatiently. "I'm talking to you for your own good. I want to know how old you are, and how much you weigh."

"The dickens, you do! Cool and salubrious! Well, I'm the same age as my twin brother that died, and weigh as much as my shadow. How is that for high?"

"You're a provoking cub! You'd listen to reason if you had any sense in you."

"Don't go off on your ear, old fellow!" cried the boy, putting his arms akimbo, and eyeing Turner with an innocent smile. "But are you reason?"

"He's got you there, Turner," laughed the groom.

Turner deigned no reply.

"Would you like a lot of money, boy?" asked he.

"Shoot your money! You wouldn't be after giving it to me, even if you had it?"

"You could earn it."

"And spend it, too, you bet?"

"I'm a horse-trainer, and you're the boy I'd like for a jockey, to ride the prettiest creature ever you set your two eyes on. What do you say to that?"

"I say bully for you, old fellow! and now you talk like a man and a brother! Give us your paw, and it's a bargain. My mother may not like the business, but she'll find the money convenient to have."

"Then you've got a mother?"

"To be sure I have; she lives just beyond," replied the boy, nodding his head toward a small house at a little distance. "Come and hold out your inducements to her, if you're in earnest."

In a few moments they reached the poor shanty, where they found a frail-looking woman bending over washtubs. The trainer explained his business, and the weary mother listened and hesitated.

"It's no horse that could throw the likes of him," said she, with a smile of motherly pride. "But it's meself don't like to throw him in the way of temptation, and the rough life he'd lead with bad men and boys."

"But mighty good pay he'd get, I guess," put in the groom, artfully.

"Shure it's pay we need," sighed the overworked, underpaid woman. "Jamie is a good boy, and willing to work at every odd job that comes to hand; and when he can't get work it's help me to iron he will, no matter who laughs. But for all that, it's starving we're like to be."

"Then he may go?"

"Shure there's no help for it, and luck go with him!" decided the mother, with the logic of suffering and necessity.

So the bargain was made. Jamie's face was washed, and he stepped into the buggy and drove off with the trainer.

Half an hour later he was weighed in the stables, and presented to Mr. Tremaine as the jockey who should ride La Purcelle to victory.

"Eighty-seven pounds," commented Mr. Tremaine; "that's two pounds more than the regulations require for three-year olds. But we'll have the weight all right. He'll do."

The bright pretty boy at once became a prime favorite with Miss Mai. She laughed at his slang till he dropped the use of it, encouraged him to read and study, and stirred up his ambition, till the coming races became to him, as to her, a matter of vital interest.

She entered heart and soul into the prospective triumphs of La Purcelle, and had laughingly declared that no one should excel her rider in appearance. Her dainty fingers, then, had fashioned the suit in which Jamie was now appalled. He had dressed at the house, and Miss Mai's little fingers had adjusted the ribbons and put on finishing touches ere she had stepped into the carriage, and driven off with her mamma and two young lady guests.

"We have concluded to drive out on the track, Jamie, and see the races from the carriage," had been her parting words. "See, here are the blue ribbons I must present to the victorious horse at the home-stretch. Remember, it would break my heart should I be called on to fasten them to the headstall of any but La Purcelle." And Miss Mai, his queen of love and beauty, had actually kissed him. Ah well, he could die for that kiss!

The day had been like a day of fairyland. After exercising La Purcelle in the morning, he had dined at the great house, and been served from silver dishes, and eaten off of plates on which were painted beautiful clusters of fruit and groups of flowers.

"You mustn't get your neck broken, you monkey you," cried Mr. Tremaine, suddenly breaking in on his reverie, and playfully chucking him under the chin.

"No danger of breaking a neck that was born to wear a rope round it," laughed Jamie.

"What will the boys say, Jamie, to you?"

"They'll envy me," replied the boy, complacently stroking his gay attire, "as much as Joseph's brethren did his coat of

many colors, and wish they dared roll me into a mudhole."

"Well, well, there is some difference in a toilet made in a fair lady's dressing-room and those of the stables. Jump out with you—here we are!"

Jamie quickly vanished, and the gentlemen left the carriage to mingle in the crowd.

The seats were already filled, and the entire scene was one of the utmost gayety. The first race was to be a handicap for all ages, one mile stretch. The horses were now brought on to the track, and their appearance greeted by the crowd with excited murmurs of admiration. First came the favorite of the day, "Bold Pioneer," a powerful six-year old, mounted by a jockey weighing one hundred and ten, wearing orange and green. Last of all came La Purcelle, mounted by her little blue jockey, his head bent in serious attention as he listened to the last earnest instructions of the trainer.

There was no end of laughing and chatting; up went opera-glasses, fans were lightly waved. Ladies gayly exchanged bets with their cavaliers of smoking-caps, slippers or cigars against bouquets, bonbons, gloves, or other trifles dear to femininity, going by whim and fancy oftener than probability. More anxious gamblers registered heavier stakes, too much engrossed by their risks to enjoy the occasion in the light-hearted fashion of their fair neighbors.

At the first attempt the flag fell to a glorious start, Rowdy, a four-year-old gelding, being the first to pass the string, while the others were well up, and La Purcelle formed the rear guard. As they rounded the turn Bold Pioneer shot to the front.

So far, following the trainer's directions, Little Blue Jockey had by no means permitted La Purcelle to show her full speed; but as they neared the upper turn the beautiful little creature struck out with a speed that was simply amazing—like an arrow from the tight-drawn bow—shot past all other competitors, easily about to pass Bold Pioneer, and the race virtually won, as all could see at a glance, when—O Heaven, what a sight! Bold Pioneer and La Purcelle were both down, kicking and struggling. The green and orange jockey, having sprung to his feet, was rubbing his shins and shaking off dust, while the little

blue jockey lay under the cruel feet of the rushing horses.

The scene was one of terror. A cry of horror burst from the affrighted crowd; ladies even fainted. The horses were stopped, and their riders gazed back with curious awful eyes at the little blue jockey, who did not stir. In a moment Brack Turner sprang forward, caught the child up in his strong arms, and carried him out. To still the excitement he almost immediately reappeared to announce that the little jockey was not much hurt, but frightened, and receiving all needful attention from a skillful surgeon who had offered his services. He also announced that the races would continue, the handicap for all ages being postponed to the last, and only La Purcelle withdrawn.

A great sigh of relief from the ladies and hearty cheers from the men greeted this information. Racing men were heard complaining of the faulty construction of the course, and pronouncing the abrupt turns dangerous, till the entrance of the horses created a diversion, and the painful excitement died out.

Once more laughing voices were heard as the coming race was eagerly discussed. It was to be a handicap hurdle race over eight hurdles, two mile stretch; and in the admiration called forth by the beautiful appearance of the noble animals, and the excitement of betting, is it to be wondered that the unfortunate opening episode was all but forgotten?

But underneath the seats where the gay crowds were assembled, sight and thought engrossed by the glorious race, it was cool and shady. Here, protected from the glare of the sun, only a blanket from the stables between him and the bare ground, lay Jamie. Over him bent a surgeon, anxiously examining his condition.

One poor woman, in faded garments, whose voice had uttered a piercing shriek heard above the general confusion, had tottered out there, and was bending in an agony of grief over her only child. There he lay moaning on the ground, his bright maroon ribbons soiled with dust, his blue satin suit stained in many places with crimson blood, and his face, begrimed and bleeding, distorted in an agony of pain.

What a sight! and just overhead the gay crowds laughing, chatting and forgetting.

Can she—the heartbroken mother—ever forget?

Mr. Tremaine was not a cruel man, although supremely selfish. His first anxiety had been for La Purcelle, the beautiful creature of so many of his hopes and dreams. A veterinary surgeon had pronounced her with no permanent injury, only unfit for the course to-day. His second thought was for the little jockey; and approaching the group under the steps, he, too, bent over Jamie, to start back, shocked and horrified, as he realized that the shattered little life was going out.

"Is there no hope?"

The surgeon shook his head. He had done nothing, but then there was nothing to be done. No need to add to the poor boy's pain by moving him. Where could he be more comfortable, with those cruel tortures of bones driven back into tender flesh and on to quivering nerves by those relentless hoofs? One could not be so

cruel as to wish the young spirit to linger in the poor suffering little body.

His dying ears caught the words of the trainer, as he, too, joined the group:

"Bold Pioneer isn't hurt, nor his jockey neither. They're on the track again now."

"I've no heart to hear about it, Turner; our poor Jamie is dying."

The sound of loud cheering from without reached the dulled ears, and a light shone in the rapidly glazing eyes, while the boy even made a faint attempt to raise his body, as he muttered:

"Bold Pioneer has beat—I know he has! Dear Miss Mai said it would break her heart! O, I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

"Hush!" sobbed a woman's voice, in a broken whisper. "Don't think about the races now, mamma's darling. You are dying, Jamie dear. O try to pray—ask Christ to receive your soul!"

But her words fell on insensate ears—for the little blue jockey was dead.

TELL ME, HEART!

BY L. M. W.

Tell me, heart, why all this grieving?

Sure, this world is bright and fair;

Why with sighs of sadness heaving,

Burdened with a weight of care?

Golden sunlight on the river

Gilds the ripples as they play,

And the snowy lilies quiver

On its bosom all the day.

Fairest flowers around are blooming,

Lovely in their varied dyes,

Yet a shadow darkly looming

Dims the brightness of thy skies.

O my heart, why all this sorrow?

Still thy life is in its noon.

Will there come no brighter morrow

To confer some blessed boon?

Are the flowers of life all faded,

Nevermore to bloom again,

New York, Sept., 1874.

And thy warm affections shaded,

Wrung by jealous doubt and pain?

Tell me, heart, why this repining,

Fainting with thy inward strife;

Has thy "cloud no silver lining,"

No rainbow mid the storms of life?

Are thy dear ones gone forever,

In the morning of their years?

Crossed the dark and mystic river,

Leaving thee to grief and tears?

Better *that* than lost affection,

Trust betrayed and friendship o'er;

Cast away thy deep dejection,

They have only gone before.

There shall be a brighter dawning;

Learn, O troubled heart, to wait

Till you see the eternal morning,

Gleaming through the golden gate.

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

I NEVER could quite understand that infatuation of the Londoners, which keeps them sweltering in the dust and heat of the town all through the delicious summer days, when English lanes are sweet with roses and hawthorne, when the turf under English oaks is soft and thick, tempting one to most blissful idleness and day-dreaming, and then sends them into the country just in time to catch it in all its forlornness, when the trees are only gigantic scarecrows, and all the odor and freshness has faded from field and lane.

The sitting of Parliament is, I am aware, the pretext; to me an inadequate and unsatisfactory one, because the world of fashion was as oblivious of my existence as I was indifferent to its own, and the gay human parterre that shone in Hyde Park was to me a poor substitute for the dewy wild flowers that I knew were wasting their sweetness unseen in every nook and shady greenery in this dear generous old England of ours.

But a struggling barrister may not choose his holiday, and so I sat in my chambers in the Temple, and went over musty documents, and grew muddled and moist, and ready to confound parliament and people, but knowing that I must hold on until October, when I meant to run down to Scotland for a few days of grouse shooting.

Imagine then my surprise and delight when quite unexpectedly it became necessary for me to leave town. Tossing over my letters one day, pigeon-holing some, flinging others into the waste-basket, and mentally consigning them all to perdition, I came upon Tom Mallory's great, awkward, schoolboy hand—my own name sprawling over a whole envelop, and adorned with an incredible number of flourishes, which gave it a pretentious, important air, and led me to exclaim that something was up now.

I tore it open hastily, and the next moment had sent it whirling towards the ceiling with a loud hurrah. Tom was going to be married! That was a good one. And married to an heiress! More wonderful

and incredible still! Yet there it was in black and white, under Tom's signature.

"I want you to come down," he wrote, "not only to be best man, but in order to arrange some business matters which I had rather entrust to you than to any one else. The old folks—Janet's father and mother, you know—insist upon having most of her property settled on herself, but there's a very pretty estate which I've given them to understand must be put into my hands if I'm to undertake the management of it, for I've no idea of being my wife's steward. We had some words about it, but the old governor came around at last, and I want you here to make everything fast and firm. I want you to see Janet, too. She is the finest girl in the country, and is very much in love with your cousin and friend—Tom Mallory."

I got rather disgusted with my cousin and friend before I finished the letter. Tom had never been a favorite of mine, and it was never a source of pride to me that he bore my family name, and was my cousin though three or four times removed. He was a big burly fellow, twice my size, and used to fag me at Eton most unmercifully. I tried to revenge myself when I grew older by pelting him with squibs and satires, but the fellow had no sensitiveness, and never knew when my pointed arrows went home. He was something of a prig, and a good deal of a scamp. Indeed I had strong suspicions that he was an undeveloped villain. Not that he had ever robbed a bank, or been concerned in house-breaking, or been a defaulter to the extent of a million or so, or in any way distinguished himself. Circumstances make or mar us all, and circumstances had never been favorable to the development of Tom's genius. That was why he had hitherto passed most of his time idling about at country houses, insignificant and unnoticed, instead of setting the crowd agape by what the newspapers euphemistically call a "bold unscrupulous evasion of the law."

A pretty account to give of my relations, you will say. But I cannot help that.

Respectable families have had discreditable members ever since that unfortunate homicide in Eden a good many years ago. But I confess that latterly I had rather dropped Tom, partly from a dislike of him, and partly from an idea that he wasn't an altogether desirable connection for a young man who has his way to make, and doesn't want to be bespattered with anybody else's foulness. This being so, it seemed rather mean for me to catch so heartily at the idea of going down to the wedding. As I thought it over I was half inclined not to go, but the longing for a breath of country air conquered my scruples. I had some curiosity too, to see the bride.

Of course I knew Tom was an heiress hunter. What was then left for the younger son of a not very opulent family who was too lazy and dull for any of the working professions?

And so Tom had succeeded. I imagined I knew what the bride was like, stout and muscular, weighing at least one hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois, a complexion of that rubicund character which comes from plenty of ale and haggis, and a superfluity of the damp cold bracing air of her native lochs and mountains. I grew so sure of the fidelity of my portrait that I really began to pity Tom, and to think that he had paid dearly for his heiress; for if there is anything distasteful to me, it is to see the feminine human soul smothered in music and fat. I couldn't fall in love with Venus herself if she was uncomfortably large. Poor Tom!

I went down to Edinburgh in quite a complacent, contented frame of mind. I wasn't to be sure going to marry an heiress, but when I found the little fairy who was my ordeal—God bless her!—I should be able to support her with my own strong brain and willing hand. I didn't envy Tom in the least, not I.

An hour after leaving Edinburgh the train set me down in the loveliest little valley that lay between the Tweed and the Thames. There was nobody at the station to meet me, but the railway porter pointed to a high red brick house on a hillside a little way up the valley.

"You go in by the gate upon the road, sir. You can see the house plainly now, but as you approach it, it is lost in the foliage. The avenue is a mile long or more, but you must push on."

I pushed on accordingly, in spite of the density of the wood, which led me to fear that I was losing myself, and at last came upon an open green lawn in the very heart of the wood, a bright sunny place, with a flower garden at the further end of it, and a little tinkling fountain that sang through the green stillness as low and softly as if it were a fairy's home.

But I gave only one hasty glance around, for there just at the foot of the steps that led up to the door, stood Miss Janet Douglass. I could not doubt that it was she, tall, ponderous, florid—she was all my fancy had painted her. I took off my hat at once.

"Miss Douglass, is it not?"

She turned her blue eyes upon me. There was a steely gleam in them that made me shiver. After taking a cool survey of me, she said in a deep bass voice that she was Miss Douglass, and I was the Mr. Malloy that Tom had been expecting, she added?

I assured her that I had that honor, and then she put out her hand and said with a smile that showed a very handsome set of artificial teeth:

"I am very happy to see you, sir, and so, too, will poor dear Tom be, I am sure. He often says of you that you are just the same as a brother to him. Poor dear Tom has such an affectionate heart, didn't I think so?" she added.

I stammered out what I hope was a harmless white lie, and sat down, amused and perplexed. It was certainly very frank and naïve of her to call him dear Tom, and must be very gratifying to him; but why "poor" Tom? I didn't presume to ask, however, but sat, I hope patiently, while Miss Douglass made conversation. She told me what was the amount of taxes which her father paid, enlightened me as to the net income of the place, and confided to me her opinion of Huddleston, the head manager, who appeared from all she said of him, to be a very worthless sort of a fellow. She also gave me a detailed account of the MacVicar, neighbors of theirs, who lived some five miles away, and how it came about that the engagement between the eldest Miss MacVicar and Sir Aleck Wallace was broken off, and how he felt, and how she felt, and how their dear five hundred friends felt, all of which, as I did not know, and devoutly hoped I never

should know the parties, was, you may imagine, very interesting to me. Just as she had reached that limit beyond which I am sure human endurance must have ceased, there was a diversion made by a stylish dray being driven up to the door.

An exclamation from Miss Douglass startled me.

"O dear, dear! Mr. Mallory, run out directly, do."

I did so. There were only ladies in the vehicle, and the horses, a handsome spirited pair of bays, were not at all inclined to be controlled by the slender hands that held the reins, and were backing and plunging in a manner quite terrifying to weak nerves. It was the work of a moment to seize the bridle, and then I looked up at the occupants of the carriage.

Two of the girls, handsome stylish brunettes, were screaming with terror, and only recovered their equanimity when I assured them repeatedly that all danger was past. The third, who held the reins, was a little delicate creature, scarcely more than a child in size, with a lovely spirituelle face, framed in bands of brown hair that lay across her forehead as smooth and plain as a nun's. The large soft hazel eyes were dilated with fright, and the sweet face was as white as snow. As I helped her to alight, she said, tremulously:

"Thank you very much. I was afraid to drive the bays, but Tom insisted that I might, and so we left him at Ilderton."

"Left him at Ilderton?" Miss Douglass had rushed out and now began in *medias res*. "The naughty fellow! Doesn't he know that Mr. Mallory must be come by this time? I should have thought, Nettie—"

She broke off short here, and looking around I caught a glimpse of the little lady's garments as she fled up stairs. Miss Douglass looked abashed for an instant, but presently recovering her composure, introduced me to the Miss MacVicar's. They were dashing brilliant girls, and there was an interchange of sharp jests for a few minutes; then the ladies went to dress for dinner, and I strolled off upon the lawn to enjoy my cigar. I took two or three turns around the garden, admiring the pure white lilies and the rosy splendor of the oleanders, and then threw myself down under a tree, and presently fell into a drowse.

I was soon awakened by a shout loud

and sonorous enough for a view-halloa. I gathered myself up, sleepily.

"Is that you, Tom?"

Of course it was he, and I am bound to confess that time had not improved his looks, and he was never a beauty. But I thought of Miss Douglass, and remembered that matches were made in heaven.

"Have you seen her?" said Tom, presently.

"Miss Douglass? Yes."

"Isn't she a stunner?" asked Tom, enthusiastically.

"She is indeed!" I said, warmly.

"I knew you'd think so!" rejoined Tom.

"Just in your style, isn't she? I always thought that if you'd seen her first, you'd have fallen in love with her yourself."

"Indeed!" I said, dryly. Tom was so conceited and satisfied, that I couldn't resist the temptation of giving him an ugly little poke, so I added, "Don't you think, though, my dear fellow, that there is rather too much of her?"

Tom stared at me for a moment, and then laughed, uproariously.

"By Jove, that is a good one!" he said, when he could speak.

"And who are the Miss MacVicar's?" I said, presently, for I was cautiously feeling my way towards an inquiry after my little beauty.

"Nice girls," said Tom, warmly, "especially Flora. Aint she sharp on a flirtation, though—carries a man beyond his depth before he knows it."

I listened to Tom's coarse speech, and looking up into his coarse face wondered whether Miss Douglass would not box his ears if she were there.

I had a great repugnance to asking any more questions of Tom, but in the end my eagerness to know something of the pretty brown-haired fairy conquered.

"And who was the little lady that drove home with them?" I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"What," said Tom, "what lady? I didn't know anybody drove home with them. I should think there were enough of them in the house now."

"I mean the pretty brown-haired girl who held the reins when the horses came dashing up the avenue. Her face was as white as snow, but it was a very lovely one, nevertheless."

Tom stared at me, an expression of won-

der beginning to creep over his face.

"Was she fair, and had she curls?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did she wear?"

"Some delicate gray stuff, and, O, there was a jaunty feather in her cap. What in Heaven's name are you staring so for?"

Tom burst out laughing. He laughed till he grew so red that I was in mortal fear of apoplexy, and only came round at last when I threatened to hold him under the fountain.

"Why, you blockhead," he gasped at length. "That was Janet."

"Janet Douglass! the girl whom you are going to marry?" I said, after a moment's speechless astonishment.

"Of course. Why, Hal, I thought you said you had seen her."

"I—I thought I had," I stammered. "I thought the tall one was Miss Janet."

"You did? Why, that is Miss Mary, daughter of the first Mrs. Douglass, you see. Did you think I was going to marry her? Give me credit for better taste, Hal. Besides, she hasn't a penny. Janet's fortune comes from her mother; the Douglass family are as poor as church mice. And so you took the old girl for Janet? Do you know I meant you should marry her? O, you needn't be angry. You see I knew she would make a dead set at you the moment she saw you, and that she did I see now by your face."

Just here the dinner bell sounded, and we went in. In the dining-room I was introduced to Mr. Douglass, a hale old gentleman, full of prejudice and bigotry, with a leaven of superstition, but warm-hearted and affable.

The Miss MacVicar appeared in a jaunty costume that suited their piquant style to a charm. Miss Flora, especially, looked so pretty, and ogled Tom in such a bewitching manner, to Tom's evident delight, that I couldn't help thinking Miss Janet's heart must ache a little, if she loved Tom. But she sat there in her pretty muslin dress, looking as fresh, and pure, and calm as a lily. Her face was as innocent as a child's, and her manner was unaffected. Before dinner was over, I was more than half in love with her myself—though, indeed, I had been that from the first—and began to grudge Tom his good fortune in winning the love of such a girl.

But had he won it? Some curious doubts began to grow up in my mind. I watched her when she would look up into his face, and fancied those sweet blue eyes would have had a different expression if looking into the face of the man she loved. I was not young and foolish enough to imagine that betrothal necessarily included the idea of love. That illusion had faded along with a good many pleasant fictions which I had believed in when I was younger. She might be going to marry him for any one of the fifty reasons that are sure to influence more or less such a decision.

Here then was a chance for a romantic melodrama. All the elements were upon the spot; if I had been a Frenchman, I dare say I should have made love to her, and supplanted Tom; then there would have been an elopement, a pursuit, a duel, and a bloody denouement. But being only a commonplace young Englishman, with some old-fashioned notions concerning honor and propriety, I contented myself with confounding Tom's luck, and growing sentimental over my cigar, in the solitude of my own room.

It was a glorious summer night; the moon, round and large, flooded the world in a brightness, yellow and warm, and far lovelier than daylight; so clear, too, that as I leaned forward from my window to catch the breath of the oleanders, I could plainly see the outline of the leaves and blossoms.

It was past twelve o'clock, and the country lay still under the moonlight, so still, that when I pushed aside the woodbine that clambered over my window, the long branches shook with a rustle and a stir that filled all the air.

My cigar was burned down at last, and I rose to go to bed; the silence and the beauty of the night weighed upon me. Just as I put my hand upon the window curtain to lower it, a loud curdling shriek broke upon the awful stillness, a cry so full of agony and horror that I was thrilled with fright. In an instant I had rushed from the room, and ran along the corridor in the direction from whence the sound proceeded.

The sound of heavy convulsive sobs arrested me, coming from the apartment which I knew was Miss Janet's. I burst open the door, without a moment's hesitation. She was cowering upon the floor, her long hair floating over her shoulders, and

her face white and wild. I lifted her up, and she clung to me, sobbing pitifully, but her eyes were quite dry and dilated, and the pretty mouth quivered and worked in vain attempts to speak.

I prayed her to be composed, and tell me what had terrified her, but before she had in the least degree calmed herself, the whole household were upon the spot, overwhelming us with questions and exclamations. The poor child looked from one to another, and trembled like a frightened bird.

"What is the matter, Janet? Can't you speak, and tell us what is the matter?" said Miss Douglass, speaking up distinct and loud, as one does to a deaf person.

"Wait, I pray," I said, impatiently. "Don't you see she is incapable of speaking? Bring some wine, somebody."

Somebody brought wine. It was Tom, and as he gave it to her, he muttered something about woman's nerves. I did not catch it all, but I think Janet did, for the color began to come back to her face, and she withdrew herself from my arms.

"Thank you! I can stand now, I think," she said, faintly.

We gave her more wine, and then Flora MacVicar's coming to her side, said:

"Now, dear, can't you tell us what frightened you?" The tone was very gentle, but I noticed that her black eyes were as bright as diamonds.

Janet's lips moved once or twice before any sound was audible. At length she said, low and solemnly:

"I have had a warning!"

A sudden pallor and gravity fell upon the group. No one spoke except Tom, who exclaimed, "Fudge!"

Janet's eyes turned upon him, full of melancholy reproach.

"I have had a warning, Tom," she repeated, still in that solemn frightened tone.

"What was it, dear? Tell us all about it," said Flora MacVicar's.

Janet seemed to try to gather firmness for the story, and her face blanched, and her lips grew tense, as she said:

"I saw my face in the mirror!"

There was an exclamation from Miss Douglass and her father, and as I looked up, I almost smiled at the alarm in their faces. Superstition is a part of the Scotch nature, and the Douglass family had a broad deep vein of it.

"I had been trying on some of my bridal things," said Janet, flushing a little, "and standing before the mirror to see the effect, and last of all, I put on this white wrapper. I had been in front of the glass, and I think I had forgotten what I was doing, for I was not looking at myself, only thinking steadily. But by-and-by I looked up—full into the mirror—and then beside my face and figure was another face and figure—in white, like myself. I gazed at it a moment, and then—I don't know what I did then—I suppose I shrieked."

There was a moment's silence, and then I said:

"Are you sure the face was your own?"

"Yes, only," and here she shuddered, "it was ghastly white, like a dead person's."

Nobody spoke at once, but in a moment Flora MacVicar's whispered:

"It is a sign that she will die before the year is out."

Janet caught it, and turned around with a sharp cry.

"Yes, I am going to die, and O, I am afraid to die!"

Afraid to die? Was that strange? A young creature full of warm life, her blood alive and quick, her nerves alert and sensitive, clinging tenaciously to the dear old familiar earth, to go out suddenly and alone—Where? Can one do more than guess? Only that we are sure that no smallest corner of the universe is outside of God's ken. But we forget that too often, and I looked at Janet with a pity that I could not express. Yet I thought if I were her lover, I should surely take her in my arms and soothe, if I could not reason, away her alarm.

But Tom stood by like a stupid lout as he was, while I went on volubly about optical delusions, and a great deal of unintelligible nonsense. But it was of no use. Janet only shook her head sadly, silenced but not convinced, and at last we—the gentlemen—went away, leaving her to her sister and the Miss MacVicar's.

I had reflected a great deal upon the hold which a traditional superstition may acquire over a naturally intelligent mind, but I was not prepared for the astounding news that greeted me when I descended to the breakfast-room the next morning. There was to be no wedding, after all.

"No wedding!" I echoed, in surprise.

"No!" Janet said it with a fixed immovable face. She was appointed to die, and marriage would be a mockery, she said. Nothing could shake her resolution. Reason and ridicule were alike useless. The old Scotch superstition was too strong to be uprooted.

"She should never go to the kirk a bride. The veil and the orange flowers were not for her."

Tom fumed, and pished, and sulked, and finally appealed to Janet's father. But Mr. Douglass, believing as implicitly in the "warning" as Janet did herself, dared not exert his authority, and Miss Douglass had cried her eyes and nose red, and was altogether in such a collapsed and incapable state, that she could not make an effort in Tom's behalf.

So two or three days went by, and Janet remained immovable. Under these circumstances Tom developed fast. At last there was a scene in the library. Tom's words stole out to where I sat with my cigar upon the piazza. They were coarse and brutal, and I started up with a sudden indignant impulse. But then came Janet's tones, soft and low between little choking sobs.

"I am afraid I don't love you, Tom. I have been afraid that I did not for a long time; now I am almost sure of it. I think, perhaps, God meant to keep us apart. I am not sure, Tom, but I had rather die than marry you."

Tom came out, presently. I was almost afraid my face would betray my satisfaction to him. But he was as mole-eyed as usual.

"It's all up," he said, sullenly. "I don't care, though," with a half laugh. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever swam. What do you think of Miss MacVicar's?"

"She will do very well," I said. And so I thought. And so did Tom, for two months afterwards, when I was back in the Temple burrowing among law papers, he wrote to say they were married, and were going abroad.

Somehow Janet's natty little figure became ubiquitous. She peeped out of musty folios, hid between the leaves of Coke and Littleton, and came between me and many a grim-faced client. At length, towards the last of the year, I wrote to Miss Douglass inquiring for her sister, and begging that I might pay them a visit.

Her letter in reply came promptly. Janet was very delicate, growing thin and white every day, yet there was no apparent physical ailment; if she could be tided safely over the New Year, it would all be well. If I would come and help them through it, they would be thankful.

I went down at once. Janet was lovelier than ever, paler, more spirituelle, her large eyes unnaturally bright, her breath coming fast at the least excitement. I had consulted a London physician before I went down, and now proceeded to put his directions into practice. I walked, rode and sang with her; I told her all the stories I could remember, and invented new ones, and made her laugh in spite of herself; I read romances, I charmed her with poetry. It would have been a dangerous practice for me, if I had not been willing to accept the results.

At length the last night of the old year came. She had been in a fever all day, and at dark there was a crimson rose upon each cheek. If midnight passed and nothing happened, she confessed, half crying, half smiling, she should think the warning was not going to come true. She walked the house all day, unable to sit still. At dusk I heard her say, "Now we shall soon know."

By-and-by I coaxed her to listen to the beautiful idyl of Enid. It was new to her, and she could not help listening, though her eyes frequently wandered away toward the clock, which was fast moving on to the midnight. Finishing Enid, I read here and there in the volume, and the music of the verse soothed her, though she presently lost all idea of the sense. At last to my great joy she fell asleep. When she awoke, I leaned over her, and wished her a happy new year. The blue eyes opened wide. They sought the clock.

It was half past one.

"Yes, dear. The old year has gone, and with it the frightful phantom, isn't it?"

Her eyes slowly filled.

"I should have died but for you," she said.

"I think you would. But I shall show you how you can pay me." And I did.

Whether Miss MacVicar had anything to do with the face in the mirror I never knew, but I have my suspicions.

LOVE CONQUERS.

BY ADA L. FLETCHER.

SHE had stolen away from the rest of the crowd, and was standing beneath the shade of a giant oak tree, looking with dreamy eyes up into the wilderness of leaves which the frost king was touching with his transforming fingers, turning the delicate modest green into crimson, and scarlet, and gold. Her face had nothing remarkable about it except the eyes, which were a rather startling contrast to the other commonplace irregular features—so large, so dark, so wonderfully, *spiritually* bright were they. People who looked casually at her face when it was in repose, or the eyes downcast, pronounced Eugenie Holmes a "very homely girl indeed," and wondered "what there was about her people found so attractive." But if they lingered near her until the lashes were lifted, and the face lighted by interest or enthusiasm, or listened to the clear sweet voice in conversation or argument, they marvelled no longer why there was always a crowd about her, while other girls, with faultless faces, and manners, and dress, were either left to themselves or joined the number of her admirers. She did not know the secret of her power herself, and often wondered at it when looking at her own plain face, and thinking of others who possessed the beauty her artist soul worshipped and her woman's heart coveted.

It was late in the season, this rural picnic, planned by Eugenie, who never did anything like any one else, and who waited till October for her excursion to the woods, when the beautiful Indian summer was bathing them with glory. Though pleasantly warm in the sunlight, here in the shadow where she was standing the air was chilly, and the little scarlet shawl wrapped about her shoulders just then was very gratefully received.

"You are very kind," she said, turning to the intruder on her solitude, "to think of me when I was not thinking of myself."

"When would you ever think of yourself, Genie?" he said, with a tender cadence in his voice, that brought a swift rush of color to the girl's pale cheek that told her story plainly enough. "We have

all got into the habit of thinking for you," he went on, lightly. "But I must disclaim the merit of thinking of the shawl. I was standing out there with the rest, admiring the picture you made here in this fairy bower, in your cool white robes, when little Eda came running to me with orders from mother, 'to go and tell Eugenie to put this shawl on, right straight;' and so, like a dutiful son, I came. Had you better not come out in the sunlight?"

The light in his eyes was as tender as his voice, as he stood looking down at her from the height of his six feet of noble young manhood; the whole face showing his longing then and there to take the slight figure in his arms to his heart, and tell her of the wealth of love that was hers. And he would have done it, only there were two sides to Earl Courtney's nature. Instead, he only drew the little hand within his arm, and the two went out together toward one of the many groups scattered about the place. A clamor of voices reached them as they drew nearer.

"There's Eugenie!" cried one voice louder than the rest; and a beautiful girl, Earl Courtney's sister, and Eugenie's dearest friend, sprang toward them. "I'll ask her," she said.

"What is the subject of discussion, Pet?" And Earl threw his arm carelessly about his sister, and drew her to him, facing the crowd, causing Jack Harold to cry out, "Come now, old fellow! that's not fair;" and bringing a blush to the already flushed face of the girl.

"Why, I'll tell you," she said. "There's Jack Harold getting up an argument on the subject of long engagements! He says, for instance, that no matter how devotedly a young man may love a girl, if he is poor, and has to win a home before he can take a wife, he has no right to ask her to wait for him; to 'spoil her chance for a better match,' he says, by binding her to him, even if he knows she loves him." And Pet Courtney's blue eyes flashed disdainfully at "that hateful Jack" as she finished.

"And what do you say?" queried Earl, looking fondly down at the bright face raised to his.

"I said that I thought it was a duty every man owed the woman he loved, whether he thought she loved him or not, to tell her so, and give her the choice, at least, of clinging to him or 'waiting for a better match.' Now what do you think?"

Earl's voice grew serious as he answered:

"I know you are sneering at Jack's practical ideas of love and marriage, Pet, but, dear child, such things have to be looked at practically! I hold with Jack that no man has a right to mar any woman's life, to dim the brightness of her youth, by asking her to wait for him an indefinite time, thus wasting the best years of her life; and it is his duty to leave her free to make the more 'fortunate match,' if she finds it. And I hold that, even if he loves her, and knows she loves him, as a true man, he will stifle that love, if he cannot, by reason of poverty, make her his wife, and never let her know it. He must not look at his own happiness, but hers. Even if she loves him, if she does not know of his love, she will try to conquer hers, and so will not slight a better offer. Now, Eugenie!"

"Yes, now Eugenie!" cried Pet, turning swiftly toward her. "Tell us what you think. In all their talk these gentlemen seem to have forgotten that there may be such a thing as a true woman's heart; one that is not always thinking of the worldly advantages of a good match, but would rather spend a lifetime waiting for the man she loved, than marry to-morrow the Prince of Wales, if she didn't love him."

"Romance! romance!" sneered Jack. But Earl was looking at Eugenie, who had slipped her hand out of his arm, and, with her great eyes wide open in their wonderful beauty, and full of intense feeling that transformed her face, was standing erect at his side. She did not speak for some moments, and there was perfect silence in the crowd as they waited. Then she said, in her slow sweet way:

"I do not agree with any of you entirely. No, not even with you, Pet, though you have the best side of the argument, darling. I agree with Mr. Harold so far that I do not believe in long engagements. I think if a man loves a woman—a woman, not a child—as a man should love before he

thinks of marriage, and he thinks she loves him, it is his bounden duty to go to that woman with his heart in his hand; not to ask her to wait for him, but to ask her, if she loves him, *to be his wife then*—to be his helpmeet in the struggle with the world. And if the woman is the true woman Pet describes (there are such in the world, gentlemen, though it is fashionable to doubt it), she will ask nothing better than to share his life—even hardships, if hardships there must be! In my creed, he or she who crucifies love for the sake of worldly motives is not worthy of love. As for true love being concealed, as Mr. Courtney says, I do not and never can believe that possible."

There was the faintest note of contempt in her voice in the latter sentence that did not escape Earl's quick ears; but as he was about to answer Mrs. Courtney broke up the group with a single sentence, "Get ready every one of you for home. The sun is almost down. Pet, Genie, I want you to help me gather up the children."

In the bustle of departure he did not find a chance to speak to her again, but he did not forget a word she had said, and meant to have it "out with her," as he expressed it that night. When everybody else was ready he found her with his little sister Eda, looking for a pair of mislaid gloves. Stopping to help her, he said, in his cool willful way:

"Run on and get your seat in the carriage, Eda. Mother is calling you, and Genie, you know, rides home with me."

"You are taking a good deal for granted," she said, with the shy sweet smile that was for no one but Earl.

"It's a way I have," he answered. "Come on now, and let the gloves go. It is getting late, and mother will never cease scolding me if you are the least bit hoarse to-morrow."

In a few moments they were whirling away over the smooth river road, and not until they were out of sight of all the rest did Earl let the reins fall loose on "Prince Charlie's" handsome neck.

"That was an interesting discussion we were having to-day, Genie," he said. "But you were all wrong, my dear friend! all wrong. Your way would do very well for a romance in a novel, but never for real life."

"And yours," she said, "for the cold scheming match-makers and heart-break-

ers of France, but never for real living human hearts. I tell you, Earl, a true genuine love will assert itself in spite of all caution and will. He never really loves who can conceal that love."

"Spoken like an oracle," he said, with a little laugh, but even then thrilling with triumph at the love for him he could not help but read in the depths of the clear eyes and in the tremulous mouth. "But still all wrong. Let us suppose a case now, Eugenie. Suppose I were to love a woman *now* with all my heart and soul, and had an idea that she loved me. Yet here I am, nearly twenty-five years old, with nothing on earth but poverty to promise any woman who would link her fate to mine for years to come. The woman I love (merely suppositions, of course) is young, charming, and bound, in the nature of things, to have more than one brilliant offer of luxury and ease. Would you not call me the most selfish of men either to marry her now and burden her with poverty and care, or chain her with promises and bind her with vows, thus debarring her from better things?"

"I would call you the most cruel of men," she answered, "if you thought she loved you and did not tell her of your love, but left her to starve and die, as she surely would if she really loved you."

He would not look at her now—he dared not, but went on:

"And as for concealing love, Eugenie, I know it can be done from experience."

"Then you never loved," she cried, passionately. "You can never convince me of that."

He turned quickly, and their eyes met. "Eugenie!" he cried. Then, with an effort of the iron will which was his boast, he turned away again; and until they had nearly reached home not another word was spoken. But each of those two proud souls knew that it was beloved by the other then as truly as if the words had been spoken. And while he was longing to take her in his arms and kiss the red trembling lips, as he called her his promised wife, prudence said, "No; you can best prove that you love her by leaving her free!"

And while she was longing to lay her head on his shoulder and whisper, "Give up the struggle, Earl; darling, I love you well enough to share your poverty," pride said to her, "Never! He does not love you, or he would tell you so."

He had driven home by such a winding way it was twilight when they reached the house, which was home to both. As they drove through the gate, he said:

"You knew I was to start for California next week, Genie?"

"Yes, I had heard it," she said, carelessly. "Do you think you shall like it?"

He gave her no answer to this, and they did not see each other again that night. But when the hazy moonlight of the glorious Indian summer was throwing its weird gleams over all, Earl Courtney was walking his room with feverish steps, the burden of his thoughts, "O Heaven! how can I give her up?" And in another chamber not far distant a little figure, prone upon the floor by the open window, lifted a wild despairing face to the un pitying sky, while the pale lips murmured, "O Heaven! I give him up."

Earl Courtney and Eugenie Holmes had been as brother and sister from childhood. He remembered as well as if it had been yesterday when the little shrinking child of four years, with the starry eyes and wistful mouth, was brought home by his father; and he, a sturdy boy of eight, was given especial charge of her by his mother, who told him the brief sad story of her life. Of how her father, for whom he had been named, an artist by nature and by choice, had gone to Italy six years before, had wooed and won a beautiful Italian girl, Eugenie's mother, and then had died and left them. And now the mother was dead, and by her father's will Eugenie was given to them. He remembered, too, how the little girl clung to him and followed him about, and when the other boys twitted him about being "tied to a girl's apron string" his hot temper blazed forth, and they were glad to let him alone. Then, by the provisions of her father's strange will, she was taken from them and placed in the rigid New England boarding-school, that was just the discipline her impetuous over-enthusiastic nature needed; and they had not seen each other for five years until this summer. And his heart had acknowledged the strange power the girl wielded upon every one who came within her sphere, and he loved her.

Eugenie remembered all this, too, and her experience had been the same, with the exception that her heart had never

ceased to love the noble chivalrous youth who had been her childish protector and defender; but the feeling was deepened and intensified when she saw him in his perfected manhood, the loving dutiful son, the tender watchful brother, and her own kind affectionate friend. She was a woman having loved once to love forever, and she knew it.

The week that followed the autumn picnic was all too swift in its passing for the mother and sisters of Earl Courtney, who bewailed his going bitterly.

"I had thought he would stay here," said his mother to Eugenie, as she bent above her boy's trunk only the day before he was to leave, her tears falling fast as she spoke. "Here in his native town, and take his father's place and practice. What is taking him away, Eugenie?" looking up suddenly into the girl's pale face.

Eugenie knew what the mother's suspicions were, but the clear eyes met hers unflinchingly as she answered, carelessly:

"He thinks he can make more money, perhaps."

"Yes," he answered for himself, coming in through the open bay window. "There is always law trouble in California, and always gold to pay for it. And I can't rest, mother dear, while that mortgage weighs us down."

As he bent to his mother's side and put his arm around her, Eugenie escaped from the room. She knew that both Mrs. Courtney and Pet thought Earl had offered her his heart and been refused, and she could not deceive them. "Whereas," she thought, bitterly, "it was just the other way." And she went into the dim cool parlor to "play her trouble off at her finger ends," as Pet would have said.

While sitting there in the rapidly gathering darkness, her fingers wandering over the keys in an aimless way that still produced the sweetest music, she heard no step on the soft carpet, and had no thought but that she was alone, until suddenly she felt herself drawn into a close embrace, while kiss after kiss was pressed upon lips, cheek and brow.

"Eugenie, my darling," whispered a voice that made her blood bound in her veins, "Eugenie, my darling, it is hard, but it is best! Good-by, and may God forever bless the only woman I shall ever love!" And Earl was gone, leaving her to sink upon the floor in an ecstasy of mingled sorrow and

bliss. This was their parting, for she could not bear to see him after that, and he went away in the early morning, his heart aching, yet proud in its certainty of right.

Five years with all their changes have passed before we see Eugenie again. After Earl's departure she felt as though she would die if she remained longer inactive, and therefore accepted the situation offered her as one of the many assistant teachers in the seminary of which she was a graduate. And there to-night we find her in her lonely little room, with her aching head supported on her hand, as her weary eyes run over the batch of humdrum schoolgirl "compositions" before her, which must be all "corrected" before she sleeps. Her life has been a very monotonous one during these years, and though many a hand filled with jewels and gold has been extended to help her out of the slough of poverty and labor, the steadfast heart has never faltered in its allegiance to the man who weakly left her to struggle alone, when just the simple expression and assurance of his love would have made the years seem but golden moments. And she has not been idle. Besides her success as a teacher, her name already ranks high as an authoress, and what is better still, her bank account increases, and it will not be long until Eugenie Holmes is a rich woman by her own efforts. She is undeniably proud of this, and shall we wonder?

She heard from Earl once in a long while through Pet's letters, and the news was always encouraging. He has had both health and good luck. The mortgage has been lifted long ago, and in a few years more he hopes to come home "rich enough to make us all happy," Pet says he says. "It takes more than money for that," thought Eugenie, as she glanced at this letter on the night we find her again. Her lip curls involuntarily, and one can see how much colder and prouder her face has grown with time. That was a hard blow that came upon her young heart that October evening long ago, and she has let it harden instead of soften her life. She was so full of love and faith in those days, and her strong earnest nature has gone from one extreme to another. She believes in nothing now, and every line of her writing shows the cloud of cynicism and skepticism that rests upon mind and heart. It is only a cloud, though

she tries hard to make it reality, and even tries to convince herself that she no longer loves Earl Courtney, when the very sight of his name to-night in this letter of Pet's made her heart bound. This is what Pet says: "I want you to come home, Eugenie, if you ever loved any of us, and especially if you ever loved me. For you must know that in 'the leafy month of June' I have consented to make Jack Harold either the happiest or most miserable of men! He says he can't tell which himself! Do you remember our argument on the subject of long engagements that day in the woods? Jack says he loved me then, and took that way to let me know why he didn't ask me to marry him or wait for him. He says he is hardly able to marry now, but he sees I am determined to wait for him anyway, and he takes pity on me! Do come, Eugenie. Earl will be at home then for the first time in five long years, and I know home will not seem like home to him without you."

Eugenie determined to go; not because she would see Earl, but because Pet was dearer to her than was any other living thing (she felt about Earl exactly as if he were dead), and she wants to gratify her; and this with a natural desire to see once again the home of her childhood, makes her write to Pet before she sleeps that she will come.

When Eugenie reached the station she had not seen in so long, it was just at the dawn of a glorious morning in June; and as she was one day ahead of the appointed time, there was no one there to meet her. However, it was only a mile to the Courtney place, and she had walked it often; so she left her luggage in the little waiting-room and went on, feeling lighter of heart than she had felt since she left it. As she drew near the house the sun was just touching the windows, and there were very few signs of life about the house. The servants, however, were up, and had opened the doors, and she went in unseen. Only the parlor door was open inside, and as she stepped within it she started with surprise; for on the large old-fashioned sofa Earl was lying, his head pillowed on his travelling-shawl, his valise by his side, and his whole appearance showing that he had not long arrived, and weary and worn with his journey, had gone to sleep there without awakening the family. Holding her breath almost, that he might not hear and waken, she

came closer to the sofa and looked down into the face of the sleeper. How different this meeting from what she had imagined! She had determined to be so cool and distant from the very first that he would know she had ceased to love him; but now he was asleep, and would never know, so she did not care if her eyes were wet with tears, and the color coming and going in her cheek. And as she bent above him, the love that had become a part of her being overwhelmed her, and bending still lower, she kissed the broad white forehead. Just at that moment Earl awakened, but he could not tell whether the kiss that roused him were a dream or a blessed reality; for all he saw was a little figure at the piano, whose sweet voice soon filled the room with melody in that sweet old ballad "Home Again." His voice joined hers, and ere the song was finished one after another of the family had joined them, until the reunion was complete. And a joyful noisy reunion it was. Earl had come on the train that reached the station an hour before Eugenie's, and coming to the house, had opened the window and found rest on the sofa. That was the explanation. In the surprise and happiness of the moment Eugenie could not put her "cold distant" policy into action; but it was not long before Earl saw and noted the change in her manner, and it made his heart sink within him. For if possible, this long silent trial had only made the young man's love deeper and more tender, and he felt that now he could take her to his heart confident that he could make her lifepath easy. But the days went by, and they drew no closer together, and Earl began to believe that the heart he coveted had been given to some one else. He determined at least that he would know; and one evening, finding her alone in the parlor, sitting by the open window, with the far-away look in her beautiful eyes he remembered so well, he knelt at her side and told her again the "old old story," his voice trembling with intensity of feeling. Told her how he had loved her and longed for her five years before, but for her sake had sacrificed his own selfish pleasure, and left her free. She heard him through, her only sign of emotion the little trembling hand that played with the heavy tassel of the damask curtain, longing again to lay her tired head on his shoulder and tell him, "I loved you then even as I love

you now, and shall love you always," but her evil demon pride sealed the words on her lips; and so when he had finished, she rose and stood looking down, with not an infinite love, but an infinite scorn in her eyes. The voice that spoke was harsh and discordant.

"Earl Courtney," she said, "five years ago you had my heart at your feet, and you knew it. But for the sake of worldly caution and prudence you trampled it beneath them and left it to bleed and die, and went away, calling yourself a hero and a martyr, because you would not prevent my marrying a richer man, when you knew that I could never love again. You left me to struggle alone through the five years that ought to have been the happiest of my life, until I have no love or trust left in me. I have no heart to give you now!" And she swept from the room, leaving him crushed and dazed—with something perhaps of the feeling that was in her heart on that night so long ago. But he saw his conduct in a light he had never seen it in before, and he knew she was right. Saw how much happier they might have been together through the struggle, and how much easier love and sympathy would have made it for both. He could have cursed himself for his own cold calculating folly.

It was the night of the wedding, and an hour later they stood together as bridemaid and groomsman, with not a trace of what had passed in their faces. They mutually shunned each other that evening, and were both heartily glad when it was over, and they were free to go to their rooms for quiet and thought. Earl had brought his small fortune home with him, to invest it there, and having not yet made up his mind as to the best way, the money was still in his possession; and as he went to his trunk and saw the package there, he thought how gladly he would give it all up if he could stand just where he did five years before, and have his happiness in his own hands again. He did not know how soon part of the wish was to be realized! Just before daybreak of that eventful night he was awakened by the awful cry of "Fire!" and sprang to his feet, only to find the very

room he was in in a blaze, and to hear the fire rushing swiftly through the other parts of the house. He fought his way out—how, he never knew, and, blinded and almost suffocated, he reeled out on the lawn, to find all the family there but himself, his sisters screaming with fright, and his mother upon her knees praying for her boy, whom they had tried in vain to raise.

"Where is Eugenie?" he asked.

"She was here a few moments ago," said Pet, wildly, "and asked for you. O my God!" she cried, pointing toward one of the windows of the burning house, where the slight figure of the girl was plainly visible, "she has gone back."

With a numbed dead feeling he watched her pass into the room—it seemed to him into the very jaws of death—and the next moment, with burned bleeding fingers he was climbing up the lattice-work of the old porch, that was still unharmed, calling her with every breath to come to him. And she came with unhesitating confidence to his arms, and he brought her safely down. When they had reached a little summer-house apart from the rest, he did not release her, but stood looking deep into her eyes.

"Why did you go back into the burning house, Eugenie?" he asked.

"Because I thought you were still there," she said, almost in a whisper.

"And why should you have cared?"

"Because—O Earl! I love you. I have always loved you!" And she buried her face in his bosom.

"My darling!" he whispered. "But, Eugenie," he said, "do you know I am even a poorer man than I was five years ago? for I lost everything I have made in that fire, and we shall have the struggle all over again."

"But together, Earl," she said, lifting her glorious eyes with the lovelight in their depths to his.

"Yes, darling, together!"

And so in the midst of that awful scene love conquered; and though Earl and Eugenie Courtney are not rich yet, and probably never will be, they are infinitely happy—their only regret those five wasted years.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

BY MISS MARY J. FIELD.

I

LITTLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

WHAT have I to write about to-day? The monotony of the weather seems to have infused itself into everything. The skies are leaden, the "rain it raineth every day," and all night long as well; we have scarcely seen the outline of a mountain since we arrived here. Heavy fog-wreaths shut us in on every side, the walls are weeping, our very dresses hang in limp disconsolate folds; all spring and crispness seem washed out of life. We live in hope that Christmas may improve this state of things; it would be so preposterous to have a green Yule up here. We look forward to its coming as a deliverance from umbrellas and galoshes, of which we are heartily tired; and meanwhile make ourselves as happy as we can. To this end we went to the theatre last night; walked there through the chronic Bergen drizzle. We went first into a long gallery, filled with the noise of many greetings and much laughter; this was the cloak-room. While we were taking off our wrappings, we underwent many introductions, watching with great delight the merry crowd around—daughters giving last touches to mother's cap, mothers smoothing and arranging their girls' chignons, a general mutual inspection and fluttering of plumage going on in every direction. No one was in evening dress; neat morning dress, with elaborate coiffeur and light gloves, was the rule. Our tickets for the parket (orchestra stalls) cost two ort, or about one and tenpence each. We were soon in our places; such a tiny grimy theatre! Our first care was to keep our dresses from unnecessary contact with floor or benches. Nods and smiles were directed towards us from every side, and the next step towards improving the acquaintance was the proffer of any number of *boubonnieres*, which during the evening were constantly passed from hand to hand, as the alms-bag circulates in our churches. I suppose they all ultimately found their way back to their owners, but it must have been in a bare and unprofitable condition, for

everybody inserted finger and thumb before passing them on. In my ignorance I at first thought they were snuffboxes, but happily discovered my mistake before I had offended anybody by a refusal.

All this time the orchestra was playing the overture to "Zampa" with goodwill, if not with good effect. It was all my courtesy could do to keep my fingers out of my ears; but at last, to the evident relief of everybody near us, it ceased. The curtain rose, giving us a view into a Danish interior, the breakfast room of a country-house belonging to a family of good position, but assuredly one rather lax in its ideas of cleanliness and comfort. The state of the boards made one long to see the ladies "kilted to the knee," like the maiden in the ballad; the breakfast-table was covered with a faded crimson cloth, and any deficiencies in the breakfast service were atoned for by the magnificence of the silver. We were, of course, "eyes and no ears," which made the effect of the very emphatic acting excessively comical. We have already discovered that what Scandinavians think worth doing at all they do thoroughly; accordingly, the kisses were explosive, and the "bursting into tears" a mild way of putting the pathos. Each actor was so engrossed in his own part, that he acted with the most entire disregard of every one else. When the lady of the house seemed unable longer to endure the presence of her guests, and wanted change of scene, she sprang from her chair and headed a wild rush to the garden; when she and her husband returned, they at once seated themselves, leaving their friends standing round them like so many courtiers. But the most deliciously energetic member of the *corps dramatique* was a footman, plushed, powdered and silk-stockinged, whose frequent duty it was to announce visitors; his method of doing this was to burst open the folding-doors with headlong violence, make a stentorian announcement, then, finding himself unfollowed, turn in anxious wonder to look for the invisible guests; discovering, each time with new surprise, that the doors had swung

to and shut them out, he rushed back to them, and a "dreadful collision" was the invariable result. I must add that, judging by what we saw last night, a Danish hostess receives her guests at the breakfast-table in ruby velvet embroidered in gold, a jewelled tiara instead of a morning cap, while to her husband is permitted the graceful negligence of dressing-gown and slippers.

December 23d.—The treble celebration of Christmas begins this evening—*Lille Jul Aften* (Little Christmas Eve)—when dinner-parties, and what at home would be carpet-dances, are plentiful. Then the grand festival *Jul Aften*, which is anticipated for months by old and young, and remembered long as the centre round which all the winter festivities revolve. It is notably a family festival, and, as Norwegians usually marry and settle in the town of their birth, a family here is a widely-spread and deeply-rooted institution. Thirdly, comes *Jule Dag* (Christmas Day), which here, as in Germany, is looked on as a mere satellite of *Jul Aften*. Everybody has made daily apologies for the weather since our arrival, giving us the crumb of comfort that wind, and consequently weather, changes are sudden and capricious here; so we were not surprised when *Froken Anneseen* came in just now to tell us, with much glee, that a hard frost had set in; we already guessed the fact, and she found us crouching before the stove in a nest of wolf-skins. It is the first touch of northern cold; so far we enjoy it, and are quite pleased at the prospect of bringing all our snug wraps and rugs into use. All yesterday and to-day we have been receiving evidences of the kindness of our new friends, in the shape of baskets of good things. There has been a steady rain of cakes, apples, gingerbread, oranges, figs and nuts, till our cupboards are plethoric. The sympathy which seeks to make us forget our strangerhood is so pleasant, the very first basket made us feel more Christmas-like, and we assure each other that it would be horridly ungrateful to whisper even to ourselves that we feel desolate and far from home. The gift that has pleased me most is one that has just come—a great bunch of holly! To understand the prettiness of this kindness you must know that they do not decorate here with "Christmas;" holly is a rare garden shrub.

24th.—In our ignorance we rejoiced yes-

terday in the weather change, not seeing reason to do otherwise; a new experience was awaiting us in connection with our first dinner-party here.

We were invited for seven o'clock, with a warning, which amused us, "not to be late;" punctuality is not apparently the virtue most in fashion. We were taking out our evening dresses at about five o'clock, when Janet discovered her glove-box needed plishing, and courageously muffled up and set off in search of gloves. There is a gigantic golden hand hanging from the next house but one, so I expected her back directly; but as minutes multiplied and she did not return, I began to wonder, and at last grew anxious, and was just going out on an expedition of search when she appeared. Her delay was caused by the excessive slipperiness of the streets; the keen frost, coming when they were covered with a thick coating of semi-liquid snow, had given them a surface something like oiled glass. "I fell four times, and the last few yards I got over on my hands and knees; and how we are to get to *Fru Zornlein's* this evening I cannot imagine"—thus Jeanie.

Here was a dilemma. We had tried in the morning to engage a fly, but the very few of which this town can boast were already bespoken, and we had no alternative but to walk. *Ragnhild Svaresen* gave us a lesson in the locality of the house to which we were invited. Janet, whose topographical genius is superior to mine, lent an attentive ear to the details, and professed to remember all about it. I carried off a hazy impression of "rights" and "lefts," but a very distinct one that the road lay all *down hill*, which latter scrap of knowledge I now produced to add to our despondency. There was nothing for it but to take our chance over the icy streets; so we decided on setting off the minute we were dressed, and taking plenty of time for the journey. We clung to each other—to the walls—to the doorposts; happily, the night was not bright, and the Platz was almost empty. I, resolved to grasp the nettle, disengaged myself from Jeanie, and, with a proud self-confidence which soon had its fall, stepped bravely on—to find myself the next moment lying on my back gazing calmly upward to the cloudy sky. As soon as convenient, I rose with all the gravity of wounded dignity and unappreci-

ated heroism; and when Janet had done laughing at me, she suggested hesitatingly, "Do you think, if we go back and put stockings over our boots, that we may hope to get there to-night?" We remounted our many stairs, drew on the stockings, took our umbrellas to serve as alpenstocks, and set off again with new courage and better success. Wasn't it a new sensation! Have any of you ever gone to a dinner-party in "stocking-feet?"

At seven we were in Herr Zornlein's porch, feeling vainly for bell or knocker; after a few ineffectual taps, we turned the handle and went in. Our hostess, who was busy in the hall, seemed surprised at our punctuality, and told her pretty little daughter to take us to a bedroom and "take the ladies' clothing off." She did the first, and watched us disrobe with round-eyed interest, which deepened to wonder when we came to the stockings. We had no common language, and could only pantomimically explain our motive in putting them on. I am certain she believes it to be an American national custom to wear overall stockings on Little Christmas Eve.

When we were ready she led us to the salon, making her escape the instant she opened the door. A number of gentlemen were standing about the room, and, as we had not seen Herr Z., we were quite at a loss. None of them took the initiative. It would not do to stand gazing at each other for an indefinite time, so I selected the tallest and most responsible-looking, and to him advanced with some murmured English words, to which he replied by the lowest of bows and a few Norse gutturals. I just caught the familiar "*Velkommen*," and I knew I had guessed rightly. He shook hands very kindly, saw us comfortably seated, and then, by a considerable exertion of moral and a little of physical force, drew a very shy little man from a corner, and presented him to us, evidently regarding him as a perfect master of the English tongue. This poor gentleman, beginning the conversation with a very low bow and the words "Good-by, miss," we performed a trio for the next ten minutes, I hope to the satisfaction of a large and attentive audience, but I am afraid little to our mutual edification. Fruen at last appeared, to relieve us with a number of ladies. At eight o'clock the whole party, to the number of eighty, were assembled,

and the doors of the dining-room were thrown open. We, as strangers, were made the guests of honor, and our hostess motioned us to enter, which we did, wishing we had been permitted to take the lowest places, for we did not know what to do next. The other ladies flocked in after us, leaving the gentlemen still in the drawing-rooms.

The tables—there were three—were substantially covered; but as there were no chairs placed near them, we waited modestly to see what somebody would do next. A young lady, to whom I had been introduced in the other room, stepped forward, whispering, "Do as I; we help ourselves;" took plate, knife, fork, spoon and napkin, of which there were piles placed at intervals down the table. Instantly dozens of eager hands—ours with the rest—followed her example; there was a general raid on the dishes, and in a shorter time than I have taken to describe it all were back again, dinner in hand, in the drawing-rooms, where several servants, assisted by the three little daughters of the house, had meanwhile been busy arranging a number of tiny tables for our accommodation. We took our places with the rest, feeling intensely tickled, and the business of dinner commenced. By this time the gentlemen were all comfortably seated in the dining-room, whence the dishes were carried out to us when the superior sex had helped themselves. The first course of delicious soup, with floating balls, I think, of egg and spices, was followed by an infinite variety of made dishes, no vegetables but potatoes. The dishes were carried round by the little girls, assisted by several men and women servants, the latter in the pretty national costume. Fru Z., who was at the gentlemen's table, frequently left her place to attend to the comfort of her visitors. Everybody was kind to us; those who could (nearly all) spoke the English or French to us; those who could not showed their goodwill by little courteous attentions and kindly smiles; even one of the men-servants took me under his special protection, looking on me evidently as an outer barbarian, who didn't know "what was what." He several times took my fork from my hand, and, with a look of ineffable patronage, transferred some dainty morsel from the dish he carried to my plate. The last course consisted of varieties of delicious puddings and cakes—no pastry; such pud-

dings! The richness of cream and butter here may account for their superiority to ours; and, as they appear only on occasions of high festival, eggs are used with a lavishness which would appall an American house-mother. In the recipes for two or three puddings I have got, the number of eggs varies from twenty to thirty. During dinner toasts were proposed; first Herr Z. drank "*Velkommen*" to all; then our names were given with "*Velkommen til Norge*" (Welcome to Norway). My neighbor, who had promised to be my oracle on etiquette, told me we must drink our own "*skoal*," which we did with all the honors; the gentlemen left their table to bow, the more demonstrative coming to clink their glasses with ours. Then followed "Host and hostess," "The grandmother," "Absent friends;" these were but the commencement of a long list, which did not include the "usual loyal toasts."

On leaving the table, every one advanced to Herr and Fru Z., shook hands, saying, "*Tak for mæden*," (Thanks for the repast), and received the answer, "*Vel bekommen*" (May it agree with you). Every guest then bowed to every other, till we felt like Chinese mandarins. Everybody thanks everybody for everything here. After dinner comes coffee, and with the final sip, "*Tak for kaffe*;" on separating, after the party, to *Farvel* is added, "*Tak for idag*" (Thanks for to-day), and the person thanked responds, "*Tak selv*" (Thanks yourself). Isn't that Irish?

But gratitude does not end here; meet somebody with whom you have been in the same room for an hour yesterday, and you are greeted with "*Tak for igaar*" (Thanks for yesterday); even if weeks have elapsed, still memory flies to the last time, and you hear "*Tak for sidst*" (for last time); take a walk with any one, they finish off with "*Tak for touren*;" and so on *ad infinitum*. Even children and peasants never omit this; it is difficult to persuade them that we can be courteous at home without using these stereotyped monotonous little forms. When anything is passed from hand to hand, the giver uses some cabalistic words which get no response. "Be so good" (as to accept this favor, understood). I never *can remember* this fragment of civility.

After dinner, we had some music, pretty much like what one hears at home; the singing I did not care for at all, it was most

expressionless. After the music came waltzes and quadrilles, then a number of merry and very noisy games. We played "Hunt the Slipper" with some of the highest dignitaries of Church and State, who enjoyed the fun as much as any of us. People here have a facility of casting off life's burdens which is very uncommon. The "social fictions" of conventionality do not fetter them in the least; they seize the passing minute, and enjoy its sunshine like very children. There may be trouble before and worry behind, but "let us be jolly, if for this night only"—so we laughed, ran about, and shouted (some of us) more than was necessary. It was great fun, very piquant in its contrast to our stiff sensible parties in America. After supper (sweets, ices and fruit), we had coffee again, then a long hour of waiting, till it was time to say "*Goðnat*;" it is a breach of etiquette to go away soon after a meal. Neither of us ever enjoyed a dinner-party so much before. We are to spend Christmas Eve (to-night) with the Svaresens, who are as charming as they are kind; have travelled much. The sons and daughters are all more or less above the average of wellbred people, really uncommonplace, without being odd; and Fruen a sweet, gracious, picturesque lady of the old school.

II.

ROUND THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

LITTLE Christmas Eve, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day have passed. This is the last night of the old year. We are spending it at home, though we have had several invitations. Jul Aften (Christmas Eve) we spent with the Svaresens; our own Froken, as we call our first friend, called for me in the morning to go through the Jul Vorstillinger (bazaars held in every shop for the sale of Christmas presents). They opened last Sunday, at five o'clock, when afternoon service ends in the churches; it is only on rare occasions that the shops are open on Sunday, though the theatre, concert-rooms and public houses are crowded after five, which is the hour recognized by law as the end of Sunday observance. Picture gallery and Museum open at one o'clock, and at that hour a military band plays on the Platz, where we live; but amusements which cost anything are not legal until after Evensong.

We were home in time to dine and dress

before the carriage came, at half past five, to take us to Fru Svaresen's. When we arrived there we found the rooms already full; we were introduced to five married sons, three married daughters, with their respective wives and husbands, and an all-but-countless flock of grandchildren of all ages, from two to twenty.

Some of the ladies wore winseys, with linen collars and cuffs; while others were in tarlatan and grenadine. The majority had taken a happy medium, and were dressed in black silk, which is the favorite gala dress, and gives a funereal appearance to every assembly, whether evening party, theatre or concert. The dresses of the elder ladies were quite innocent of the latest fashion; but the girls, who were nearly all pretty, and some quite lovely, were prettily dressed. The little children were the quaintest little mortals; tiny fat two-year boys dressed in cloth tunics, and trousered to the heels, their baby throats encircled by enormous frills, all so like the pictures of good little boys in Mrs. Barbauld; the girls wore scarlet dresses or long-patterned plaids, long skirts, square bodices, and pink woollen stockings—all the little heads closely cropped.

When we had been introduced and welcomed, chocolate was brought in. Froken Helga, the youngest and only unmarried daughter, poured it out; while the other sisters handed round baskets of cakes, not only to the ladies, but to the gentlemen, who took it quite as a matter of course to play Jupiter to their sisters' Hebe. The rooms looked exceedingly pretty, lighted with quantities of lamps, and great chandeliers filled with wax candles; the satiny light paint of the walls and ceilings, the muslin draperies, the large mirrors, the gilded furniture, and the ivy trailing everywhere, gave the four large rooms a festival air. The large folding-doors leading to the fifth room were closed; one of the comical little boys whispered to an uncle who sat beside me to tell the "*Engleske Dame*" that in there the Christ Child had placed the tree.

The doors were soon thrown open, and the tree revealed in all its glory, just such a one as we had often danced round at home, reaching from floor to ceiling, glittering with colored tapers, golden fruits, and all manner of pretty things, while round the stem were heaped the gifts which

would have been too cumbrous for the slender branches. While the children were still in the first ecstasy, a door beyond the tree opened, and a large and brilliant star appeared on the threshold; there was a joyous cry from the little ones—"Velkommen til Bethlehem's Stjerne!"—as the Star of Bethlehem advanced, slowly followed by a crowd of poorly-dressed little boys; they all stopped under the tree, and the clear young voices rang through the room blithely, if not musically, in a Christmas carol, while the faces of the singers far outshone the tinsel glories of the Star. They were presently dismissed with presents of cakes and money; as they left the room, the Star going out last, a pair of sturdy bare legs and two little feet in clattering wooden shoes were most comically visible beneath its rays. It had hardly disappeared, when with a rush and tumult two goats entered on their hindlegs with another set of singers, older than the last. After a good deal of noise and clumsy dancing round the tree, varied by frenzied fits of butting at the nearest ladies, they, too, sung a carol and left. I suppose there is some symbol hidden in the mask, but nobody could give me a clue.

Dancing began directly the mummers went away; hand in hand we circled round the tree, voices young and old mingling in a wild Norske chant, feet big and little beating time energetically. Suddenly the melody was changed, the circle broken, and still hand in hand we defiled through a door, round sundry landings and corridors, in again through the furthest room, down the whole length of the suite, then round and round the tree again. The dance lasted for three hours with short intervals, during which the gifts were distributed, etc., and the chant was constantly varied, apparently without any rule but the caprice of the leader. Now we followed him under an arch formed by the joined hands of a couple of gentlemen, as if playing "Oranges and lemons;" now fell into couples and whirled round in a wild waltz; then again the circle was reformed, and we went through something like the grand chain of the Lancers—the changes following each other without the slightest confusion. Over and over again we danced round the passages, down the five saloons; this manoeuvre ending in what I must call a conglomeration round the tree, the leader pausing

beneath it while we curled round like a long ribbon till we formed a compact mass, into the centre of which leader and tree were tightly wedged.

At half past nine, the tree being rifled—we too had our share of pretty things—we sat down to enjoy the Christmas institution of Norway, which takes the place of holly, plum pudding, mince pies and snap-dragon—namely, *bret*—the Norske word for tray—and as trays are indispensable to the performance of the ceremony, from that it takes its name. Enter three large trays; on the first, cakes and biscuits are piled in endless variety; the second is covered with a number of glass plates containing preserved fruits, raspberries, currants, cherries, etc.; in the midst of these stand two glasses, one filled with fair water, the other containing a number of spoons. The trays approach and pause before you; you rise (a commanding position is needful), take a cake from the first tray, a spoon from the glass on the second, plunge the latter into the plate of jam nearest you, and carry a spoonful to your mouth; the *same spoon* you then insert into the plate next in order; and so on repeating the process until you have gone the round of the tray, and swallowed at least a dozen spoonfuls of jam in succession; you then place your spoon in the glass of water, and reseal yourself with that feeling of self-satisfaction ever attendant on the thorough performance of a duty. The third tray then approaches, and from it you take a glass of mead, the real Norske mead—beverage of the grand old Vikings. While you enjoy your cake and mead, your neighbor rises and goes through the evolutions you have just performed, putting his or her spoon into the water when used. Of course, when *bret* has progressed a very little way through the rooms the spoons are *all* in the water, which grows murkier with every additional spoon. Then the process has to be reversed, the partakers of *bret* taking their spoons from the glass of unpleasant-looking water, and replacing them, when used, in the empty tumbler.

It was near eleven when supper was announced; the children who were beyond babyhood came to table, and while they were brilliantly and exuberantly happy, they were still models of deportment. Fried fish was the grand dish, the adjuncts were

innumerable; the dishes were passed from hand to hand, and it was evidently considered the correct thing to take some of each. Fruen left her seat more than once to bring me some delicacy which I had allowed to pass. On my plate I had at one time fish, cold ptarmigan, cabbage stewed in cream with sugar and nutmeg, hard-boiled egg, cold ham, preserved cherries and potatoes! We had a choice of milk, tea, wine or beer, but were not obliged to take all. The second course was rice porridge eaten with cream and jam; then followed the skoals.

I shrink from recording the number of supplementary meals which were discussed before we left—coffee, cakes, ices, fruits, *brets*, appeared in succession before the party broke up at three o'clock, and we said, "*Godnat*," amid a chorus of "*Tak for iaften*," "*Lykkelig Jul*," "*Kom snart igjen*." (Thanks for this evening, Merry Christmas, Come soon again.)

As we walked home, exchanging Christmas greetings with other home-goers, it was with a strange thrill of gladness that we saw the stars once more, visible for the first time since our arrival, strangely familiar though shining from a dark yet radiant sky with a brilliance we had never seen them wear before; we felt nearer home for the moment, as we remembered they were shining too, though with a paler light, on the dear ones far away.

The Christmas bells awoke us at five next morning. There is an early service, to which Jeanie went with Helga Svaresen; I preferred waiting for a less adventurous ten o'clock Matins. It is quite proper to say Matins and Evensong here, so nobody need snub me for it; I only translate. In fact, to say truth, morning festival service is called mass; why, I don't know, for there is no pretext for using the word—it is a very simple service of hymn, prayer and sermon.

We walked down Strand Gade, the Regent Street of the town, in a crowd of church-goers. Ladies in heavy winter cloaks surmounted by the gayest of head-gear; bonnets of every hue—blue, pink, green, mauve, lemon, orange—feathered and flowered profusely, gaudy streamers floating in the frosty air; while the hands, which peeped now and then from enormous muffs, were exquisitely gloved. Bonnets and gloves are the Bergen specialties;

ladies here, ostrich-like, provide for the extremities, and seem to care very little about their bodies. Peasants in crowds, the men in dark-blue jackets, red waistcoats with silver buttons, and red caps; the women in short dark petticoats, which showed the buckled shoe and white woollen stocking, the brightly-colored bodices fitting exquisitely to sturdy robust figures; no shawl or mantle; the head covered with a gay woollen kerchief, or the national wadded cap of scarlet or violet, something the shape of a Quakeress's bonnet, relieved round the face with a crimped frill of white muslin; the hands invariably clasped over a prayer-book neatly folded in a clean pocket-handkerchief—the latter altogether for ornament, its folds are never disturbed.

The church, a whitewashed unecclesiastical-looking building, was reached at last, and we became straws in the current of a dense crowd which landed us in a gallery. There was no Christmas greenery, but in addition to the candles which always burn on the altar there were hundreds of lights about the church, and the clergyman wore a white surplice, instead of the black cassock and plaited ruff in which he usually officiates. The body of the church is puritanically plain, while the altar, with its altar-cloth of white and gold, crucifix, ornaments, might belong to a Roman-Catholic church. The vestments, alb and chasuble, were lying on the altar; they are only used during the celebration. The wine is mingled with water; the priest puts the elements into the mouth of each communicant; the ritual of the administration is very much that used at the most extreme of the Anglican churches, while the rest of the service is plain and unadorned.

Hundreds stood during the whole service; we were happy enough to get seats on a bench about four inches in width; and with my usual luck I began by most innocently and unconsciously attracting everybody's attention. I knelt down as we always do on coming into church at home, and instantly felt my dress pulled by one friend, my sleeve by another, with a hurried whisper, "Stand up!" which I did, to meet a crowd of laughing faces and hear an unrepressed titter. Nobody kneels here;

the posture is looked on with holy horror as a relic of Papacy. I did not know this, and found myself stared at as an American congregation might regard a dancing Dervish who began to twirl in the aisle. Such a long service, psalms of eighteen and twenty verses, sung by the congregation, seated, to such monotonous tunes; but the Christmas anthem came with a crash of wind instruments frightful to hear; very short prayers, congregation still seated. Then the gospel, during the reading of which we all stood, was followed by a sermon an hour and a half long, during which the congregation wept abundantly; the effect was most depressing. I tried to make a story for each as I looked from one bowed head and hidden face to another, imagining every weeper had suffered bereavement or sorrow of some kind during the past year, but found afterwards my sympathies were wasted; tears always accompany sermons up here—they are the expected result. The font is quite a contrast to the altar; instead of being placed on the ground at the entrance to the church, it hangs in midair in the form of a full-sized angel—I mean an angel of human size, with floating drapery of white and gold; it bears in its outstretched hands a basin, in which the baptismal water is placed. When needed it is lowered, and when the baptism is over it is dismissed, by a gentle touch on one of the toes, to its former position.

The church is not warmed, and very badly ventilated. Scandinavians seem quite independent of fresh air, and the men, too, suffer constantly from bronchial affections. To quote Mrs. Browning—

"The pavement of the churches here
Are good enough to pray on, albeit
Not too good"

to be used for quite another purpose, which makes it necessary to lift our dresses and choose our way with care in leaving. Even the best houses here have spittoons in every room; if not for the use of the owners, in self-defence they must keep them for their guests. It is the great drawback to society here. I cannot enter into details, but O, I do wish they would control this tendency while we live among them.



MADemoiselle SYLPHINA :

—OR,—

THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Dely came to herself that night—in her own room at the hotel—she did not at first know what had happened. She looked in bewilderment at the anxious faces bending over her, and wondered what the sharp pain in her arm could mean. Then she remembered where she had been when she lost consciousness, and thought that she must have fallen—she and Blanchette—a keen feeling of mortification seized her.

‘How did it happen? How could we have fallen, when I thought we were going to do it so splendidly! I remember that I heard a noise, and then I was dizzy. Did the noise frighten Blanchette and make her fall?’

The doctor told her to be quiet, and not ask questions; but Mr. Lamm, who knew how sensitive she was, and how keen her mortification would be, told her at once that it had not been her fault or Blanchette’s; that somebody in the audience had fired a pistol.

‘At me? It was meant to hit me, wasn’t

it?’ said Dely. ‘And I know who fired it! It was that man—Dennett. Johnny was right. He said, when I saw him, that the man did not mean to let me go. How much trouble I have brought upon you all! I will go right away—somewhere, as soon as my arm gets well!’

They all tried to soothe and comfort her; kind Mr. Lamm had tears in his eyes, and Miss Junkins, really moved, forgot all her theatrical gestures and extravagant expressions, and was simple and tender.

Dely thought that she must have destroyed the fortunes of the whole company, and that nobody would ever venture to go to an entertainment in that tent again. Miss Mary McFadden thought differently, as was testified by her remarks to Mr. Murray a week or two after Dely’s injury.

‘Now there’s enough petting and fussing over her to make anybody sick! Of course Sarah Junkins and her hysterics take the lead, but Mr. Pennant himself is getting very devoted. Of course all this is such a card for him! There’s nothing talked about but ‘Mademoiselle Sylphina.’ Mr. Pen-

nant had a notice in the papers last night that she was soon to appear, and the tent was crammed so I could hardly breathe, with people who had hopes of getting a glimpse of her! He'll have her in the ring again, just as soon as she is able to sit up, and people will make as much fuss over her as if it were the greatest honor possible to be shot at! It is such a pity that some of the rest of us can't have a crazy man round popping pistols at us!"

"O, don't say that!" said Mr. Murray, profoundly touched. "Think of the agony your friends would suffer at having your precious life endangered!"

"Fiddlesticks! If my friends are so devoted to me they had better show it by riding the troupe of that child, who is throwing us all into the shade, and robbing us of the reputations it has taken us so many years to gain!"

"Dearest Miss McFadden," said Mr. Murray, ardently, taking off his clown's mask (it was at a rehearsal), that he might appear to better advantage, "is not the devotion of one true heart better than fame or—"

"Fiddlesticks!" interrupted Miss McFadden, who, though she rather enjoyed Mr. Murray's devotion, was in no mood just then for anything but forming plans to put an end to Dely's reign as the "star" of the troupe.

Unconsciously to themselves, Miss McFadden and Mr. Murray had had a listener to their conversation. It was a man who had been engaged as a clown by Mr. Pennant, a few days before; a singular-looking man, with black eyes, and auburn hair, and a very full auburn beard that covered half his face. Nobody knew anything about him but his name, which was Jones. He was new to the business, Mr. Pennant had told some of the members of the company, but had been recommended to him by a man who was for some time an agent of the circus, as a "very daring and reckless fellow;" and as he needed somebody for "general business," he had engaged him. He had already proved himself a "capital horseman."

"He look like—vat is dat you call him?—a hard nut! Is it not?" Mr. Lamm had said, after a close scrutiny of his face.

"O, I dare say!" answered Mr. Pennant, carelessly. "He says he has been up to most everything in his life. But I

guess he'll behave well enough when he is here, and he is just what I want."

This was the man who had listened intently to the conversation between Miss McFadden and her admirer; listened with a gleam in his eye that betokened intense interest.

When Miss McFadden prepared to mount her horse, for a ride in the ring, he rushed forward to assist her, with an air of great politeness; and he also bestowed a very admiring glance upon her out of his black eyes, while the discomfited Mr. Murray was left in the background.

"At all events," said Miss McFadden to herself, as she adjusted her gay skirts, complacently, "there is nobody in the troupe who gets more admiration from the gentlemen than I do!"

Dely recovered slowly. The shock had been a severe one, and her strength was long in coming back. As soon as she was able she wrote a letter to Johnny, telling him of her narrow escape, and how nicely she was getting well, and how kind they all were; adding the assurance that no new friends would ever take his place in her heart, and telling him further that Mr. Pennant was going to pay her a salary as soon as she began to perform regularly; and Mr. Lamm had said that it should be all her own, to do just what she pleased with, and she meant to save every bit of it, against the time when they should have a home together, as he had said.

She watched and waited for an answer, but she never received one. Mr. Pennant did not know, or had forgotten, who "Dely Robinson" was; and it never occurred to Johnny to address her by any other name.

Miss Jenkins, and the Fat Lady, and Mr. Lamm, and even Mademoiselle Titania (who was in reality Miss Dolly Blodgett), and many of the other members of the troupe, devoted almost all of their spare time to amusing and entertaining Dely during the tedious hours of her convalescence, and as soon as she was able to leave her room they gave a gay little supper in her honor.

All the members of the troupe were present, and Dely was reminded of the night when she was first introduced to them, at Ornesville—a poor, forlorn, tired child. How happily her lot had changed, she thought, as they seated her in the chair of honor at the table, and all crowded around

to congratulate her! Surely that wicked man had done her now all the harm he would ever dare to do. Though he had escaped, in spite of the most earnest efforts, both on the part of the city authorities, and of the members of the troupe, yet he would certainly never dare to enter the city again; she might reasonably feel perfectly safe while she remained there. Looking around at the friendly faces of the company, which it was so pleasant to see all together again, Dely suddenly met the gaze of Jones, the new clown. His black eyes were fastened upon her, and she started, with a sudden fancy that she had met that look somewhere. And yet she was sure that she had never seen the man before; his face was quite unfamiliar; the bright auburn hair and beard were so striking that she certainly could not have forgotten them. Perhaps it was only another of the memories of her lost childhood that were continually arising to perplex her; but surely it was an unpleasant memory, for she shrank from his gaze with a feeling very much akin to fear. She shook the feeling off with a strong effort, determined that such foolishness should not trouble her, now that she might be so happy.

Yet when Mr. Pennant brought the man up to introduce him to her, she could scarcely repress a shudder, though he was very pleasant and smiling.

He seemed to have already become a favorite in the troupe. He made himself perfectly at home, and was very good-natured and jolly, and said very funny things, to make everybody laugh. He was especially polite to the ladies, and had evidently distanced all other competitors for Miss McFadden's favor. Even the Fat Lady, who was not at all a flirt, bestowed so many smiles and arch glances upon him, that her admirer looked profoundly miserable, and was driven to gnawing his blonde moustache furiously.

"He's a charmingly polite man," whispered Titania, who had perched herself on the arm of Dely's chair. "And politeness is such a very rare thing among the gentlemen of this troupe that it is really refreshing! I never saw such a set of uncouth monsters as the rest of them are!"

(Alas! Mademoiselle Titania had no admirer; whether because she was a dwarf, or because she was ill-natured, I cannot say.)

"He is certainly handsome," said the

Fat Lady, who had overheard. "For my part, I do admire a full beard so much!" (Her admirer was seen to rub his smooth chin despairingly.) "And nobody can deny that he is exceedingly agreeable. He has such a flow of language! For my part, I like a man who can talk!" (The admirer stammered so that he hardly dared open his mouth.)

Dely ventured to ask Mr. Lamm where the new clown, Mr. Jones, had come from, and what he thought of him.

"I know nothing at all about him, my tear," he answered. "I haf not like his looks mooch at first, but he seems like vun goot fellow, and he rides like the very tefle!"

Dely laughed at that, and thought no more of Mr. Jones; if Mr. Lamm thought he was a good fellow he must be; she had implicit faith in his wisdom.

They were a very gay company, and Dely was as gay as any. She felt sad when a toast was proposed to the memory of Blanchette, for she had felt a real affection for the noble and gentle little animal, who knew so much that she had almost seemed human; but she laughed again the next moment, when they toasted their "distinguished friend from Egypt," and hoped the snakes that he swallowed would never disagree with him. Dely knew enough to see the point of that joke now. She had discovered that little Moses Jenkins had been very nearly right in his opinion in regard to the way the snakes disappeared. Before the laughter which that toast elicited had subsided, the new clown, Mr. Jones, arose, and said, with a great deal of feeling, that, though Mademoiselle Sylphina, the "Star" of the troupe, had already been so many times toasted, he was sure that they would all heartily join him in one more wish for her; "That the cowardly ruffian who had sought her life might speedily be arrested and brought to his just deserts!"

He looked straight at Dely as he said it, with a strange look in his keen black eyes, and again Dely shrank from his gaze, and shivered as if with fear. But she laughed at herself the next moment for being so foolish, and decided that it was because she had been ill, and her nerves were out of order.

Everybody echoed Mr. Jones's toast very heartily, and he sat down in the midst of great applause.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER that night Dely began to practise again diligently, for another performance. She had some dread of reappearing, but Mr. Lamm assured her that there was very little danger that such an attempt as that of the pistol shot would ever be repeated. So, though the good Dutchman told her that she need not appear unless she wished, she practised with all her strength. For she did wish to appear. She liked the excitement; the gayety, and glitter, and applause. Of course it was not good for her, but as yet it had not spoiled her. She liked to know that she did well, and that everybody liked to see her, but she was not vain. She enjoyed the praise and petting that were lavished upon her, but as yet it had not made her selfish, or inconsiderate of the feelings of others.

She was all the more anxious to be able to perform in public soon, because she knew now that instead of ruining the troupe, as in her innocence she had at first thought, she had given it a success which had been hitherto unknown to it, and that still greater success was likely to follow her reappearance.

Another of the trained ponies was given her, for her especial use, which she named Rosetta, and which soon learned to know her voice and obey her, as Blanchette had done. And very soon the bills announced the first appearance of Mademoiselle Sylphina since her marvellous escape from death.

When the evening came she found such an audience assembled to greet her as the canvas had never held before. They fairly overflowed the tent, and thronged the adjoining grounds, making Dely think of the day of her first introduction to the circus, at Still River Village; not so very long ago, but now far back in the past it seemed!

It was the "elite of the city," too, who had assembled, as Mr. Pennant complacently remarked. The fame of her beauty had reached the ears of almost everybody, and the interest which that excited was augmented, of course, by the story of her accident.

She danced all her old dances, performed various gymnastic feats, which *were* much more simple than they *looked*, and the audience applauded vociferously. Then the hoop feat was attempted, with Rosetta instead of Blanchette, and this time proved

a triumphant success. And as the audience knew that this was what she was attempting to do when she was shot, they went wild over it, so that she was obliged to repeat it.

She looked, more than once, over the audience, in search of the evil face of the man she dreaded, but he was not to be seen. And nobody attempted to shoot or hurt her in any way.

She retired to the dressing-room when it was all over, very tired, but radiant with happiness.

Miss McFadden was there, just dressed to go home.

"Are you tired, poor child? You look completely worn out and so warm!" she said, with affectionate interest. Miss McFadden had been so kind to her of late, that Dely did not quite know what to make of it; but she was so glad to have people kind to her that she did not trouble herself to think much about it.

"Yes, I am a little tired, and warm," Dely answered, carelessly.

"I'll tell you what will do you good!" said Miss McFadden, as if a sudden thought had struck her. "Mr. Jones has just invited me to go to a saloon with him, and have some ice cream, and you shall go, too, if you like."

"I would like some ice cream very much," said Dely.

Miss McFadden very well knew that ice cream was one of Dely's weaknesses.

"Well you shall go then. Mr. Jones has got a carriage waiting, our carriages are all so crowded, and the others, especially Miss Brown and Dolly Blodgett—stupid things! always want to go straight home."

That did not strike Dely as being at all an irregular proceeding, as the performers often disdained the carriages provided by the proprietor, and obtained them for themselves. But she suggested that Mr. Eamm might not know what had become of her.

"O, he will think you went home with the others—a carriage full has just gone. You used to go before he did, very often."

Which was quite true, but Dely had a desire to see Mr. Lamm, to-night. She liked to see his delight at her triumph; she fancied, too, that he would like to have her wait for him. But yet it might be a long time before he came. He always had a good deal of business to attend to, with Mr.

Pennant, after the performance was over, as he assisted him in the management, and so he might wish and expect her to go home.

And she was very tired, and that ice cream was very tempting! Just then Mr. Jones knocked at the dressing-room door, to see if Miss McFadden was ready.

"All ready," she answered; "and you don't mind if Adele goes too?"

Mr. Jones replied that he should be only too highly honored by the company of Mademoiselle Sylphina. And so Dely went.

She had forgotten her fear of Mr. Jones—except once in a while, when she caught his eye when it had that strange gleam in it; then she remembered. But he very seldom looked at her now as he used to; it seemed almost as if he avoided her look.

The carriage was stationed at quite a distance from the usual place. As Dely walked to it she looked back at the tent, in the midst of a glare of light from the almost innumerable lamps, and surrounded still by an eager crowd.

For years afterwards she remembered just how it looked.

They drove a long ways into an obscure bystreet; Dely asked why they did not go to C—'s, the saloon where they usually went, and Miss McFadden replied that it was too crowded at this time of night.

Dely thought it was a rather unpromising place where they stopped, but Miss McFadden said she had been there, and they had delicious ice cream.

It was even more unpromising inside than out, and Dely thought Miss McFadden's taste in the matter of saloons was very queer. It was not at all clean, and the man behind the counter in the store in front was in his shirt-sleeves, and looked very much as if he had been drinking. But the ice cream was really very nice, and Dely child as she was, forgot the unpleasant surroundings entirely in her enjoyment of it.

Miss McFadden and Mr. Jones talked, and laughed, and were very gay, and Dely thought that Mr. Jones was a very pleasant man, and she had been very silly about him. Dely finished her ice cream before Miss McFadden, and Mr. Jones proposed to her to go out into the front store with him, and he would buy her some candy; and she went unhesitatingly.

As she stood before the counter some one came behind her and threw a handkerchief saturated with chloroform around her nose and mouth! She was conscious of a horrible suffocating feeling. Of being lifted in strong arms across the pavement, and thrust into the carriage, and then of being rattled furiously over the paved streets. And then she knew no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAGGED TOM THE SURETY.

One Sunday afternoon a big boy stood at the door of the Sunday school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sunday before. His father and mother brought him, and begged he might be received again. The superintendent said:

"We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home, and he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We could take him back if we could secure his good behaviour. I will see," thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang the bell for silence. All listened while he said:

"That boy wants to come into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard the little voice:

"If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You, Tom? a little boy like you? Do you know what it means by being a surety, Tom?"

"Yes sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy I am to be punished for it."

"And you are willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—no, never." God had graciously put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was helping Tom as a surety.

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw the big boy and little Tom walking away together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to his mother:

"Where is your son, Tom?"

"O, he's just gone up stairs with a great boy he brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"O, yes sir."

The superintendent went softly and quickly up the stairs, and as he reached the top, he could see through the door that Tom and the boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice saying:

"O Lord, make this boy that has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best."

The superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them, and he made the big boy to become one of the best boys in the school, and raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to college, so that at length he went as a missionary to the heathen.

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1873, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

Address **THOMES & TALBOT**, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHO ASK FOR SPECIMEN COPIES.

Under the new law of Congress we are required to prepay postage on **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** and **THE AMERICAN UNION**, when sent by mail. Such being the case, all who hereafter desire specimen copies of our publications will send in their letters, adding to the same a three-cent stamp; and no attention will be paid to letters which do not contain the same. We are willing to furnish the specimen copies, when people are sincere in ordering them, but will not pay the postage.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

107. Snipe are plenty in many parts of the world. "AUNT JERUSHA."

Answers to April Puzzles.

56. SCRAP	57. M e a N
CRANE	I m b u E
RANGE	L o W
ANGER	T r a c T
PEERS	O u t d O
	N o t i o N

58. Wilson. 59. Lyman. 60. Theodore.
61. Isabel. 62. Rachel. 63. Industry.
64. "The girl I left behind me." 65. L-ore.
66. F-loss. 67. M-Alice. 68. F-low.

69. T	70. O K R A
ERA	K N A R
TRYST	R A R E
ASH	A R E A
T	

71. Benet. 72. Besot. 73. Betide. 74. Barbet.
75. Boyar. 76. Bracelet. 77. Ax-stone.
78. Caution, auction, action. 79. Cavan, Cava.

101.—Prize Numerical Enigma.

My whole, composed of 8 letters, is the name of a bird.

My 5, 1, 4, 3, we all have in our hands.

My 2, 6, 7, 8, we all have had in our mouths, but never willingly.

For the first correct answer, sent to the editor of this page, I will give a copy of "Old Ben Mauz."

"BEAU K."

102.—Absent Vowels.

SSPCTTLBRRNDTRSTHM
N T. (A proverb.)

CYRIL DEANE.

103.—Puzzle.

Whole, I am a vehicle. Behead, and I am a skill. Give me a new head, and I am a market; change again, and I am a small lance; again, and I am an animal; again, and I am sour; once more, and I am not the whole. Reverse me, and I am a snare; then behead, and I am to knock.

"HOODLUM."

Hidden Fruit.

104. Sit in my lap, please.

105. If I go I will call for you.

106. A little money is better than none

108.—Cross-Word Enigma.

The 1st is in peace, but not in strife;
The 2d is in spoon, but not in knife;
The 3d is in breakfast, but not in dinner;
The 4th is in saint, but not in sinner;
The 5th is in pail, but not in tub;
The 6th is in wheel, but not in hub;
The 7th is in church, but not in steeple;
The 8th is in pastor, but not in people;
The 9th is in shiver, but not in shake;
The 10th is in bread, but not in cake;
The whole is a small but useful thing.

M. A. G.

Anagrams.

109. Eat not tin. 110. Low beast. 111. A Van's car. 112. Go rogues. 113. Do rein late. 114. Learn raft. 115. I count a deal.

CYRIL DEANE.

116.—Half-Square.

A city of England; a town in New York; to want; a term for father; a preposition; a consonant. "HOODLUM."

117.—Transposed Diamond.

River Dee Dee V I.

The above letters rightly placed will form a perfect "Diamond."

WILSON.

118.—Decapitation.

Decapitate a woman old,
And then behead again;
If you do as you are told,
You'll leave a number less than ten.

EMMA M. CHAMPLIN.

Alphabetical Vagaries.

119. Say that one letter is another, and name a carpenter's tool.

120. A letter arraying an *attache* of Queen Elizabeth's court in his master's panoply, will describe what now lies before your eyes.

"BEAU K."

Hidden Geographicals.

121. That is his pen, certainly.

122. Yes, I am sure it is.

EMMA M. CHAMPLIN.

Answers in Two Months.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

LEMON PIES.—Yolks of eight eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one and a half tablespoonful of melted butter, grated rind of two lemons, juice of one and a half lemon, pastry. Frosting; Whites of eight eggs, juice of half a lemon, seven tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pies—Beat the yolks of the eggs light. Melt the butter. To the yolks add sugar, milk, butter, and rind, and juice of the lemons. Pour the mixture into two pie plates, having a crust in each. Bake. Frosting—Beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth. Add sugar, beat it in well. Put in lemon juice, and stir again. When the pie is baked and cold, add frosting and put plates in oven long enough to make frosting a good brown color.

SMALL SEED CAKES.—One cup of butter, two of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of seeds, half of milk and prepared flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll it very thin, with sugar instead of flour, on the board and cut in round shapes. Bake it about fifteen minutes.

POTATO CAKES.—Take mashed potatoes, flour, a little salt and melted butter (to make them sweet, add a little powdered loaf sugar), mix with just enough milk to make the paste stiff to roll, make it the size and thickness of a muffin, and bake quickly.

EGG BREAD.—Take one pint of fine white Indian corn meal; mix into a smooth batter with warm water. Add three well beaten eggs, a spoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard. Bake in a shallow pan, and, just before placing in the oven, pour a gill of warm water or milk on the top of the mixture. It requires more heat to bake Indian meal than flour.

ORANGE CAKE.—Five eggs, the whites to be used for frosting; two cups of white sugar; four tablespoonfuls of butter; half a pint of sweet milk; one and a half teaspoonful of baking powder; two and a half cups of flour; the juice of one orange.

Bake in four cakes. Put frosting between, and sprinkle the grated orange peel on it. Frost the top extra.

DELICIOUS ROLLS.—Half teacup of butter, mixed well into one pound of flour, half teacup of yeast, a little salt, and enough milk to make a good dough. Let it set in a warm place for about two hours, to rise. Then make into rolls and bake in an oven.

APPLE PUDDING.—Take stewed apples; sweeten to taste; add cream and nutmeg. Grease a pudding dish with butter, cover the bottom of the dish with baker's bread (if you have it); then fill the dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs and apples, being careful to have the apples on top. Brown in a moderate oven.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter, not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs and flour to bring it to a right consistency. Pare and core a dozen apples and chop them to about the size of small peas, and mix them well in the batter. Fry them in lard, as you would doughnuts. For trimmings use powdered white sugar.

RICE PANCAKES.—Boil half a pound of rice to a jelly. When cold, mix with it a pint of cream, two eggs, a little salt and nutmeg. Stir in four ounces of butter, just warmed, and add as much flour as will make batter thick enough. Fry in as little lard as possible.

POTATO SOUP.—Nine boiled potatoes, one quart of milk, nearly one cup of butter, one medium-sized onion, salt, pepper. Boil, mash and strain the potatoes through a sieve. Add milk, onion cut fine, salt, pepper and butter. Put all in a saucepan and let it come to a boil.

ENGLISH COOKIES.—One cup of brown sugar, half cup butter, one egg, two tablespoonfuls sour cream, a little soda, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg; make hard enough with flour to roll out; cut in thin cakes.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

AN INDIAN'S MISTAKE.—Some months ago a lot of Sioux Indians robbed a stage-coach on the plains, and found among the packages of freight a clothes-wringer. One of the chiefs had been in St. Louis several times, and had observed certain beings grinding terrific music out of a machine with the same kind of a crank as that upon the wringer, so a conviction seized his soul that this was a barrel organ. He had the wringer carefully carried back to camp, and made up his mind that from that day forward the silence of that solitary wilderness was going to be broken by a ceaseless round of tunes and vibrations. First he grasped the crank, and began to turn it, in order to show his braves how the thing was done.

He revolved it for sixteen hours, but no music came. Then the other Indians took a hand, one after the other, for a week. Then the squaws were turned on, but without any effect. Then the chief went out and stole a mule and a thrashing-machine, and rigged up a lot of blocks and pulleys, and ran a belt over the crank, then exploded powder under the hindlegs of that mule, so that he kept charging up the inclined plane of that thrashing-machine, and the wringer made sixty revolutions a minute. But it would not work. So the chief came to the conclusion that the concern was under some kind of a curse, and he ran out the medicine-man, and had a war-dance, and drove yellow pine stakes through a couple of white captives, and jumped around and howled, while the medicine-man played some wild mysterious music on a drum. Then the medicine-man hitched up the mule again, and, after starting the machine, he leaned up against it while he muttered an exorcism. In a couple of minutes the rubber rollers clinched his breech-clout, and began to haul him in with his knees doubled up against his face. When he got half way through he stuck, and the machine stopped. He couldn't move, and the chief was afraid to touch the wringer, so the braves fell on the doctor, and jabbed him with a knife, and scalped

him; and then they buried him and the machine as they were.

That was the last attempts of the Sioux Indians to cultivate the fine arts.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of an editor. "I make bold to ask it because I know the deceased had a great many friends around here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

A little girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered, "Perhaps, mamma, they have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night."

Abuv all things, lern yure child to be honest and industrious; if theze tu things dont enable him to make a figger in this world, he iz only a cypher, and never was intended for a figure.—*Josh Billings.*

No language is fully adequate to describe the kicking sensations of the editor who discovered that his Scriptural quotation, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked," had gone into print as "Johnson waxed fat," etc.

If any of our readers receive a note signed "Bhaskakarawongse," we beg to inform them that that gentleman is the private secretary of his serene majesty one of the emperors of Siam. He was selected for his post on account of the shortness of his name, his predecessor having been removed because *his* name was too long to be pronounced conveniently when the emperor wanted him in a hurry.

A man who will go the cemetery with his wife on Sunday, and weep over her first husband's grave, and walk home without a cross word shall have our vote every time he comes up for office.

There are various stations in life, but the least desirable is a police station.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF
BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
*The Best, the Cheapest, and the most Interesting Publication of the kind
in the World.*

AND
THE AMERICAN UNION,
The Largest and Oldest Literary Weekly Paper in the Country.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS! BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS!

Six Handsome Chromos Given to Subscribers.

REMEMBER TO SEND THE MONEY TO PREPAY POSTAGE. IT MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

The publishers of **BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE**—the cheapest and most interesting publication of the kind in the country—and **THE AMERICAN UNION**—the largest and oldest weekly journal in the United States—respectfully announce to their friends and patrons, which extend to every State in the Union, that for the year 1875 they will give as Premiums to subscribers some of the most elegant Chromos ever produced in this country. They were prepared expressly for our establishment, and can be obtained from no other parties. The names of these elegant and artistic Chromos are:

SUNRISE.
SUNSET.
MORNING GLORIES.
LILIES OF THE VALLEY.
THE BETROTHED.
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Many of our last year's subscribers have written to us in favor of our giving as Premiums "MORNING GLORIES," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," "THE BETROTHED," and "THE POWER OF MUSIC," so that they can this year have the companion pictures of last year. For this reason we have retained them on our list, but "SUNRISE" and

"SUNSET" are entirely new, and will be found fully equal to anything ever issued from this or any other office.

These Chromos are printed in oil, in many colors, and are wonderful for their beautiful and great originality.

PREMIUMS FOR BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!

As a great inducement to Clubs, we offer the following liberal terms:—For a Club of FIVE copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$7.50, and a copy gratis to the person who gets up the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" or "SUNSET" (which are entirely new), or the Premiums which we offered last year, "MORNING GLORIES" or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

TEN copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, \$13.00, and a copy gratis to the person who obtains the Club, and also the Chromos "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," to each member of the Club.

Be sure and name which picture you prefer. Also send *ten cents* for each subscriber to prepay postage. Or five cents for six months.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.—Single subscriptions \$1.50 each (and ten cents for postage), and either of the Chromos, "SUNRISE," or "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES," or "LILIES OF THE VALLEY," as the subscriber may elect; and be sure and name the Chromo you want in your letter.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE AND THE AMERICAN UNION.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE and **THE AMERICAN UNION** combined for \$3.75; and also the Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," or "MORNING GLORIES" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY." Or **BALLOU'S** and **THE UNION** for \$3.50, without the Chromos, and ten cents postage for **BALLOU'S**, and fifteen cents for the **UNION**, in addition. Or for \$4.00 we will send **THE AMERICAN UNION** and **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** and all four of the Chromos, "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" and "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or we will send either two of the above, and "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED."

PREMIUMS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.—We will send **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year for \$2.50, and also give every subscriber the two Chromos "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET," "LILIES OF THE VALLEY" and "MORNING GLORIES," or either "THE POWER OF MUSIC" or "THE BETROTHED," just which the subscriber may prefer, and fifteen cents additional for postage, or eight cents for six months.

This is a splendid offer, and should be taken advantage of by thousands who wish to adorn their homes with beautiful pictures.

CLUBS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

For \$15.00 we will send six copies of **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year, and a copy of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** to the person who gets up the Club, and also to each member of the Club the Chromos "SUN-

RISE" and "SUNSET," or "THE BETROTHED," or "THE POWER OF MUSIC." The subscriber must state which of these last beautiful Chromos is desired, and it will be immediately forwarded; or "SUNRISE" and "SUNSET" will be sent, if preferred.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Be sure and send money by a post-office order, a registered letter, or by check on New York or Boston. We are not responsible for money lost on its way to us through the mails. Post-office orders are safe and cheap.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Subscribers can commence at any time, and not wait for their subscriptions to expire. Let them roll in their names as early as possible.

A VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—LET ALL HEED IT.

By a new law of Congress, publishers are compelled to prepay all postage on Magazines and Newspapers; consequently all subscribers will please forward with their subscriptions for **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** the sum of **TEN CENTS**, in addition to their regular subscriptions. This will save to each subscriber *two cents*, the usual postage having been twelve cents per annum. *Let every one remember this, for it is very important to us that it should be understood and acted on, as we can't afford to prepay postage unless it is refunded to us.*

The Postage on **THE AMERICAN UNION** will be, as near as we can calculate, **FIFTEEN CENTS**, a saving of *five cents*; and this must be sent with the subscription, as we are compelled to prepay the postage at the Boston office. Pray do not forget this important information when you send in your subscriptions. Eight cents for six months.

Be careful in writing, to give State, County and Post-Office for each subscriber; and also to designate the name of the getter-up of the club.

Address **THOMES & TALBOT,**
36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

AN INDIAN'S MISTAKE.



(For Description see Page 533.)